CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE

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FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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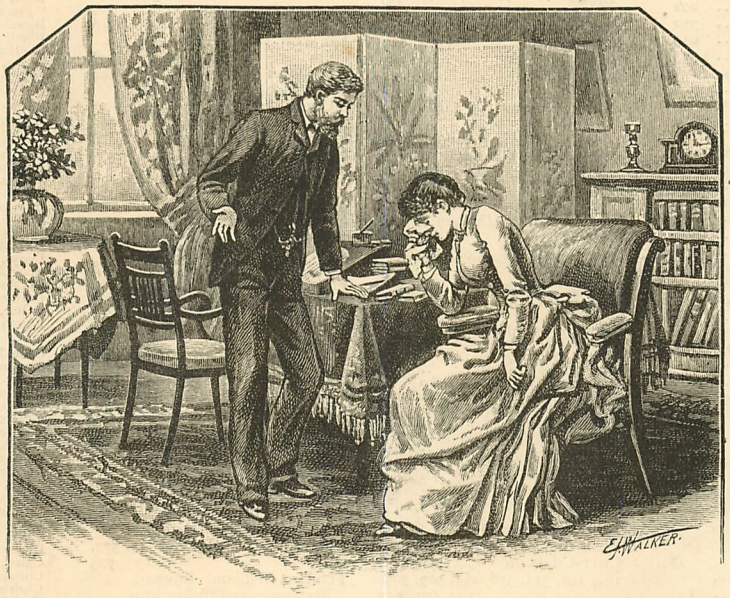

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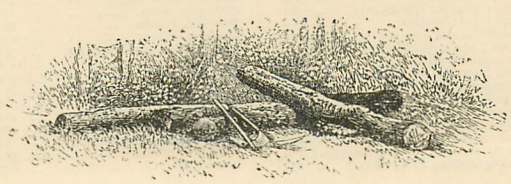

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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SPELL-BOUND.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE

MONICA:

OR, STRONGER THAN DEATH.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Torwood's Trust," "Oliver Langton's Ward," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE TREVLYNS OF CASTLE TREVLYN.

"GOOD-BYE, Monica. I will look in again to-morrow: but I assure you there is no cause for anxiety. He is not worse than usual, and will be better soon."

The doctor was buttoning up his heavy driving-coat as he spoke, and at the conclusion of the sentence he opened the heavy oak door, letting in a blast of cold air and a sheet of fine, penetrating rain.

"Oh, Raymond, what weather! I ought not to have sent for you."

"Nonsense! You know I am weather-proof. Old Jack will find his way home, if I cannot. Good-bye again."

The door closed upon the stalwart figure, and Lady Monica Trevlyn was left standing alone upon the wide staircase, amid the gathering shadows of the great hall.

Castle Trevlyn was in truth a sufficiently grim and desolate place, both within and without. Tangled park, dense pine-woods, and a rocky, iron-bound coast surrounded it, cutting it off, as it were, from communication with the outside world. Within its walls lay a succession of vast, stately chambers, few of them now inhabited—regions where carved black oak, faded tapestry, rusty armour, and antique relics of bygone days seemed to reign in a sort of mournful grandeur, telling their own tale of past magnificence and of present poverty and decay.

Yes, the Trevlyns were a fallen race; for the past three generations the reigning earl had been poor, and the present Lord Trevlyn had failed to do anything towards restoring the decaying fortunes of his house. He too was very poor, hence the air of neglect that reigned around and within the Castle.

Monica, however, his only child, was far too well used to the gloom and grimness of the old place to be in the least oppressed by it. She loved her lonely, desolate home with a curious, passionate intensity, and could not picture anything more perfect than the utter silence and isolation that hemmed in her life. The idea of desiring a change had never so much as occurred to her.

Monica was very beautiful, with a beauty of a rare kind, that haunted the memory of those who saw her as a strain of music haunts the ear sometimes. Her face was always pale and grave, and at first sight cold even to hardness, yet with an underlying depth and sweetness that often eluded observation, and yet never failed to make itself felt. It was a lovely face, like that of a pictured saint for purity of outline, of a Greek statue for perfection of feature—almost as calm and colourless as marble itself. Yet beneath the statuesque severity lurked that strange, sad, wistful sweetness that could not quite be hidden away, which gave to the beholder the idea that some great trouble had overshadowed the girl's life.

Let us go with her, and see what that trouble was.

When the door closed upon Raymond Pendrill she stood for a moment or two silent and motionless, then turned and mounted the shallow stairs once more, and, passing down a long corridor, opened the door of a fire-lit room, and entered softly.

The room had two tenants: one, a great mastiff dog, that acknowledged Monica's entrance by gently flopping his tail against the floor; the other, a lad of seventeen, who lay upon an invalid-couch, his face very white and his brows drawn with pain.

As Monica looked at him her face quivered, and a look of unspeakable tenderness swept over it, transfiguring it for the moment, and showing wonderful

possibilities in every line and curve. She bent over him, laying one cool, strong hand upon his hot head.

"Better, Arthur?"

"Yes, getting better. That stuff Raymond gave me is taking the pain away. Stir up the fire, and sit where I can see you. I like that best."

Arthur Pendrill, cousin to Raymond Pendrill, the young doctor who had just left the Castle, was the only child by a first marriage of Lord Trevlyn's second wife. Hoping for an heir, the earl had married again when Monica was seven years old, but his hopes had not been realised, and the second Lady Trevlyn had died only a few years after her union with him.

Arthur, who had been only a mite of two years old when he first came to Castle Trevlyn, knew nothing, of course, of any other home, and he and Monica had grown up like brother and sister, and were tenderly attached, perhaps all the more so from the great contrast between them in character and temperament. Their childhood had been uncloudedly happy; they had enjoyed a glorious liberty in their wild Cornish home that could hardly have been accorded to them anywhere else. Monica's had always been the leading spirit; physically as well as mentally, she had always been the stronger; but he adored her, and emulated her with the zeal and enthusiasm of youth, and followed her wherever she led, like a veritable shadow, until that fatal day, five years ago, which had laid him upon a bed of sickness, and had turned Monica in a few hours' time from a child to a woman.

Five years before there had been a terrible end to the mad-cap exploits in cliff-climbing in which the girl had always delighted, and Arthur had been carried back to the Castle, as all believed, to die.

He did not die, however, but recovered to a suffering, helpless, invalid life; and Monica, who held herself sternly responsible for all, and who had nursed him with a devotion that no mother could have surpassed, now vowed deep down in her heart that her own life should henceforth be devoted to him, that for him she would live, and that whatever she could do to lighten his load of pain and make his future happier should be done, at whatever cost to herself, as the one atonement possible for the rashness that had cost him so dear.

Five years ago that vow had been recorded, and Monica, from a gay, high-spirited girl, had grown into a pale, silent, thoughtful woman; but she had never wearied of her self-imposed charge—never faltered in her resolution. Arthur was her special, sacred charge. Whatever would conduce to his welfare and happiness was to be accomplished, at whatever cost. So far, to tend and care for him had been her aim and object of life, and her deep love had made the office sweet. It had never occurred to her that anything could possibly arise which should at once fulfil her vow whilst involving separation from him.

Whilst Arthur and Monica were dreaming their own dreams upstairs, by the light of his dancing fire, no thought of coming changes clouding the horizon of their imagination, downstairs, in the earl's study, a consultation was being held between him and his sister which would have startled Monica not a little had she heard it.

Lord Trevlyn was a tall, stately, grey-headed man of sixty, with finely-chiselled features and the true Trevlyn cast of countenance that his daughter had inherited. His face wore, however, a look of pallor and ill-health that, to a practised eye, denoted weakness of the heart, and his figure had lost its old strength and elasticity, and had grown thin and a little bowed. His expression had much of gentleness mingling with its pride and austerity, as if, as years had advanced upon him, his nature had softened and sweetened, as indeed had been the case.

Lady Diana, on the other hand, had grown more sharp and dictatorial with advancing years. She was a "modish" old lady, who, although quite innocent of such adornments, always suggested the idea of powder and patches, high-heeled shoes and hoops. She generally carried a fan in her hand, dressed richly and quaintly, and looked something like a human parrot, with her hooked nose, keen black eyes, and quick, sharp voice and movements. She had an independent and sufficient income of her own, and divided her time between her London house and her brother's Cornish castle. She had always expressed it as her intention to leave everything to Monica, as her father could do little for his daughter, everything going with the entail in the male line; but there was a sort of instinctive hostility between aunt and niece of which both were well aware, and Lady Diana was always deeply offended and annoyed by Monica's quiet independence and her devotion to Arthur.

It was of Monica they were talking this boisterous autumn evening.

"She has a sadly independent spirit," remarked Lady Diana, sighing, and fanning herself slowly, although the big panelled room was by no means warm. "I often think of her future, and wonder what will become of her."

Lord Trevlyn made no immediate response, but by-and-by said slowly—

"I have been thinking of late very seriously of the future."

"Why of late?" was the rather sharp question.

"I have not been feeling so well since my illness in the spring. Raymond Pendrill and his brother have both spoken seriously to me about the necessity for care. I know what that means—they think my state critical. If I am taken, what will become of Monica?"

"I shall, of course, provide for Monica."

"I know you will do all that is kind and generous; but money is not everything. Monica is peculiar: she wants controlling, yet——"

"Yet no one can control her: I know that well; or only Arthur and his whims. She has no companions but her dogs and horses. My blood runs cold every time I see her on that wild black thing she rides, with those great dogs bounding round her. There will be another shocking accident one of these days. She ought to be controlled—taken away from her wild life.

Yet she will not hear of coming to London with me even on a short visit; she will not even let me speak of it," and Lady Diana's face showed that she was much affronted.

"That is just it," said Lord Trevlyn slowly; "her life and Arthur's both seem bound up in Trevlyn."

Lady Diana made a significant gesture, which the earl understood.

"Just so; and yet—unless under most exceptional circumstances—unless what I hardly dare to dream should happen—she must—they must both leave it at some not very distant date."

The hesitation of Lord Trevlyn's manner did not escape his sister.

"What do you mean?" she asked abruptly.

"I mean that I have been in correspondence lately with my heir, and that I expect him shortly at Trevlyn."

"Your heir?"

"Yes, Randolph Trevlyn, one of the Warwickshire branch. The extinction of the Trevlyns of Drayton last year, you know, put him the next in succession. I made inquiries about him, and entered then into personal communication."

Lady Diana looked keenly interested.

"What have you made out?"

"That he is very well spoken of everywhere as a young man of high character and excellent parts. He is wealthy—very wealthy, I believe—an only son, and enriched by a long minority. He is six or seven and twenty, and he is not married."

Lady Diana's eyes began to sparkle.

"And he is coming here?"

"Yes, next week. Of course I need not tell you what is in my thoughts. I object to match-making, as a rule. I shall put no pressure of any kind upon Monica, but if those two should by chance learn to love one another, I could say my 'Nunc dimittis' at any time."

Lady Diana looked very thoughtful.

"Monica is undoubtedly beautiful," she said, "and she is interesting, which perhaps is better." Her brother, however, made no reply, and as he did not appear inclined to discuss the matter farther—they were seldom in entire accord in talking of Monica—she presently rose and quitted the room, saying softly to herself as she did so, "I should love to see that proud girl with a husband's strong hand over her."

That evening, when alone with his daughter, Lord Trevlyn introduced the topic most in his thoughts just then.

"Monica, do you never want a little variety? What should you say to a visitor at Trevlyn?"

"I would try to make one comfortable. Are you expecting any one, father?"

"Yes, a kinsman of ours: Mr. Trevlyn, whose acquaintance I wish to make."

"Who is he? I never heard of him before."

"No; I have not known much about him myself till lately, when circumstances made him my heir. Monica, have you ever thought what will happen at Trevlyn in the event of my death?"

A very troubled look crept into Monica's dark, unfathomable eyes. Her face looked pained and strained.

"I think you ought to know, Monica," said the earl gently. "Perhaps you have thought that the estates would pass to you in due course of time."

Monica pressed her hands closely together, but her voice was steady, her words were quietly spoken.

"I do not know that I have ever thought about it; but I suppose I have fancied you would leave all to Arthur or to me."

"Exactly, you would naturally inherit all I have to leave; but Trevlyn is entailed in the male line and goes with the title. At my death Mr. Randolph Trevlyn will be the next earl, and all will be his."

Monica sat very still, feeling as if she had received some sudden stunning blow; but she could not comprehend all in a moment the gist of such intelligence. A woman in some matters, she was a child in others.

"But, father," she said quietly, and without apparent emotion, "Arthur is surely much nearer to you than this Mr. Trevlyn, whom you have never seen?"

The earl smiled half sadly, and shook his head.

"My dear, you do not understand these things; I feel towards Arthur as if he were my son, but he is not of my kindred. He is my wife's son, not mine; he is not a Trevlyn at all."

Monica's troubled gaze rested upon her father's face.

"He cannot live anywhere but at Trevlyn," she said slowly. "It would kill him to take him anywhere else;" and in her heart she added—a little jealous hostility rising up against the stranger and usurper who was coming—"He ought to have it. He is a son and a brother here. By every law of right it should be his."

Foolish, irrational Monica! Where Arthur was concerned her eyes were blinded, her reason was warped by her great love. And the ways of the great outside world were so difficult to understand.

Presently she spoke in very low, measured tones, though not without a little falter in her voice now and then.

"You mean that if—if you were to—die—Arthur and I should be turned out of Trevlyn."

"You would neither of you have any right to remain," answered Lord Trevlyn, choosing his words with care. "You would find a home with your aunt; and as for Arthur, I suppose he would go to his cousins—unless, indeed, if he seemed unable to live away from the place, some arrangement with my successor could be made. Everything would depend on him, but of course it would be a difficult arrangement."

She drew a long breath, and passed her hand across her eyes.

"Mr. Trevlyn is coming here, you say?"

"Yes, next week. I think it is right that we should become acquainted with our kinsman, especially as so much may depend upon him in the future."

"I think so too," answered Monica; and then she quietly left him, without uttering another word.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

MONICA'S RIDE.

THE next morning dawned fair and clear, as is often the case after a storm. Monica rose early, her first thought, as usual, for Arthur. She crept on tip-toe to his room, to find him, as she had left him, sleeping calmly — as he was likely now to do for hours, after the attack of the previous day ; and finding herself no longer required by him, the girl was not long in making up her mind how these early hours of glimmering daylight were to be spent.

Seven o'clock found her in the saddle, mounted on her glossy black thorough-bred, who, gentle under her hand, would brook no other rider, and showed his mettle in every graceful eager movement, and in the restless quivering of his shapely limbs. His coat shone like satin in the pale early sunlight ; he pranced and curvetted as he felt his rider upon his back. Monica and her horse together made a picture that for beauty and grace could hardly meet its match in the length and breadth of the land.

The girl was perfectly at home in the saddle. She heeded no whit the pawing of her steed or the delighted baying of the great hounds who formed her escort, and whose noise caused Guy's delicate nerves many a restive start. She gathered up her reins with practised hand, soothed Guy by a gentle caress, and rode quietly and absently out of the great grass-grown court-yard, and through a stretch of tangled park beyond. Once outside the gates, she turned to the right, and quickly gained a narrow grass-grown track, which led for miles along the edge of the great frowning cliffs that almost overhung at a giddy height the tossing ocean far below. It was a perilous-looking path enough — one false step would suffice to hurl both horse and rider to certain destruction ; but Monica rode fearlessly onward ; she and her horse were familiar with every step of the way, both knew the wild cliff-path, and both loved it, and Guy stretched his delicate supple limbs in one of those silent gallops over the elastic turf in which his heart delighted.

Monica seldom passed more than a day without traversing that well-known track. She loved to feel the fresh salt wind as it blew off the sea and met her face. Sometimes it was warm and tender as a caress, sometimes fierce and boisterous, a wet, blinding blast laden with spray from the tempest-tossed waves below ; but to-day it was a keen, fresh wind, salt, and strong, and life-giving—a wind that brought the warm colour to her cheek, the light to her eye, and gave a peculiar and indescribable radiance to her usually cold and statuesque beauty.

To-day she felt strangely restless and uneasy. A sort of haunting fear was upon her, the presentiment of coming trouble, that was perhaps all the harder to bear from its very vagueness. She had never realised before that the future would bring any change to the course of her life, save that of gradually increasing age. Not for an instant had it ever occurred to her that such a contingency as the one hinted at last night by her father could by any possibility arise. That she and Arthur might ever have to leave Trevlyn seemed the wildest of all wild dreams, and yet that is what in all probability must happen in the event of her father's death. Monica shuddered at the bare idea. Her beautiful dark eyes glowed strangely. It must not, it should not be ! It would be too cruel, too hard, too unjust !

In deep abstraction, the girl rode along the cliff for some three miles, then turning her horse's head inland, she crossed an open space of wind-swept down, leaped a low stone wall, and found herself in a road which she followed for some considerable distance. It led at length to the quaint little town of St. Maws, a pretty little place enough, nestling down in a wooded hollow, and intersected by a narrow inlet from the sea, spanned by a many-arched bridge. All the trees in the neighbourhood seemed to have collected round St. Maws, and its inhabitants were justly proud of their stately oaks and graceful beeches.

Monica rode quietly through the empty streets, returning now and again a salutation from some tradesman or rustic. It was still early—barely eight o'clock—and the sleepy little place was only just awaking from its night's repose. At the far end of the town stood a good-sized house, well hidden from view behind a high brick wall. Guy turned in at the gate of his own accord, and, following a short, winding carriage-drive, halted before the great door. The house was of warm red brick, mellowed by age ; there was an indescribable air of comfort and hospitality hanging over it. It was mantled by glossy ivy, and its gables, steep-pitched roof, and twisted chimneys were charmingly picturesque. The door stood wide open, as if to invite entrance. Monica's hounds had already announced her approach, and a tall, wiry-looking man of some thirty summers was standing upon the threshold. He was not much like the blue-eyed, brown-bearded Raymond, his brother, having a thin, sharp, closely-shaved face, very keen penetrating eyes, and a cynical mouth. Tom Pendrill was himself a doctor, like his brother ; but he did not practise for himself, being a man of scientific predilections, with a taste for authorship. His college fellowship rendered him independent of lucrative employment, and, save for assisting his brother with critical cases, his time was spent in study and research.

"Well, Monica, you are abroad early to-day," was his greeting. Arthur's cousins had been like cousins to Monica almost ever since she could remember. "You have come to breakfast, of course ? "

"I came to tell Raymond not to trouble to come to Trevlyn to-day, if he is busy, as Arthur is so much better, and to see Aunt Elizabeth ; but I should like some breakfast very much."

"I will take your horse," said Tom, as the girl slipped from the saddle. "You will find Aunt Elizabeth in the breakfast-room."

The "Aunt Elizabeth" thus alluded to was the widow of the Pendrills' uncle, and she had lived with them for many years, keeping their house for them, and bringing into it that element of womanly refinement and comfort which can never be found in a purely bachelor establishment. The young men were both warmly attached to her, as was her other nephew, Arthur, at the Castle. As for Monica, "Aunt Elizabeth" had been to her almost like a mother, supplying that great want in the girl's life of which she was only vaguely conscious—the want of tender womanly comprehension and sympathy in the trials and troubles of childhood and youth.

It had been her habit for many years to bring all her troubles to Mrs. Pendrill. She did not discuss them with Arthur. Her mission was to soothe and cheer him, not to infect him with any fears or sorrows. He was her boy, her charge, her dearly-loved brother, but Aunt Elizabeth was her confidant and friend.

"MONICA RODE FEARLESSLY ONWARD" (*p.* 4).

She was a very sweet-looking old lady, with snow-white hair, and a gentle, placid, earnest face. She greeted Monica with a peculiarly tender smile, and asked after Arthur with the air of one who loved him.

"He is better," said Monica, "much better, or I could not have come. He is asleep; he will most likely sleep till noon. I want to talk to you, Aunt Elizabeth. I felt I must come to you. When break-

fast is over, please let us go somewhere together. There is so much I want to say."

When they found themselves at length secure from interruption in Mrs. Pendrill's pretty little parlour, Monica stood very quiet for a minute or two, and then turning abruptly to her aunt, she asked—

"Is my father very much out of health?"

Mrs. Pendrill was a little startled.

"What makes you ask that, my love?"

"I can hardly say—I think it is the way he looked, the way he spoke. Please tell me the truth, dear Aunt Elizabeth. I have nobody but you to turn to," and there was a pathetic quiver in the voice as well as in the pale, sweet face.

Mrs. Pendrill did not try to deceive her. She knew from both her nephews that Lord Trevlyn's health was in a very precarious state, and she loved Monica too well not to wish to see her somewhat prepared for a grief that must inevitably fall upon her sooner or later. She had shrunk always from thinking of this trouble, she shrank from bringing it home to Monica now, but a plain question had been asked, and her answer must not be too ambiguous.

Monica listened very quietly, as was her wont, not betraying any emotion save in the strained look of pain in her great dark eyes. Then very quietly, too, she told Mrs. Pendrill what her father had said the previous evening about his heir, and about the prospective visit.

"Aunt Elizabeth," said Monica suddenly, after a long pause, betraying for the first time the emotion she felt, "Aunt Elizabeth, I do not wish to be wicked or ungenerous, but I *hate* that man! He has no right to be at Trevlyn, yet he will some day come and turn out Arthur and me. I cannot help hating him for it; but oh, if only he would be good to Arthur, if only he would let him stay, I could bear anything else, I think. *Do* you think he would be generous, and would let him keep his own little corner of the Castle? It does not seem much to ask, yet father thought it might be difficult. Arthur is so patient, so good, he might learn to love him—he might even adopt him, so to speak. Am I very foolish to hope such things, Aunt Elizabeth?—they do not seem impossible to me."

Mrs. Pendrill mused a little while.

"Has this Mr. Trevlyn any family?"

"I do not know. Father did not speak of a wife. I fancy he is an old bachelor."

"He is old, then?"

"I fancy he is elderly, or at any rate middle-aged, or father would hardly care to have him on a visit. He must be younger than father, of course, but I do not know anything more about him. Oh, it will be very hard; but if he will only be good to Arthur, I will try to bear the rest."

"I am sure you will, my Monica," said Mrs. Pendrill tenderly. "I am sure you will never be ungenerous or act unworthily. A dark cloud seems hanging over your life, but there is light behind, though we cannot always see it. And remember, my darling, that gold shines all the brighter for having been tried in the furnace."

"I know the fellow," said Tom Pendrill, an hour later, when Monica had gone, and he heard from his aunt part of what had passed. "Monica is mistaken about his age: he can't be more than six or seven and twenty, and a right good fellow he is too, and would make my lady a capital husband, if he is not married already. Randolph Trevlyn was at Oxford; I knew him there pretty well, though he was only an undergraduate when I had taken my degree. The name caught my fancy; I made friends with him. He wasn't anywhere near the title then, but I suppose there have been deaths in the family since. Well, well, the earl is quite right to have him down, and if he could manage to fall in love with Monica and marry her, it would simplify matters wonderfully; but that wild bird will need a good deal of training before she will come at a husband's call, and there is such a thing as spreading the snare too much in the sight of the quarry."

No thoughts of this kind, however, entered into Monica's head. She was far too unversed in the ways of the world to entertain the smallest suspicion of the hopes entertained on her account. She thought a good deal of the coming guest as the days went by—thought of him with bitterness, with aversion, with mistrust, but in the light of a possible husband—never for a single instant.

It was the day before the stranger was expected, and Monica, as the sun was sinking in the sky, was riding alone in the pine-wood that partially surrounded the Castle. She was grave and pre-occupied, as she had been for the week past, haunted as she was by the presage of coming sorrow and change. Her face was pale and sad, yet there was a wonderful depth of sweetness in its expression of wistful melancholy. The setting sun, slanting through the ruddy trunks of the tall pines, shone full upon her, lighting her golden hair, and making an aureole of glory round her head, showing off with peculiar clear distinctness the graceful outline of her supple figure and the beauty of the horse she rode.

She was in a very thoughtful mood, so absent and pre-occupied as to be quite lost to outside impressions, when Guy suddenly swerved, and reared with a violence that would have unseated a less practised rider. Monica was not in the least alarmed, but the movement aroused her from her reverie, and she was quickly made aware of what had frightened the horse.

A tall, broad-shouldered young man stepped forward, and laid a hand upon Guy's bridle, lifting his hat at the same time, and disclosing a broad brow, with a sweeping wave of dark hair lying across it.

"I beg a thousand pardons; I believe I frightened your horse. He is evidently unused to the sight of trespassers. I trust you have not been alarmed."

Monica smiled at the notion; her face had been somewhat set and cold till the apology had been made. The stranger had no right to be there, certainly, but his frank admission of the fact went far to palliate the crime. She allowed herself to smile, and the smile was in itself a revelation.

"It does not matter," she said quietly. "I know

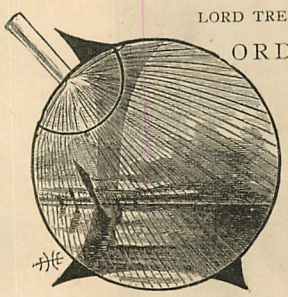
the wood is perplexing; but if you keep bearing to the west you will find the road before long. No, I was not frightened, thank you. Good afternoon."

She bent her head slightly, and the stranger uncovered again. He was smiling now, and she could not deny that he was very good-looking, and every inch the gentleman.

She had not an idea who he was nor what he could be doing there; but it was no business of hers, and he was evidently some tourist who had lost his way exploring the beauties of the coast. She was just a little puzzled by the look his face had worn as he turned away: there was a sort of subdued amusement in the dark blue eyes, and his long brown moustache had quivered as if with the effort to subdue a smile. Yet there had been nothing in the least impertinent in his manner; on the contrary, he had been courtly and polished in his bearing. Perhaps, after all, it had been her fancy that there had been anything unusual in his expression. It must have been imagination.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

LORD TREVLYN'S HEIR.



LORD TREVLYN sat in his study in the slowly-waning daylight, waiting the arrival of his expected guest. Now that the moment had come he shrank from the meeting a good deal more than he had once believed he should do. It was so long since he had seen a strange face, and his relations with this unknown heir would perhaps be difficult: undoubtedly the situation was somewhat strained. Would the young man think a trap was being set for him in the person of the beautiful Monica? Was he acting a wise or fatherly part in scheming to give her to this stranger, if it should be possible to do so?

He had liked the tone of Randolph Trevlyn's courteously-worded acceptance of his invitation. He had liked all that he had heard of the man himself. He had a sort of presentiment that his wish would in time be realised, that this visit would not be fruitless; but his child's happiness: would that be secured in securing to her the possession of her well-loved home?

Randolph Trevlyn would hardly be likely to spend any great part of his time at this lonely sea-bound castle. He might pass a few months there, perhaps; but where would the bulk of his time be spent?

Lord Trevlyn tried to picture his beautiful, wayward, freedom-loving daughter mixing in the giddy whirl of fashionable life, learning its ways and following its lead, and he utterly failed to do so. She seemed indissolubly connected with the wild sea-coast, with the gloomy pine-woods, with the rugged independence of her sea-girt home. Monica a fashionable young countess, leading a gay life of social distraction! The thing seemed impossible.

But he had no time to indulge his imaginings farther. The door opened, and his guest was ushered in. The old earl rose and bade him welcome with his customary simple, stately courtesy. It was growing somewhat dark in that oak-panelled room, and for a minute or two he hardly distinguished the features of the stranger, but the voice and the words in which the young man answered his greeting pleased his fastidious taste, and a haunting dread of which he had scarcely been fully aware faded from his mind at once and for ever in the first moment of introduction.

Lord Trevlyn heaved an unconscious sigh of relief when he resumed his seat, and was able to give a closer scrutiny to his guest. One glance at his face, figure, and dress, one sound of his voice, convinced Lord Trevlyn that this young man was a gentleman in the rather restricted sense in which he employed that elastic term.

He was a handsome, broad-shouldered, powerful man, with a fine figure, dark hair and moustache, dark blue eyes, frank and well-opened, a quiet, commanding air and carriage, and that cast of countenance which plainly showed that the blood of the Trevlyns ran in his veins.

Lord Trevlyn eyed him with quiet satisfaction, and from the conversation that ensued he had no reason to rescind his first favourable impression. Randolph Trevlyn was evidently a man of culture and refinement, with a mental capacity distinctly above the average. He was, moreover, emphatically a man of the world in its truest and widest sense—a man who has lived in the world and studied it closely, learning thereby from its silent teaching the good and the evil thereof.

The two men talked for a time of the family to which they belonged, and the deaths that had lately taken place, bringing this young man so near to the title.

"The Trevlyns seem to be a decaying race," said the old man, half sadly. "Our family is slowly dying out. I suppose it has done its work in the world, and is not needed any longer in these stirring times. You and my daughter are the sole representatives of the Trevlyns in your generation, as my sister and I are in ours."

Randolph Trevlyn looked into the earl's face with a great deal of reverence and admiration. He liked to meet a man who was a genuine specimen of the "old school." He liked this old man, the head of his house, and his liking showed itself in voice and manner. Lord Trevlyn saw this, and was gratified, whilst the younger man was pleased to feel himself in accord with his host and kinsman. The interview ended with mutual satisfaction on both sides, and Randolph was taken up the great oak staircase, down one or two dim, ghostly corridors, and landed finally in a couple of large panelled rooms, most antiquely and quaintly furnished, in both of which, however, great fires of pine-logs were blazing cheerily.

"We dine at eight," Lord Trevlyn had observed, in

parting with his guest. "I shall hope then to have the pleasure of introducing you to my sister and my daughter."

Left alone in his comfortable but rather grim-looking quarters, Randolph broke into a low laugh.

"RANDOLPH ADMIRED THE BEAUTIES OF THE WILD COAST" (*p.* 9).

"And so this sombre old place, full of ghosts and phantoms of departed days—this enchanted castle between sea and forest—is the home of that lovely girl I saw yesterday! Incongruous, and yet so entirely appropriate! She wants a setting of her own, different from anything else. It must have been Lady Monica I encountered, the lady of the pine-wood. What a sad, proud, lovely face it was, with its frame of golden hair, and soft eyes like a deer's; and her voice was as sweet as her face, low, and rich, and full of music. What has been the secret of her life? Some sorrow, I am certain, has overshadowed it. Who will be the happy man to bring the sunshine back to that lovely troubled face? Randolph Trevlyn, do not run on so fast. You are no longer a boy. You must not judge by first impressions; you will know more of her soon."

Randolph's encounter with Monica the previous day had been purely accidental. The young man had reached St. Maws one day earlier than he had expected, one day earlier than he had been invited to arrive at the Castle. Some business in Plymouth that he had expected to detain him some days had been

despatched with greater speed than he had expected, and he had gone on to St. Maws to renew acquaintance with his old friend Pendrill, who lived, as he remembered, in that place.

When he descended to the drawing-room it was to find the earl and Lady Diana there before him, and he made as favourable an impression upon the vivacious old lady as he had done before upon her brother. Yet he found his attention straying sometimes from the animated talk of his companion, and his eyes would wander to the door by which Monica must enter.

She came at last, stately, beautiful, statuesque, her dress an antique cream-coloured brocade, that had, without doubt, belonged to some remote ancestress; her golden hair coiled like a crown upon her graceful head. She had that same indescribable air of isolation and remoteness that had struck him so much when he had seen her riding in the wood. She did not lift her eyes when her father presented the stranger to her, but only bent her head very slightly, and sat down by herself, somewhat apart.

But when dinner was announced, and Randolph gave her his arm to lead her in, she raised her eyes, and their glances met. He saw that she recognised him, and yet she gave not the slightest sign of having done so, and her face settled into lines of even more severe gravity than before. He felt that she was annoyed at his having met and addressed her before, and that she would brook no allusion to the encounter.

His talk with the Pendrills had prepared him somewhat for Monica's coldness towards himself. It was natural enough, he thought, and perhaps a little interesting, especially as he meant to set himself to win her good-will at last.

He did not make much way during dinner. Monica was very silent, and Lady Diana engrossed almost all his attention; but he was content to bide his time, conscious of the charm of her presence, and of the haunting, pathetic character of her beauty, and deeply touched by the story of her devotion to the crippled, suffering Arthur, which was told him by the earl when they were alone together with more of detail than he had heard it before.

When he returned to the drawing-room, he went straight up to Monica, and said—

"I am going to ask a favour of you, Lady Monica. I want to know if you will be good enough to introduce me to your brother?"

Her face softened slightly, yet without moving a muscle. It was a happy instinct that had led Randolph to call Arthur by the name she most loved to hear, "your brother."

"You would like to see him to-night?"

"If it is not too late to intrude upon an invalid, I should very much."

"I think he would be pleased," said Monica. "It is so seldom he has any one but me to talk to."

The visit to Arthur was a great success. The lad took to Randolph at once, delighted to find him so young, so pleasant, and so companionable. Of course he identified him at once as the hero of Monica's adventure yesterday, and was amused to hear his account of the meeting. Monica did not stay long in the room; but her absence enabled Arthur to sing her praises as he loved to do, and Randolph listened with a satisfaction that surprised himself. He was very kind to the boy, sincerely sorry for his helpless state, and more than ready to stand his friend if ever there should be occasion. Before he left the invalid that night, he felt that in him, at least, he had secured a staunch and trusty friend.

But during the days that followed he could not hide from himself the fact that Monica avoided him. Indeed, he sometimes hardly saw her from morning till night, and when they did meet at the luncheon or dinner table, she sat still and silent, scarcely vouchsafing him a word or a look.

The first time Randolph found himself alone with Monica was in this wise: he had been riding about the immediate precincts of the Castle with the earl one morning, and the latter was just expressing a wish to extend their ride farther, in order to see some of the best views of the neighbourhood—hesitating somewhat on his own account, as he had been forbidden to exert himself by much exercise—when Monica suddenly appeared, mounted on Guy, and attended by her convoy of dogs, ready for her daily gallop.

Lord Trevlyn's face softened at her approach; he loved his fair daughter with a deep and tender love.

"Monica, my dear, you have come in good time. I want Mr. Trevlyn to see the view of the Castle from the Black Cliff, and the wonderful archway in the rocks farther along the coast. These fine days must not be wasted, and I feel too tired to undertake the ride myself. Will you act as my substitute, and do the honours of Trevlyn?"

Monica glanced with a sort of mute wistfulness into her father's pale face, and assented quietly. The next moment she and Randolph were riding side by side over the close soft turf of the sweeping downs.

The girl's face was set and grave, she seemed lost in thought, and was only roused by the eccentricities of Guy's behaviour. The spirited little barb resented company even more than his mistress did, and showed his distaste by every means in his power. He was so troublesome that Randolph was half afraid for Monica's safety, but she smiled at the idea of danger.

"I know Guy too well," she answered; "it is nothing. He only hates company. He is not used to it."

"Had you not better have another horse to-day?"

"Let myself be conquered? No, thank you. I always say that if that were to happen once it would never be safe for me to ride Guy again."

The battle with the horse brought the colour to her face and the light to her eyes. She looked more approachable now as she cantered along beside Randolph, victorious at last, with her dogs bounding about her, than she had ever done before. He drew her out a little about her four-footed favourites, and being a lover of animals himself, and knowing their ways, they found a good deal to say without trenching in any way upon dangerous or personal topics.

They visited the places indicated by Lord Trevlyn, and Randolph admired the beauties of the wild coast

with a genuine appreciation that satisfied Monica. Had her companion been anybody but himself—an alien usurper come to spy out the land that would some time be his own—had his praises been less sounded in her ears by Lady Diana, whose approbation was in Monica's eyes worse than any open condemnation—she could almost have found it in her heart to like him; but as it was, jealous distrust drove all kindlier feelings away, and even his handsome person and pleasant address added to her sense of hostility and disfavour.

Why was he to win all hearts—he who would so ruthlessly act the part of tyrant and foe, as soon as his chance came? Did not even his friend, Lady Diana, continually repeat that his succession to the Trevlyn estate must inevitably mean an immediate break-up of all existing forms and usages? Was it not an understood thing that he would exercise his power without considering anything but his strict legal right? Lady Diana knew the world—that world to which Randolph evidently belonged. If this was her opinion, was it not presumably the right one? She sneered openly at the suggestion her niece had once thrown out of the possibility of his granting to Arthur liberty to remain at Trevlyn.

"You foolish child!" she said sharply. "What is Arthur to him? Men do not make sentimental attachments to each other. Arthur has no right here, and Mr. Trevlyn will show him so very plainly when the time comes."

Was it any wonder that Monica's heart rose in revolt against this handsome, powerful stranger, who seemed in a manner to hold her whole future in his strong hands? Was it strange she avoided him? Was it difficult to understand that she distrusted him, and that only his present kindness towards Arthur and the lad's affection for him enabled her to tolerate with any kind of submission his presence in the house?

He tried now to make her talk of herself, of Arthur, of her home and her life there, but she became at once impenetrably silent. Her face assumed its old look of statuesque *hauteur*. The ride back to the Castle was a very silent one. Randolph had enjoyed the hour he had spent in the company of Lady Monica, but he could not flatter himself that much ground had been gained.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

CONRAD FITZGERALD.

WHETHER Monica would ever have thawed towards him of her own free will, Randolph Trevlyn could not tell; but during a sharp attack of illness that prostrated Arthur at this juncture, he was so much in the sick boy's room, and so kind and patient and helpful there, that the girl's coldness began insensibly to melt; and before the attack had passed he felt that if she did not share her brother's liking for him, at least the old antipathy and hostility had somewhat abated.

They rode out together sometimes now, exploring the country round the Castle, or galloping over the wind-swept moors. Monica was generally silent, always reserved and unapproachable, and yet he felt that a certain vantage-ground had been gained, and he did not intend to allow it to slip away. Unconsciously almost to himself, the wish had grown to win the heart of this wild, beautiful, lonely young creature. Yet the charm of her solitary tamelessness was so great that he hardly wished the spell to be too suddenly broken. He could not picture Monica other than she was—and he was growing to love her with every fibre of his being.

But fortune was not kind to Randolph, as an incident that quickly followed showed him.

He and Monica had ridden one day across a wild sweep of trackless moorland, when they came in sight of a picturesque Elizabethan house in a decidedly dilapidated condition, whose red brick walls and mullioned windows took Randolph's fancy. He asked who lived there.

"No one now," answered Monica, with a touch as of regret in her voice; "no one has lived there for years and years. Once it was such a bright, happy home—we used to play there so often, Arthur and I, when we were children; but the owner died, the children were taken away, and the house was shut up. That was ten years ago. I have never been there since."

"Who is the owner? Does he never reside here now?"

"He has never been back. I believe he is not rich, and could not keep up the place. He must be about five-and-twenty by this time. He is Sir Conrad Fitzgerald—he was such a nice boy when I used to play with him."

Randolph started suddenly; he controlled himself in a moment, but Monica's eyes were very quick, and she had seen the instinctive recoil at the sound of the name.

"Do you know Conrad Fitzgerald?" she asked.

"We have met," he answered, somewhat grimly. "I do not claim the honour of his acquaintance."

Monica glanced at him. She saw something in the stern lines of Randolph's face that told a tale of their own. She was not afraid to state the conclusion she reached by merely looking at him.

"That means that you have quarrelled," she said.

"I am not at liberty to explain what it means," was the answer, spoken with a certain stern gravity, not lost upon Monica. She had never seen her companion look like this before. The strength and resolution of his face compelled a sort of involuntary respect, yet she revolted against hearing the friend and playmate of her childhood tacitly condemned by this stranger.

"I do not like innuendoes, Mr. Trevlyn," she said. "If you have anything to say against a man I think it is better spoken out."

"I have nothing at all to say upon the subject of Sir Conrad Fitzgerald," he answered quietly.

"Ungenerous! unmanly!" was Monica's mental comment. "I cannot bear hearing a character *hinted* away. I loved Conrad once, and he loved me. I do

not believe he has done anything for which he should be condemned."

Randolph thought little of the few chance words respecting Sir Conrad Fitzgerald at the time when they were spoken; but he was destined to think a good deal about that individual before many days had passed.

Finding his way to Arthur's room towards dusk one day, as he often did, he was surprised to find quite a little group around the glowing fire. Monica and the dogs were objects sufficiently familiar to him to pass almost without notice, but who was that graceful, fair-haired youth who sat beside the girl, his face turned towards her and away from Randolph, whilst he made some gay, laughing rejoinder to her speech in a very sweet, musical voice?

Randolph recognised that laugh and that voice with another start of dismay. His face set in very stern lines, and he would have withdrawn in silence had he been able to do so unobserved, but Arthur saw him as he moved to go, and cried out gladly—

"Oh, here is Randolph—that is right. Our old friend and our new one must be introduced. Sir Conrad Fitzgerald—Mr. Randolph Trevlyn."

Randolph's eyes were fixed full upon the face of the younger man as he made the slightest possible inclination of the head. His hand had unconsciously clenched itself in a gesture that was a little significant. Monica's eyes were fixed upon Conrad. Was it possible that he quailed and flinched a little beneath the steady gaze bent upon him? She would not think so, she was sure it could not be; no, he was only drawing himself up to return that cold salutation with one expressive of sovereign contempt.

Not a word was exchanged between the two men. Randolph sat down beside Arthur, and began to talk to him. Conrad drew nearer to Monica, and entered into a low-toned conversation with her. His voice sounded tender and caressing, and ever and anon such words as these reached young Trevlyn's ears:

"Do you remember, Monica?"—"Ah, those happy days of childhood!"—"You have not forgotten?"—"How often I have thought of it all!"

Evidently they were discussing the past—the bright days that had been shared by them before the cloud had fallen upon Monica's life. Randolph could not keep his eyes away from her face. It was lit up with a new expression, half sad, and yet so infinitely sweet. Conrad's face was very beautiful too, with its delicate, almost effeminate features and serious, melancholy blue eyes. He had been a lovely child, and his beauty had not faded with time. It had stood him in good stead in many crises of his life, and was doing so still. There is an odd association in most minds between beauty and goodness.

But Randolph's face grew more and more dark as he watched the pair opposite. Old memories were stirring within him, and at last he rose and quitted the room, feeling that he could no longer stand the presence of that man within it, could no longer endure to see him bending over Monica, and talking to her in that soft, caressing way.

Conrad looked after him, an odd, vindictive light in his blue eyes. As the door closed he uttered a low laugh.

"What is it?" asked Arthur.

"Oh, nothing. I was only wondering how long he would be able to brazen it out?"

"Brazen what out?"

"Why, sitting there with my eye upon him. Couldn't you see how restless he got."

"Restless!" repeated Arthur quickly. "Why should he be restless?"

Conrad laughed again.

"Never mind, my boy. I bear him no malice. The least said the soonest mended."

Monica was silent and a little troubled. She liked to understand things plainly. It seemed to her an unnatural thing for two men to be at almost open feud, yet unwilling to say a word as to the cause of their mutual antagonism. She thought that if they met beneath her father's roof they should be willing to do so as friends.

Her gravity did not escape Conrad's notice.

"Has he been maligning me already?" he asked suddenly, with a subdued flash in his eyes.

"No," answered Monica, with a sort of involuntary coldness. "He has not said a word. I do not think," she added presently, with a gentle dignity of manner, "that I should listen very readily to stories from the lips of a stranger, detrimental to an old companion and playmate, told behind his back."

Conrad gave her a look of humble gratitude. He would have taken her hand and kissed it had she been anybody else, but somehow, demonstrations of that kind always seemed impossible where Monica was concerned. Even to him she was decidedly unapproachable.

"It is good indeed of you to say so," he said; "but, Monica—I may call you Monica still, may I not? as I have always thought of you all these long years—you might hear stories to my detriment that would not be untrue. There have been faults and follies and sins in my past life that I would gladly, gladly blot out if I could. I have been wild and reckless often. I lost my parents very young, as you know, and it is hard for a boy without home and home influences to grow up as he should do." Conrad paused, and then added, with a good deal of feeling: "Monica, can a man do more than repent the past? Can nothing ever wipe away the stain, and give him back his innocence again? Must he always bear about the shadow of sorrow and shame?"

Monica's face was grave and thoughtful. She shook her head as she replied—

"It is no use coming to me with hard questions, Conrad; I know so little, so very little of the world you live in. Yet it seems to me that it would be hard indeed if repentance did not bring forgiveness in its wake."

"'Who with repentance is not satisfied,
Is not of heaven nor of earth,'

quoted Arthur lazily. "What is it you have done? Can't you tell us all the story, and let us judge

for ourselves—old friends and playmates as we are?"

"I should like to," answered Conrad gently. "Some day I will; but do not let us spoil this first meeting with bitter memories. Let it be enough for me to have come home and found my friends unchanged towards me. May I venture to call you still my friends?"

"To be sure," cried Arthur readily; but Conrad's eyes were fixed on Monica's face; she saw it, and looked back at him with her steady, inscrutable gaze.

"I do not think I change easily," she said, with a certain gentle dignity. "You were my friend and playmate in our happy childhood. I should like to think of you always as a friend."

"Of course," put in Arthur gaily; "of course we are all friends, and you must make friends with Randolph, too. He is such a good fellow."

"I have no objection at all," answered Conrad, with a short laugh. "The difficulty, I imagine, will be on his side. Some men never forget or forgive any one who succeeds in finding them out."

"Oh, we will manage Randolph, never fear. You are ready, then, to make it up if he is?"

"Most certainly," was the ready answer.

"He is the nobler man of the two," said Monica to herself—at least her reason and judgment said so; her instinct, oddly enough, told her exactly the opposite; but surely it was right to listen first to the voice of reason.

"I say, Randolph," said Arthur, half an hour later, when the young baronet had taken his departure and the other guest had returned to the invalid's room, "Conrad is quite willing to make it up with you."

Randolph's smile was a little peculiar.

"Sir Conrad Fitzgerald is very kind."

"Well, you know it's always best to make friends, isn't it? Deadly feuds are a nuisance in these days, don't you think?"

Randolph smiled again; but his manner was a little baffling.

"Come now, Randolph," persisted Arthur—with boyish insistance—"you won't hang back now that he is ready for the reconciliation. He is the injured party, is he not?"

There was rather an odd light in Randolph's dark blue eyes. His manner was exceedingly quiet, yet he looked as if he could be a little dangerous.

"Possibly," was the rather inconclusive answer.

"You know he has come to stay some little time in the neighbourhood, and he will often be here. It will be so awkward if you are at daggers drawn all the time."

"My dear boy, you need not put yourself about. I will take care that there shall be no annoyance to anybody."

"You will make friends, then?"

"I will meet Sir Conrad Fitzgerald, whenever he is your father's guest, with the courtesy due from one man to another when circumstances bring them together beneath the roof of the same hospitable host. But to take his hand in reconciliation or friendship is a thing that I cannot and will not do. Do you understand now?"

Arthur looked at him intently, as for once Monica was doing also.

"Randolph," he said, a little inconsequently, "do you know I think I could almost be afraid of you sometimes. I never saw you look before as you did just then."

The stern lines of Randolph's face relaxed a little, but he still looked grave and pre-occupied, sitting with his elbow on his knee, leaning forward, and pulling his moustache with an abstracted air.

"You are rather unforgiving too, I think," pursued the boy. "Conrad admitted he had done wrong, but he is very sorry for the past; and I think it is hard when old offences repented of are not consigned to oblivion."

Randolph was silent.

"Don't you agree?"

Still only impenetrable silence.

"Come, Randolph, don't be so mysterious and so revengeful. Let us have the whole story, and judge for ourselves."

"Excuse me, Arthur; but the life of Sir Conrad Fitzgerald is not one that I choose to discuss. His affairs are no concern of mine, nor, if you will pardon my saying so, any concern of yours either. You are at liberty to renew past friendship with him if it pleases you to do so; but it is useless to ask me to do the same."

And with that Randolph rose, and quitted the room without another word.

"There is something odd about it all," said Arthur, who was inclined to indulge a good deal of curiosity about other people's affairs; "but I think Conrad behaves the better of the two."

Monica quietly assented; but perhaps she might have changed her opinion had she heard the muttered threats breathed by Conrad as he rode across the darkening moor:

"So, Randolph Trevlyn, our paths have crossed once more! I have vowed vengeance upon you to your very face, and perhaps my day has come at last. I see through you. I see the game you are playing. I will baulk you, if I can; but in any case I will have my revenge!"

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

HOW I SPENT CHRISTMAS IN THE FATHERLAND.

"'AH, MY CHILDREN, HERE IS WORK FOR ALL.'"

THE first time we went abroad, a wise old lady gave us the following piece of advice: "My dears, I shall always like to hear from you, and you must tell me all you are *doing*, but please remember my objection to the face of the country being described, as if we had not all been saturated with guide-books." Bearing these words in mind, I will not now "describe" the old German town where I passed the Christmas of 1882, but will only say that I was spending the winter in a German family, consisting of the Herr Vater, the Frau Mutter, Fräulein, her sister, little Lenchen, the eight-year-old daughter, and last, but by no means least, the dear old Herr Grosspapa. How well I remember the first night in my new quarters! A tremendous gale was blowing, but, tired out with the two days' journey, my head had literally no sooner touched the pillow than I was asleep. In the "dead waste and middle of the night" I was suddenly and rudely waked by the sound of glass smashing and crashing all around me. Terrified, and firmly convinced that thieves were breaking into the house, if not actually into my room, I leapt up, prepared to alarm the family. But all was now again still, and nothing to be either seen or heard until my door was opened, and Fräulein, who had been also awakened, made her appearance, and explained matters. It seems that on account of the violent storms and excessive cold the windows are all made double, and the noise I had heard was caused by my outer window being blown entirely away, and falling into the street below. "But it is nothing," concluded Fräulein cheerfully, as, smiling benevolently, she once more left my room. I returned to bed, but for a long time lay awake listening to the raging of the wind, and hearing at intervals the crashing of glass, now near, now far along the street, and thinking what a curious country it must be where the falling out of windows was looked upon so calmly as an everyday, or rather nightly, occurrence.

On the Sunday before Christmas Day, as we came home from service in the cathedral, I was surprised to find all the shops open, and the streets thronged with people laden with baskets and bags. It is the custom for the shops to be open on the two Sundays before Christmas, so that people who cannot get out during the week may do their Christmas shopping.

Christmas in Germany is a very serious business indeed, and everybody, young and old, is in an immense state of excitement about it for weeks beforehand. Lenchen could talk of nothing but what the "Christ-child" would bring her on Christmas Eve; and even the old Herr Grosspapa, when he went out in the afternoon to drink his coffee and read his paper, would come in with his pockets full of contributions for the Christmas-tree.

One evening, about a week before Christmas, we were all called from our usual occupations by the Herr Grosspapa to "come and help to prepare for the 'Christbaum'" (Christmas-tree). There he sat at the table, his long silver hair peeping out from under his velvet skull-cap, as, with a triumphant smile on his kind old face, he pointed proudly to the well-filled table before him, exclaiming, "Ah, my children! here is work for all." And work indeed there was. There were walnuts and Brazil nuts to be covered with gold and silver paper, chocolate and cakes to be cut up into all imaginable shapes and wrapped in like manner in coloured paper, besides oranges, apples, and sweets of various and poisonous-looking colours, which were to be tied up with parti-coloured ribbons for

"THE TREE ARRIVED" (*p.* 14).

suspending to the tree. These preparations alone occupied us for three evenings, as nothing could be begun until little Lenchen was disposed of for the night; and as the whole party retired to bed at ten o'clock at latest, our time was very limited. The German children believe that if they are good the "Christ-child" will bring them presents, which they will find under the tree. Our custom of hanging up the stockings for Santa Claus to fill seemed quite a new idea to them, but one to which Lenchen took very kindly.

On the morning of the 23rd the tree arrived. It was bought by the Herr Vater at the "Jahr Markt," or great fair, which is held in the market-place at Christmas-time, and where any conceivable thing, from wearing apparel and furniture to ginger-bread and Christmas-trees, can be bought. From that moment every one appeared to be in a state of the wildest excitement and bustle. Frau Mutter was very busy in the kitchen, superintending the making of mysterious and unknown dishes, and the Herr Grosspapa and the Herr Vater set to work at once fixing all the candles and fruit on the tree. I offered my services, which were not accepted, as it is against all the rules and regulations for the "children" of the family to assist in the actual decoration of the tree itself, and from the moment of my arrival the Herr Grosspapa had numbered me among his "Kinder." So I retired to tie up and ticket, according to Fräulein's instructions, the various presents I had secretly prepared for the family. This done, they were all handed over to the Frau Mutter, to be seen no more until the long-wished for Christmas Eve arrived.

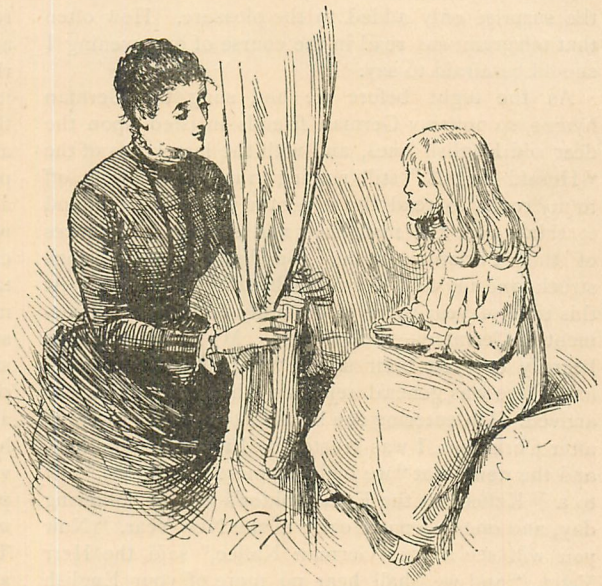
That evening a large skating party was given a short way out of the town, to which we were all invited. Well wrapped up in furs, we set forth about seven o'clock in a sleigh, and half an hour's swift gliding over the snow brought us within view of the lake. It is difficult to imagine what a bright, animated, un-English picture met our eyes. I felt for the first moment as though I must be dreaming—and dreaming of Russia. The whole lake was illuminated with numberless lanterns of all shapes and sizes; the white trees stood out, like giant spectres, against the starry sky, and as far as we could see stretched that "snowy coverlet" which the German poet says the "liebe Gott" lays over the sleeping earth. We were taken entirely round the lake in small, swan-shaped sleighs, which the skaters pushed before them, or tempted to the refreshment tent hard by, where hot coffee, spiced drinks, and cakes took the place of ices and champagne.

The 24th was a lovely bright day, and we were out all the morning skating in the park, as the "Bescherung," or the distribution of the presents, did not take place until after dark. Almost every one we met on our way home was laden with a Christmas-tree; sometimes they were quite little ones, not much bigger than dwarf azaleas, and worth about fourpence or fivepence. Every one, however poor, makes an effort to have a little household festival and a tree at Christmas-time. The afternoon, to Lenchen at least, crept slowly away, but about half-past four we were all assembled in the dining-room, telling one another stories, and speculating as to what the "Christ-child" would bring us, when the Frau Mutter came in to summon us. Suddenly the folding-doors into the drawing-room

"WE WERE TAKEN ENTIRELY ROUND THE LAKE IN SMALL, SWAN-SHAPED SLEIGHS."

were thrown back—the Herr Grosspapa played a brilliant march on the piano, and we were all ushered in. The "tree" stood in the middle of the room, all ablaze with lights, and sparkling with gold and silver. Beneath it and dotted about the room were many little tables covered with white cloths, and on these the presents were laid out. Each person had his or her own little table, and a prettier sight than this "Bescherung" I have seldom seen. Little Lenchen rushed about, showing us all her treasures, especially a large doll which Fräulein had dressed for her. Every one received a present from every one else, besides three large pieces of the "Pfeffer Kuchen," or gingerbread, which is almost universally eaten in Germany at Christmas-time. The servants had their tables also filled with presents, for the most part of a more useful kind, but with a liberal supply of gingerbread.

When the noise had a little subsided, we all settled down to "coffee and cakes," and then, too, we had an opportunity to examine the contents of each other's tables, to guess from whom the various presents came, and to return thanks accordingly. At supper appeared sundry awful compounds, called "Weihnachtsessen"—the Christmas dishes over which the Frau Mutter had been so busy for so long. She informed me that they were "national" dishes, and thinking it my duty to share thoroughly in the German Christmas, I conscientiously tried them all, though in much fear and trembling. Herring is the chief ingredient in these "national" dishes—*herring*, together with *apples* and *oil*. I felt it best not to inquire what else might be there, and breathed an inward thanksgiving that "Christmas comes but once a year." After supper we had music and merry-making till about half-past ten, at which hour little Lenchen was discovered sound asleep on a sofa, surrounded by her presents, and cuddling the new doll. She was waked to join in singing the Christmas hymn, "Stille Nacht" ("Still is the Night"), after which all trooped off to bed. On my way to my room I was waylaid by Lenchen, who begged me to come in when she was in bed, and show her "how Santa Claus liked the stocking to be put." I made her hang it on to the bed-post, and left her dreadfully afraid that Santa Claus "might have too much to do in England to make time to come to her." When she was asleep I filled the stocking with the sort of things we liked so much to find in ours when we were children, not forgetting a little purse with twenty-five pfennige in it. I did not, of course, see the fun of the stocking's being emptied, but was told next day by the Frau Mutter that at four in the morning she had been aroused by loud shrieks, and hurrying to see what was the matter, had found that all the noise came from Lenchen, who had waked and found her well-filled stocking, and was shrieking with delight and surprise. The best of it all was that she firmly believed it was Santa Claus who had brought the treasures to her, and that it was *I* who had told him to come. This I discovered as she proceeded to exhibit to me all my little gifts, with the greatest and most unsuspecting pleasure.



"SHOW HER HOW SANTA CLAUS LIKED THE STOCKING TO BE PUT."

On Christmas morning, after a hasty cup of tea and a biscuit, we started off, a large party, to the nine o'clock Christmas service in the Lutheran Church, where some of Bach's music was to be played. I felt very strange and not a little homesick on this, my first Christmas Day away from home and England, and my thoughts were at first far from the great German building, now filled almost to overflowing. Two gigantic Christmas-trees, filled with candles, stood one on each side of the Communion table, and almost hid the portraits of Luther and Melanchthon. The exquisite Bach music did much to comfort and console me, and then the familiar Gospel and Epistle were read, and a hymn was sung, after which the address was given. The length of that address was something appalling—the author of the *Mikado* would have sympathised with us, for our "mystical German" seemed as if he really would go the length of preaching from "ten till four." The want of any proper breakfast, and our long trudge through the snow in the cold and early morning, made all this the more trying.

Owing to severe snow-storms, the English post had been delayed, and my disappointment was keen when I found I could have no Christmas greeting from home that day; but every one was so kind and anxious to make me happy, that I hid my depression, and joined a sleighing party into the country. In the evening, as we were all sitting at supper, a loud ring was heard at the front door, and a minute afterwards Augusta (the maid), entering the room, handed me—a telegram—a telegram from home wishing me "A Merry Christmas." Words could not express how pleased I was—the whole world seemed changed to me, for really Christmas so far from home *does* feel lonely, and

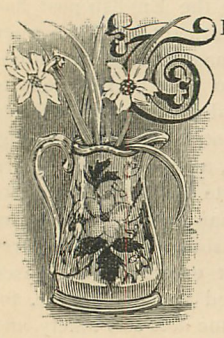
the surprise only added to the pleasure. How often that telegram was read in the course of one evening I should be afraid to say.

As the night before we had sung the German hymns, so now my German friends insisted upon the dear old English ones, and with the last words of the "Herald Angels" still ringing in my ears, I went off to my room, to read the telegram yet once more, and to think over the many new and strange experiences of this Christmas-time. Suddenly twelve o'clock struck, and my first German Christmas was over. At this time of year there is certainly no lack of amusement in Germany—such as it is. My German friends heartily enjoyed their small "whirl of dissipation," and there was general rejoicing when new invitations arrived. On entering the breakfast-room the morning after Christmas, I was greeted by Fräulein with a kiss, and the news that "we had two more invitations," one to a "Kaffee" at the Frau Doktor's on the following day, and one to a party early in the New Year. "Now you will see a true German Kaffee," said the Herr Vater, "and we shall hear no more of your English five o'clock teas."

The next afternoon Fräulein and I set off to the Frau Doktor's, taking good care to arrive punctually at half-past four. To be late seems to be a very great breach of courtesy, and Fräulein was simply aghast at my remarking, "I suppose we must get there about five." "You did not then see Lieschen's letter," she said; "we are asked at half-past four." As we hurried along I endeavoured to explain that at home it was not the "fashion" to arrive on the stroke of the hour at which one was invited, but it was a hopeless task, and all I convinced Fräulein of was that "you English are certainly a curious people;" she was too polite to say *mad*, but I knew what was in her mind. We were introduced immediately on our arrival to the other guests—all young people—and there was a small amount of conversation till the "Kaffee" was brought in on a tray and handed round. We all took some, and I, naturally enough, thought we should remain where we were, dotted "casually" about the room. Much to my surprise, however, our hostess presently requested us "to take places round the table," which we accordingly did. It was a work of some time to get every one fitted into the right seat, as great complications had arisen when it was discovered that there were fewer gentlemen than ladies. But at last we were satisfactorily arranged—napkins were then dealt round—then plates—and then, all things being now ready, the eatables were brought in. One immense dish, crammed with all kinds of the most delicious and deleterious cakes and biscuits, was placed in the middle of the table, and we "fell to." After this really substantial meal, we occupied the time with various games—such as "What is my thought like?" and others of a similar kind to what one plays at home at children's parties—until about half-past six, when the tray again made its appearance, glasses of some hot drink having taken the place of coffee. After a short interval the command was once more given to "take our places at the table," which little ceremony was now much better managed, as every one knew where to go. Then a large iced chocolate cake was brought in, and as soon as it had been distributed, an apple tart appeared! Things were becoming more wonderful every minute. Think of an apple tart when you are invited out to afternoon "coffee"! It was a very good pie, however, and a considerable part of it soon disappeared. After this second meal, and a little more conversation, which by now had become rather more animated, I observed Fräulein "making the move" to go. I certainly thought it was late enough, being past seven o'clock, but she began by apologising to the Frau Doktor for "having to hurry away so early, as we expected a lady to supper, and must not be late back." The thought of supper, after having done nothing else but eat all the afternoon, was almost too much for me. I returned to the Herr Vater more English and a greater upholder of our five o'clock tea than ever.

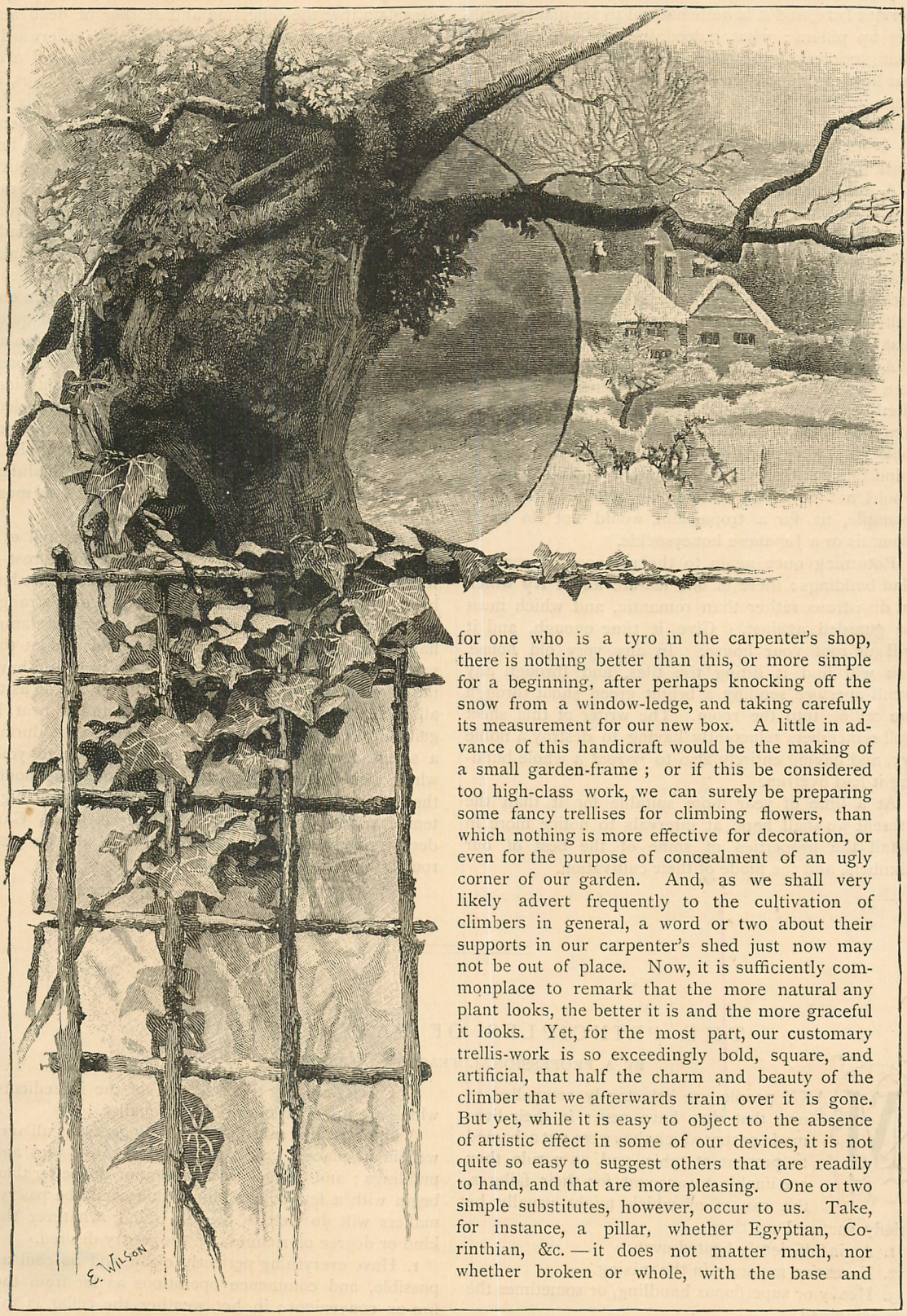
This was almost the last of our Christmas festivities, and soon we settled down into the "quiet, working home life," as Herr Grosspapa called it, for which I had really gone out to Germany, but which gives still less to write about than my first Christmas in the Fatherland.

THE GARDEN IN DECEMBER.



THE shortened and still shortening days of December limit our hours of *bonâ fide* gardening work out of doors very much; but there is no reason because the sun is, so far as we are concerned, apparently passing the greater part of his time in bed that we should do the same.

Before, then, going outside to attend to much that in no month of the year can be omitted in the garden, we will pass an hour of this imaginary snowed-up day in our shed or work-room, our assumed object, of course, being the preparation or repair of any gardening accessories. The cleaning and washing of flower-pots alone will take us a considerable time, and we recollect that as early as February we must commence the general re-potting in the greenhouse. Then, again, very likely a little carpentering will be in requisition: our resolve upon a certain class of flower for next year will tell us what we want. There are, for example, some mignonette-boxes to be made and painted; and



for one who is a tyro in the carpenter's shop, there is nothing better than this, or more simple for a beginning, after perhaps knocking off the snow from a window-ledge, and taking carefully its measurement for our new box. A little in advance of this handicraft would be the making of a small garden-frame ; or if this be considered too high-class work, we can surely be preparing some fancy trellises for climbing flowers, than which nothing is more effective for decoration, or even for the purpose of concealment of an ugly corner of our garden. And, as we shall very likely advert frequently to the cultivation of climbers in general, a word or two about their supports in our carpenter's shed just now may not be out of place. Now, it is sufficiently commonplace to remark that the more natural any plant looks, the better it is and the more graceful it looks. Yet, for the most part, our customary trellis-work is so exceedingly bold, square, and artificial, that half the charm and beauty of the climber that we afterwards train over it is gone. But yet, while it is easy to object to the absence of artistic effect in some of our devices, it is not quite so easy to suggest others that are readily to hand, and that are more pleasing. One or two simple substitutes, however, occur to us. Take, for instance, a pillar, whether Egyptian, Corinthian, &c. — it does not matter much, nor whether broken or whole, with the base and

capital or without it; our turning-lathe would be of service here, and it is quite natural to see plants climbing up pillars; what, indeed, is more effective than that glorious combination of nature and art as seen in our host of ruined abbeys and churches, where the ivy does its very best to make up by its grace for the mutilation of architecture that we now strive in vain to imitate? Or, take another illustration of trellis-work that shall this time be *wholly* natural.

A stroll through a neighbouring forest or wood will quickly bring us upon some heaven-planted and then heaven-struck oak. It has dried to tinder, and there is a very beauty about its parched and twisted branches that makes us pause at once, but the fresh green of the ivy that has perhaps already covered the half of our dead tree makes it so beautiful in death that we love to sketch it.

A well-selected little branch of a tree, then, to serve as a sort of dead tree in miniature, plunged in a good-sized flower-pot, is for some climbers exceedingly effective; even our convolvuluses and sweet-peas would look very well on this. We must, however, bear in mind that the trellis adapted for one class of climber would not be at all suitable for another. That, for example, fit for a tropæolum would not do for a clematis or a Japanese honeysuckle.

Returning once again to the romance of our ivy-clad buildings: there is one feature about ivy which is disastrous rather than romantic, and which must be guarded against. Give it time enough, and it will un-roof your house. In any very old house, you will find it lifting the tiles, and through any small aperture sending a bright green shoot through the ceiling into the room. The writer of this sheet well remembers reluctantly having to destroy a noble ivy, and having entirely also to *re-roof* a whole building it had overrun.

At a time of year more suitable for it than the present we shall hope at intervals to notice more in detail the properties of some of the best of our climbers, and the mode of their cultivation.

Now for a little work in our garden. Some people complain that the collection and storing of dead and dry leaves occasionally causes trouble afterwards, when the wind on a gusty day scatters them all over the garden again—away from the corner, perhaps, in which they have been housed. There is a remedy for the difficulty: fill two or three cold frames with them, and then among the leaves themselves plunge a few hardy flowers that you want to preserve, but for which you have, perhaps, hardly got room enough in your limited greenhouse. You will keep out the frost from your plants, keep your leaves together, and gradually be accumulating matter that in a little time will make excellent manure. A very good month is this dead one of the year for carrying out any drainage in our garden. This is a very important subject, and quite as important to the well-being of our whole garden as good drainage is to our own health, yet we often pass it by because of the trouble, the mess, and confusion, and perhaps the expense; but the penalty for neglect is that nothing can flourish in an undrained garden. Even a lawn that for a portion of the year is a species of shaking bog will soon lose its best qualities, and all the good velvet turf will give place to moss and coarse grass, which mars all the effect.

And, in our greenhouse, perhaps the principal evil against which we may have to contend is not frost—which we can readily keep out—but damp. Frost has been called by some gardeners, evil No. 2, and, strange as it may sound, No. 3 evil is *heat*. To get rid of damp, have a fire, though the weather be mild, and at the same time pull down your lights a little way, and have the door open to create a good current of air, so as to allow the damp to evaporate. And undue heat is generally occasioned by having too fierce a fire during a severe frost; this is positively dangerous to your whole stock, as perhaps in the early morning hours the fire is almost out, and the reaction from a high temperature to that below 32 degrees is fatal. Gardening requires prudence and discretion all the year round.

THE PRINCIPLES OF PASTRY-MAKING.

BY A PROFESSIONAL TEACHER OF COOKERY.

MANY people are reluctantly compelled to own that they have never in their lives made pastry which they were not ashamed to present at table, and, as a rule, they are unable to account for their failures, the causes of which might usually be briefly summed up thus:—

1. An insufficiently heated oven.
2. Excessive moisture in the mixing.
3. Heavy or superfluous handling, or sometimes the two combined.
4. Hard rolling; and—
5. Carelessness in the selection of the ingredients, which are too often of an inferior quality.

A humorist has said that "railway grease is all very well in its place," but it does not improve pies and puddings; and we feel that we cannot do better than begin with a few general hints that would-be pastry-makers will do well to bear in mind, whatever the kind or degree of richness of the pastry desired.

1. Have everything perfectly clean, and as cool as possible, and commence operations as far from the fire as convenient; in hot weather the cellar is the most suitable place.

2. Have everything in readiness before commencing, not forgetting the oven, which must be well heated.

3. Take care that the flour is perfectly dry and free from lumps; to insure this, pass it through a sieve just before using it, and when baking-powder is added, sieve that also.

4. See that the fat, whether butter, lard, or clarified dripping, is quite free from taint of any kind, or the least suspicion of mouldiness or rancidity.

5. If it be inconvenient to bake the pastry as soon as made, it must be kept in a cool place.

6. In rolling, the less flour used the better. Some cooks work in so much that it detracts considerably from the richness of the pastry.

7. After baking, leave the pastry (if not required for table at once) in the place where it was baked; if taken while hot into a cellar or larder, the sudden rush of cold air will tend to make it heavy.

These hints might be multiplied to an almost unlimited extent, but for the present they will suffice; experience will teach much, and a few facts thoroughly grasped at the outset are of far greater value to beginners than a number only half mastered.

A special note as to the baking :—Much might be said if space allowed, but one thing is certain: many a batch of pastry has been ruined in the oven, and it seems very difficult sometimes to hit the happy medium between "cinders and rawness." A cold oven will spoil any pastry, as the fat will run out, hence it is impoverished, and the starch grains in the flour will not cook properly; if the crust is "flaky," instead of a delicious crispness there will be toughness, and if "short crust," instead of being crumbly and almost melting in the mouth, it will prove leathery and most indigestible.

The less frequently the oven-door is opened the better; those with a small glass pane inserted are very useful; and the door should be closed very gently; if banged, as it too often is, the pastry cannot fail to be soddened, for this reason :—hot air, that in the oven, is light, hence the rising of the crust; cold air is heavier than hot, hence the sinking. Supposing, though, a good-sized pie, with a tolerably thick crust, has to be baked: it must first be put in the hottest part to make it rise, and prevent the loss of fat previously referred to, then transferred to the cooler part to finish the baking; smaller articles may generally be baked at the same temperature throughout.

With reference to the various kinds of pastry, it is certain that to explain thoroughly the mode of making *Puff Pastry* alone would occupy several pages; indeed, if half a dozen good cooks were making it together, each would carry out many individual ideas in the manipulation of the ingredients, while the ways of folding are multitudinous. There are, however, two golden rules :—

1. Always keep the edges even; and—

2. Take care that the fat does not work through during the rolling, and stick to the board.

Good results will be obtained if the following directions are carried out :—Take a pound of flour, a pound of butter (or half lard will do, in which case it must be blended with the butter before commencing), the yolk of one egg, a table-spoonful of lemon-juice, a pinch of salt, and some cold water; the exact quantity of this last requisite cannot be stated, as the weather, the consistency of the butter, and the quality of the flour, all prevent this, for, as experienced people know, the better the flour the more moisture it will absorb. Before commencing, read over the general hints, then put into a bowl, or on the board, the flour and salt, and rub two ounces of the butter into it, then make a hollow in the centre, into which must be put the beaten yolk, lemon-juice, and a little water, and the whole formed with the tips of the fingers into a paste as stiff as the butter was at commencing: that is, the paste and the butter should be as nearly as possible of the same consistence. It should then be worked into a smooth ball, and rolled out into a square sheet of equal thickness all over. The butter should be freed from all superfluous moisture by squeezing it in a clean cloth, and if at all salt it will need washing in several waters first; then spread it all over the sheet, and fold the edges together in the centre; again fold, making four layers one on the other; turn it round, roll out, then fold in three. It must be left in a cool place for ten or fifteen minutes, then rolled, and again folded; repeat this until it has been folded and rolled seven times, when it is ready for use. If it cannot be left to cool between every roll, it *will* do with three or four coolings in all. We have given this mode as a comparatively simple one for beginners, and will give, as a substitute, a recipe for *Rough Puff Pastry;* it is made in less time, and is nearly equal to the foregoing, if very lightly handled.

The materials are :—A pound of flour, a pinch of salt, half a tea-spoonful of baking-powder, six ounces each of lard and butter blended, cold water, and a tea-spoonful of lemon-juice. All the dry ingredients are to be well mixed, and the lard and butter broken up into them in pieces the size of a walnut; then sufficient water added, together with the lemon-juice, to make a rather stiff crust, which should be rolled out straight and even into a long narrow sheet—as long as possible without breaking; it may then be folded up like a roly-poly pudding, and after turning round, rolling out, and folding again four times in all, it is ready for baking.

This is very suitable for meat-pies, patties, rolls, &c., and in a good oven will rise considerably. We may here remind our readers that the best glaze for savoury pies is a mixture of beaten egg (yolk and white) and milk. Yolk of egg alone is often used, but it is very liable to burn in the oven. We may just instance *Flaky Pastry* as a homely variety of Puff Pastry; it is made in the same way, but only half the quantity of fat is used, and a good pinch of baking-powder should be put into the flour.

Short Crust is unquestionably the most generally met with; besides having the merit of digestibility, it is also more readily prepared; indeed, after the ingredients are ready to hand, to cover a pie with short crust is the work of a few minutes only.

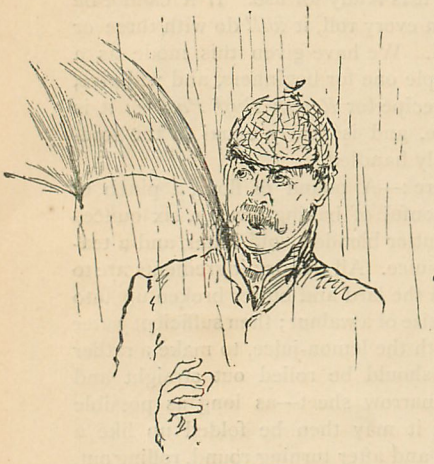
A short crust good enough for ordinary use may be made by putting a pound of flour and a tea-spoonful of baking-powder into a basin, and rubbing in, until fine as bread-crumbs, six ounces of lard or clarified dripping; if required for tarts, fruit pies, &c., a tea-spoonful of castor sugar may be put in. Sufficient cold water to make this into a stiff paste, and one roll out to size required, and it is finished; it needs no folding or cooling; and beginners must remember that if "self-raising flour" is used, no baking-powder is needed.

A very delicious *Short Crust* is thus made:—A pound of flour, which should be a mixture of Hungarian and superfine, or pastry flour alone; five ounces each of lard and butter, or all butter; a little sugar, the yolk of an egg, a few drops of lemon-juice, and sufficient cold water; mix as above directed; this should be dredged with castor sugar after baking, or, if preferred, it may be lightly sprinkled with cold water, or brushed with the white of an egg, and dredged with sugar *before* baking, though it will eat harder if the latter mode be adopted; indeed, this kind of glazing is more suitable for puffs, &c., made with flaky or rough puff pastry.

A last word about *Suet Crust*, which is, in many instances, the most carelessly prepared of all, and this fact is the more regrettable when we consider how very suitable and valuable a diet it is for use in cold weather, and how digestible it *may* be made with very little more trouble than is taken in preparing the indigestible mess one sometimes sees.

For a nice "Family Crust" mix together fourteen ounces of flour, two ounces of bread-crumbs, a tea-spoonful of baking-powder, a little salt, and six ounces of suet, first skinned, then shredded, and lastly chopped as finely as it can be; for this a sharp knife and a well-floured board are essential. After mixing the dry ingredients, enough cold water must be added to make a stiff crust, the stiffer the lighter; it must be *well* boiled whatever the kind of pudding it is used for.

A WET DAY IN LONDON.



A WATERSPOUT.

IS there anything more conducive to a selfish state of mind than a wet, sloppy day in the streets of London? Each person seems to vie with the other in making his neighbour as uncomfortable as he can.

If you stay for a moment to look in a shop window, though you may be buttoned and mackintoshed to the chin, you are lucky if a lady does not give herself the privilege of placing a rib of her umbrella in close proximity to your ear, and allow its trickling rivulet to wander down your neck.

As you walk along, your feet splash, splash on the slushy pavement, and the little muddy drops disport themselves on your nether garments, till you are ashamed to be seen—for there is so much self-consciousness in humanity that one forgets that under such circumstances each is intent on himself.

If you happen to be a woman, you are in dire dread lest the edges of your petticoats are becoming artistically plastered.

You turn round to gather them up in your hand to cross the road, and in so doing deluge your foot in a puddle, and extricate it in all the glory of its tell-tale mark. You soon get tired, and make up your mind, in spite of all previous economical resolutions, that it is worth twopence to reach your destination under cover.

You stand—a human target—at the corner of the street waiting for an omnibus, feeling out of humour with every one, for there is something unpleasantly

CROSSING THE ROAD.

humiliating in being bespattered with mud from the whirling wheels of passing vehicles, whether they be those of a rattling hackney or my Lady Do-nothing's india-rubber tyres.

The omnibus you want is "full inside," the somewhat testy conductor tells you as you hail him with your umbrella, not being able to see for yourself through the windows, thick with mud and rain-drops outside, and steam within. The conductor of the next, though you whistle or shout at the top of your voice, remains with his back turned obstinately towards you, so you must needs wait for another.

In this, after wading through the mud, you see five persons on each side, all in blissful content until you appeared, develop into as many scowling faces as you succeed in closing your umbrella and "spat-spat" up the steps. There is the "thump-thump" of the conductor's feet on the foot-board, "All right, Jim," and the horses flounder along with the jolting vehicle, while you cling helplessly to the rail overhead.

THE ÆSTHETIC YOUNG LADY.

You look from side to side, recount five up and down; no one stirs an inch to make room for you, and you turn to the conductor—

"There isn't room!"

"Six on each side, sir," or "lady," as the case may be, at which a wheezy old gentleman gathers up his coat-tails, and a stout old lady tries to squeeze her bulky person into a smaller compass.

You wedge yourself gingerly into the small space, resting just on the edge of the seat, with your knees painfully cramped, so as not to annoy your opposite companion, feeling indeed, as you are regarded by your fellow-passengers, an intruder, and remain with that conviction until by slow degrees you have slily wriggled into your allotted seat by taking advantage of the slight movements of your neighbours, and another fare presents himself.

He is an elderly man, with a streaming umbrella, and moustachios still damp with the remnants of "a little something to keep out the cold," the fragrance of which he exhales as he passes along, and plants himself in the upper corner. He is evidently one who desires comfort above all things. He pulls up his trousers at the knees, which he places wide apart, and deposits his umbrella between them, the water pouring off the end of it into the grooves of the omnibus-floor, and the holes made therein for the escape of such rivulets being stopped up with mud, it wanders on, and is eventually sucked up by the

"POKES HER UMBRELLA OUT OF WINDOW."

old lady's skirt. He shrugs his shoulders, puffs out his cheeks, and, rubbing his hands together to warm them, places one on each knee, buries his double chin in his high shirt-collar, and drops into a quiet doze.

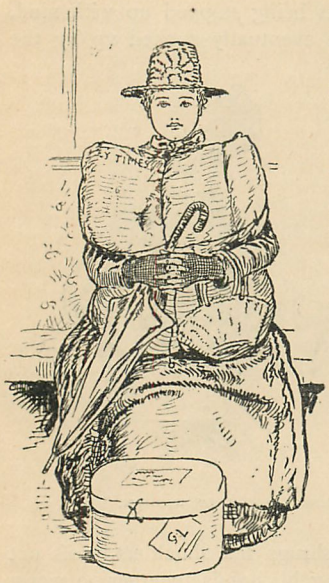
Next to him, crowded into the smallest possible compass, is an æsthetic young lady in a dowdy and washed-out green Tam o' Shanter, hugging a wet canvas and begrimed palette in her arms, and a little basket containing brushes enough to stock a colourman's shop, which continually make an effort to escape therefrom, while her umbrella, with one rib broken, is persistent in its endeavour to cling to some one else's side, so she has a pretty busy time of it to keep her belongings in place.

The stout old lady becomes restless, and fumbles in her little leather bag for a threepenny-piece wherewith to pay her fare, and pokes her umbrella out of the window and into the ribs of the conductor, telling him to stop at Hanway Street. He takes the money with anything but an amiable expression, paying no heed to her direction.

THE CITY MAN.

But how can he be good-humoured? To begin with, the rain is driving in his face, and his hands are so benumbed that he can hardly feel that he possesses fingers at all, and the water is dripping off his hat on to his already soaking overcoat; as to feet, he might be without them for all he can feel, and his very boots are lost to view in the mud which bespatters them. And, added to this, he is treated like a mule, poked and goaded to his work by the umbrellas and sticks of the world generally.

There are a couple of "City men," who discuss the state of the money market. One description does for all those members of society, except as to the cut of



"GUARDING A HUGE NEWSPAPER PARCEL."

the hair on their faces; if they do not glory in the mutton-chop whiskers and clean chin, there is the trimly-cut beard, but always tinged with grey, and their deep-set eyes, as hard as the metal they talk of, peer out of the crow's-foot drawing, which, with a little stretch of the imagination, might be read like the writing on the wall, and construed into one all-absorbing thought and word—"money."

The coat is faultless in cut, the hat of the glossiest, and of the latest mould, the umbrella silver-mounted, and the jewelled hands crossed on the handle.

The wheezy old gentleman whistles through his teeth as if scaring a dog, and by a commanding gesticulation bids the conductor stop the omnibus.

The check-string is touched, and the vehicle is pulled up in the middle of the road, to that individual's disgust, whose nether garments are turned up almost to his calves, and his face enveloped to the eyes in a silk muffler.

"Why didn't you drive to the pavement?" grumbles he, from the recesses of his wrapper.

"You said stop, and I did stop; what more do you want?" is the retort, as the old man spats down the steps, and hunts for a clean place to set his daintily-booted foot in the midst of the mud-pudding.

"'I HOPE HE DON'T DISTURB YOU, MISS?

The portly old lady (can she be an M.D.?) again shows her knowledge of anatomy by dexterously probing the conductor under the fifth rib with her gingham, and demands—

"Why didn't you stop at Hanway Street, as I told you to?"

"You said Newman Street."

"No; I said Hanway Street."

And the argument is continued even after she is landed on the pavement, some three minutes' walk from her desired goal.

But it would have puzzled the most acute lawyer to determine who had the last word.

STUDY OF A "READING GIRL."

In the farthest corner, on the opposite side, sits a round-faced country girl guarding a huge newspaper parcel—with sundry gaping cracks revealing its contents; beside her a mother with a child on her knees, who is divided in his occupations between cleaning his boots on his neighbour's gown and howling for her umbrella handle to play with; while she keeps up a flow of baby language with him, and sympathetic remarks with the mother.

"I hope he don't disturb you, miss?" and she wipes his sticky little face with a damped corner of a grey pocket-handkerchief.

"Oh, no, m'm; I'm very fond of children; I've left a little brother at home just his size, m'm. Cluck-cluck!" and she pats his cheek with her finger and pinches his chin—"Pretty dear!" "Cluck-cluck;" "Did he, then!" and other interesting and dense nothings.

These remarks, in a somewhat loud key, disturb the young lady with a broad forehead and spectacles, who tries to bury her thoughts, as well as her nose, in a volume from the library.

And there is the dandy, with a glass at his eye and a downy moustache, which he amuses himself by twirling while taking sly glances at the æsthetic damsel, who blushes, and simperingly asks him to pass her fare on, and in the fluttering shyness of the moment drops some of her brushes, which he gallantly collects and returns to her.

In the corner by the door sits a foreigner, his piercing eyes gleaming from under his shaggy brows, his coat-collar turned up about his ears, and bony legs encased in thin and threadbare trousers; his hat, pulled down over his forehead, is mottled with raindrops, and the binding and band worn shiny and green.

At Chancery Lane the omnibus is besieged by newspaper-boys, who sing in a chorus, after the type of "Three Blind Mice"—"*Standard*, special; *Globe*, sir!" "*Globe*, spee-cial; *Standard*, sir!"

At Oxford Circus most of your companions alight, and a fresh bevy scramble in, when it is a case of the weakest being left standing in the gutter; and in the midst of the bustle there is an altercation between the driver, a policeman, and a brother of the profession, wound up by an exclamation from the conductor, emphasised by a volley of thumps on the unfortunate foot-board—

"All right, Jim; go on. Why don't you go on?" intermingled with a few words not to be met with in the English dictionary.

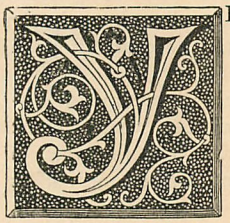
At Bond Street the picture-gallery visitors, catalogues in hand, pack into what space is left vacant, and "Full inside, Jim," is received with a grunt by that personage, who smacks his lips, and answers, with a wave of his whip, "I wish I was."

After further floundering on the part of the jaded horses, and more showers of mud, you reach your destination at dusk, when the blinking gas-lights peer like weeping eyes through the mist and windows, and the ghastly electric light stretches defiantly across the sloppy streets.

M. H.

"HOW MY HEAD DOES ACHE!"

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



ES, sir," said the old man with whom I was talking over the laurel hedge, "if I'm spared till March I'll be ninety-three—in my ninety-fourth year, sir; and I've never known what it was to be a day ill."

"Lucky man!" I said; "but of course you have had little bits of headaches now and then?"

"Never remember having anything of the sort, sir."

The old man has been a gardener in his younger days, and he still "potters around," as he calls it, with spade or hoe in hand, nor is there much likelihood of his shuffling off the mortal coil before he verges on a hundred.

I shook hands with an aged Waterloo veteran this year, during my summer rambles. He is about ninety-five; *he* never suffered from headaches. His eye is as white and clear as a baby's, and his complexion fresh and transparent. It was pretty early in the morning when I paid my visit, and I found him at breakfast—oatmeal porridge and new milk.

What would I have my reader infer from these illustrations? it may be asked. Why, merely this: that headaches, whether they be only isolated complaints, or symptomatic of other, and perhaps serious mischief, are inimical to the chance of long life. And the converse may also be held to be true, for that man or woman whose head is always as sound as a bell—to use a familiar expression—who therefore sleeps well and awakens every morning as fresh as the daisies, may entertain good hopes of longevity and a green old age.

Perhaps some whose eyes scan these columns may have been suffering from headache for many a long day. It is precisely for such as these I am writing. I want, if possible, to put them in the way of getting well, so that they may be able to enjoy life, and that their future may be bright and not black.

The first step towards so happy a condition must be to find out the cause or causes of their peculiar ailment, for until this is done, until the *causa doloris* is removed, hope of cure cannot be entertained.

Now there are many different sorts of headaches. Happily, however, their diagnosis is not beset by any very great difficulties, so that the patient can, to a very considerable extent, benefit himself without the assistance of a physician.

In this paper I am going to consider briefly several kinds of headaches. One alone I must omit because it cannot be passed over briefly, and on some future day, if our Editor does not veto my intention, I shall devote an article solely to it—I refer to what is called the Megrims, or sick headache.

Probably one of the most common headaches, if not the most common, is that called nervous. The class of people who are most subject to it are certainly not your outdoor workers. If ever my old friend the gardener *had* had a headache, it would not have been one of this description. Nor does Darby the ploughman, nor Jarvey the 'bus-man, nor Greatfoot the ganger, suffer from nervous headache, nor any one else who leads an outdoor life, or who takes plenty of exercise in the open air. But poor Mattie, who slaves away her days in a stuffy draper's shop, and Jeannie in her lonesome attic, bending over her white seam—stitch, stitch, stitch—till far into the night, and thousands of others of the indoor working class, are martyrs to this form of headache. Are they alone in their misery? No; for my Lady Bonhomme, who comes to have her ball-dress fitted on, has often a fellow-feeling with Jeannie and Mattie. Her, however, we cannot afford to pity quite so much, because she has the power to change her *modus vivendi* whenever she chooses.

What are the symptoms of this complaint that makes your head ache so? You will almost know it is coming from a dull, perhaps sleepy, feeling. You have no heart and little hope, and you are restless at night. Still more restless, though, when it comes on in full force, as then for nights perhaps, however

much you may wish to, scarcely can you sleep at all.

"How my poor head does ache!" This you will say often enough; sadly to yourself, and hopelessly to those near you, from whom you expect no sympathy, and get none. And yet the pain is bad to bear, although it is generally confined to only one part of the head.

The worst of this form of headache lies in the fact that it is periodic. Well, as it arises from unnatural habits of life or peculiarities of constitution, this periodicity is no more than we might expect.

If I just note down some of the most ordinary causes of nervous headache, people who suffer therefrom will know what to do and what to avoid. I will then speak of the treatment.

Over-work indoors.

Over-study.

Work or study *indoors*, carried on in an unnatural or cramped position of body. Literary men and women ought to do most of their work at a standing desk, lying down now and then on a sofa to ease brain and heart, and permit ideas to flow. They should work out of doors in fine weather—with their feet resting on a board, *not* on the earth—and under canvas in wet weather. It is surprising the good this simple advice, if followed, can effect.

Neglect of the ordinary rules that conduce to health.

Want of fresh air in bed-rooms.

Want of abundant skin-exciting exercise.

Neglect of the bath.

Over-indulgence in food, especially of a stimulating character.

Weakness or debility of body, however produced. This can only be remedied by proper nutriment.

Nervousness, however induced.

The excitement inseparable from a fashionable life.

Exciting passions, anger and jealousy in particular.

Atmospheric changes. This is a cause which of course it is impossible to avoid. My readers may well say, "Physician, heal thyself," if I confess that a thunderstorm causes me to take an enforced holiday. Not only do I know when the storm is brewing, but during the time it is raging I can tell when the flash is about to come. Have I headache then? No; only a feeling of heavy-browed, sleepy, dense stupidity. For the time being I have no more intellect than Greatfoot the ganger. The storm passes, the sky clears, and also my head—I am bright again.

Well, the indications of treatment for nervous headache are twofold. First, you must do away with the diathesis by regular living. I have told you what this means a thousand times, and shall not here repeat. Secondly, cutting short the attack. Rest with the head thrown back over the pillow, after drinking a cup of strong tea or coffee. If from stomachic derangement, a podophyllin pill should be taken at night, the feet and legs bathed in very hot water, a large glass of Pullna water taken half an hour before breakfast in the morning; and if the tongue be furred a few doses of the tincture of nux vomica in orange-syrup water may complete the cure. As this remedy might possibly prove a dangerous one in the hands of the uninitiated, I do not feel justified in giving a prescription, but an intelligent chemist could do so, according to the age, strength, and constitution of the applicant. The doses ought to be small, and taken frequently for the first hour—say four times; and after that once an hour for four or five doses. The morning tub should be omitted till the headache is gone, or a tepid bath substituted. Inhaling chloroform is a not uncommon practice during the paroxysm of nervous headache. I only mention it in order to condemn it.

Should, however, the trouble continue many nights, and the patient become pale and weary-looking for want of sleep, a doctor should at once be consulted.

But in great irritability and sleeplessness the bromide of potassium may be had recourse to, on your doctor's prescription, two hours before retiring.

Valerianite of zinc is another excellent remedy for nervous headache. It often acts like a charm if given in tolerably large doses.

The pill of nux vomica and zinc recommended by Tanner, and which I presume almost every chemist knows, is an excellent one during the intervals of attacks; that is, where the patient is weak and suffers from constipation.

The *congestive* headache is one of a different class. It is sometimes called the plethoric headache, and is caused by distension of the smaller brain arteries with blood. It is the headache of the full-blooded working man, the country farmer or squire who lives too freely, or of any one indeed who is subject to some unusual amount of excitement.

But a weakened heart (the right side especially) may produce a species of dull, stupefying, congestive headache, in brain-workers. This is the tired headache, if I may give it a name of my own. It is brought on by over-fatigue, over-excitement, and brain-work, and causes much distress, much dejection, and want of proper sleep.

Some people attempt to work off the congestive headache by very active horse-exercise or cycling. This may do with strong men, but the weakly should take care how they attempt any such heroic cure. A moderate degree of exercise will not, however, be out of place, but it should be taken in the free, open air; not among trees. Walk to the hill-top, visit the seaside, or stroll leisurely over a moorland. In the splitting headache of plethoric people, the tincture of aconite in soda-water may often afford great relief. Or if there be redness and swelling of the face, the tincture of belladonna may be taken in orange-syrup water. Your chemist will give you the proper doses.

There is a gouty and also a rheumatic form of headache. Both of these must be treated in accordance with their causes. Regular living is of the utmost importance, and strict attention to diet. It will be better to avoid animal food for a time, or to

use it but sparingly. Indeed, the diet should be quite restricted, and stimulants for the most part avoided.

On the whole, I trust I have said enough to prove to my readers that headaches, when persistent or periodic, are really fraught with much danger to health. I would in conclusion try to impress upon the reader the greater necessity of preventing the recurrence of his headache than of curing it when it does take place. Beware then of *tea* and *tobacco* and *stimulants*, review your mode of living, rectify mistakes therein, and in a month or two you will feel better and younger than you have done for years.

"FOUND MISS AMY BY THE WINDOW WHICH HAD A VIEW OF THE PARK GATES" (*p.* 27).

SQUIRE OLLIFANT'S WILL.

(THE CHRONICLES OF CARDEWE MANOR.)

BY LUCY FARMER.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

WE were up at the Manor one day —Charley and I—when Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper, came bustling up, full of importance.

"Isn't she like an old turkey-cock?" I said, as I watched her strutting and shaking her red ribbons; "look, Charley!"

"Mind your genders," replied my husband; "and also take care that she does not hear you, Lucy. She would be a deadly enemy."

I hadn't time to give Charley a bit of my mind, as I should have liked, for Mrs. Jones came up in a fume and a flurry: all warm, and full of importance.

"If you please, Lucy Farmer, you and your good man are wanted in the library."

"Wanted in the library!" we exclaimed; "for why?"

"Servants shouldn't ask no questions, but do as they are told," said Mrs. Jones, with a toss of her head; "though I dare say as some people 'sinuates themselves more than other and older people—who are sent messages to interlopers."

"I say, Mother Jones, what are you drivin' at?" cries Charley. "Do you refer to me and Lucy there? What's put you out, old lady?"

"Old lady yourself!" retorted the injured dame. "I obeys my instructions. Will you do as you're bid? *I* ain't wanted, it seems!"

"Oh! that's it, is it?" I said. "Well, Mrs. Jones, you needn't be jealous of us. I dare say it's something they didn't like to ask *you* to do. Who is in the library that wants us?"

"When you go in you'll see. They wants two creditable witnesses, I'm told — as if *I* wasn't a creditable woman!"

"Of course you are," replied Charley; "but what's up?"

"It's Miss Amy—Miss Ollifant—and Mr. and Mrs. Cardewe. They've a paper, they say, and you must be witnesses."

"Oh! is that all? Come along," I said. "I don't mind, Charley. There may be something in this, for Miss Ollifant is twenty-one to-day, and the squire is her guardian or something."

"We're not over-tidy," hesitated Charley; "but as they're waitin', here goes!"

We quickly left Mrs. Jones, who fancied herself slighted; but as she could hardly write her own name, and kept the books with oughts and crosses like "fox and geese" at school, I didn't so much wonder at Mr. Cardewe choosing Charley and me as witnesses. So we went in, scraping our feet and rubbing our soles on the *Salve* mat, which Charley said meant "Wipe your feet."

We knocked—leastways I did—at the library door, and Mr. Cardewe said, "Come in."

We came, and curtseyed and bowed. Miss Amy was there: a nice, rather small-made, trim little body, as lively as a kitten, and as mischievous, with a merry laugh that you could hear two storeys off, and a quick firm way of talking, while her eyes sparkled like two beads in her head.

"How do you do, Mrs. Farmer?" she said. "I hope you and Mr. Farmer and the children are quite well. I want you to witness something for me."

"With pleasure, miss," we said, both together.

"I have suggested your attendance," said Mr. Cardewe, "because I know Lucy is discreet, and worthy of confidence" (here Charley coughed behind his hand and half choked). "Mr. Farmer, you and your wife will consider this confidential."

We said "Yes," and meant it.

"Now," said Mr. Cardewe, after a pause, "here is a paper which in your presence I am bound to deliver to Miss Ollifant. It puts her in possession of her fortune, which we all hope she will enjoy; but remember, Amy, if Mr. Bassett should claim your hand, and you refuse it, you must surrender all the real estate to him, should he insist upon such a sacrifice."

I scented something here; so glancing at Charley, I said to Mr. Cardewe—

"Beg your pardon, sir, but do we understand that Miss Ollifant must marry a certain young gentleman?"

"No; she may marry whom she pleases, only with diminished fortune—the ready money only, we may say—no houses nor land—only the personal property."

"And may I make so bold, sir, as to ask who is Mr. Bassett?"

"Mr. Bassett is the next heir male; so he says—and our lawyer confirms it—the next-of-kin, a certain Cyril Elliott having disappeared."

"But suppose Mr. Elliott turns up, sir?" asked Charley.

"Then he will have the estate, of course."

"Is he dead, sir?"

"We cannot tell. We know he came into some property a few years ago, an eccentric gift by an eccentric old lady, whose pet dog he had rescued from a bull-terrier. He went to India with his regiment, sold out, and we have lost all trace of him.

"Now," continued Mr. Cardewe, after a pause, "Miss Ollifant will give me a formal release, and you shall witness it."

Miss Amy signed a release, and then Mr. Cardewe made us put our names to the paper. After that the butler did the same, but he didn't know what he was signing. The deed was done! We were not wanted any more, so we wished Miss Ollifant many happy returns of the day. Then we made our bows and exits, as they say.

"What do you think of it all, Charley?" I said, when we got out of doors and were on our way home.

"What do I think of it? Well, I think it was a foolish will," he replied; "and she will have some trouble yet."

"After all, she may marry who she likes," I said; "and that's something. Fancy being tied to that Indian with the pet dog!"

"What Indian? You're dreaming, Lucy!"

"Mr. Cardewe said an Indian: a man in India, any way, and they are all black men there."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Charley; "you're at it again. That's worse than your Ceylon men being bachelors, as you called them. Won't you never learn by experience?"

"Well, it isn't *my* fault. Mr. Perkins, who has been in Ceylon, said the men were all 'single-he's,' and of course I thought he meant 'bachelors,' as he teased Ellen about going there. But if he isn't an Indian, who is he?"

"Why, an Englishman, to be sure; and——"

"Look, Charley!" I interrupted, "there's Captain Sanders riding up to the Manor. That's the second time this week, and it's only Friday!"

"I suppose Captain Sanders can call on Mr. and Mrs. Cardewe twice a week if they don't mind?"

"It isn't Mr. and Mrs. Cardewe he comes to see! It's Miss Amy—you may take my word for that. They have met before; and in my opinion it's a 'case!' They were at the regatta at Weymouth. I saw them; and no doubt they met at Portland, and at the Governor's tennis-party in Dorchester. She'll lose her money if she doesn't mind."

"Her estates, you mean. Here's another gentleman—a stranger, too, I'm sure. He is puzzled which road to take. Here he comes."

"Good day," said the stranger. "Can you tell me if this road will lead me to Cardewe Manor?"

"It will, sir," replied Charley; "straight on."

"Thanks. Is Mr. Cardewe at home, do you know?"

I said he was; Charley nodded.

"Much obliged," said the stranger, pulling a letter from his pocket; and I saw the torn envelope fall as he continued—

"May I ask if a Miss Ollifant is staying at the Manor?"

"There is a young lady staying there," I said.

"So I heard. Much obliged, ma'am. You are very kind. We may meet again, perhaps. Good day."

"Good day, sir," said Charley; "good-bye!—Come along, Lucy. Why, what's the matter, woman? What have you found? What is it?"

"Read that. See! This is the envelope he dropped. There! I *am* sorry for Miss Amy!"

Charley snatched the envelope, and read it. Then he whistled.

"Ho! ho!" he cried; "this is gettin' interestin'! 'Humphrey Bassett, Esq.,' eh? This is the young gentleman, then, that Miss Ollifant must marry if she wants to retain the estates. Ho! ho! I see!"

"And depend on it she and Captain Sanders understand each other, and he can't have a penny piece," I replied.

"Why not?" said my husband sharply.

"Because he's too free-handed with his money—that's why. He's a poor man, and she may have to marry the heir, Charley, after all."

"We shall see," he replied, as he quickened his pace. "Here's a shower comin', so step out, Lucy. Look alive! Well, this *is* a kettle of fish!"

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

I WILL say this for Mrs. Jones: she doesn't bear ill-will for over-long. She grumbles, and wants a little ironing down—a smoothing kind of work—but in the end, without any wrangling or mangling, you can turn her round your fingers just like an inch measure.

So it wasn't long before I managed to find out something about Captain Sanders. I'm not inquisitive, as all who know me tell me to my face; and if you can't believe *that*, what can you believe? But Mrs. Jones is rather chatty-like, being old, and she told me, after a while, how Miss Amy sat in the bordore waitin' for the captain (as she supposed) and how he came on horseback and stayed to lunch.

"Were they alone, Mrs. Jones?" I asked.

"Yes; for a few minutes at times; and then they looked at each other and said very little—though I couldn't have heard—and didn't want to hear, of course."

"They'll make a match of it; at least, so it strikes me, Mrs. Jones. You'll see!"

"Then there was the other one—Bassett. He came and inquired, only Miss wasn't 'at home'—so Mr. Fuller said, and *he* opened the door."

"Then Mr. Bassett didn't see Miss Amy?"

"No. Don't I tell you she gave out she wasn't at home? No more she wasn't! Her home's in Lincolnshire."

"How *did* you find that out, Mrs. Jones?" I said, to please her: for any one could read luggage-labels. "How *did* you manage all that?"

"Never you mind. You chits think us old people see nought. We *do*. Ah!"

"Silly old frump!" said I to Charley that night. "She imagines she's Mister Christopher's Colomberous, and has discovered a new world!"

The days passed. Captain Sanders came over pretty often, and many a day I've been up and found Miss Amy reclinin' by the window which had a view of the park gates, and watchin'. But after a while he ceased visiting, and then we didn't know what to think. So we waited. One day Mr. Bassett called again—but never any more.

The hunting season had commenced. Ladies and gentlemen in our parts went out after wild "cubs," and had some "luck," as Charley calls it. One day he came up from the house, and in a minute I saw something had happened. A cub had been got away, or a fox had been shot, or something just as dreadful—I supposed.

"Whatever is it, Charley Farmer? Are you deaf and dumb? Can't you answer me?"

"Hardly," he said, rousing himself. "It's bad news. The captain's dead, they say!"

"The captain! What captain? Not Captain Martyn-Henry?"

"He's a major now. No, it ain't him. It's the other—Captain Sanders, Lucy."

"Mercy on us, Charley! Poor Miss Ollifant! How *did* it happen?"

"He was thrown from his horse, near London, they say, huntin' with a 'drag.'"

"Riding, I suppose?"

"Yes, of course—in the 'drag,' across country."

"Well, what *could* he expect? Fancy any man in his senses taking a four-horse coach across the fields! Upon my word some men are as great geese——"

"As some women, Mrs. Farmer! He was hunting with a drag scent—a plan to make hounds run when there is no fox. Do you understand me? His horse stumbled at a fence, fell, and crushed the captain! I *am* sorry for it."

"So am I, Charley. It's too bad! Mr. Cardewe away, too, and only the ladies at the Manor. Do they know?"

"They will soon, if they don't now. If he *is* dead they'll bring him to Weymouth, poor man, and have a military funeral, perhaps. *I* don't know, though."

"I will go over and see Mrs. Jones," said I, rising. "It's no harm, and I'm sure *you'd* like to hear the truth, Charley."

It all seemed true; and, so far as Charley and I found out, the captain was a dead corpse, until one day when I had to go to Winchester. I went, and was hunting for a nice second-class carriage in the train, when the guard said, "Jump in there, miss; look sharp!"

At the same minute he opened a first-class door and shoved me in as the train was moving. I was rather flurried, being shoved in so suddenly, and when I came round again who should I see in a corner opposite but the dead man, Captain Sanders! It wasn't his ghost, for he had his arm in a sling, and ghosts never wear slings at all—at least, I never heard of one that did.

"I FELT HE WAS MIXED UP WITH THE MANOR."

I was so taken aback at the appearance of the captain that I felt all of a tremble. He didn't notice me, but *I* noticed that a nice-looking lady, perhaps his mother or his aunt, was holding his arm in an affectionate way. There was a most respectable old gentleman opposite with a Gladstone bag, and the initials "G. R. B." on it.

This old gentleman attracted my attention. I felt—I knew what Charley would say, but I didn't mind his teasing—I *felt* he was mixed up with the Manor, because he in some way reminded me of young Bassett, who had come after the estates. "Now," thought I, "if old Bassett insists, Miss Amy must lose her estate, which will all go to these people. So I turned the case over in my mind, and determined to watch the old gentleman. If he got out at Cardewe Station I would know he meant mischief.

He did. So did I. And who should leap out of a smoking-carriage but the younger Bassett himself, and joined his father, the old gentleman!

To my delight, Charley came to meet me, and when the Bassetts had driven off in the hotel omnibus, I told him.

"The play is commencing," he said. "Poor Miss Ollifant; it's hard lines for her! But after all, if the will says so, she must give up the estate. She is no worse off than she was."

"I don't like that young Bassett, Charley. He is a serpent. I am sure he's a slimy serpent, for all his fine manners and clothes. I wish I could beat him in this game."

"You are too prejudiced, Lucy," said Charley. "If he were a released convict, and he is entitled to claim the property, he may. He is quite right."

"I'll go up to the Manor to-morrow morning, and see Mrs. Cardewe myself. I will warn her to tell Miss Amy that the enemy is already on the march!"

"You will only do something silly," said he—"Leave people alone."

"Yes, and much good that would be. Who saved Miss Mather's life? Didn't I tell the captain about the shaft-place? Didn't I get the picture for us, Charley? Didn't I scent the mischief in Mrs. Merriton's fire at Slapperton Regis? Didn't I warn you——"

"Oh, bother!" said Charley, in a temper; "do as you like, then; only don't drag *me* into all these things. You will end by becoming a perfect nuisance to the people by your inquisitive ways. You'll see."

"So will you, Charley Farmer; and next time I get

a bank note and a picture for behaving sensible, you may whistle for them! *You're* not likely to get anything, I must say!"

Charley said nothing more, and the subject dropped. But I couldn't rest; and the next morning, in good time, I was off to the Manor, with little Charley, to tell Mrs. Cardewe as the Philistines was upon her. Altogether, there was plenty to think about, and it was very late when I went to sleep.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

AN EXTRAORDINARY APPEARANCE.

AS we walked along I saw nothing of the Bassetts, for which I was truly thankful; but just as I reached the park gates, a gentleman rode up. His right arm was in a sling. It was Captain Sanders.

"Goodness me, sir, how you frightened me!" I couldn't help saying it—not that I wanted any conversation—for I'm sure I know my place; but he replied, polite as the Prince—

"I am sorry I alarmed you. Mrs. Farmer, is it not?"

"Yes, sir; at your service."

"I am most fortunate in this meeting," he went on. ("Ah, Charley! what did I tell you?" thinks I.) "Will you do me a favour? Listen, please. I only returned to Weymouth yesterday. I am staying with my aunt in the neighbourhood. Do you know whether the ladies or Mr. Cardewe are aware of my recovery? My death was reported; but you understand the danger was great, and——"

"I think Mr. Cardewe must have found out, sir."

"So do I. At any rate, here I am. For fear of accidents, will you—yes, I will trust you, Mrs. Farmer—will you see Miss Ollifant, and tell her I have returned? You needn't say I asked you."

"I could tell her of my own knowledge, sir, because I saw you in the train yesterday, with the lady and Mr. Bassett."

"Mr. Bassett! The man who claims the estate? Surely not!"

"Surely so! He and his son are in the village, sir."

"He cannot mean to propose to her again," muttered the captain. "He is equal to anything, though."

Then I guessed that Miss Ollifant had refused young Mr. Bassett when he came last time, and I said—

"He is indeed, sir; but I will hurry on and tell Miss Amy."

"Thank you," he said. "I will call in half an hour."

We hurried—little Charley and I—along the path, and in five minutes reached the house. I left Charley with Mrs. Jones's "help," and asked to see Mrs. Cardewe.

In a few moments I was shown up to her boodore. She was kind as ever. I *do* love her! Who can help it?

"Well, Lucy, you are an early visitor. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, thank you, ma'am. But I have something to tell you—something private. Do you know as Captain Sanders is alive and well again—or nearly well?"

"I know he is alive; but who told you he was so nearly well?"

"Himself, ma'am! He is here—close by in the Park—there, you can almost see where I left him, and he is coming to see you and—Miss Ollifant."

"I must tell her at once. Of course, you will not mention anything of all this—even to your husband—at any rate, not at present. Will you ring for Sarah, please?—twice."

Sarah appeared, but didn't notice me much.

"Where is Miss Ollifant?" asked Mrs. Cardewe.

"Gone out, ma'am, I believe."

"Out? Where? Riding?"

"No, ma'am; she's only in the Park, I think."

Mrs. Cardewe started up, and said, "Thank you; that will do, Sarah." Then to me, "They will meet."

"Well, ma'am, it's the ways of Providence. Better let them manage their own affairs. But I have something else to say to you, ma'am. The Bassetts——"

There was a knock at the door. Sarah came in and said—

"There's two gentlemen, ma'am, waitin' to see you or master. I said Mr. Cardewe was from home, so they want to see you. The name is Bassett."

"I will go down," said Mrs. Cardewe.

She went downstairs, and, of course, I followed, not being forbidden; and wasn't I a witness in confidence, too? But I had to remain in the ante-room—although the door was not shut close, so the voices reached me.

It would be no use to tell all I heard. They began with compliments, and were sorry, of course; but Mrs. Cardewe had to see that the claim they held—as already explained—was unassailable. There was only one alternative: if Miss Ollifant would consent to retract her refusal to marry young Bassett, then the whole of the property might be hers, and he could enjoy the use of it, though settled on her family.

They paused, and Mrs. Cardewe said, very coldly and politely—

"I am afraid your offer cannot be accepted, Mr. Bassett. Miss Ollifant has already expressed her views on the question. She is quite prepared to relinquish the estates."

"I'm glad to hear that," interrupted young Bassett. "It will save trouble. She'll be a beggar—and serve her right!"

"You are coarse, sir," replied Mrs. Cardewe. "Miss Ollifant is well advised to refuse to see you. She is not in the house; but if she were——"

"Oh, that's the game, is it?" cried the young man suddenly. "She's got a fellow already!"

"What do you mean by such an observation, sir?" asked Mrs. Cardewe, very proudly.

"Look there; as if you didn't know!" he said rudely.

I turned to the window in the ante-room, as I suppose the others did in the drawing-room, and saw

Miss Amy walking with Captain Sanders. The horse was walking beside him, the bridle hanging loosely from his arm—still in the sling—and she was gently resting her hand on the other.

They passed the window, glanced up—saw the people looking, I suppose. Miss Ollifant blushed and hurried on. Captain Sanders came in at once, passed me without any notice, and strode into the other room. Then I ventured to peep in, for the door was wide open.

Mrs. Cardewe seemed very pleased to see the captain again; and he, after a few words, turned to the Bassetts, and said—

"I believe you gentlemen have some claim upon the inheritance of Miss Ollifant?"

"I should think we had," said the younger man.

"On what grounds, pray?"

"Well, that's pretty cool! Do you intend to dispute the will?"

"No, sir; but I may have something to say about it. Your claim depends entirely upon the truth of the report of the non-existence of Mr. Elliott, the next-of-kin. Yes; you know that. Then I may tell you that the next-of-kin is alive, and will claim the real estate!"

At this moment Miss Ollifant came in shyly, and motioned to me to accompany her to the inner room. Of course I did. There were the Bassetts standing by the chimney-piece; Mrs. Cardewe was seated on the sofa, and Captain Sanders was standing beside her.

He smiled when Miss Ollifant entered and went up to him. She kissed Mrs. Cardewe, and then caught hold of the captain's arm as if she had a right to it.

The Bassetts bowed. Young Bassett got very pale, and then very red. He seemed half mad, but kept his temper.

"Well, you'll have to prove your case," he said. "We will dispute it. Miss Ollifant has made her choice—may she never regret it!"

"I *never shall* regret it!" cried the young lady. "You are quite welcome to the estate, if it be right you should have it. We may be poor——"

"Not altogether, dear," remarked Captain Sanders.

"But," continued Miss Amy, "poor or not, I have pledged my word. Let them have the estate, Cyril."

"Cyril!" exclaimed Mr. Bassett. "Not——"

"Yes; Cyril Elliott, who was compelled to adopt the name of Sanders by the will of his kind benefactress. *I* am the legal owner of the Ollifant property, Mr. Bassett!"

"You! Captain Sanders—Cyril!" exclaimed Miss Amy. "I never knew——"

"No, dearest. I reserved the claim until I had ascertained whether I had not another and a dearer claim—your affection. The question is set at rest now. Mr. Bassett, I am sorry for you; but you will find me not unwilling to atone to you for your disappointment."

"You can never do that, Captain Sanders," replied young Bassett sadly, glancing at Miss Ollifant; "but I am much obliged to you, all the same."

This was so much more polite than he had expected that Captain Sanders crossed over and shook hands with the father and son. "Come and see me in London," he said. "We will arrange something."

Then the visitors left. When they had gone, and I was going, Miss Amy said to Mrs. Cardewe—

"Did you know all this, dear?"

"Yes; we knew it on your birthday, but we thought it better not to interfere. It has all come about as we hoped and wished."

I went home with little Charley, and told my husband how it had all come right.

"So you see, Charley, I was *not* such a stupid as you said I was. I was quite right all the time!"

Charley at first only stared at me; but as he turned to get his pipe he remarked, in what *he* calls his "dry" way—

"My dear Lucy, when you are *not* right I shall expect the weather forecasts to be wrong! You are a miracle!"

Then I knew he *felt* I was right, and I got him a nice little supper to make it up to him, as I hate triumphing over a man.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

"I PRAY thee," said Portia to Nerissa, "overname them," when her companion spoke to her of suitors; and as Nerissa mentioned each, Portia characterised him. The Englishman was a dumb show, badly put together; the Scottish lord was a borrower and not a re-payer; the German a drunkard; the Neapolitan talked of his horse only; and for the Frenchman, "God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man."

When Shakespeare put these characteristics into the mouth of the clever Portia, he was thinking of the many popular sayings concerning the types of humanity found in various countries, their several weaknesses, and their several virtues. In England, in France, in Germany—everywhere—each particular county or province has its characteristic whereby it is described in the circumjacent counties or provinces. These do not always consist of proverbial sentences, but in short designations, often in fancied likenesses drawn be-

tween those characterised and certain typical animals. So we are accustomed to hear ourselves spoken of, and, indeed, to individualise the generic Englishman as John Bull, and to speak of the Frenchman as Johnnie Crapaud. The Russian is a bear, and the Swabian, to other Germans, an ass. Even the heraldic symbols are, in some cases at least, intended to be typical—the English rose, the Scottish thistle.

The Emperor Charles V. was wont to say, "The Italian is wise, and looks it; the Spaniard looks wise, and is not; and the Frenchman is wise without looking it."

Another characteristic is: "The Frenchman takes the world by its cheerful side; the Englishman looks on at it as at a tragedy."

Maurice of Saxony likened the Frenchman, Spaniard, Italian, and German to various sorts of vermin: the Frenchman, he said, was a flea, never steady in one spot; and the Spaniard the devouring moth; the other similitudes are too unpleasant to be quoted.

The French say of other peoples hard things: "Cheating as an American, drunken as a Swiss, jealous as a Spaniard, revengeful as a Corsican, quarrelsome as a German, proud as a Scotchman, and cold as a Dutchman."

Another French saying is, "The Italian is wise in time, the German at the time, the Frenchman after time."

The Emperor Maximilian I. said that "the King of France is a king of asses, for he lades his subjects with heavy burdens; the King of England is a king of men, for he lays on them nothing they do not consent to bear; but the Emperor is a king of princes who do nothing but follow their own caprices." A true saying; one he had learned by experience. The German Emperor was a sovereign in name, but without power; he inherited a magnificent title, had splendid pretensions, but was flouted by every prince who pretended to owe him allegiance. To Maximilian several such characterisations are attributed. He is reported to have spoken first of the Englishman as a typical shopkeeper, an identification which the first Napoleon often had on his lips. Maximilian said, "An English shopkeeper, a Jewish usurer, an old nun, a German courtier, an ape, and a man of Basle are the devil's best servants."

In Spain it is said, "The Englishman is a drunkard, the Frenchman a scamp, the Dutchman a butterman, and the Spaniard a cavalier;" and again, "It is best to be born in Italy, to live in France, and to die in Spain."

The Russians say, "Englishmen have their wits at their fingers' ends, Frenchmen at the end of their tongues."

It is said in Poland, "What the Italian invents, the Frenchman makes, the German sells, the Pole buys, and the Russians take from him."

The Italians say, "When trouble comes, the German drowns it in drink, the Frenchman talks it down, the Spaniard meets it with tears, the Italian goes to sleep till it is past."

In Italy, the ideally perfect woman is said to be a compound being, borrowing her straight back from Germany, her feet from Genoa, her walk from Spain, and her wit from France. She must have Florentine eyes, golden hair from Padua, her profile from Ferrara, and her bust from Venice; moreover, she must have the delicate hand from Verona, and her complexion from Bologna, from Greece her ease of movement, her teeth from Naples, and from Rome her dignity.

There is an old Latin jingling piece of verse, printed in the beginning of the sixteenth century, something to the same effect, or rather a similar conceit. According to that, the perfectly beautiful woman must have her head from Prague, her spine from Brabant, her hands from Cologne, her feet from the Rhine, and a Swabian bust.

The saying of the Emperor Charles V., characterising the European languages, is well known, but will bear to be again quoted. "Pray to God in Spanish, talk to ladies in Italian, chatter French with friends, twitter English with the birds, and swear German with the horses."

The Spaniards say, "The Portuguese are lie-a-beds; the French sit-at-tables; and the Spaniards lounge-at-windows."

Some names of plants and vegetables spring out of a misunderstanding. Jerusalem artichoke is not a native of the Holy Land; Jerusalem is simply *girofle;* it is a corruption, just as *asparagus* becomes "sparrow-grass"; but there is a sneer and real spite in the designation of a rat by a Bohemian as "a German mouse," and by a Slovak of a frog as "a German crab," and of a thistle as "a German rose." So also in Lithuania, a whirlwind is called "a German messenger." No love is implied by the Russian when he talks of foolish laughter as "the giggle of a German over a pancake."

It is said of Poland that it is "the hell of farmers, the paradise of Jews, the purgatory of the middle class, the heaven of the nobleman, and the gold-mine of the stranger."

Germany has always been regarded as the home of drinkers—though not justly of drunkards. We remember asking an officer who had gone to a new beer-brewery to taste the ale, how he liked the brew. "Well," said he, "I did not care for it when I took my first glass, but at the thirteenth I began to understand it"—but he was as sober as we are whilst writing this. German beer has very little alcohol in it. The French charge the Germans, in their proverbial sayings, with love of drink; and, as we have seen, Portia does the same. "*Germanis vivere et bibere*" is the Latin form of this charge; and a Latin epigram says—

> "Si latet in vino verum, ut proverbia dicunt,
> Invenit verum Teuto, vel inveniet."

That is, if there be truth in the saying that "Truth lies in wine," sooner or later the German will have it.

Dutchmen call the Englishman a *steertman*, that is, a man with a tail, because in 1170, according to the legend, Thomas à Becket had cursed some men in Kent who cut off the tail of the horse on which he

was riding, and ever after the men of Kent wore tails. And because the men of Kent, therefore all Englishmen. Ball, the Reformer in Edward VI.'s time, refers to this story, and mentions also a variation of the scene and cause of this ignoble punishment. "John Capgrave and Alexander of Esseby sayth, that for castyne of fyshe tayles at Augustyne, Dorsettshyre men had tayles ever after. But Polydorus applieth it unto Kentish men at Stroud, by Rochester, for cuttinge of Thomas Becket's horse's tail."

Among the Germans, England is said to be the paradise of women and the purgatory of servants, but a far worse place than that for horses.

About the French say the Italians, "They do not tell what they intend to do, nor read what is written, nor sing the notes set before them;" and a German says, "A Frenchman is a good acquaintance, but a bad neighbour:" a truth which Prince Bismarck is never tired of impressing on the people, and urging them accordingly to enlarge the standing army. The negroes in a French colony say, "*Mouché* (Monsieur) *Connaîtout pas connaît tout*"—Mr. Know-all don't know all.

Perhaps the Greeks fare worst of all in the opinions of those who have to do with them, if we may judge by the sayings concerning them that pass from mouth to mouth. Among the Southern Slav races this is especially the case. They say, "Three Turks and three Greeks make up six heathen;" and "A crab is not a fish, nor a Greek a true man;" and again, "A Greek speaks the truth once a year;" and once more, "A gypsy cheats a Jew, a Jew a Greek, and a Greek the devil."

The Venetians say, "He who trusts the word of a Greek is more fool than the madman;" even in Normandy the bad repute of the Greek has passed into a proverb, and he who obtains something quite unexpectedly is said to have "got paid by a Greek."

Holland and Flanders have both been places of refuge for bankrupt and fraudulent Frenchmen for a long time, and as such are regarded proverbially in France. "Go to Holland" means, Evade paying your debts. And to say of a man, "*Il est de Flandres*," is the same as saying, He is a ruined man.

Mynheer Van Dunck, though he never was drunk, sipped brandy and whisky daily—for a Dutchman's draught must be deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee. That we all know, and to drink like a Dutchman is everywhere proverbial.

Of Italians it is said by the French, "Half one is too much in a house;" and the Illyrian says of the Italian what the Englishman and the German say of the Swiss, "He would sell his own father for gold."

The Jew shares with the Greek the prerogative of being the best-abused of all peoples, proverbially.

The Pole says—

> "The German cheats the Pole,
> The Italian cheats the German,
> The Spaniard swindles the Italian,
> The Jew defrauds the Spaniard,
> But only the devil can get the better of the Jew."

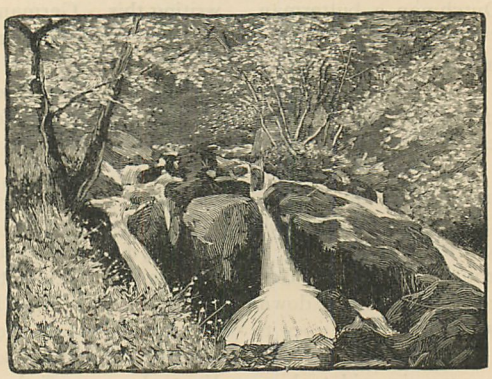
The German says, "The Jew cheats even whilst praying;" and the inhabitant of Lesser Russia, "The Jew did not learn to cheat; he was born with the faculty."

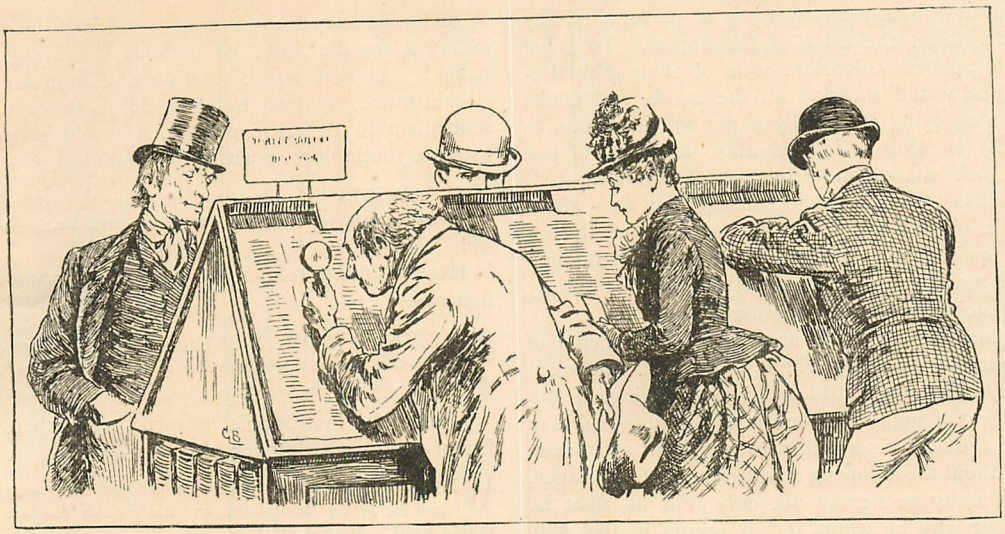
"Rich as a Jew" is said everywhere. "Flies and Jews can never be driven away" is less known.

To build castles in the air is rendered in French, having a castle in Spain. Compliments that mean nothing are called Spanish coin; and in Italy, poison is designated euphemistically "Spanish figs," because Spaniards are supposed to poison those they desire to be rid of with fruit in which arsenic has been inserted.

The Swiss is not known proverbially for his patriotism, but for his mercenary nature. "No kreutzer, no Schwitzer," is a common saying in Germany; and "*Point d'argent, point de Suisse*," is the French version of the same. One evening when a distinguished Genevan actress and a Swiss company were performing *William Tell* in Paris, they had an empty house. The actress came forward and said, "I see—the proverb is reversed. To-day it is, No money, plenty of Swiss."

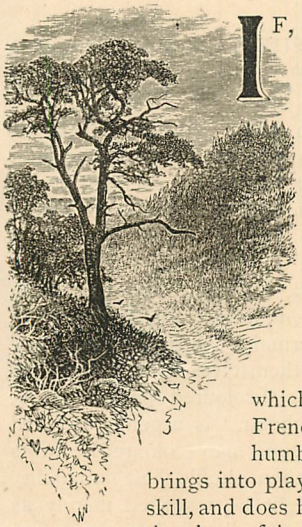
We speak of carrying coals to Newcastle when we wish to designate the absurdity of sending something to where there is superfluity; in Russia they speak of sending snow to Lapland, and in Germany of despatching deals to Norway. In Holland, when they desire to say that a man is in his element, they describe him as being like a goat in Norway.





SOME READERS OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

SOME AMERICAN ADVERTISEMENTS.



IF, as the saying goes, you may tell a man by his friends, what may you tell a people by? Answers by the score suggest themselves. Most nations you may tell by their food, or more particularly by their manner of cooking it. There is a world of significance, for example, in the different points of view from which an Englishman and a Frenchman regard even a humble chop. The latter brings into play all his delicate culinary skill, and does his artistic best to deprive the chop of its ovine personality, either by making a ragout of it or smothering it with spices and condiments; whilst, on the other hand, the brutal Saxon, providing he has not been Gallicised out of his old habits, likes his meat, no less than his drink, to be strong, to be characteristic of its parentage, and, despising all savoury adjuncts, flings his chop on the gridiron and devours it solemnly, without caring to civilise his repast by any attempt to transform into gravy, by the addition of a little flour, the sanguinary juices of the meat. Again, how easy it is to tell a nation by its tailor, its linendraper, its hatter (if not too mad), its bootmaker, and glover! Who could not detect, among a thousand, the Venetian by his curly hat, "a world too wide for his shrunk" visage, the Turk by his trousers, the Parisian by his shoes, the Berliner by his great-coat, the New Yorker by his collar, the man of Madrid by his superfluity of dress, the Hottentot by his superfluity of nakedness?

Between Jonathan and John, however, there exist so many more points of similarity than of difference, that it is the more interesting to observe our divergences, to make a note of those matters and manners in which our paths fork away in different directions. In journalism, for instance, there is a noticeable dissimilarity, both in form and substance, to which it would be almost trite to refer; and, if our press is flouted by the smarter papers over the water for its heaviness and its solemn propriety, we, for our part, say unkind things about the flippancy, the slanginess, the impudent intrusiveness of Brother Jonathan's journals. There is, no doubt—and we admit the fact with joyful alacrity—a vast gulf between the tone of the mammoth newspapers of London and New York. What, for example, would be Mayfair's feelings if, taking up their London daily one fine morning, they found under the heading of "Personal Notes" a batch of gossipy paragraphs dished up in pearl type in the true Transatlantic style, something after this fashion:—

> Lawyer Lewis is building a row of cottages at Clapham.
>
> Pickled cucumbers disagree with Mr. Irving.
>
> If there is anybody who enjoys an innocent joke more than Mr. Toole, it is his friend the Rev. Spurgeon.
>
> Mr. Bright uses a gold toothpick.

It is not so much, however, by what the journalists write—though of course they must trim their style to suit their readers' tastes—as by what those readers themselves write that we can properly estimate the difference between the folk of the United Kingdom and the United States; and no better glimpse can be had of them than in the advertisement columns of their respective newspapers, where they are crying their wants and their wares. Englishmen are most decorously dull in giving expression to their needs. A plain, unadorned, cut-and-dried sentence is all they dare or care to indulge in; never by any chance does

the advertiser betray any warmth of personality, any eagerness about the issue of the appeal. To judge from the uniform colourless style of their advertisements, one would imagine all the maids and cooks and men applying in a daily paper for situations to be totally wanting in individuality, to be all of one pattern, one shade, one size. As for hinting that advertiser is club-footed, and consequently slow about his work, or has a squint, and is consequently unreliable on the box, whoever dreams of brightening the dull monotony of the advertisement columns by making such important admissions?

Very much more lively are the advertisements of our American cousins. There is a frank, outspoken cordiality in their tone which is very engaging. From the wording of many of them, it is almost possible to spell out the advertiser's character. What an horizon there is about the following advertisement, for instance, in which a city gentleman not only tells us what he wants, but why he wants it. It occurs in the *New York World*:—

I WANT a house below 80th St. for my family, returning from Europe. Full particulars, K., 270, *World*, uptown.

No false modesty or irritating reticence here. He introduces us right into the bosom of his family, and in imagination we assist at the joyful welcome which awaits Mrs. K. and the rest of the family alphabet on their arrival at their new house below 80th Street. Another pushing gentleman has for sale "an elegant four-storey brown-stone single-flat, well rented, in prime condition," which sounds, by the way, as if the advertiser were celebrating the praises of a brown-stone cow instead of a tenement. He adds briskly:—"No agents; this is no humbug, nor does it require a silvery-tongued agent to boom it up; it stands right square out and speaks for itself." That, indeed, is what most Americans may be said to do—"stand right square out and speak for themselves." The pet adjective with traders in house-property is "elegant." An advertisement which in our papers would figure as "Commodious shop, well situated," in a New York journal appears as "Elegant store in good location." Some brown-stone houses on sale are feelingly declared to be "perfect gems." In the exchange column some one wants to barter away an "Elegant Hudson River place, furnished," for (save the mark!) paintings. A queer commodity, surely. Trade must be taking to its primitive methods again. A very popular adjective among advertisers of the meeker sex is "refined." No matter what their wants or their station, they are all "refined."

CASHIER.—An American girl of refined habits, living with her parents, as cashier or in an office. B. M., East 25th St.; ring bell once.

There is something quite touching in that final word of caution to any possible applicant for B. M.'s services; and we are able, by a very slight demand on the fancy, to call up a vision of the refined American girl sitting in the parlour patiently on the alert for that one hopeful tinkle of the bell. What, by the way, would be the probable result of ringing it twice? Would papa answer the summons in his slippers, mistaking it for the post? or mamma, believing it the baker? As lowliness of station and humbleness of circumstances impose no obstacle to the spread of refinement in America, neither, it would seem, does extreme youthfulness; witness the following:—

FOR ADOPTION.—Pretty, plump, healthy, refined one-week-old female infant; full surrender. Mrs. Dr. D——, West 35th St.

Here is more refinement on hire at a moderate figure:—

A REFINED WOMAN of business qualifications desires a position as commercial traveller or advertising agent for first-class house. Address E. L. B.

Among the matrimonial advertisements there are a few of a most enticing complexion:—

WHO wishes to marry an accomplished lady between 30 and 40, *petite*, entertaining, and not entirely destitute of this world's goods? Address, PETITE.

Could anything be put with more winning coquetry? How delicate and comprehensive the periphrasis—"not entirely destitute." Here is another to smack one's lips over:—

A HIGHLY ACCOMPLISHED, musical young lady, left alone in the world, with an estate worth 100,000 dols., would marry an aristocratic gentleman. Call or address Box C.

Come, gentlemen, who bids? Who is ready to barter an aristocratic exterior and a set of distinguished manners for 100,000 dols. and a refined bride? Happy the groom who wins her; may he never repent of his luck!

Where, by-the-by, have all the niggers gone? To be sure, after a look round, we find scores of them, or what we believe to be them, advertising for all sorts of billets, chiefly chambermaids' and waiters' places, but they no longer label themselves by the good old title; they have become "coloured people" now. "First-class coloured coachman" is urgently in need of a situation. "Smart young man (coloured)" wants a porter's place. Most of them shuffle their nationality into brackets, as if it might be regarded merely as a matter of insignificant detail whether they were coloured black, or green, or purple, or what-not. Admirable is the modest diffidence of that "Boy aged 18," who, applying for any sort of a post anywhere, gently hints at his descent by bracketing himself as an (Israelite). There is great virtue in the choice of that noun; even Shylock would hardly have been so obnoxious to the merchant-princes of Venice had he not owned himself Jew outright, but, adopting the milder periphrasis, called himself an Israelite, in brackets. There is a cunning circumlocution, a hopelessly innocent attempt at dissimulation in the advertisement of "A man, lately from Ireland." Irish, perhaps? Not he; he scorns the imputation. Thrue, he has a touch of somethin' in his spache that sounds loike the brogue, but it's nothin' of the koind; he has a perpetual cowld in his head that makes him spake that way, ye see—it was born wid him, bad luck to it!

Far and away the queerest advertisements are to be found under the heading "Medical and Clairvoyant," the majority of the advertisers being lady doctors and lady astrologists. It is rather subversive of one's faith in the much-vaunted hard-headedness and sceptical 'cuteness of the Yankee to come upon a quarter of a column of clairvoyant announcements in a prominent and popular New York journal, consisting of grandiose promises of fortune-telling, such as in this country would render the advertisers liable to summary conviction and three months' imprisonment as rogues and vagabonds. They all lay claim to be palmists, astrologists, and mediums; all "fully reliable," and prepared to do the most remarkable things at a strictly reasonable price. To Madam L——, for example, you need only bring a lock of the beloved one's hair (or in default, no doubt a lock of his wig would answer as well), and she promises to "make the one you desire to love you without fail; 50 cents." Professor L——, famous astrologer, "tells everything truthfully; 50 cents." But there are none of them quite equal to Mrs. Dr. ——, which accounts for her fee being higher. She must indeed be a wonderful woman. This is her modest announcement, copied from a New York paper:—

CLAIRVOYANTS.

A.—AT LAST is to be found at her parlors, — — —, between 9th and 10th Sts., Mrs. Dr. ——; can be consulted on all affairs of life, being a celebrated business clairvoyant, astrologist, and palmist, who has a reputation throughout the world for her accurate and truthful readings of the past, present, and future through her wonderful Egyptian magic mirror; removes evil influences and family estrangements; unites the separated, and causes speedy marriages; brings success to the unsuccessful, and tells when to make profitable investments in all kinds of business; those who wish to invest in stocks, grain, and petroleum will find it to their interest to consult Mrs. Dr. —— before investing; consultations, 1 dollar; also tells full name and shows picture of the one you will marry for 1 dollar; strangers from other cities will save time and disappointment by calling on this genuine clairvoyant before going elsewhere, as her unprecedented success of the past will insure her the patronage of all seeking advice on business and private matters, as she advertises nothing but what she can do, and succeeds where all others fail; life-reading and picture by mail on receipt of 1 dollar, lock of hair, full name and date of birth; letters not containing fee will not be answered; hours from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Have we quite emerged from the Dark Ages, after all? We may flatter ourselves and one another that we have, but *have* we? Surely, after reading the above advertisement, which would seem to have strayed out of the columns of the *Egyptian Daily Papyrus* for the year 1887 B.C., we ought to hang our heads, and make an end of our posturing and boasting about the enlightenment and civilisation of the nineteenth century.

C. C. Rothwell.

BY MISADVENTURE.

By FRANK BARRETT Author of "Harlowe's Helpmate," "Hidden Gold," "The Great Hesper," &c.

"Revenge at first, though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils."—Milton.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

HOW IT ALL BEGAN.

MY name is Keene—Anthony Keene. I am a lawyer; sixty-four is my age. You may see what kind of man I am by my portrait: not over-pleasant with any one.

George Flexmore and I were friends. He was my first client when I set up in Coneyford, a small town just large enough at that time, as I believed, to keep a lawyer of its own; there are a couple of us now, and we have as much to do as we need. Flexmore had just then come into a fortune of £30,000, and he did not know what to do with it. I prevented him from losing it, as he certainly would have done without proper direction, for he was an easy-going man, of a credulous disposition, such as your needy adventurer and shifty speculator love to take in hand. For every man that has money there are ninety-nine who are anxious to spend it for him.

"If any one asks you for money, Flexmore," said I, "don't refuse him: send him to me." And he did so, with this result—he never lost a penny by these good-natured friends.

He had a great respect for me—more than I deserved, doubtless. He seemed to think that whatever I did must be right, and I believe it was the sheer force of example that kept him out of matrimony so long: because I did not care to take a wife, he thought it best to keep single. But the conditions were different. I am not an easy-going man, and marriage would have been purgatory for me or my wife, and the result must have been equally bad for both of us in either case. Besides, a lawyer has so much to occupy his thoughts in the interest of his clients that he has not an hour in the day to devote to anything else. But Flexmore had nothing to do from morning to night that might not very well be set aside to attend to the wants of somebody else; and as to worries—he hadn't enough to keep him from getting fat.

Now, a man ought to have solicitude for something beyond himself, if it's only to give reasonable activity to his faculties; and Flexmore felt this also. He saw

"A NICE FUSS THEY MADE ABOUT IT."

that he ought to have some other object in life than to eat and sleep and kill time—that his life was incomplete, in fact. But he still made pretence of being content with a bachelor's existence.

One day I caught him singing his old song, "When a man's single he lives at his ease," but in such a lugubrious strain that it would have made me laugh if it had not irritated me.

"That's humbug, Flexmore," said I, "and you know it."

"What," said he, "does not a single man live at his ease?"

"Not when he has only himself to think of. A man's happiness consists in making other people happy—unless he's a lawyer. You're not a lawyer, and you ought to be making somebody else happy. You'd be more at your ease if you had somebody else to think about, and somebody else to think about you."

"Do you mean that I ought to marry, Tony?" he asked, blushing like a girl.

"That is exactly what I do mean, George."

"But I'm fifty. I'm too old to think about marriage now."

"A man's too old to think about marriage when nobody will marry him, not before. There's little Miss Vaughan, who has been waiting to be asked these three years; there are dozens of girls to be chosen from if——"

"Do you think she would have me — that Miss Vaughan?" he interrupted eagerly.

"Well, the best way of deciding that point is to go and ask her this afternoon," said I.

The result of this advice was that Flexmore married Miss Vaughan just six weeks after.

She was much younger than he, as a wife should be. A happier couple I never saw. He lived to please her, and she to please him—that was the chief object of their lives.

A year after their marriage they had a child, and a nice fuss they made about it. I can't abide babies, though they never could believe this, and were continually plaguing me to "kiss the little dear." The child did not seem to like it, and I know I hated it; but a lawyer, to please his clients, has to put up with a good many disagreeable duties. However, this mutual repugnance faded away, and we came to like each other in the course of time.

She grew up a pleasant little thing, shy and timid, with a clinging affection for lovable persons and things. I never saw anything like the passionate attachment that existed between her and her sweet-tempered mother. It inspired me with a melancholy foreboding, for this strenuous love, I have noticed, too often springs from an inner consciousness (presentiment, if you will) of coming separation.

Poor Mrs. Flexmore had never been a robust person, and—well, to cut short a story that is too painful to dwell upon, she died when little Laure was eleven years old.

Flexmore was then sixty-two, but he was not too old to suffer. The loss unmanned him completely. He took on like a woman; and he would have been less a man if he had not, perhaps.

"My poor old friend," said I, "it would have been better to let you live on an old bachelor."

"No, no," he replied. "After such happiness an eternity of suffering would find me still a gainer."

"You have your child—your little Laure," said I; and then, to turn his thoughts from the past, I talked about the future, and what he should do for the child's welfare. Indeed, the child's grief gave me almost as much concern as the father's. It was not a passionate outburst, that spends itself like a summer shower and gives place to peace and smiles, but a continued fruitless yearning for that loved one to come back who was gone for ever.

"You must have a woman here to comfort her," I said to Flexmore. "You're no good."

He agreed to this, and sent for his deceased brother's widow, who had married again and been a second time left a widow, as being his nearest female relative, and she came readily enough—a woman of fifty, hard as nails, and stringy as an old crow.

Of course she never had "approved" (that was her word) of her brother's marriage, so she had little sympathy with his loss and no patience with his grief. She looked upon little Laure's distress as unnatural in a child (unusual it certainly was), and her morbid condition as the result of defective education; and she set about correcting all this by setting the little thing to read some instructive and moral books which no conceivable creature could find interest or pleasure in.

Laure had no appetite even when the kind old cook had a free hand and tempted her with pleasant dishes. When the cook's hand was no longer free—about half an hour after Mrs. Yeames had taken her things off—the child ate nothing.

"But you must eat; you cannot gain strength if you do not," said Mrs. Yeames severely. "It's very wrong for little girls to reject good food," and when Laure turned away to cry she was told that she must not cry, that she couldn't expect to be happy if she gave way like that, and that all good little girls did as they were bid, and didn't cry when they were told to look pleasant and nice.

After she had been there three days Dr. Awdrey had to be sent for. Laure was feverish and couldn't "hold herself up properly." Dr. Awdrey ordered her to be put to bed at once, gave directions respecting treatment, and sent physic to be administered every two hours.

Mrs. Yeames had studied medicine from a shilling handbook that she carried with her as if it were an amulet; she diluted the physic and administered doses when she thought fit.

Little Laure was very much worse when the doctor called the next day; and it was not long before he discovered the reason.

He came down into the library, where I was sitting with Flexmore.

"Your child is in a very dangerous condition," he said firmly.

"Heaven have mercy upon me!" exclaimed my old friend, clasping his hands. "What is to be done?"

"She must have a proper nurse, to begin with," said Dr. Awdrey.

"A proper nurse?—there is my sister-in-law."

"Dr. Awdrey said 'a proper nurse,'" said I, for I hated Mrs. Yeames already.

"Do you know of one, doctor?" asked Flexmore.

"Yes; I can get you a professional nurse—one whom I can rely on implicitly, and who can do more than all my physic for the poor child. She is in the hospital for little children at London, and I believe she would come at once if I asked her."

"Then, for mercy's sake, telegraph to her at once."

When the doctor was gone, Flexmore, in some embarrassment, turned to me.

"It will never work, Tony," said he despondently. "The nurse will never be able to put up with that old—old——"

"Cat," said I, supplying the word he had not the courage to articulate. "Go on."

"Every one of the servants has given notice already. They can't stand her."

"Can you stand her?" I asked.

He looked at me as if hesitating before the heresy of disbelieving in the virtues of a woman whose every action bespoke conscious rectitude, and then summoning up his fortitude he said—

"I am afraid I cannot, long."

"Of course you can't," said I; "she's turned the whole place topside-turvy in putting things in order, and left not a bit of comfort anywhere."

"Yes, yes; all the things that my darling loved she has packed away—the little trifles with which she made these rooms so bright and pleasant. I can't bear to see the place altered; and those trifles, Tony, I miss them—I miss them."

"We'll have 'em all back again in twenty-four hours."

"But how are we to get rid of her and all her boxes and her library and things? I believe she has ordered a lot of furniture to be sent on."

"Yes; and I warrant she's settled what she'll wear when she leads you to the altar."

"Never, Tony—I'll never marry again. What! do you think she meditates such a thing?"

"She isn't a widow, if she doesn't."

"Good gracious! what have I done? I asked her to come and live here. How can I get rid of her?"

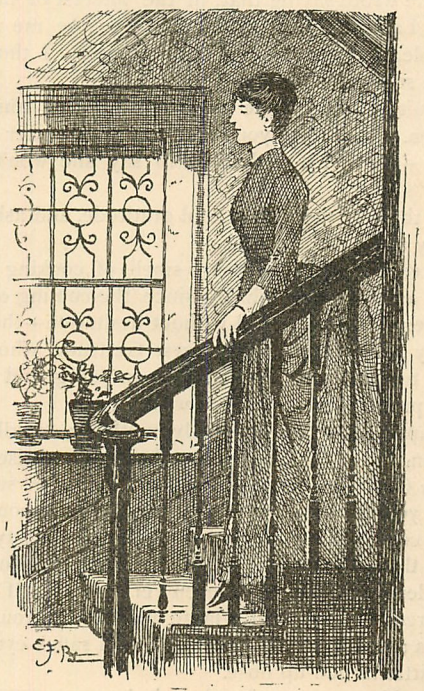
"Don't bother yourself about that, George. You leave her to me. Give me full authority to act in your behalf, and stick to my directions."

He gave me his word most impressively that he would.

"And will you have it out with her before long?" he asked anxiously.

"Now, directly," said I, rising. "This is just the sort of job I like."

And I went into the sitting-room and sent at once for Mrs. Yeames. Then we had it out. She was a tough one to deal with, but not nearly so tough as I am. I tried to be polite, but I fear I insulted her. She certainly said I did, and went into the library to know if her brother-in-law would tolerate such a want of respect on the part of a *mere attorney;* and the



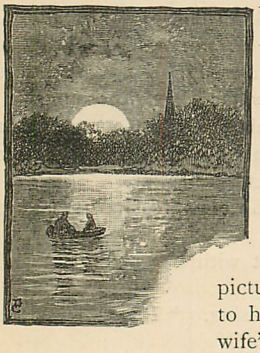
"NURSE GERTRUDE CAME DOWN TO DINNER WITHOUT THE BECOMING LITTLE CAP" (*p.* 39).

question being put directly to Flexmore whether she or I were to leave that house at once and for ever, he replied that he felt convinced, taking all things into consideration, that he could better afford to lose her than me.

After that there was nothing for the indignant widow to do but to pack up and pack off—which she did, happily, before her fury gave place to more prudential considerations.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

NURSE GERTRUDE.



I DROPPED in on old Flexmore the next day to see if I might be wanted (for it appeared to me not unlikely that Mrs. Yeames might return when she got the better of her vile temper), and found my old friend busy restoring to their wonted places the pictures and *bric-à-brac* so dear to him as evidence of his poor wife's taste and fancy.

"It's all right, then?" said I.

"Yes; the place begins to look itself again. Every little thing, you know, Tony, she bought with the thought that it might please me and make our home sweeter." ("She" was the good little wife he had lost.)

"Yes; she had good taste, and a good heart," said I. "And the old woman—have you heard anything of her?"

"She wrote saying that, in the interest of her dear niece Laure, she would be happy to see me and, if possible, arrange some *modus vivendi*. I thought I would see you before replying."

"Quite right. Give me her letter; I'll answer it for you. I can say you have put the matter in my hands—see? I'll undertake to say she won't come back."

He thanked me with tearful gratitude, and asked me to stay to lunch.

There was such a savoury smell of cooking in the house as I had not inhaled since the coming of Mrs. Yeames, and I accepted without hesitation—the more readily as I wished to see Nurse Gertrude, who, Flexmore told me, had arrived that morning, and would in all probability take lunch with us.

I expected to see a comely, motherly, middle-aged woman, and was taken altogether by surprise when Nurse Gertrude presented herself in the person of a slight young woman of twenty-two or thereabouts.

Of course I am no judge of female beauty, but I don't think Nurse Gertrude at that time could be considered handsome, or even very pretty. If I have any predilection, it is for large women with round, full figures; and I think I rather like a saucy eye and a nice little turned-up nose.

Now Nurse Gertrude, though by no means short, was, as I have said, slight and thin. She had a very delicate fair complexion and pretty, dark hair, to be sure; but her nose was long, and her eyes were by no means saucy, but calm and deep and thoughtful. Her expression was cheerful, and she had a pretty trick of blushing, but in repose her face was full of intelligence and solicitude. Her teeth were not regular, but there was the sweetest play in her lips, that harmonised with her voice and gentle laugh. One could not look at her without being impressed with the belief that she was essentially a pure and honest girl, with a very earnest purpose, an amiable disposition, and a clear-seeing, right-feeling mind. Her eyes—they were dark grey—were so true and frank and loyal, that one was attracted towards her as to a friend whose fidelity and love could never be doubted.

Let me stop while I can: if I say more I shall finish by declaring that she was downright beautiful—an assertion which, though I would not contradict it now, I was far from venturing then.

One thing, however, did strike me; and this was, that in some peculiarity—I know not what—she bore a resemblance to Mrs. Flexmore as I had known her in her younger days. And this seemed also to have struck Flexmore, for more than once I saw him, forgetful of the table, looking at her with the tenderest interest on his poor old woe-begone face.

"Oh, I see how this will end," said I to myself. "He'll marry that girl if she'll have him."

And that was the opinion of a good many other people before long.

Mrs. Yeames, like an old buzzard that has missed its prey, hovered about the neighbourhood, watching the quarry with the jealous intention of preventing any other creature of her own species clawing up what she had failed to secure. Thirty thousand pounds!—it had grown to fifty thousand by this time—a nice picking for somebody, and poor old Flexmore was no longer a hale and hearty man.

She took a cottage at the other end of the town, and joined a clique of ladies famous for their ability in picking to pieces the reputation of a fellow-Christian.

It is pretty certain they did not leave the character of Nurse Gertrude alone.

Meanwhile Nurse Gertrude fulfilled her duties with the calm self-possession of one conscientiously doing what she feels to be right; and I believe that, if the question ever entered her consideration, she did not care two straws what I or any one else thought about her. What she had come there to do, she did—and as if by magic. With Dr. Awdrey's help she got the fever under in a week, and after that she brought a smile back to the poor child's wasted face, which was of still greater importance; for when one can smile, one can eat and enjoy food. She gave little Laure something to love, and nourished her heart with kindness. That was what she needed: that was what she got. She had been craving for love since her mother was taken away, and must have died without it, as surely as a plant must die without sunlight.

But how was she to be weaned of this love-food in order that Nurse Gertrude might in time return to her

hospital? Every day her appetite grew by what it fed on. All the clinging affection she had borne to her mother she now exhibited towards Nurse Gertrude. The child had recognised the likeness that had struck me: mother and nurse, unlike in some respects, were still of the same type of woman—and an excellent type, too. After a time it became obvious that Laure was not to be weaned, and that to take away Nurse Gertrude would inflict the same terrible suffering the child had endured in losing her mother. Thereupon there were consultations between Flexmore, Dr. Awdrey, and me.

"It is obvious that Nurse Gertrude is very strongly attached to your child," said Dr. Awdrey.

"She is not unhappy here; she looks better than when she came," said Flexmore.

"Oh, undoubtedly she is better," Dr. Awdrey agreed; "the confinement of the hospital and the air of London were telling upon her—in fact, I must admit that in recommending her I was influenced by the consideration that the change would be to her advantage as well as your daughter's."

"If she would only consent to stay here as a companion to dear Laure—in any capacity, on any terms!" said Flexmore. "Do you think she would?"

"Go and ask her," said I.

She was asked; but Dr. Awdrey was the negotiator, for Flexmore had not the courage of a mouse. And Nurse Gertrude acquiesced—setting aside all other considerations for the sake of the child whose love had won her heart. So Dr. Awdrey put it; for my own part, I could not see what sacrifice she had made in exchanging a close hospital ward for a pleasant and airy house, and an ill-paid slavery for a very remunerative position where she was free to do just as she liked. (Dr. Awdrey, in whose hands the whole affair was placed, had stuck Flexmore for a thumping big salary.) No; I looked upon it that this young lady, together with other very good qualities, had a very clear perception of her duty to herself, and that she foresaw as plainly as I did that sooner or later she would become Mrs. Flexmore.

However, to stick to the facts of the case: that day Nurse Gertrude came down to dinner without the becoming little cap which had previously distinguished her as an official nurse; and if we had come to think her pretty in her cap, we were bound to admit that she looked still nicer without it—her pretty hair drawn neatly up and coiled plainly on her head.

Gracious powers! how the women-folk in our little town cackled when the news spread that this person was henceforth to be a sort of housekeeper and companion in Mr. Flexmore's house, and that the servants were no longer to call her Nurse Gertrude, but Miss Dalrymple, if you please! Though why they should be astonished was a mystery, considering that, according to their own statement, they had foreseen this and "said so all along." Who was this Miss Dalrymple? Nobody knew. Why had she gone into a hospital as nurse? Ah! a good many young women go into hospitals as a sort of refuge; they generally have a history—something to conceal, and, too often, something to expiate by what they consider a work of charity, though, as for that, they are paid quite as well as ordinary servants, so there's not much sacrifice on their part. It is well known that many go in with the hope of entrapping some young doctor or medical student, while others, like this Miss Dalrymple, contrive to work their way into well-to-do families and play on the sense of gratitude or fancy of some old imbecile, such as poor dear Mr. Flexmore. These were the views of those miserable women who refer to the members of their little coterie as "very superiah ladies—very superiah!"

They questioned Dr. Awdrey about Miss Dalrymple—about her history, her antecedents, her family, &c.

"All I know about Miss Dalrymple," he said, in reply, "is that she has the finest and sweetest character I have ever studied."

Poor Doctor Awdrey, we thought; she has thrown her spell over him at some time; he might have married her if he had only had the sense to let her stop in the hospital; but there was little chance for him now, with old Mr. Flexmore absolutely in her power. With a weak man of that kind, she could easily obtain an offer of marriage, and at any time she could reckon upon Laure's tears supporting her claim for a more definite and satisfactory position.

She was incontrovertibly spoiling that child, Mrs. Yeames declared, quite spoiling her with indulgence; dressing her like a little popinjay, though she was still in mourning; who ever heard of a child of that age being allowed to run wild and do whatever she would, spoiling her things and behaving like a tomboy more than anything else? A nice self-willed, perverse, detestable girl she would grow up under such treatment; but there, of course Nurse Gertrude (they wouldn't call her Miss Dalrymple) had only one object, and that was to make herself indispensable in the opinion of poor, dear, dear George! Ah, dear George was much to be pitied.

The worst of it was that "dear George" bore his affliction very patiently, and seemed to like it.

Miss Dalrymple's position was not altogether an enviable one. She must have known of the ill-feeling against her, must have divined the cruel things that were said about her, though she showed no sign of being hurt under the snubs administered freely to her by visitors, who called ostensibly to see how dear little Laure was progressing. With her calm, deliberative disposition she may have foreseen all the consequences of taking the position in Flexmore's house which she now held. She did nothing to controvert the opinion people chose to entertain regarding her; nothing to make them know that she was better than they chose to think. It was only by accident that the truth came out.

We have a flower show in our town once a year. The first day is the best, of course, and, the prices excluding the poorer kind of people, only the upper sort are there. There was a rumour that titled visitors were staying with the Caselys, and that probably they would visit the show in the afternoon; wherefore you may be sure that Mrs. Yeames and her "superiah" set were all there in full feather.

About three o'clock I saw Miss Dalrymple come in with Laure; she never missed any occasion of giving pleasure to the child, or of taking it herself, for that matter. She was plainly dressed; but, to my mind, there was no more elegant young lady there. Mrs. Yeames with three of her finest friends stopped them, and with the most distant patronising inclination of their heads to Miss Dalrymple, bent down to kiss Laure and ask after her poor dear papa. Then Mrs. Yeames, taking the child's hand, led her to a bank of cut flowers, asking her whether she could spell the labels attached, and whether she knew what was a *Papaver somniferum.*

In the midst of this instructive display of her own acquirements, there was a flutter amongst the visitors, and word was whispered that Mrs. Casely had arrived and had brought Lord Dunover with her. And there, sure enough, was Mrs. Casely with a tall, white-haired, aristocratic old gentleman, coming right down upon the little party. There was not time to get away from little Laure and that horrid Nurse Gertrude, when Mrs. Casely met them and introduced his lordship. Dunover bowed stiffly, but suddenly catching sight of Miss Dalrymple his face became illumined with a smile of heart-felt pleasure, and exclaiming, "What, Gertie, my dear, you here!" he took her by both hands and kissed her pretty lips. Then turning to Mrs. Casely he said—

"Mrs. Casely, let me introduce you to my niece—a little democrat who almost shakes my class prejudice, for she prefers independence as a hospital nurse to sharing the fallen fortunes of her family."

Then it was known that Miss Dalrymple was actually the niece of an earl. And she and Laure spent a week at Casely Manor, where Mrs. Yeames and her "superiah" set had never been allowed to stay longer than half an hour.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

MR. LYNN YEAMES MAKES HIS APPEARANCE.

AFTER this I said to Flexmore—

"Why on earth don't you marry Miss Dalrymple?"

"Do you think she would have me?" he asked, with a composure that showed that the idea was not unconsidered.

"You can but ask her," I replied. "There's nothing like asking when one is in doubt."

"I believe you think that any woman is to be had for the asking. But if I were sure of being accepted, I would not make the offer."

"Why?"

"Because she is worthy of a better man than I am, for one thing."

"That she can best decide. What's your next reason?"

"That I have no wish to marry."

"That isn't much of a reason. You have to think of what is best for your daughter and Miss Dalrymple. Your little one ought to have a mother—some one from whom she will be inseparable when you are gone; and there's not a soul in the world better fitted to take the place of a mother than that girl."

"I know it—I know it," said Flexmore; "I have thought of that."

"And then Miss Dalrymple ought to have the opportunity offered her of making her position here less anomalous than it is."

"I have a better plan for her welfare than that, Tony," he said quietly.

"Then let me know it, George; for we must do something to stop the mouths of these cackling old scandal-mongers and tittle-tattling widows and spinsters," said I.

"She must marry Awdrey: that is the husband for that sweet girl."

"Dr. Awdrey!" I exclaimed in astonishment, for I had never thought of him as a marrying man.

"Yes. He loves her—I know he does. Who could see her and know her, and not love her? And he is an excellent fellow. I wish he were a little lighter and better-looking; but I couldn't wish him to have a better heart, or a more lovable disposition. He's a fine man, Tony."

"Yes, he is a fine man," I assented readily—"morally."

"He's not ill-looking; a little serious perhaps."

"That's not astonishing. No one has so much reason to be serious as a fool."

"You do not mean to tell me that Dr. Awdrey is a fool!" said my old friend indignantly.

"A fool in a worldly sense he is. In science, I'll grant, he is as wise as you like. He can see into men's stomachs, but he can't see into their minds. If you can't see through the mask with which most men conceal their true nature, you are bound to be duped. Awdrey is so honest that he can't believe in knavery; and a man with his confiding disposition is the born prey for tricksters. He was cheated into buying a practice that was worth nothing, and he goes a round of thirty miles a day to doctor patients who never pay their fees. Hang me! I'd physic 'em if they tried to serve me in that fashion. However, a woman loves her husband none the less for his being serious; and as for looks, in my opinion there's not a man in Coneyford to compare with him; he's six foot in his stockings, and every inch of him a man. That's good enough."

"Then you agree with me that he would be a suitable husband for Miss Dalrymple?"

"Yes, but he won't marry her, for all that. It's as much as ever he can keep his head above water now, and fool as he is—in worldly matters—he wouldn't tie a millstone round his neck."

"Miss Dalrymple is not a millstone," said poor old Flexmore warmly.

"I know that. She's a good woman, and would work herself ill to help her husband, or worry herself ill if she couldn't. That is what Awdrey would not have his wife do, and the only way to prevent it is to keep single. And single he'll keep."

"No, Keene, no; he must marry Gertrude. I have thought it all out. My little Laure must have a father as well as a mother when I'm gone—and I don't think that is long hence, Tony. I shan't see sixty-four."

"That's it, Tony. Now tell me, what is your opinion on the subject?"

"Well, I think the idea is an extremely good one, so good that I wish I had thought of it myself. I might, if there had not been a little too much romance in it for my mind to take readily to. Still, it *is* a good idea."

"Very well, then; draw up a will in accordance with it. Settle everything upon Awdrey, subject to

"WE LEFT MRS. YEAMES AT HER COTTAGE" (*p.* 42).

I tried to combat this notion, though I myself was far from thinking it improbable; and then, to turn the conversation, I said—

"Well, to go back to what you have been thinking out—what's your idea?"

"I wish to put Awdrey in a position to marry Miss Dalrymple. I know he is poor, but I am rich."

"You'll never get Awdrey to take an independence from you."

"Not while I live—but in time to come—when I am gone? This is my idea, Tony: I would leave him every penny I have on the condition that he adopts Laure as his daughter."

"I see your notion. There will then be a second inducement for him to make Miss Dalrymple his wife in the fact that the child is inseparable from her."

deduction for a few smaller legacies that I will write in."

"I'll sleep on it. We won't hurry. You're good for some time to come."

"Let me have the draft of it in a week at the outside, Tony," he said eagerly.

I promised to do this, and went home, turning the matter over in my mind. I considered it from time to time during the week, and finding no material objection to the scheme, I put Flexmore's notion into legal form, with certain modifications, and then took a rough draft for his inspection.

"Is your master at home?" I asked the girl who opened the door.

"Yes, sir; he's in the library with Mrs. Yeames and Mr. Yeames."

"Mr. Yeames? what Mr. Yeames?" I asked the little maid sharply.

"Mr. Lynn Yeames is his name, I think, sir; a young gentleman."

"Mrs. Yeames's son. I know him," said I; and then I stood, rubbing my feet on the mat and wondering what on earth he had come upon the scene for. No good, I felt sure.

Mr. Lynn Yeames was the son of Mrs. Yeames by her second marriage. This was not much in his favour, but the rest was still less to his advantage. I had been twice employed by Flexmore on his account: once, to settle some college debts which Mrs. Yeames declared she could not meet, though she could scrape enough together to send him to a University for the gratification of her wretched vanity, when he ought to have been earning his bread, like other lads of his condition; and a second time to stay an action for breach of promise, threatened by a townsman's daughter with whom he had got entangled. Fellows brought up by foolish women on bad principles are always either getting out of scrapes or getting into them, and I asked myself which purpose had procured his uncle the doubtful pleasure of this visit.

I shook myself together, and went into the library with my wits on the alert.

Lynn Yeames at this time was about four-and-twenty, and his looks would have deceived any one but a lawyer. A sturdy young fellow of average height, but very thick-set. He was dressed in a grey Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, with a pair of legs that would have done credit to a drayman, and seemed to be the object of his mother's constant admiration. His skin was very fair, his eyes very blue, his lips very red; his hair was combed down on one side of his forehead, and he had a small carroty moustache. Most people, I believe, would have been favourably impressed with him, and have liked him the better for failings which might be attributed to youth and exuberant vigour; but I did not like him.

He had come down, it seemed, to spend a few days with the "mater" (I hate young people who can't call their dearest friend by the sweetest word in the language, "mother"), and he had only been here a day and was awfully bored already—not a decent billiard-board in the place, hags at the bars, and not a light to be seen after ten-thirty. He wanted to know if there was any fishing or shooting, or any mortal thing a man might do to earn a night's repose.

"There's the piano, Lynn dear," suggested Mrs. Yeames, anxious to show off her son's accomplishments. "Tu sais bien que tu ne jeu pas mal."

"Qu'est que je sais moi?" he replied, not loth to show off. "On viens pas à la campagne pour jouer Schubert and that sort of thing."

"For goodness sake, sir, let us confine our talk to English or French," said I. "Have you heard anything lately from Miss Kite?" This was the name of the injured young lady at Oxford.

"If you please, do not mention the name of that horrid, designing, worthless person," said Mrs. Yeames.

"She's worth four hundred pounds more than she was, madam," said I; "for that's what I had to pay to make her withdraw her action."

Mrs. Yeames flicked the dust off her silk gown and looked extremely uncomfortable.

"No new scrape, I hope, Mr. Lynn?" I continued.

"Not exactly. What in the world should make you suppose there was?" he asked sheepishly, for it takes very little to upset the equanimity of these boisterous young gentlemen.

"What made me suppose it?" I echoed. "Why, seeing you here!"

"I want to find some shooting. That's all I came for."

"I can let you have it, if you are prepared to pay. I have a client who will let you the shooting over two thousand acres."

"That's my sort. Of course I'll pay. When can I begin to blaze away?"

"As soon as you have settled with me. Come to my office and we will arrange it at once."

I wanted to get him away from there, for already I scented the purpose with which he had been brought; and I was anxious to let him the shooting, which was twenty miles off.

"Oh! you cannot go yet, dear," interposed Mrs. Yeames; "you have not seen Laure. How is that little darling, George dear?"

"Very well, thank you. She has gone for a walk with Miss Dalrymple."

"Miss Dalrymple? Who is she? a governess?" asked Lynn.

"Something more than that—quite a friend of the family—a most estimable young lady. She was a professional nurse, but—what do you think?—it turns out she is the niece of the Earl of Dunover!"

This change in Mrs. Yeames's regard towards Gertrude was not surprising, considering what a sycophant the widow was; but nothing could make me believe that in the past twenty-four hours she had said not a word about her to Lynn.

"Gad! I should like to see the young lady—if she is young," said Lynn.

"Oh, she is. I assure you, and excessively charming and pretty," said Mrs. Yeames; "quite superiah! You really must see her."

While this chatter was going on, I drew the draft of Flexmore's will from my pocket, and, as if endorsing it, I wrote in pencil—

"They want you to invite them to lunch. Don't."

This I handed to Flexmore.

"Here is a draft of the agreement you asked me for," said I.

He looked at the words I had written, and thanked me. Then he said he hoped his nephew would call in and say good-bye before he left.

After that the visitors were bound to rise and say, "Good-bye for the present."

"We'll go to the office and settle about that shooting," said I, rising at the same time.

We left Mrs. Yeames at her cottage, and went on to my place of business. Nothing was said about my old friend Flexmore until we had settled about the

shooting, when Lynn said, as he took up his stick and deerstalker—

"Poor old nuncky looks precious shaky."

"He's much better than he was a month ago," I replied.

"Shouldn't think he'd last long, though; should you? He's sixty-two, you know."

"His life's worth ten years' purchase," said I emphatically.

"Is it, though?" Then, after a pause—"I suppose he's pretty warm?"

"I would give fifty thousand pounds for his estate at this moment."

"Fifty thousand, eh?"

Another pause. Then, in a careless tone—

"Who's this Miss Thingumbob the mater was talking about?"

"Miss Dalrymple. She is a particularly sensible young lady," I replied.

"That means that she knows how to look after Number One, I suppose?"

"If she did not know how to take care of herself, I shouldn't call her sensible."

"Wouldn't mind marrying the old man if she had the chance, eh?"

"I hope not, sincerely."

"Oh, you approve of his marrying Miss Dalrymple, do you?"

"Undoubtedly—for his own sake and the sake of his child. It's the very thing I have been persuading him to do."

That sly look came into the corner of his blue eye, and I could fancy him saying to himself—

"Here's an old fool to let me into his client's secrets."

He was not sharp enough to see that my object was to put him on a wrong scent, and avert his suspicion from our actual wish and purpose.

"Well, if it is really to nuncky's interest to marry the girl, I hope he may get her," said he, giving me his hand; and we looked straight into each other's face before saying good-bye. I read in his eyes, "But he sha'n't marry her if I can help it." What he read in mine I cannot say.

Business took me to London, and kept me there hard at it for a fortnight. I had scarcely time to think of old Flexmore, but I went straight to him the moment I returned. I found a perceptible difference in his appearance: he looked a couple of years older.

"I am glad to see you, Tony," he said, holding my hand in his and giving it a trembling shake from time to time. "I am getting anxious about the will. I can't last long, I know; and I am very unsettled in my mind about many things."

"You shall sign the draft, and that will hold good in case of accident while the copy is being drawn up in form. We'll settle that after dinner—for I mean to dine with you, George. There's game cooking; I can smell it."

"Yes; we have had a good deal of game lately. Lynn brings something nearly every day."

"What, he came to stay a week, and is not gone yet?" I cried.

Flexmore shook his head. "I don't think he means to go away either," he said.

I beat a tattoo on the table while I arranged my ideas on this subject.

"What does he come here for? Do you know, George?" I asked.

"To see Miss Dalrymple, I believe. He is paying her marked attention."

"I knew it!" I cried, slapping my leg. "I saw what he was after."

"Do you think he means to marry her? Is that what you saw?"

"No; but I saw he had made up his mind to prevent you marrying her!"

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

AN UNLUCKY BEGGAR.

WHAT I had not foreseen was the means by which Lynn Yeames precluded an offer of marriage being made to Miss Dalrymple by his uncle. I had not thought of his making love to her himself; rather I anticipated his taking some underhand measures, in conjunction with his mother, to damage the young lady's character and prejudice Flexmore against her. "You have not encouraged your nephew's visits, have you, George?" I asked.

"No; at the same time I could not refuse to receive him. There is nothing in his behaviour I could take exception to. Indeed, he has tried his utmost to make himself agreeable."

"I don't doubt that for a moment, hang him! He can make himself pleasant if he likes, or unpleasant either. I warrant he's clever enough to keep his mother out of sight, eh?"

"She has not called since the day you met her here," Flexmore answered.

"And what effect has he made on Miss Dalrymple with his agreeable ways?"

"I am afraid she likes him. It is only natural she should be brighter and gayer in his society. I am very dull, and there are no visitors here—none of her own age—and then Lynn is clever and lively, he plays nicely, and sings well too——"

"Oh, bother his singing! You don't mean to say he has charmed you with his songs?"

"No. I cannot like him. I fear he is not sincere. I may be prejudiced, but——"

"You're not. There's no love-making yet awhile—nothing like an engagement?"

"Oh, no! He is simply very attentive, and she could not be ungracious."

"We must stop it at that. There's no time to be lost," said I.

"Do you think he intends to marry her?"

"Not unless he's sure she has money. If your money were settled on her, he would. We will set his mind at rest on that subject."

"How?"

"You must sign your will, and give me permission to make its provisions known to Dr. Awdrey. I wager we will soon put Master Lynn's nose out of joint."

I took care to be on the road about the time Awdrey was starting on his rounds, and when he came up in his gig I asked him to give me a lift as far as Langly. He had to shift half a dozen books from the seat beside him to make place for me.

"What on earth are you carting your library about for?" I asked.

"They're only books of reference. Going along straight roads and up hill I can give the old pony the reins and do a bit of work."

"You're burning the candle at both ends; it's bad enough to sit up half the night over your books."

"It is the only sort of pleasure a man in my position can afford."

"Then you should alter your position."

"It's too late to begin a new career. It will come all right one of these days, perhaps. People will have more confidence in me at sixty. At present I don't look as old as I feel."

"Families don't care for bachelor doctors, that's a fact. You ought to marry!"

"Marry!" exclaimed Audrey, with a grim laugh; and then he looked ruefully into the distance.

"Yes, marry," I repeated. "There's Miss Dalrymple, you ought to marry her."

"What, do you think she likes me?" he asked, with eager quickness.

"I don't know who doesn't like you."

"Oh, in a general way," said he, in a tone of disappointment. "Well, supposing she had liked me well enough to risk the chance of poverty, do you think it would have been fair to take advantage of her courage, knowing what an unlucky beggar I am?"

"But you're not an unlucky beggar."

"Perhaps you will show me where my luck lies, for I can't find it."

"I will show you," said I, "if I betray a client's confidence to do it. Read that," and I put the draft of old Flexmore's will into his hand, open, that he might have no hesitation in glancing at it.

He just ran his eye down the draft, which could be read at a glance, for I pride myself on writing legibly and boldly, and then exclaimed, turning to me in astonishment—

"Great powers! Why should Flexmore leave me all this money?"

"That you may marry the girl you love, and that his child may have a good woman as well as a good man to protect and befriend her."

He dropped his hand, and I folded up the draft and slipped it back in my pocket. When I glanced at him again he was staring into the distance, and there was moisture on the lower lash of his eye.

"I *am* an unlucky beggar," he murmured again.

"You'll make me mad if you say that again, Awdrey," said I impatiently.

"Too late, too late!" he faltered. "If I had only known this a week ago!"

"Well, what difference would that have made? The draft was made out a fortnight ago."

"I did not know it. How could I guess?"

"You know it now, and that's better than guessing it a week ago!"

He shook his head. "Don't you know that Lynn Yeames is in love with her?" he asked.

"Lynn Yeames is a sneaking hound!" I said—"a cunning, double-faced——"

He interrupted me. "You must not say anything to me against him. He is my friend."

"Your friend! How long has he been your friend?"

"A week to-morrow. He came to me, and in a frank and loyal manner told me that he had heard I was an old friend of Miss Dalrymple; he asked me if I were more than her friend—if I intended to make her my wife. I knew what that meant, and answered that I had no intention to marry her, and that she was free so far as I was concerned. 'In that case,' said he, 'I shall make her my wife.' And we shook hands on this understanding. With my hand in his, he asked if he might consider me his friend, and I answered heartily, 'Yes!'"

"Confound Lynn Yeames!" I cried, unable to control my exasperation.

"You must admit that he acted openly and loyally," said Awdrey. "You are deceived in him."

"Yes," I replied, "for I did not think he was such a clever rascal as he is. Awdrey"—I added, after a minute's thought—"you must forget last week."

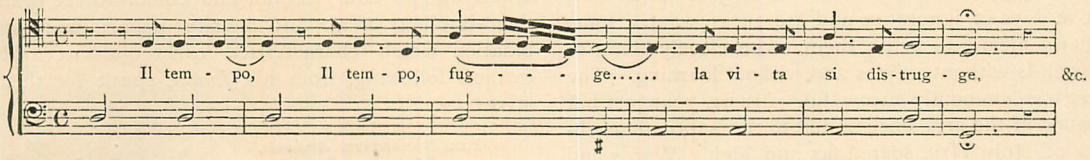
"Forget that I renounced all hope of making Gertrude my wife! Forget an understanding made with a man to whom I gave my hand as a friend! You don't know me, Mr. Keene."

"Oh, yes, I do," said I savagely. "Put me down here. I might as well try to soften the Lord Chief Justice with a sigh as convert you from your principles with reasoning, you obstinate, stiff-backed old pill-monger! Here, give me your hand," I added, as I got to the ground, and I tried to hurt him with my grip.

"There! I've done with you; go on," said I. But as we parted, I added, speaking to myself, "But I've not done with Lynn Yeames yet, drat him!"

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

WHAT IS AN ORATORIO?



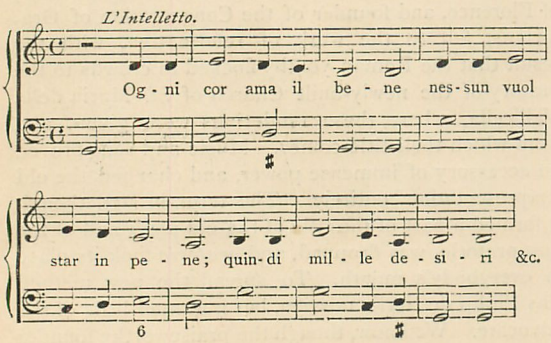
IT would be easy to answer this question by saying that Handel's *Messiah* and the *Elijah* of Mendelssohn—two works which have sunk deep into the hearts of the English people—are oratorios, and very good ones too; or it might be answered that an oratorio is the highest form of sacred musical art; it could be described as a religious drama in prose and verse, sung by solo voices and chorus, with orchestral accompaniments more or less full, and, in our day, without the accessories of scenery, dresses, or action; and various other more or less accurate replies might be given. But none of these will satisfy the reader so well, I ween, as a brief survey of the history of the oratorio, and a glance at the men and periods which have contributed to the growth and development of an eminently important form of art which appeals more strongly than any other to the popular mind, and the merits of which we have ample opportunities of judging, inasmuch as not in London alone, but in the leading towns of the kingdom, oratorio performances are now given with a liberality of enterprise and a perfection of rendering which were absolutely impossible a few years back. For then neither the schoolmaster nor the art-trainer was abroad. The fruit of John Hullah's work had not ripened; the great Tonic Sol-fa movement was not; local musical centres, such as Trinity College inaugurated, were not established; and there was no cheap music: and all these are influences which have magically affected the masses, and made them men and women of better mould and finer sensibility than they would otherwise have been. The chorus, the backbone of the oratorio, depends upon the masses to fill and recruit its ranks, and the educating of this material has done everything for oratorio in England. Native composers have contributed towards strengthening the *repertoire* of the oratorio, but our greatest claim upon the art historian must be in having furnished truly fertile soil for this form of art to take root in, and in having provided every possible accessory for its growth and development from the time of the decline of art in Italy, and during much more recent years, while Germany has been given over to the work of developing the forms of opera and symphony, and the unravelling of the more abstruse theorems of sound-ratio and phenomena.

The colossal choruses of Handel were not the growth or invention of the moment. Men had preceded the Saxon giant, who had done much towards laying the foundations upon which Handel erected those gigantic choral structures for which his oratorios are famous, and which, by their grandeur and breadth of treatment, have universally stamped him as the representative composer of oratorio. Before the birth of such giant contrapuntal pieces as "The Horse and his Rider" (*Israel in Egypt*) and "Fix'd in His everlasting Seat" (*Samson*), Carissimi had paved the way with oratorios which were as great an advance upon the earliest examples in this form of composition as were the *Messiah* and *Judas Maccabæus* or Haydn's *Creation* upon *Jonah*, *Jephtha*, *Belshazzar*, *The Last Judgment*, or other of Carissimi's masterly compositions. If, then, the musician and amateur reverence the master-minds of oratorio—Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Spohr—great honour is indeed deservedly due to the hoary-headed master who, borne low with ninety years, and too weary to continue his duties as composer to the "Collegio Appolinare," went down to his grave, beloved and respected by all, several years before Handel or Bach even saw the light. His period is a distinct land-mark in the history of sacred musical art, and it was his genius alone that linked together the crude and early forms of oratorio with the masterpieces of sacred choral art so familiar to us of to-day.

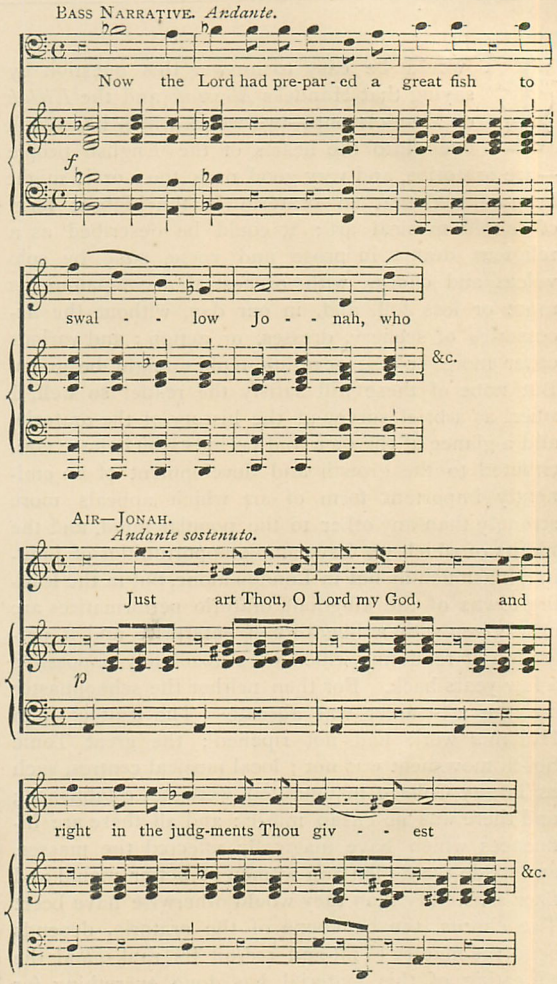
Italy, cradle of art, gave birth to the earliest example of true oratorio. The title of the score so famed was *La Rappresentazione dell' Anima e del Corpo*, and it was composed by Emilio del Cavaliere, who produced the work in a church in Rome in 1600. It arose out of the "miracle play" and mediæval "mystery," or drama of sacred subject, which had been performed for ages as a means towards familiarising the multitudes with the great events of Scripture history. But improvement in these rude plays or "representations" became imperative. Much secular method and matter, some of it downright profanity, had grown into the performances, and ecclesiastical authority urged their discontinuance. A deliverer arose. Philip de Neri, of Florence, and founder of the Congregation of Oratorians, fell to the work of reformation, with the result that the Roman youths flocked in crowds to the oratory of the newly-built Church of St. Maria della Vallicella, where these renderings were given, and from which their title comes. Music and song proved an accessory of immense power, and changed the old "representation" entirely. The term, in fact, though it formed a part of the title of the old plays and of the first oratorio, was dropped, and *oratorio* took its place in everybody's mouth. To spread the new method was Philip de Neri's mission, but it wanted little of the advocate. We know, though the praiseworthy founder

could hardly have realised it, that in calling in music he found an element which alone could give vigour and living interest to crude performances which, pre-eminently great as their drift and subject-matter was, yet, in days of ignorance and grossness, wanted some aid and means to bring them more closely home to thousands without guides and without learning. The issue was eminently successful. Music, youngest but greatest of the arts, once united to the supreme teachings of Holy Writ, soared far and high. Words and music, blessed with inspiration, thenceforth harmonised with striking beauty and effect. The "mysteries," "moralities," and "miracle plays" of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries went into gradual decay. The primitive and rude performances, with their spoken narrative and raw acting, had had their day. With the origin of oratorio came a new order of things—that grand artistic creation, nobler than anything yet conceived, with music for its basis. The weaving together of sacred story and sound-colouring is a world open to all. A few have immortalised their names therein. It is, indeed, wondrously doubtful if there are yet to come any who will help to impress upon mankind a keener or a more elevated ideal than is already ours, thanks to the blessings of genius and industry, and in many cases piety, which have signalised the work and doings of many of those whom we regard as the world's greatest musicians. This age possesses the most valuable aids of story and song to enable it to realise, in purest grandeur, the inner meaning and highest ideal of sacred word and teachings, made none the less effective and momentous because clothed in Nature's voice, by musicians conspicuous for Christian feeling and demeanour.

In form, the oratorio of Carissimi's day and that given us by the great German masters differs not widely; but, considerable as were the pretensions of Emilio's first legitimate oratorio, it lacked important elements. Its orchestra was a double lyre, a harpsichord, a double guitar (or theorbo), and two flutes; it had numerous principal characters—Time, Life, World, Pleasure, Intellect, Soul, Body, and Chorus; and, of course, it was rendered in the native tongue. But it had no varying numbers, in the shape of duet, trio, and quartett, to break the monotony of solo and chorus, the former neither air nor recitative, as the following, rendered by Intellect, shows:—



It was reserved for the exalted genius of Carissimi (1580—1673) to effect improvements in *musica parlante—i.e.*, spoken music or recitative—to invent the arioso, and to add freedom and colour to the primitive simplicity of air and paucity of harmonic combination which characterised early oratorio. The extracts following, from his *Jonah*, speak for themselves:—



To such expressive melody as this air introduces to us Stradella (1650—80) added the spirit and grace of his polished style, seen to perfection in a beautiful duet, "Nel seren de tuoi contenti," in *St. John the Baptist* oratorio: famous Scarlatti (1659—1725) came with his decided improvements, the *intermezzi* for orchestra, the invention of the *da capo*, the descriptive overture, and more adorned aria: Leo, Vinci, and Durante added their reverent aid, until oratorio reached perfection as far as Italy was concerned.

It was natural that the great Reformation work in Germany associated with Luther (1483—1540) should powerfully affect Protestant Church song. It did so. Fired by the example of so intrepid a leader, the *chorale* magically won the masses, and became the

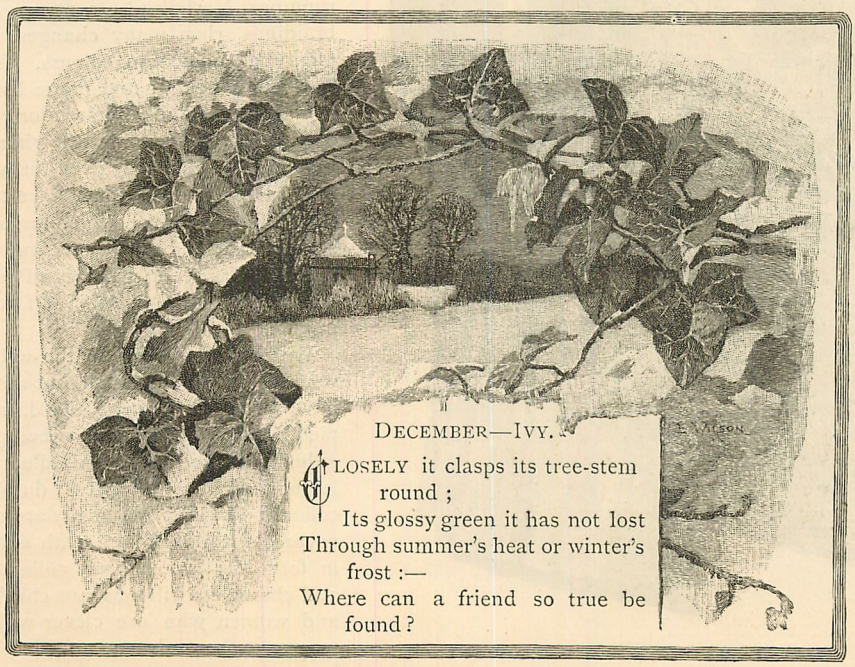
indicating agent of a broad and vigorous style of sacred musical art, which reached its consummation in those glorious creations, known to all music-lovers, of such geniuses as Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn. As early as 1585—1672 Schütz had breathed his Teutonic spirit in the earliest German oratorios, *The Resurrection* and *The Seven Words*. A hundred years later Keiser (1699), Hasse (1699), composer of the great Passion-Cantata, *Der Tod Jesu*, and Graun (1701), who were contemporary with Bach and Handel, continued the strain ; but of these Handel alone could have been influenced by the Italian character. What Bach has said in his famous Passion-music is truly the spirit of his country's times, and we know the stern earnestness of this master. The colouring is always the rigid severity of the *chorale* stamp, a character perceptible enough in Haydn's *Creation*, and not lost sight of in the more coloured works of Spohr or fluent Mendelssohn.

With Handel in Italy (1706) the story of oratorio is soon told. He grasped the Italian forms and moulds, adding the broadening spirit of his country's religious yearnings. When he left Italy he brought this particular form of art-work from its birth-soil, and planted it in the congenial ground of our own land. Here it has flourished with amazing success, and grown into a national institution. From 1720, when Handel produced his first oratorio here, *Esther*, this form of art has grown in public estimation and favour, gaining year by year increasing hold upon all shades of public and religious opinion, and impregnating the national character with its lofty influence. To detail Handel's work in connection with oratorio is unnecessary in these days of musical knowledge. It will suffice to say he effected improvements in every direction, vocal and instrumental ; but it is mainly in the chorus, in the creation of gigantic choral structures, replete with all the device and design of contrapuntal skill and learning, that his immense genius is mostly apparent, and in respect to which he will deserve, for all time, the distinguishing title of king among composers of oratorio.

The proposition, "What is an Oratorio?" may, then, be so summed up : It is the highest form of sacred musical art, a development of the cantata form, and consisting of air, duet, trio, quartett, and chorus. Born of the old Greek plays, it grew hand-in-hand with opera up to a point of divergence, when the two became distinct art forms. Action was dropped out of oratorio, and the sacred narrative came to be told in the simple and unadorned style that we know. Emotion, expression, and dramatic effect are secured, not by acting, as in opera, but by a dependence upon orchestral invention and combination, and the intelligence and artistic culture of the soloist and chorus. The measure of vivid realisation which the appealing tones of the human voice, joined to the almost illimitable resources of the orchestra permit of, is stupendous, and it is the reverent expression and application of this element to the language of Holy Writ and sacred story which alone constitutes the secret power of the oratorio to influence for good the thousands who flock to hear it in ever-growing numbers, and with increasing interest.

FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS.



DECEMBER—IVY.

CLOSELY it clasps its tree-stem round ;
Its glossy green it has not lost
Through summer's heat or winter's frost :—
Where can a friend so true be found ?

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

WE are reaching the depth of winter, but the novelties in fashions lie mostly in the stuffs and the trimmings. There is but little that is new in the make of dresses, and happily the materials are sufficiently rich to render simplicity a most desirable quality. The skirts fall in long, graceful lines, and if raised at all, it is to show either a plain, substantial petticoat in a darker shade, or a contrasting colour or material, plain and fancy velvets being much in favour, with the faced cloth which has so much to recommend it. The two fabrics contrast well. Short skirts show the feet; and shoes are so much worn, that stockings become a consideration; they continue to be very elaborately embroidered and woven in a variety of patterns in open-work. Moreover, they are dyed to match every tone of colour, but no very special departure has been made under this head.

"NOT AT HOME!"

Not so in gloves; here some radical changes are working. Suèdes will now mostly be worn by only the very best-dressed people, to whom money is no object, for they fit well, and moreover look well; but the million have returned their allegiance to the French kid and chevrette, which latter will well stand the wear and tear of winter, keeping the hands warm the while. Up to the present chevrette was only to be had in almond tints; now it is to be obtained in the usual range, with elaborately stitched tambour backs, and what is called "piqué sewing," which means the seams are stitched together one on the other, the edge showing, and are not sewn over as they are usually. Driving-gloves have a comfortable innovation: they are made with elastic at the wrist, and no fastening, so that they can be slipped off and on most easily.

Jerseys have become an institution for winter wear; they have been brought out in a thicker make of material, and there is plenty of variety in the make. Yokes, belts, piped runnings, Norfolk pleats, revers, and military braidings ring many changes, and there is plenty of choice in colours. A new material—stockingnette and crape lisse combined—makes acceptable jerseys for evening wear. For the day-time, some are trimmed with the mouflon fur—the grey dyed fur, which resembles blue fox—and some have the plastrons tapering to the waist, which are almost superseding boas, and many have movable officers' collars—viz., straight bands of fur lined with silk, which can be taken off and on in a minute.

Women are giving up the ugly fashion of wearing no tuckers at all, but are content to have them in ribbon folded, so that both picot edges show, a bow being placed on either side and in the middle. There is a large choice in all these durable sorts of collars and cuffs, and many are made of silk covered with black lace, with a bow in front, in form cut like a linen collar. The shot and chameleon ribbons are chiefly employed, and women who are clever with the needle may save themselves a considerable outlay in

these small knicknacks. At some of the milliners' and drapers' ready-made bows are sold, which almost trim a bonnet or form a head-dress in themselves.

A great deal of attention is being directed to children's garments. Fur is largely used on nearly all their cloaks, frocks, and hats: chinchilla of the finest kind, and fleece, as it is called, which is sheep-skin with a very soft fleece left on it, improved by washing and combing—never was there anything of the kind softer or better suited to children. It is applied as wide collars (which seem to enclose the small throats in their fluffiness) and to cuffs and muffs. Chinchilla is largely used on hats and bonnets; and for the hat, Buffalo Bill has supplied the leading idea. The brims all turn upwards from the face, are slightly bent in the centre for girls, and always covered with fur. Indeed, both hats and bonnets, specially ventilated, and peculiarly light, are made entirely of fur, and often the bonnets with huge crowns have tassels of fur. Beaver is a favourite fur for children, also fox, as well as the new mouflon. Muffs and boas are very generally made in one—a comfort, as it prevents the muff being lost. Felt and plush are employed in millinery for younger children, and a curious hat in felt is laced down the sides.

A very good stuff has been brought out, called moulleton, as light as it can be—wool, with the surface all silk, in a close-covering pattern, all over alike; this is made in many colours; it suits children of all ages. Fledling cloth suits younger ones; it is so light, it seems like spun cotton wool; it may catch the dirt, but it washes, and can be had in all colourings. Check velours is new, too—a checked woollen stuff as soft as velvet, trimmed with frillings of the same, pinked at each edge. The bonnets and hats with strings for children of tender age are mostly made of garni, a wide material, but folding up into nothing, and so soft that it cannot chafe the tenderest skin. Some of the hats and bonnets are made entirely of it.

Some charming frocks for children of five or six are made in fancy serges; and there is a great change in the form of sleeves, which are either gathered at the wrist, or hang in the old bell shape, while some have a diagonal piece coming from the point of the shoulder across the front of the arm, others again being slashed. Norfolk bodices are proved to be the best kind for the school-room. The skirts hang in long simple draperies. For evening wear, white plush, with fur trimmings, is, perhaps, the most stylish combination that can be had for young people. Poplins are worn also.

Ulsters and long paletôts are the leading forms in children's mantles, made in thick cloths and tweeds, with and without capes, the Incroyable style giving the leading idea. The mackintoshes are now so well ventilated, and made up in such good patterns, covered with check silks and wool, that they are most generally worn in the country.

THE LATEST TREASURE.

The latest notion in infants' cloaks is to embroider them all over with detached sprays on poplin or thick corded silk; less opulent mothers (and wiser ones) would do well to keep to wool, for there is nothing so purely healthy to wear.

The girl of twelve, whose costume forms the initial to this chapter, wears a skirt of copper-red velveteen and a jacket to match, trimmed with beaver fur and brandeburgs. Her black felt hat has its brim lined with copper-red velveteen.

The mantles shown in the illustration below it are not only fashionable but comfortable. The long one is made of striped brown plush and trimmed with fox-fur, and with brown and chenille ornaments at the back. The smaller visite-jacket is braided, the material being grey cloth; the fur is chinchilla, and the passementerie ornaments round the basque are grey grelots and shaded grey tassels.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Whether it be that monarchical tendencies are floating in the air, and that there is a prospect of banishing the old revolutionary modes for years, which tempts designers to benefit by them for the last time, I cannot

say, but there is no doubt that the one leading idea just now is the Incroyable period in Paris—square double collars, double-breasted gowns cut in one with the skirt, are introduced in the redingote for out-door wear, and on the tea-gowns for in-doors. They are becoming, and show the fashionable rich stuffs off to a rare perfection. Turn to the sketches you have of that period, plan your modes upon them, you cannot do wrong.

Quite works of art and very beautiful are the trimmings of the season. Tinsel of the best kind plays an all-important part. There is a great choice of gimp trimmings, which are made in divisible patterns of a commingling of tender shades—beiges, tilleul, and gold, with here and there a dash of heliotrope. These several shades in no way assert themselves individually, but as a whole are a triumph of colour; they are blended with metallic cords, both copper and gold, for copper is a most noticeable feature in many of the gimps and embroideries; they exactly blend with the materials on which they are used. Many of the newest patterns are not beaded, but the beaded ones are equally fashionable and novel. The gimps and galons which are not detachable have mostly straight edges like tape; indeed, one of the newest is a canvas with straight edges, in various widths, and embroidered in metal threads, with many spangles. Cord plays its part, also steel, which has been restored to all its old favour. Many plain woollen materials have been embroidered in tinsel, so that they could be cut into strips. Some of the new trimmings are pinked at the edge, and most elaborately embroidered in purse-silk, with open wheels in all colourings. Silk braid has been adapted to another variety of trimming, formed into loops and lattice-work, or curled as tightly as Miss Squeers' ringlets, when it forms a thick and important-looking ruche; this is the very narrowest braid conceivable. Crochet gimps are employed again, and no pains have been spared to obtain every tint that can possibly be needed in trimming. Tags of a large size and length have been introduced into the cloak trimmings; also showy spikes of beads.

Very pretty floral trimmings are to be seen on evening dresses; the square and V-shaped bodices are outlined with ruches of rose-leaves, of poppies, or laburnum, a tuft of the flowers at the side; these are continued to the point of the gown in front like a stomacher. Vests of the chameleon ribbon are often introduced, outlined with marguerites or some other blooms. Trails of flowers are used to trim the skirts of evening dresses, but nearly always blended with ribbon, such as green and coral, a tuft of cock's plumes for the hair to match, for aigrettes of feathers and ribbons, with perhaps just one spray of flowers, are most fashionably worn.

Black lace gowns are now universally trimmed with watered silk and ribbon. Young girls are wearing pretty light gowns of soft China silk and foulard, with plenty of lace—sometimes, and as often as not, without any; the material being allowed to work its own sweet will in as many long draperies as the skirt will bear.

For young girls a number of charming fans in crêpe or gauze have just been brought out, exquisitely painted, and having small patterns of lace introduced here and there, the edges occasionally bordered with butterflies, the colourings very perfect indeed. Antique pearl and ivory mounts, with silver and gold inlaying, have come back to us, with several artistic ideas appertaining to the Louis XIV. period.

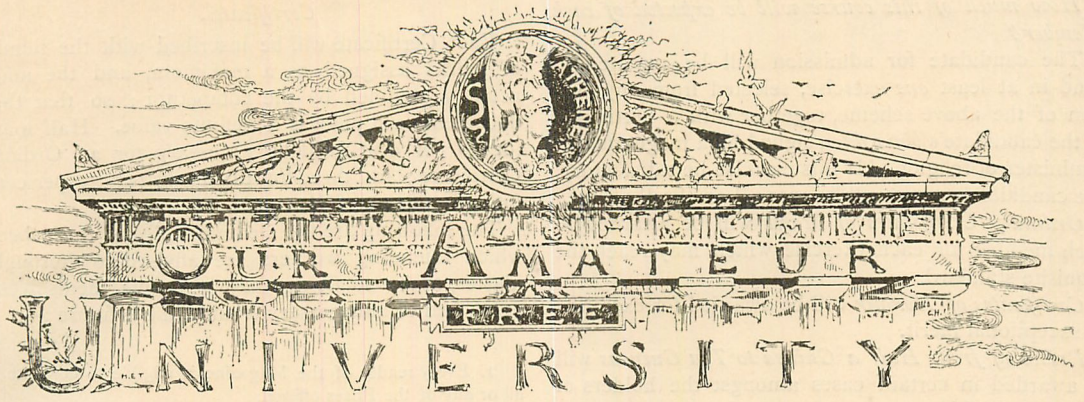
A great many women in France would seem to be wearing the coloured and printed percale underclothing, but there is nothing new in the making to chronicle. A very objectionable folly is gaining ground, viz., the wearing the minimum of clothes in order to reduce the bulk of the figure, with the result of laying the foundation of all sorts of illnesses and weaknesses.

The petticoats for winter are made in pretty checks of silk or wool, as well as in the old stripes. The flannel petticoats, too, are of striped, soft, woolly material, with broad lace flounces.

Felt hats are as much worn now in France as in England, which formerly was not the case at all. And red woollen gowns are adopted by Parisians for the winter, as they were in foulard for the summer, a fashion that Englishwomen cling to—it suits the colouring of the women of "Perfide Albion." The shades of red are numerous—scarlet, crimson, and terra-cotta. For dinner and evening wear black lace is mixed with them; in the morning, sometimes panels of cream cloth are discovered when the draperies open unexpectedly. A red silk polonaise may be utilised in many ways for evening over a black or white lace or velvet petticoat; for morning wear over cloth. They are trimmed with very wonderful buttons, to find which all the old stores are ransacked. Pompadour silk petticoats, with cream grounds, also form a most charming contrast to a red silk polonaise. Very vivid colouring, or very vivid contrasts, are no longer considered vulgar; leading dressmakers are blending red and yellow, blue and red, green and red, in silks and wools; and such combinations obtain also in the shot or chameleon silks, which certainly are the most fashionable style of the day.

Woollen gowns are much trimmed with braiding, but the braid is always sewn on edge, which has a better effect than the old flat plan. Rich and handsome dresses, too, are being made of soutache cloths, a twill ground covered all over with an arabesque design in frisé like braiding; these are made up with velvet or plain woollens. It seems to be necessary that either the under or upper portion of the gown should show a brocade or braiding in fancy weaving. Very few dresses are of plain stuff throughout, so that woollen gowns are extremely costly, rendered so by the rich trimming or admixture of expensive velvet.

The figures illustrated on the previous page show a stylish demi-evening toilette and an out-door visiting costume. The former is in black satin merveilleux trimmed with folds of the same satin, the V-shaped opening being filled in with spotted net. The second figure wears a braided mantelette trimmed with chenille fringe, tipped with grelots. The muff matches the hat.



OPEN TO ALL READERS.

A COLLEGE of Competitions! A Literary and Domestic University on paper! Well, and why not? The present is a day of new ideas—or at least new developments of old ones—and the scheme which we have now the honour to unfold to our readers will at any rate possess the advantage of being calculated to bring out all the best mental qualities of our readers, and it may be to nurture and develop in many minds the faculty of literary apprehension, if not the gift of literary creativeness. In a word, the object of our University will be "Educational" in the true sense of the word, while every effort will be made to make pleasant the *curriculum* of studies; to avoid dryness, "mustifustiness," and stiltedness both in our programme and in our methods of going to work.

At this preliminary announcement we see our readers crowding round us for further particulars, and these we gladly give.

Whom do we admit as members?

We answer: all our readers, without exception, who wish to be admitted. There is no test or requirement save that of good faith, to be certified as directed below, nor are our "undergraduates" required to keep terms by residence anywhere except in their own homes; wherever they may be, in the British Isles or Colonies, in the United States, in any continent of the world—ay, even in Kamschatka or Timbuctoo—our students will be able to attend upon the appointed course, or on any part of it which may suit them best.

What will be the fees or charges?

To this we reply: There will be nothing whatever to pay—no "matriculation" or "graduation" fees—in short, the whole course will be entirely FREE to all readers of this Magazine.

What is the nature of the work to be done?

The following programme will best answer this question:—

LITERARY COURSE.

SECTION I.—ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

Our readers may take their choice from the following:—

Essay: "On the Advantages of a Study of Modern Foreign Languages"; length not less than 2,000 or more than 3,000 words.

Ballad: On an historical subject to be hereafter announced; common metre (8.6), not exceeding 12 verses in length.

Speech: An imaginary speech in Parliament on a subject to be announced; length not to exceed 1,000 words.

Paraphrase: A prose paraphrase of the first ten stanzas of some well-known poem to be selected by the Editor.

Abstract: An abstract of one of Lord Macaulay's Essays, to be selected hereafter by the Editor; length of abstract not to exceed 1,000 words.

Letter: A letter descriptive of the daily life and surroundings of the writer; length about 1,000 words.

SECTION II.—FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

Candidates may select any one or more of the following:—

Translation into English: Translation of a passage, not less than 500 words in length, of any well-known classical author, whether French, German, Italian, or Spanish.

Translation from English into either French, German, Italian, or Spanish, of an article in this Magazine, to be hereafter selected and announced.

Original Prose Composition in any one or more of the above languages.

Original Verse Composition in any one or more of the above languages.

SECTION III.—SPECIAL SUBJECTS.

Students may choose any one of the following:—

Characteristic and Ornamental Handwriting.

Shorthand Reporting.

Musical Composition.

Other special subjects may be entered upon the list from time to time.

How much of this course will be expected of each Member?

The candidate for admission will be required to send in at least *one* exercise, selected from any section of the above scheme, together with a certificate of the candidate's *bona fides*, signed by a magistrate or a minister of religion. If this exercise be satisfactory, the candidate's name will be entered on the Register.

Ordinary Certificates of Merit will be awarded to each member for each exercise which may reach the requisite standard.

Certificates of Honour will be awarded for exercises of exceptional merit.

Prizes of from Half a Guinea to Ten Guineas will be awarded in certain cases amongst the holders of Certificates of Honour.

Diplomas of "Graduation" will be awarded to Members under the following conditions:—They must have obtained *either*

One Prize and One Certificate of Honour (in any section), *or*, Three Certificates of Honour (one in each section), *or*, Six Ordinary Certificates of Merit, of which at least three must be in the first section; other claims will be considered on the basis that one Certificate of Honour is equal to two Ordinary Certificates of Merit, and one Prize equal to two Certificates of Honour. And on this point, as on all others, there is to be no appeal from the Editor's decision.

We now proceed to lay down the course of work for December, 1887:—

Section I.—Essay: "On the Advantages of a Study of Modern Foreign Languages"; length not less than 2,000 words, or more than 3,000 words. Special credit will be given for conciseness combined with perspicuity of style.

Section II.—Translate a passage—not less than 500 words in length—from any well-known prose author, whether French, German, Italian, or Spanish. A copy of the original passage must be sent with the translation, arranged in parallel columns, so that original and translation may be read side by side. The translation should aim at expressing as exactly as possible the sense and feeling of the original, and need not be *slavishly* original.

Section III.—Letters showing handwriting: (1) A specimen business letter; (2) A note of invitation to a friend to come on a Saturday to Monday visit. Each letter not to occupy more than two sides of ordinary note-paper. Handwriting, orthography, grammatical construction, punctuation, suitability of style, and facility of expression will be considered in the examination of these letters.

Prizes for the Month.

Section I.—A Prize of Three Guineas.
Section II.—A Prize of One Guinea.
Section III.—A Prize of One Guinea.

Certificates.

Each Certificate will be inscribed with the number of marks assigned as a maximum, and the marks actually obtained by the competitor; so that these documents will possess a definite value. Half marks (or 50 per cent.) will be necessary for an Ordinary Certificate; and three-fourths marks (or 75 per cent.) for a Certificate of Honour.

The following are the General Rules of the scheme, which intending workers are advised to thoroughly master, as by so doing they will save themselves a great deal of unnecessary trouble in the future:—

1. Every reader of the Magazine is eligible to compete for all or any of the Prizes offered.

2. The Editor cannot undertake to answer inquiries having reference to the treatment in detail of the various subjects. *The descriptions given are sufficient for the purposes of the Competitions, and the rest is left to the judgment and discretion of the competitors.*

3. Each MS. must have inscribed on it, or otherwise securely attached to it, the name and postal address of the author, together with a declaration that the work is *original and entirely the sender's own*, to be signed by the author and countersigned by some other trustworthy person—*i.e.*, a magistrate, minister of religion, or householder—with the postal address in both cases.

4. The copyright of the Prize works will become the property of the Proprietors of this Magazine.

5. Should the two best works in any Competition prove of equal merit, the Prize may be divided at the discretion of the Editor. Any Prize may be withheld in the event of no composition being thought worthy of that distinction.

6. The Editor will not be responsible for loss or miscarriage of any work, and all letters or packets must be *prepaid*.

7. *The Editor cannot undertake to return MSS.*—copies should therefore be retained by the senders.

8. Every MS. must be sent *before* the date named as the latest day, addressed—"The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.," and must have the words, "University Competition," in the *top left-hand corner* of the envelope or wrapper.

Lastly: all Essays, Translations, and Letters for the December course must reach the Editor not later than the first post on January 20, 1888.

Next month we propose to put forward a scheme for a "Domestic Faculty" of our University, which will include some novel, and we trust practically useful, features.

Now, success attend our Amateur Free University! We shall need no Charter of Incorporation; our Graduates will bear no hoods and gowns upon their backs; no splendid graduation ceremonials will impose upon the eye of the bewildered spectator; but our work will be none the less real, abiding, and fruitful, if we only succeed in creating a University of industrious and intelligent workers, able and willing to utilise their spare moments in recreative, brain-invigorating pursuits and studies.

THE EDITOR.

SPELL-BOUND.

WHAT was it written in those old, old pages?
What was I reading in the twilight dim?
Strange as the echoes out of distant ages,
Sweet as the music of a vesper hymn!
I heard no song the nightingales were singing;
I never marked how soon the sweet stars fell;
On flew the leaves, and far my thoughts were winging,
Silent I stood, and rapt as in a spell.

Then as I waited for some glad revealing,
What all the meaning of the words might be,
Tears of strange joy within my eyes were stealing,
I saw you coming through the mist to me.
Then—as you touched me—in the moonlight glory,
Then as I heard your loving heart beat fast,
Clear in my soul shone out that mystic story,
Joy, life, and love revealed to me at last.

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

HOW WE GIRLS EARNED OUR LIVING.

A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THERE was no doubt that we girls, four of us, had a problem to face. We had our own living to get, and we did not very well know how to set about it. Clemency and Beatrice, the two eldest of us, were twins, and Ellen and I—Mabel by name—were almost as much on a par, for there was only a year's difference between us. We younger ones did not remember our parents at all, for they were both drowned when out for a sail off Ilfracombe when I was only three months old. The twins always declare that they can remember mamma, but I believe that they confound her with Auntie Puss—the dearest and kindest of aunties—who took charge of all four of us and managed our little income, besides giving us the benefit of her own. We were by no means rich, but we had enough to live on comfortably in a moderate-sized house in an unfashionable London suburb. Auntie always said she could have made the money go as far again in the country, but there were better schools and other educational advantages in London; and when we did build castles in the air, they were about a roomy old-fashioned place, half villa and half farmhouse, where, when our education was completed, we should have a big garden with lots of currant and gooseberry bushes, and apple and nut trees. There Auntie Puss should keep fowls, and she said she almost thought that the £400 a year we had between us might run to keeping a donkey and a hickory car. Ellen and I had some talent for drawing, and though it did not take the direction inculcated by the South Kensington classes, which we thought woefully dry, auntie thought it ought to be cultivated; and as the twins had nice voices, and wished to have some really good singing lessons, she tried to get £500 a year by investing her own capital as well as ours in railway stock, which was to pay five per cent., whereas the mortgages on which it had previously been lent brought in only four per cent. The plan worked capitally for six months, and then the railway stock declined rapidly in value till it brought in next to nothing. The lawyer who had advised the change, or rather, who seeing that auntie was bent on making one, advised the purchase of what he considered reliable stock, now urged her to hold it, as things could not be much worse, but might some day be better.

Still we were not quite penniless. Auntie had £50 in hand, and she was assured that she might expect now and then to receive some very small dividend on the railway shares. The house we lived in was £60 a year, and the quarter's rent was just due, so it was high time we held a council of war.

"We can't go on living here," cried the twins, in one breath; "we must have a sale and go and live in furnished apartments—one sitting-room and two bedrooms."

"But," said Auntie Puss, "I have a seven years' lease, and three years of it have yet to run. We will put a board up and get rid of it if we can; but there are several houses to let in this road, and I don't feel very hopeful."

"Then we must sell whatever we don't want, or there won't be any money to go on with," said these two impetuous girls.

"If we must, we must," replied auntie, with a sigh; "but these old bits of furniture and our threadbare carpets would not bring us in much."

"I know," broke in Ellen—"we must let lodgings; you shall be cook, auntie, and we girls will do all the house-work."

This really was a sensible idea, and Auntie Puss acted on it by going out to one or two of the tradespeople she had been in the habit of dealing with, and asking if they would recommend our house to any one they might hear of in want of apartments. The last place she went to was the greengrocer's, and there

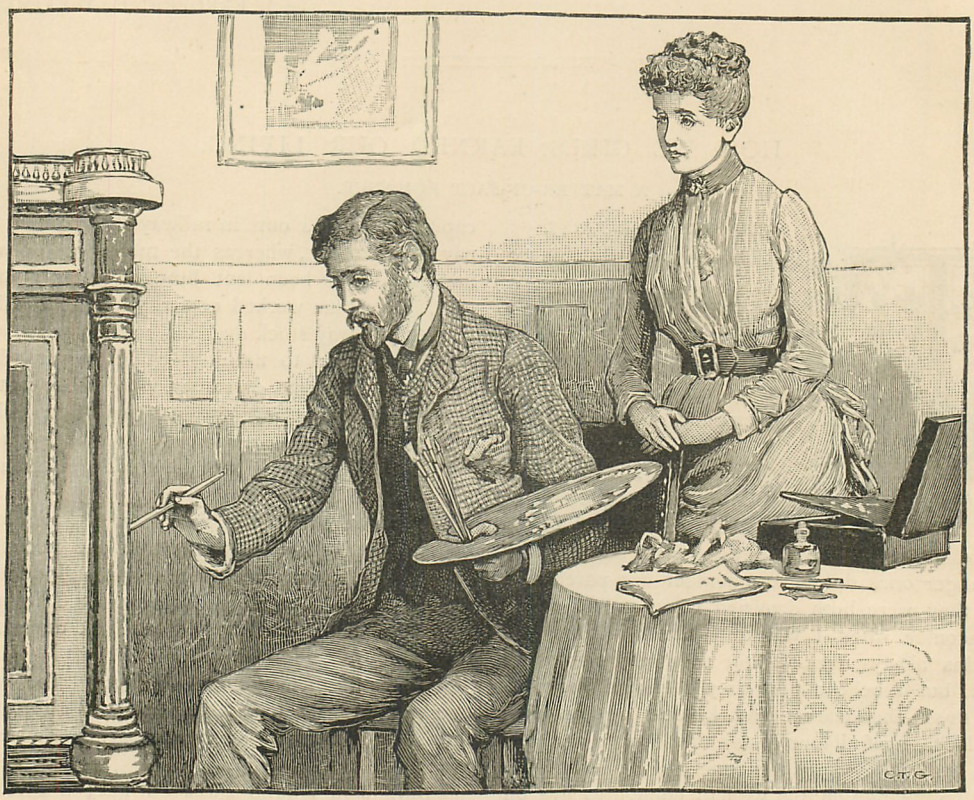
she had quite a chat, and Mrs. Greengrocer insisted on her having a nice pear, for she thought her looking heavy-eyed and feverish.

"Which way does your house front, ma'am?" asked the kind-hearted woman.

"Due north," replied auntie; "so people in delicate health must steer clear of us, for the doctors always recommend a south aspect, or else one where the morning sun shines in."

"Well," rejoined Mrs. Greengrocer, "I didn't ask quite necessary that the other three should do something for a living. We borrowed Mr. Wilson's daily newspaper and answered all sorts of advertisements, but with no result, and I began to despair; but as I was not so handy in the house as the rest, I filled up a good many vacant hours in painting after my own fashion, which I had often been told was inartistic, and never likely to do me or anybody else any good.

My stock of oil paints comprised about twelve tubes, for while I had any pocket-money it had



"'NOW SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH THE OTHER ONE'" (*p.* 55).

out of curiosity, but I know a family who really want rooms that face the north. It's a gentleman and his wife and a baby; he draws pictures for the papers, and they've lived over our other shop the last two years. I believe he's getting on pretty well, for he wants to go and live in a private house now, but he says he must have good-sized windows with a north light."

You may be sure that Auntie Puss was very soon round at the "other shop;" and she found Mr. and Mrs. Wilson quite anxious to come and see our house, which they did that very afternoon, and it ended in their taking four rooms at £2 a week, and moving in almost directly.

We girls thought this was quite a mine of wealth, but after all it was only £100 a year, and though one of us might help auntie and wait on our lodgers, it was always been spent on paints and brushes. I had never been able to draw straight lines or curves, or to do geometrical figures correctly, and as for an orange, I had tried and tried again at school till I hated the very sight of its yellow face. But all the same I dabbled in oils at home, though as I now had no money to buy any more canvases, I was quite at a standstill.

In the little back sitting-room, which was the only one not occupied by our lodgers, stood an old rosewood chiffonier, with very faded green silk in the doors. It was a shabby bit of furniture, but Auntie Puss said that her brother (our father) had bought it for the first room he ever furnished—a sort of bed-sitting-room—when he was a young clerk in a merchant's office, many miles away from his country

home. She often wished she could afford some new silk for it, but that was impossible ; and one day I obtained leave to see whether I could renovate it. By taking out a few tacks I removed the silk-covered panels, and after pulling off every shred, found that they were not pieces of rosewood, but thin boards of something dark, and certainly not deal. First of all I scrubbed and dried them, and then, in spite of withering sarcasms from the twins, I started off with Ellen along a road not yet entirely built up, and there gathered a handful of buttercups and daisies and some coarse-bladed grass, such as often grows where there is building going on.

When we got back I carried my two panels and all my paints and brushes up into an attic under the roof which in better days we had used as a box-room, and there I succeeded in painting first one and then the other with grass and buttercups and daisies, which Ellen declared looked as if they grew there. She wanted to have some share in my work, so she washed the old chiffonier over with vinegar and water, and polished it with a little linseed oil and much elbow-grease ; and when my panels were dry, I brought them down and fixed them in with the half-dozen tacks I had saved when stripping off the old silk.

Auntie was delighted when I had finished, and said the panels reminded her of the orchard behind her father's house, where just such buttercups and daisies grew up, but the grass was finer, and there were patches of blue bird's-eye in it, and the old apple-trees were full of pink blossom, all at the same time of year. *She* liked it for the sake of old times, but "you know, my dear," she added, "anybody else would like a nice bit of blue or red silk put in rather full."

The next day I asked Mrs. Wilson, who was a kind, pleasant little woman, to come down and look at my chiffonier, and when she had glanced at it, she fetched her husband. He seemed very pleased because I had painted the gawky-looking buttercup stalks just as they grew, and was very much interested in auntie's orchard reminiscences. A few days afterwards, after being out for a few hours, he came downstairs with a twig of apple-blossom and a palette in his hand, and painted such a lovely bough of pink and white bloom in the top corner of one of my panels.

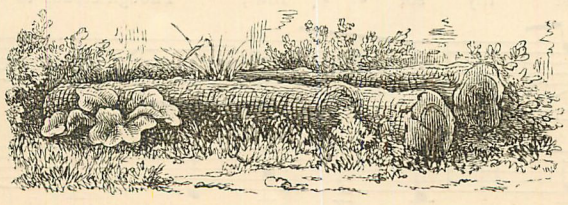
"Now see what you can do with the other one," he said, putting the twig into a glass of water ; and I did try my very best, and when he saw it he said "there was money in it," a phrase which filled me with hope, though the others laughed and said artists were such unpractical people, and they feared I should never make anything by painting on old furniture.

Ellen was the only one who had any faith in my painting. We slept together, and, truth to tell, sometimes we were so hungry that we could not go to sleep, and then we talked and talked till we were tired out. We were better off, however, than many would have been in our circumstances, for Auntie Puss was a firm believer in oatmeal porridge, and we used to have a great dish of it for breakfast and a quart of skim milk between us, and the same for supper ; but there were a good many days when dinner-time was ignored, and bread and butter was no longer *ad libitum*. We all knew that there were a few pounds of ready money, and our lodgers paid punctually, but we also knew that if one of the advertisements we answered turned up trumps, there might be a railway journey, and there would certainly be two or three frocks to be bought. This was not, as it turned out, the kind of use our money had to be put to, but we could not foresee that.

One day Mr. Wilson brought me a white milking-stool to paint ; and as the laburnum-tree in our garden was full of bloom, and I had plenty of yellows among my colours, I painted it with a couple of sprays, which he found some fault with, but nevertheless took the stool away that he might show it to a friend. Then he and Auntie Puss had a confabulation, and it ended by her paying a guinea and a half for me to have twelve afternoon lessons from a lady who had a decorative studio at the West End of London. When it was fine I walked, but auntie said she could not afford to have me ill, so in wet weather I took the omnibus. In Mrs. Mason's studio I found a great many girls, some of whom painted flowers, and some birds and animals on wood, photograph-frames, and sundry substances, and earned from 4s. to 18s. a day each. One painted nothing but roses, and another nothing but leaves. I soon became pretty good all round ; and when my twelve lessons were over, Mrs. Mason asked me to come every morning at nine and stay till five, painting for her ; and auntie, under her direction, invested £1 in brushes and paints for me. After a short time she frequently took me out with her into the country, where she often had commissions to decorate rooms and paint the panels of doors or shutters ; and when she had orders to paint the interior of two saloon carriages for one of the great railway companies, she was able to give me a rise, and took me to live in her house. Auntie Puss was thus relieved of one of her burdens, and Ellen had begun to earn a little in a way that ultimately led to openings for the twins.

E. Clarke.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIRST.



There's Sunshine in December.

Words by HARALD HARTLEY.

Music by CHARLES WILLIAM PEARCE,
Mus.D., Cantab., L.Mus., T.C.L.

CONTRALTO.

VOICE.

1. In win - ter, when the skies are sad, And
2. When sor - row and cold trou-ble come To
3. Sink not, oh heart, look glad-ly forth ! Look

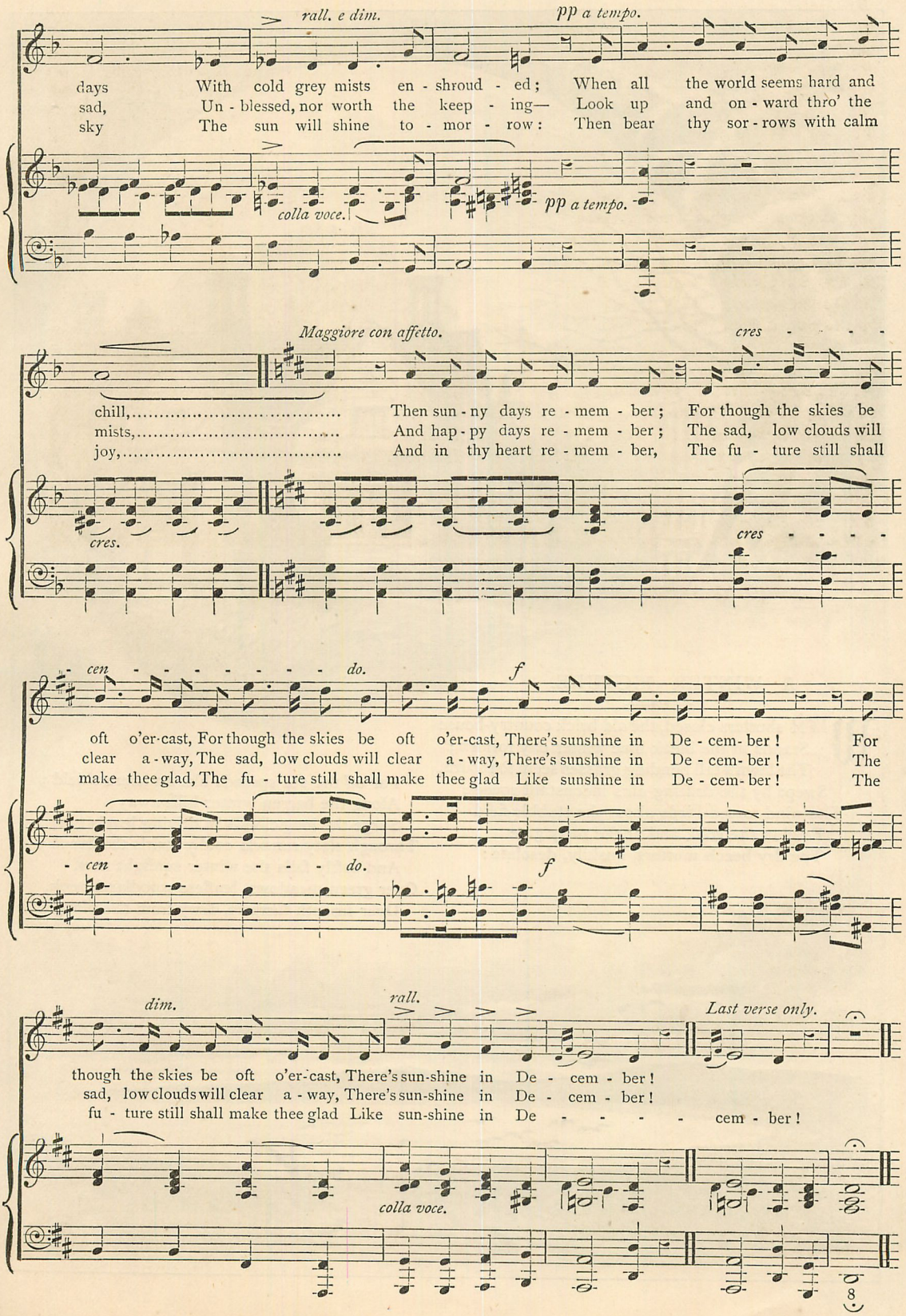
Andante con dolore.

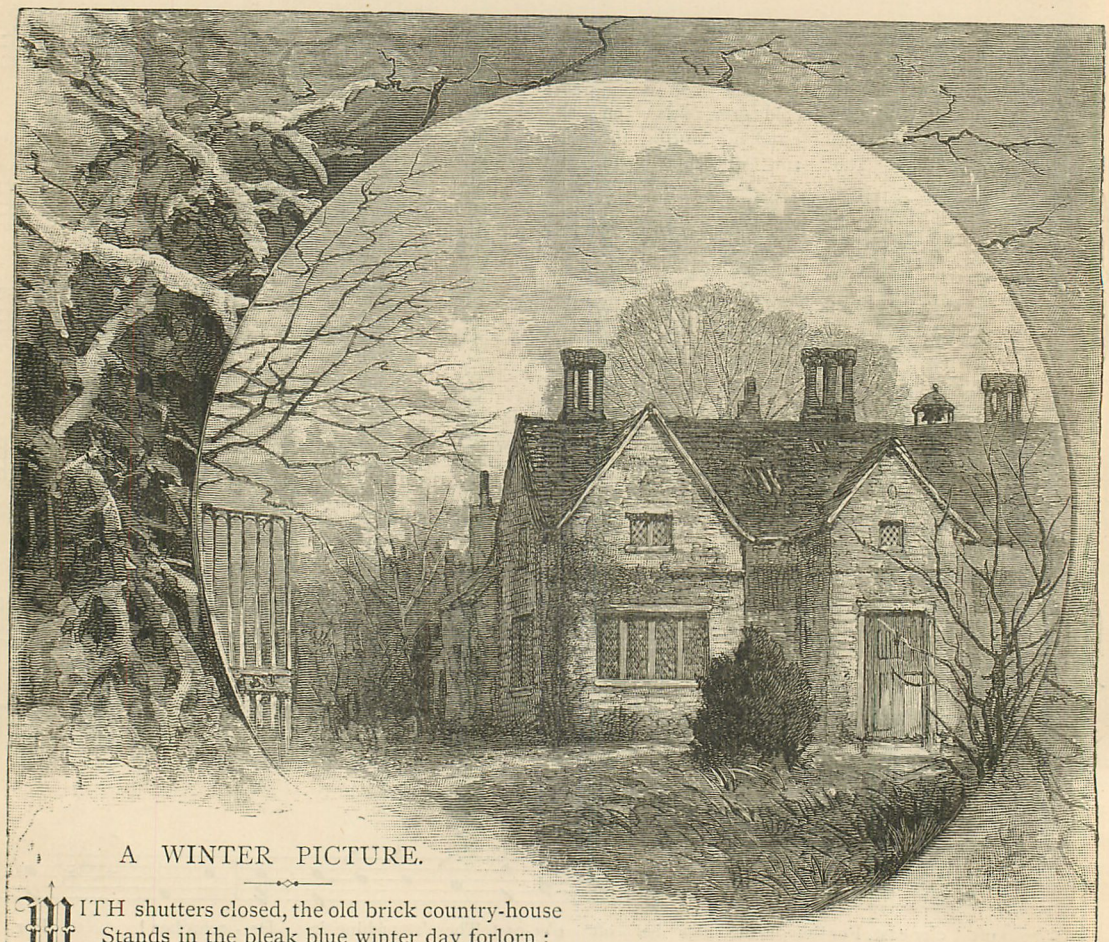
PIANO.

p

Ped. *

sun - shine bright o'er - cloud - - ed, And all the blue of sun - ny
chill thy joy with weep - - ing, And all thy life seems lone and
on - ward past thy sor - - row; Though clouds to - day en - shroud the


rall. e dim.
pp a tempo.
days With cold grey mists en - shroud - ed; When all the world seems hard and
sad, Un - blessed, nor worth the keep - ing— Look up and on - ward thro' the
sky The sun will shine to - mor - row: Then bear thy sor - rows with calm
colla voce.
pp a tempo.
Maggiore con affetto.
cres - - - -
chill,..... Then sun - ny days re - mem - ber; For though the skies be
mists,..... And hap - py days re - mem - ber; The sad, low clouds will
joy,..... And in thy heart re - mem - ber, The fu - ture still shall
cres.
cres - - - -
cen - - - - - - - - do.
f
oft o'er-cast, For though the skies be oft o'er-cast, There's sunshine in De - cem - ber! For
clear a - way, The sad, low clouds will clear a - way, There's sunshine in De - cem - ber! The
make thee glad, The fu - ture still shall make thee glad Like sunshine in De - cem - ber! The
cen - - - - - - - - do.
f
dim.
rall.
Last verse only.
though the skies be oft o'er-cast, There's sun-shine in De - cem - ber!
sad, low clouds will clear a - way, There's sun-shine in De - cem - ber!
fu - ture still shall make thee glad Like sun-shine in De - - - - - cem - ber!
colla voce.



A WINTER PICTURE.

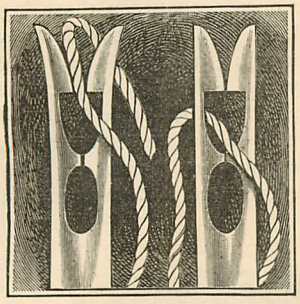
WITH shutters closed, the old brick country-house
Stands in the bleak blue winter day forlorn ;
The lawn's tall bending grasses seem to mourn,
Swept by the drifting air's inconstant rouse ;
The wind-tossed birds about the stubble-field
Feed in the cold, and at the rusty gate
The dry beech mutters, huskily, desolate :

Far off the sea spreads like an azure shield ;
Along the barren winter hills away
Surge the long clouds in driving levels grey :
Through slaty runnels coldly swirls the brook ;
And softly falls the winter sunlight now,
Over green meadows, leafless woodland nook,
Over smooth furrows, dewy from the plough.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, &c.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

A New Needle.



A needle which is easily threaded is shown in the accompanying figure, which shows the new needle highly magnified. The butt of the needle is split so that the thread can be slipped into it without the delicate process of running it through the eye. The ends close together with a spring, and hold the thread when once it is inserted. For persons with weak eyes or unsteady hands it may prove useful.

Three-Handed Draughts.

So far as parlour games are concerned, the old adage that "Two's company, three's none," will soon be obsolete. A new version of the ever-popular game of draughts has recently been patented, which permits of three players taking part in the same game. The board is in the form of an equilateral triangle divided into 81 small equilateral triangles, 45 black and 36 white. Each of the three players has ten pieces, differently coloured, of course, and plays for his own hand against the two other players. The rules and moves are almost precisely the same as in the older two-handed game, from which this new one is a pleasant change.

Pulp Pipes.

Wood pulp is now used in making pipes for conveying anything not of high temperature or strongly alkaline. The pipes are suitable for water and gas distribution, or for holding electric wires. Pulp shingles are also made for roofing, and rendered fireproof by a coat of paint made from iron ores. These shingles are quickly laid, and fastened by nails driven through tinned iron washers about an inch in diameter.

Oxygen and Life.

Dr. Richardson has been making experiments on the effects of oxygen-breathing in animals. He found that such warm-blooded animals as the cat, dog, guinea-pig, and pigeon were excited by breathing currents of pure oxygen. The rabbit and others, however, showed no such effects. When the oxygen, after being breathed from, was purified and supplied again to these animals, they became drowsy. By continuing the process some even died; yet the oxygen seemed to have suffered no change in respect of supporting combustion, and as regards its powers of supporting the life of cold-blooded animals—for example, the frog. When electrified by the discharge from a frictional machine, the oxygen appeared to lose its narcotising power, and recovered its property of exciting warm-blooded animals. It should be mentioned here that electric discharges produce ozone.

Green Paper for Books.

Several of the French railway companies have resolved on having their printing done on green paper instead of white. Their reason for the change is, that black letters on white paper have proved trying to the eyesight of their work-people. Black on green has been recognised as a good combination, many railway tickets being printed in this style. Possibly we shall yet have books printed on greenish paper in preference to dead white.

The Colour of the Eyes.

M. de Candolle, a French investigator, has come to the conclusion from his researches that women have a larger proportion of brown eyes than men. He also finds that when both parents have eyes of the like colour, the chances are 88 to 12 that their children who arrive at the age of ten years (when the colour of the eyes is fixed) will have eyes of the same colour. When the parents have eyes of different colours, the chances are 55 to 45 in favour of brown as against blue or grey eyes in the children. He is also of opinion that the health of the brunette type is, as a rule, superior to that of the blonde type.

Pigeons as Weather Reporters.

Mr. O'Donnell, of the U.S. Signal Service, is experimenting with carrier pigeons, for carrying weather reports between Key West, Florida, and Nassau in the Bahamas. When the birds are trained they are to be given to sea-captains to take to sea and send home again with weather reports. The service is expected to be useful in the West India Islands.

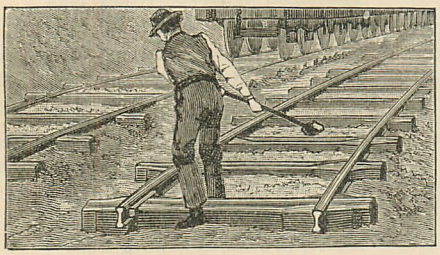
An Apprentices' Exhibition.

It is proposed to hold an "Apprentices' Exhibition of Art, Industry, and Invention," in the Queen's Hall of the People's Palace, Mile End Road, E., on December 19th of this year, and following days. An influential Council and Committee have charge of the arrangement, and all boys or girls serving time as bound apprentices within the Metropolitan area are qualified to exhibit. The Committee will also consider special cases of boys and girls serving an apprenticeship to learn their trade, though not legally "apprenticed." The exhibit must consist of genuine handiwork by the exhibitor; but

two or more separate trades may be combined in the same object, provided that due notice and description of the joint work is given in the special Form of Application provided for the purpose. Forms of Application are to be had from the Honorary Secretaries of the Apprentices' Exhibition, Beaumont Trust Offices, Warnford Court, Throgmorton Street, between 10 and 5 daily, except on Saturdays, when the hours are 10 to 2. On Monday evenings they can be had from 8 to 10. These forms, when filled up and sent in, will be dealt with in the order of their arrival. Exhibits must be sent to the People's Palace on or before Wednesday, December 7th, 1887. Each exhibit must have the name and address of the exhibitor attached, and must state the kind of work. All articles properly packed and labelled will be taken free of cost to the Exhibition, if sent through Messrs. Carter Paterson and Co., 128, Goswell Road, E.C., provided a post-card is sent to that firm the evening before the package is ready, asking them to send for it to the exhibitor's address. Prizes will be given on the award of practical judges, regard being had to the age of the exhibitor and the time he has served. These and other rules can be had on application to the Honorary Secretaries as above mentioned.

Smokeless Gunpowder.

A smokeless gunpowder, known as "J. B." (Johnson Barland), has recently been tried by our military authorities with the Martini-Henry, and Martini-Enfield rifles, and other firearms. The powder is not absolutely smokeless, but it is a great improvement on the ordinary kinds in use. This is of course a practical advantage, especially in still weather, when smoke hangs about. Moreover the piece is less apt to foul. The powder in other respects compares favourably with ordinary powder ; the inventor claiming for it a flatter trajectory, less recoil, and greater velocity of the shot. It is also held to be less dangerous, and better adapted for transport.

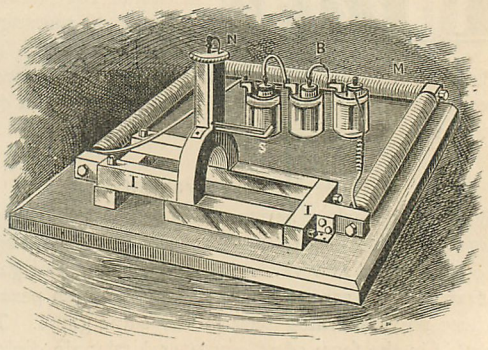


A New Sleeper.

Our figure illustrates in perspective a new form of steel sleeper and chair combined, which was described by Mr. H. White before the recent British Association meeting at Manchester. The sleeper is rolled out of sheet metal in one piece ; and it will be seen that the rail is simply keyed into it crosswise. It is claimed that this hollow form can be more firmly fixed in the ballast of the railroad, and that the downward pressure on the sleeper tends to make it grip the rail closer.

A Magnetic Balance.

The figure shows a balance for measuring the magnetic property of iron or other metals. It is the invention of Mr. Edison, and consists of a rectangle of four pieces of soft Norway iron. To the middle of the two short sides are connected the poles of an electro-magnet which magnetise the bars or pieces of iron. From the middle of the longer sides two other pieces or jaws of soft iron curve upwards towards each other, but do not meet. In the opening between these last pieces a magnetic needle is suspended by a torsion wire, and works a pointer on a graduated scale. Like the Wheatstone balance, of electrical science, the magnetic balance does not affect the needle when the sides of the rhomb have equal magnetic properties; but when one of the pieces forming part of the rectangle is replaced by a similar piece of iron having a



different magnetic property, the needle is deflected as shown by the pointer moving up or down the scale as the case may be. In this way different qualities of iron can be tested in order to see whether or not they are suitable for dynamo-machine construction, or other magnetic purposes. The figure shows the bars of iron I I, the electro-magnet M, the battery B, exciting the latter, the suspension of the needle N, and the graduated scale S, over which the suspended magnetic needle-pointer moves when the apparatus is in operation.

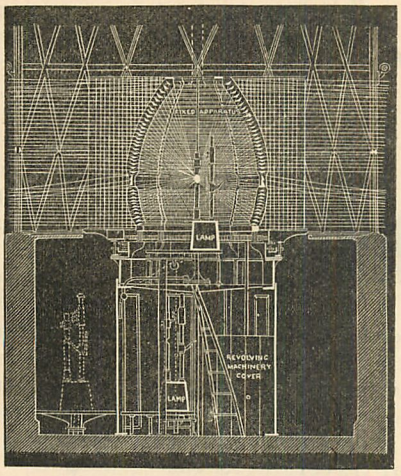
Some New Christmas Card Designs.

Christmas and New Year Cards seem likely to be as popular as ever this season, judging from the preparations Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. have made. Very quaint are some of their designs this year, notably some of pretty little children and flowers, called "Tiny Tots." The popular hamper designs of last season have apparently suggested other novelties in the same field, and now we have a "Christmas-box" which opens to reveal birds; "Potted Fowl," represented by a jar which conceals some chickens or a fowl; and Christmas and Golden Eggs, which when cracked disclose pretty groups of birds and quaint figure subjects. "Time Flies" is the title of a series of cards shaped like watches, whose works are ousted by pretty views. Plates and envelopes both play parts among

the new designs, and in the name-cards there are some striking novelties, specially some cards whose corners are daintily embossed with delicate designs. Raphael's Florentine Madonna has been reproduced to give a fine design for a handsome card, distinguished, as are all Messrs. Marcus Ward's cards, by great finish in production.

The Isle of May Lighthouse.

The electric light supplied to the Isle of May Lighthouse in the Frith of Forth consists of a single arc lamp of the Serrin-Berjot type, with a shunt applied, after the manner employed by Dr. Hopkinson, to direct a large proportion of current to the lower carbon. The carbons are of the Siemens soft graphite-cored sort, which prevent cratering at the sides. They are 40 millimetres in diameter; but in thick weather, when two dynamos are used, they are 50 millimetres in



diameter. The waste of the carbons is about two inches an hour; and the power of the arc is estimated at from 12,000 to 16,000 candles when one machine, as is ordinarily the case, is running. The lantern is a dioptric apparatus made in Birmingham, and working on the principle of darkening certain sectors by diverting the light from them into the adjoining ones, so as to reinforce the light of the latter. The light is visible for 20 miles, and the gleam on clouds has been seen 50 miles. The power of the beam is estimated at 3,000,000 candles with one dynamo at work, and twice that with both. There are four flashes every half-minute; and it is intended to dip the light in foggy weather from the horizon to a point a few miles off. The accompanying figure shows a section through the lantern, with the electric lamp inside the dome of lenses; a spare lamp being kept below. The fine lines radiating from the electric arc are the rays of light, which, upon traversing the dioptric glasses, are sent out in parallel beams over the water.

A New Pneumatic Bell.

Pneumatic bells, that is to say, bells working by compressed air, are very simple and convenient in houses and offices; the bell being rung by compressing a small air-bag or balloon. Our illustrations show the operation of one recently introduced by a well-known inventor. In Fig. 1, by compressing the air-ball A in the hand, air is forced through the tubing T into a bellows B, which is expanded, as shown by the dotted lines. On releasing the ball from the hand it resumes its original shape, the air returns through the tube, and the bellows collapses again. The power exerted in compressing A is thus transferred to B, and caused by a simple mechanism to strike the bell. This mechanism is shown in Fig. 2. When the bellows B expands it lifts a curved lever, turning on a centre *c*, and a point *p*. On this lever moves a tooth-shaped piece S, which turns the pinion and wheel shown, thus causing a double fly-hammer H to revolve and strike the bell-gong G. The toothed piece S is pivoted at *c'*. The collapse of the bellows releases the piece S, which turns on its own centre *c'*, which is drawn out and away from the pinion. The teeth of the piece S are in this way one by one continually drawn back and disengaged from the pinion until it returns to its position, as shown in the figure, and is ready for further action. It will be seen that the mechanism is simple and not likely to get out of order. Fig. 3 shows the manner in which the bell can be applied

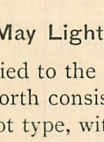


FIG. 1.

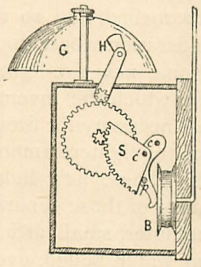


FIG. 2.

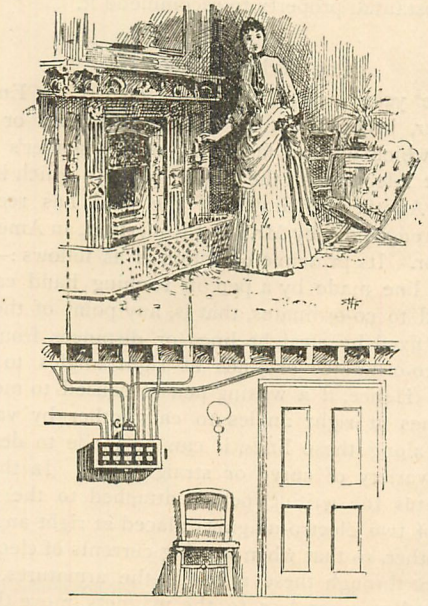


FIG. 3.

to a room; the bell-handle on either side of the fire-place serving to compress the air-ball; and the connecting tube to the bell and indicator in the distant room is also shown. In the latter place G is the gong-bell, and I an indicator which tells the room from which the call is made.

Some Novelties for Home Use.

A short time ago we noticed an indicating door-bolt, which automatically recorded outside a door whether the occupant of the room was "engaged" or not. We have now before us another bolt somewhat similar in construction, but provided with a spring which insures the bolt being shot completely each time it is used. The indicator of this new bolt is enamelled, and so requires no glass covering—a consideration where doors are liable to be "slammed."—Some new fire-lighters have recently been patented, for which the inventors claim that they do away with all necessity for firewood, it being sufficient to put one of the lighters among the coals and apply a match to it. These new lighters are very much smaller than most of those generally used, and, as they burn for ten minutes, small articles may be cooked, or a saucepan of water boiled, over one without coal or any other fuel.—A double-lipped saucepan—one, that is, which has two lips on opposite sides of the pan—has just been brought out, and should be very useful to cooks and housekeepers.

A Wire House.

A house of wire lathing is one of the curiosities of the Manchester Exhibition. The architect is Mr. G. F. Armitage, and the wire lathing is stated to resist fire. This wire lathing can be applied to ordinary wooden beams; and it can be used for the partitions by itself; while wire cloths of various kinds form part of the same invention. It will be seen that the cottage is neat in appearance, and, if fire-proof, it has at least one substantial property to recommend it.

The Writing Telegraph.

Some years ago Mr. A. E. Cowper, an English engineer, brought out a "telegraphic pen," or telegraph which wrote a fac-simile of the sender's autographic telegram at the distant place to which it was sent. Another apparatus of the kind has recently been brought out by Mr. Hart Robertson, an American inventor. Its principle of action is as follows:—Any curved line made by a pen in running hand can be referred to co-ordinates, that is, any point of the line can be fixed by straight lines or distances from two fixed co-ordinates or lines at right angles to each other. Hence, if a writing-pen is caused to move in two lines at right angles to each other by varying forces along these lines, it can be made to describe every variety of curve or straight line. In the new apparatus the writing-pen is attached to the armatures of two electro-magnets placed at right angles to each other, so that when varying currents of electricity are sent through these magnets, the armatures, being attracted more or less to the magnets, move the pen up and down or along, and the combination of these two separate motions causes the pen to describe any figure desired—in fact, to write running hand. This is the receiving part of the writing telegraph. The transmitting part varies the electric currents in two wires going to the two electro-magnets. In writing the message by the transmitter the pencil or style used is caused to vary the resistance in the two circuits of the wires and magnets. It does so by varying the pressure on a pile or series of thin discs of carbon. It is well known that pressure varies the electric resistance of a series of carbon contact pieces as in the carbon microphone. There are therefore two sets of these variable carbon resistances, one in circuit with each line-wire and electro-magnet. By a simple mechanism the sender of the message in writing it out is caused, by means of the movements of his stylus or pen on the paper, to exert more or less pressure on these two carbon resistances, and thus vary the current in the distant electro-magnets. The magnets thereupon exert a varying force on the pen at the receiving station, and cause it to make a copy of the autographic message sent. The attempt to supply a simple copying telegraph is praiseworthy; and it is stated to be working on the "Exchange" system in New York. Fig. 1 shows the transmitter, consisting of the two sets of carbon discs, C C, at right angles to each other, in ebonite cases. A screw, S S, is provided to each set to regulate their pressure. The rod R, which carries the pencil or stylus P, is pivoted at its corner end, and has pressure-points opposite the pile of discs. As the operator writes with the stylus, the pressure-points vary the resistance of the carbon discs and the current traversing them. Fig. 2 is the receiver, consisting of two electro-magnets E E, at right angles, and at the point where the poles would reach if extended is a carrying-rod for the armatures A A. Near where the rod is pivoted at the bottom, a spring wire is inserted so that the armatures quickly respond to the varying attractions of the electro-magnets. The armature-rod carries at its extremity the writing-pen P, which records the message on a band of paper, moved along by clockwork.

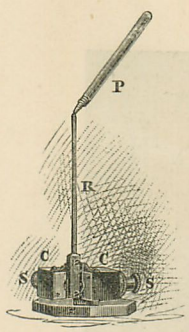


FIG. 1.

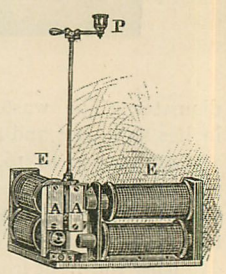
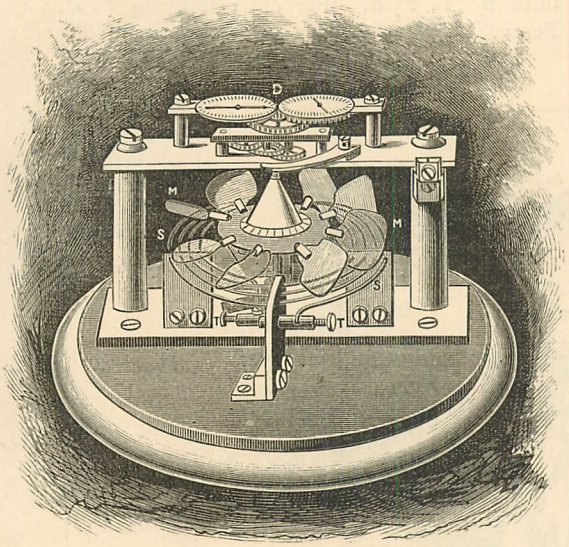


FIG. 2.

An Automatic Straw Binder.

One of the most interesting implements at the American Exhibition was a sheaf-binder in which straw formed the tie in place of wire or twine. Without going into the details of the machine, which are ingenious and effective, we may state that the straws for binding with are supplied separately to the

machine, in lengths of twenty-two inches ; a loose bundle some ten inches in diameter serving to bind the sheaves of an acre of crop. Strong rye-straw having the ears chopped off is preferred, but wheat or other straw can be used, provided it is clean and strong. The sheaf is bound by a weaver's knot. The machine will also bind with twine should the straw available prove weakly.



A Simple Electric Meter.

The meters for measuring the supply of electricity to electric lamps and motors, as gas-meters measure the consumption of gas, are chiefly magnetic or chemical—that is to say, in the magnetic ones the meter is actuated by the electro-magnetic effects of the current, and in the chemical ones by the electro-chemical effects. Such meters are, however, not well adapted for measuring alternating currents—in other words, currents that rapidly change in direction. The new meter of Professor Forbes which we illustrate is very simple in its action, and is capable of measuring both continuous direct currents and alternating currents. It consists simply of a spiral of iron wire, S S, having a resistance of a fraction of an ohm. This spiral is fitted with terminals, by which it is connected in circuit with the current to be measured. The current in flowing through it generates heat, which causes air currents to rise from the wire and turn the mill-wheel or vane of mica, M M. This vane consists of a disc of mica with flies attached to its edges by pith cylinders. It is exceedingly light, and pivoted on a steel point by a cup of ruby. The rotation of the vane under the updraught of heated air turns a simple clockwork and moves two hands on dials, D, which indicate the revolution of the wheel. There is very little friction, and according to Professor Forbes the revolutions indicated on the dial measure the current in ampere-hours. The whole is enclosed in a glass case to keep off extraneous air currents. An instrument such as that illustrated, designed for measuring the supply of twenty electric incandescent lamps, will start with half the current required for one lamp, and will register correctly, according to Professor Forbes, from one lamp up to twenty.

For Girls and Maidens.

Lady Bellairs gives some sound, practical advice in her new book, "Gossips with Girls and Maidens" (Blackwood). Especially "to those about to marry" is this new work to be commended, and if its precepts were but faithfully followed out, we should undoubtedly see, and hear of, fewer imprudent and unhappy marriages. Parents on the look-out for a gift for their daughters cannot do better than give them Lady Bellairs' book.

Preparing for 1888.

For "all sorts and conditions of men," there are diaries to be found among those prepared by Letts's Diaries Co. (Cassell). Clerical and Commercial Diaries are provided for those who need such, while the ladies have a diary all their own and a "Housekeeper's Diary." If some of the diaries are so large as to be fitted to cope with the demands of an extensive business or practice, there are others so tiny that they may easily be carried in the waistcoat pocket. Where all are good it is difficult to make a selection, but the elegant little "Waistcoat Pocket Remembrancer," to which we have just referred, certainly deserves a special word of praise, as do also the "Ladies' Diary" and the "Card Case Almanack." Excellent features in all Letts's Diaries are the spaces for "Memoranda from 1887" and "Memoranda of Things Lent."

"Christmas in Prison."

All who remember our recent article describing an interview with the Rev. J. W. Horsley, will be glad to have an opportunity of hearing more of his work through his "Jottings from Jail" (T. Fisher Unwin). Some of Mr. Horsley's sketches are wonderfully pathetic, notably that of "Christmas in Prison." From the same publisher come three volumes by our valued contributor, the Rev. E. J. Hardy, M.A., better known as the author of "How to be Happy though Married." The first volume is a popular edition of this now famous work, the second is "Manners Makyth Man," written in the conversational and anecdotal style so familiar to our readers, a style which Mr. Hardy carries most successfully into his third volume—this time of sermons—entitled "Faint yet Pursuing." Any one of these books would make an excellent and acceptable Christmas present.

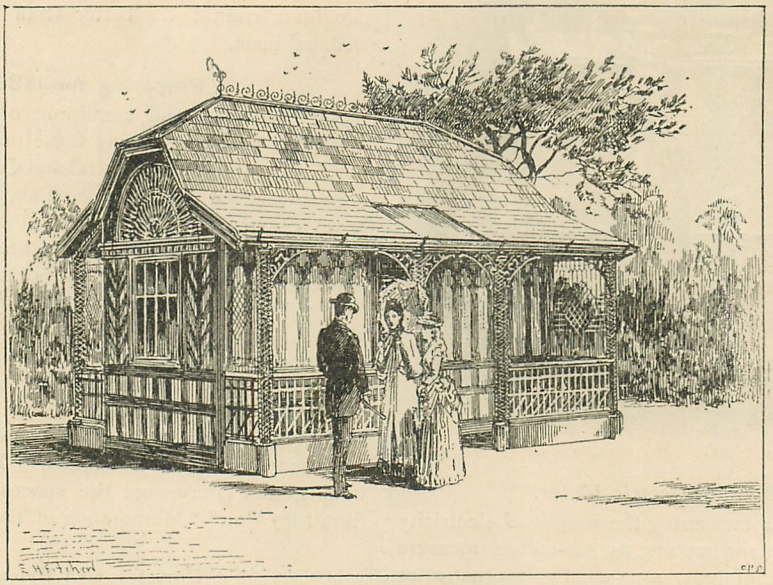
Christian Name Cards.

We noticed last Yuletide some cards specially made for enclosing visiting cards—either ladies' or gentlemen's. Now we have another novelty to chronicle, in the shape of "Christian name cards," brought out by Mr. J. F. Bennett. The new "cards" are really pretty satin tablets framing the sender's Christian name, and providing a space for the

recipient's name. Messrs. Wirths Bros.' cards are excellent specimens of workmanship. Their beautiful designs are admirably rendered, with exquisite finish, and the results are distinctly above the average. The "frosted" cards are prepared by a machine process of Messrs. Wirths', and most successfully present moonlight, sunset, and snow effects. One of the quaintest and most original designs from this firm is entitled "Ringing the Christmas Bells," and shows a band of merry kittens playfully tugging at a bell-rope, up which some of them are climbing.

——— "arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew,"

and wonderfully add to the interest of the poem-picture. "Oranges and Lemons," from the same firm, is a pretty collection of children's verse-games, cleverly illustrated in colour by T. Pym. "Bubbles" is another excellent work for children, with humorous illustrations of frogs and mice; and a third, and equally good one, is "Skipping Time," also with pictures by T. Pym. For older folk are "Paths of Peace," an exquisite little book of verse by Frances



A WIRE HOUSE. (*See p.* 62.)

"Celebrities of the Century."

In "Celebrities of the Century" (Cassell) we have a "Dictionary of Men and Women of the Nineteenth Century," telling us, in a nutshell, how and why they became celebrated. No library will, in future, be complete without this handy Plutarch of the nineteenth century. Asterisks mark the celebrities who were living when the work went to press, but, as we run over its pages, we are reminded that the Great Reaper has been busy among us, even in the short time that has elapsed between the revision and publication of the work, and in the gifted authoress of "John Halifax, Gentleman," has taken from us one who will assuredly occupy no mean place among the literary "Celebrities of the Century."

Leaves from Acadia.

Who does not love "Evangeline," Longfellow's beautiful story of an oft-told wrong? It was a pretty thought that led Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. to issue an edition of this gem, decorated with tastefully executed facsimiles of the leaves of "the forest primeval." They lie before us, each—

Havergal, and a pretty little illustrated edition of Longfellow's "Norman Baron."

CONVERSATION COMPETITION.

The Editor has pleasure in announcing the Award in this Competition. Fifty-one competitors responded to the invitation given in our September number, and after careful consideration of all the MSS. submitted, the PRIZE OF THREE GUINEAS *is awarded to*

J. BIBBY, 3, Lower King's Cliff, Jersey.

Honourable Mention is accorded to the work of three other competitors:—

Cornelia M. Phillimore, Bedford Park, W.
Mrs. Oscar Wilde, Chelsea, S.W.
Ernest Glanville, Church End, Finchley.

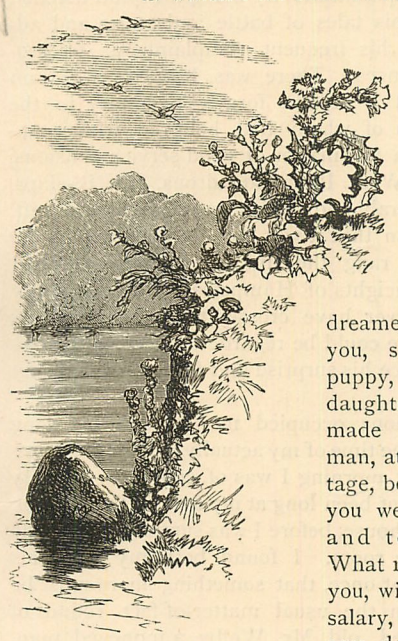
The Editor hopes to publish the Prize Paper in an early number of the Magazine. The Editor would remind unsuccessful competitors that he cannot undertake to return their MSS.

WHAT THE CORAL REEFS GAVE ME.

BY JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD, AUTHOR OF "LADY FLAVIA," "PAUL KNOX, PITMAN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

IN WHICH I AM SENT TO GENOA.



"GET out of my house, you rascal! Never let me see your face or hear your voice again! Such treachery—yes, treachery, sir—I never dreamed of. How dare you, sir? A young puppy, to rob me of my daughter! You were made welcome, young man, at Woodbine Cottage, because I thought you were a gentleman, and to be trusted. What right, I ask, have you, with your beggarly salary, which may stop any day, to think of marrying a young lady like my daughter? Our acquaintance ceases, I warn you, from this moment, and I forbid you henceforth to dare to darken these doors of mine. Get you gone, sir, and be quick about it, and never let me see you more!"

There was something terrible, and at the same time pitiable, in this fierce outburst of senile wrath, as the old man stood before me, vivid with passion and quivering in every limb, and with his weak hand shook his crutch-stick at me as if he meant to strike me.

"But, Admiral——" I pleaded, when the high, querulous notes of his voice broke out again, and drowned mine.

"I will not listen to a word—not a word!" he shouted. "Will you be gone, sir? or must I——"

It was plain that there was no arguing with a man in such a state of prejudiced fury, and so I turned and went, but had hardly time to step outside before the door was noisily banged behind me. It was a still, warm evening, and already the darkness of night seemed to have fallen in the damp garden with its laburnum-trees and laurels, as I traversed the narrow gravel path leading to the well-known green door, and opening into one of the quietest lanes in all Hampstead. I had almost reached the green garden door when a soft, trembling little hand slid somehow into mine, and a timid voice exclaimed—

"Oh, Harry, dear Harry, it is me—Nellie! I heard it all, and I was so—so frightened. And I slipped out to have a word before you—went away."

She broke down, sobbing, here, and I turned towards her.

"My poor darling—my own dear girl!" I said, tenderly, as I looked down at her sweet, sad face. I was sorry for her, more sorry even than for myself. What might the poor young thing have to endure, shut up in that somewhat dismal suburban cottage with so peppery an old Tartar as her father had just shown himself to be?

"It made me wretched, Harry, to hear papa's words to you," faltered out Nellie, as she nestled beside me, and I took her little hand in mine; "but he was very, very much provoked when I told him—I thought it right to tell him—this morning."

"Of our engagement, I suppose you mean, my love?" said I, as the poor girl began to weep again—and indeed the troth-plight between Miss Bracebridge and myself was but of some five days' standing—"Well, I must have revealed the truth to him myself ere long, had you not done so, dearest."

"He says," answered Nellie piteously, "that it must never, never be."

"He told me as much," I rejoined, making an effort to be cheerful, "and in sufficiently emphatic language. But cheer up, darling," I added, "and remember that the course of true love sometimes does run smooth at last, after trials as great, I dare say, as our own."

But Nellie could not readily bring herself to take a hopeful view of the matter.

"You do not know papa so well as I do," she said.

And indeed, poor girl, left early motherless as she had been, it was scarcely surprising that she should have learned to consider her father's masterful will as the ancient Greeks regarded Fate, as something inexorable and unswerving in its stern decrees.

So far as I could gather from Nellie's account of the stormy scene which had been the prelude to my still stormier reception at Woodbine Cottage, the irate veteran's objections to my suit were by no means personal to myself. But he did not want his child, as he said, to marry and leave him in his forlorn old age; and the notion that Nellie should be asked to wed a poor man had acted on his irascible nerves like a match applied to gunpowder.

"I could not well have left poor papa alone," said Nellie gently, as we two stood together under the yellow blossoms of the laburnum-tree that grew beside the garden door; "for he is infirm, and often ill, and I am useful to him. I have heard him say that he would sooner see a daughter of his in her coffin than married to any one who had not ample means to—but it does not signify as to the words, dear Harry—only it is very, very sad for you and me."

Nor could I deny that the prospect before us was a dark one.

"My poor darling, my dearest!" said I, as I bent forward to kiss Nellie's tear-stained cheek; "we shall love each other always, and be loyal to one another. We must wait and hope, Nellie, and I must work and strive to be rich, for your dear sake,

and then at last may come about the dawning of a happier day for us."

Poor Nellie! I could see that she had little hope; but her love for me, and her faith in me, were very real and true.

She told me, through her sobs, that she would never, never forget me for a day or an hour; and would marry no one else, think of no one else, than her own dear, dear Harry.

No, she must see me no more, must receive no letter from me even, she said, weeping. The old tyrant within-doors had forbidden any future intercourse or correspondence between us.

"And I could not disobey papa, could I, dearest?" she asked, with a quivering lip; and I could not but own that she was right.

And so hastily we renewed the mutual assurance of our love. It was time for me to go, and I had to tear myself away.

"Farewell, then," I said, as I took both of Nellie's trembling hands in mine; "farewell, dear one; and if it is for ever, then let us remain for ever true!"

She clung to me, murmuring, through her sobs and blinding tears, "Always, Harry, always!"

I took her in my arms and again I kissed her tenderly, and then went quickly out through the garden door and was gone.

I never shall forget that long and dreary walk down the interminable Hampstead Hill, in the ever-falling darkness, on my way back to my London lodgings.

Some years had passed since I, the younger son of a poor—a very poor—baronet, had been first received into the counting-house of Welby and Walford, of Cannon Street, E.C., and Rotherhithe, importers of foreign goods. Theirs was a wealthy and respected firm, and it had been through my father's influence that I had been placed with them. Dear old father! he was dead now, and I had inherited what little he could spare for me—£1,000, never as yet encroached upon; while George, my elder brother, had the old Shropshire manor-house, Uplands, and the few acres that yet went with the title. As for me, I was now confidential clerk to Welby and Walford, fairly paid, but with no chance of growing rich.

How well I remembered the chance which had first brought me to Woodbine Cottage! I had met the admiral, some two months before, at a bachelor dinner party at Highgate, at Trichinopoly Lodge, the residence of hospitable Colonel Chutney, C.B., late of the Honourable East India Company's service.

The night had turned out a wild and wet one, and I had been glad to spare Admiral Bracebridge, old and feeble as he was, the walk across the rain-swept expanse of the Heath, and to take him home in my cab on my route Londonwards. The old commander had invited me so warmly to come and see him in his suburban residence, that I had taken him at his word, and had thus come to know, and ere long to love, my little wood-flower, Nellie. Before long it had come to be a matter of course that I should spend most of my evenings at Woodbine Cottage.

I remembered, as I descended Haverstock Hill, how I had first noted dear Nellie's dawning interest in my unworthy self. The poor girl had for years led a life so uneventful and secluded, that I used to compare her, mentally, to Miranda in the *Tempest*. As for the admiral, I think I had won his good will, at the outset of our acquaintance, by being a capital listener, not merely to his tales of battle and storm and adventure, but to his frequent complaints as to professional grievances. There was, I know, a certain First Lord, and a certain former Secretary to the Admiralty, both of whom had behaved with scandalous perfidy in the matter of good service pensions, commands of West India squadrons, K.C.B.-ships, and other desirable dignities in Government gift. As for any notion that it was for his daughter's sake that I so often rang the tinkling garden gate bell or climbed the heights of Hampstead, I do not think the idea could ever have crossed the old gentleman's mind that Nellie could be regarded otherwise than as a child, and hence his surprise and fury at my audacity knew no bounds.

These reflections occupied me through my long walk, nearly to the time of my actually reaching my own door. The next morning I was of course in the City again, and had not been long at my desk in the Cannon Street counting-house, before I was summoned into the partners' private room. I found both my principals there, and saw, at once, that something more must be in question than the usual matter-of-fact round of business. Indeed, old Mr. Welby, a moneyed man, whose fine house and fine gardens were reckoned as amongst the handsomest in Kensington, and whose dinners eclipsed even those of jovial Colonel Chutney, was seldom seen now in Cannon Street, except when he looked in on his way to one of the Boards of which he was chairman or director. It was Mr. Walford who really was the working partner, and he was the first to address me.

"Take a chair, Mr. Harborough," he said affably; "and tell me, first of all, whether I am mistaken in thinking that you speak Italian, in addition to your French and German, fluently and well?"

I answered in the affirmative, but with some surprise at the question. Italian was not, sooth to say, a tongue in great requisition in the regular grind of my duty. Welby and Walford had many Continental correspondents, from Christiana to Constantinople; but with Italy, it so happened, we did not deal. My own glibness in the language had been acquired at Sorrento, where my parents had spent much time during the last years of my mother's life.

The two partners exchanged glances. "Mr. Harborough," said my senior principal, in his weighty way, "we have lately determined, Mr. Walford and I, to open up what seems to us a too long neglected channel of trade, and the rather because we have reason to believe that, unless we are first in the field, commercial rivals will step in before us. And we have cast our eyes on yourself as the very man to serve our turn in this matter."

"In fact, Mr. Harborough," chimed in Mr. Walford, in a more explanatory way, "we want you to go out to

Italy at once, to buy silk, raw and piece. Can you conveniently be ready to start for Genoa, say to-morrow, by the day mail?"

I was ready and willing, and assented cheerfully. In my then state of mind, change of scene, stir, action, would be a blessing indeed. To get away from London for a time, now that Nellie and I were separated, and that there was an end of my happy evenings at Hampstead, seemed to me a relief, so that I accepted the mission with an alacrity which gratified my employers.

"See what it is to be a bachelor!" facetiously remarked old Mr. Welby, quite unconscious that his words made me wince, as he took down his hat and prepared to go: "At your age, I dare say, I too should have looked upon the journey as a pleasure-trip."

From Mr. Walford, in the course of the day, I received my instructions and a supply of cash; and on the following morning I found myself on board the Dover and Calais packet, bound for Genoa by the Mont Cénis route, and trying to drown my mournful recollections of my late discomfiture in the bustle and excitement of the sudden journey.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

FINDING OUT MY MISTAKE.

I WENT about in Genoa, at first, like a man in a dream. And, indeed, the grand old Italian city, so calm and peaceful, as seen for the first time in the rich stillness of that hot summer weather, seemed like a dreamland of repose after the high-pressure life that I had left behind me in London. No one appeared to be in a hurry, either on business or for pleasure, amongst that wonderful congeries of tall mansions and narrow streets, with its background of white villas and terraced gardens crowned by masses of scarlet oleander blossoms and thickets of roses, amidst which, by night, the fireflies flashed like moving jewels. There were evidences of activity, of course, on the stately Mole and the broad quays that fringed the harbour, crowded with shipping; but it was not towards these that the nature of my mission led me. Sometimes I found myself in the centre of a throng in some thoroughfare, the flat stone pavement of which seldom resounded to the noise of wheels, although the tempting wares of mercers, and jewellers, and dealers in Oriental goods were displayed in the windows of the low-browed shops that lined it. Occasionally I had to traverse dusty lanes that stretched far away towards the hills, and where few passers-by were to be encountered, save some peasant bringing in sacks of corn or jars of oil from the country, and plodding painfully on sandalled feet in the rear of his long string of laden mules, with their red tassels and jingling bells.

And not seldom I had to call at the portals of antique palaces, over whose doors were carved in marble the arms of ducal houses of the old glorious days of the aristocratic republic of Genoa, and through the gilded garden gates of which glimpses could be caught of solemn palm-trees that would have done credit to Damascus or Cairo, and frescoed walls, and bubbling fountains, the cool splash of whose waters, in that torrid midsummer weather, was grateful to the ear. "To buy silks" may sound easy; but it is not so facile as it may be thought to buy them at a fair profit, ultimately, to the purchaser. Messrs. Welby and Walford, my employers, were anxious to open up a new channel for trade. Their wish was to import, not only raw material fresh from the cocoons, but those Italian silken goods which French local patriotism excludes from French markets, and which, outside of Italy itself, find a limited sale in Germany alone. Very pure soft silks they are apt to be, and cheaply produced withal, though the humble manufactures of so poor a country as the Italy of to-day can scarcely be expected to keep pace in novelty of design with the industry of wealthy Lyons.

The extraordinary people with whom I had to transact, or to try to transact, business on this mission of mine, would require a volume to describe. Sometimes my bargains were made with unlettered yeomen, dwelling in solitary farmhouses begirt by mulberry groves, and whose wives and daughters had tended the silkworms whose produce I was to pay for in ringing bags of silver coin. Now and then my dealings were with the *fattore*, or steward of some absentee's estate, and on these occasions usually proved futile. Either the *fattore* was a rogue, or else he was so imbued with an almost superstitious dread of being cheated that it was impossible to make him hear reason.

"I prefer—a thousand excuses, Signore," I have known them to say—"to keep my silk for my compatriots. With Forestieré one never knows what one is about." But my interviews were not always rural ones. I had to haggle over prices with shrewd old Hebrew usurers, whose loans enabled needy manufacturers to tide over seasons of difficulty, and who had bound over their debtors by contracts, duly executed in presence of a notary, to sell their finished piece goods at first hand to them alone. And now and then I found myself closeted with some withered old grandee, prince, or marquis, living in a corner of his silent palace like a mouse in a hollow cheese, and willing to deal personally with me for the bright yellow silk from the "Magnanerie," which, with the vineyards, were perhaps all that he had practically left to him out of his mortgaged estate.

My negotiations with sellers so timid and prejudiced as the well-meaning ones contrived to be, and so greedy as the Harpagons of the other sort approved themselves, were slow and difficult, and needed constant correspondence, by post and telegraph, with my principals in Cannon Street, E.C.; but at last my task, to the entire satisfaction of Messrs. Welby and Walford, was completed. Remittances to a large amount reached me, the goods which I had purchased were duly paid for, packed, and shipped on board the *Princess Beatrice*, Liverpool packet, by which steamer my own passage had also been secured for the voyage back to England. Vessels leaving Italian or Levantine ports have a habit of sailing at night, so as to

"'WE MUST WAIT AND HOPE, NELLIE'" (*p.* 65).

have the whole of the daylight for embarking cargo and taking in coal, and accordingly it was quite late when, with my bag and portmanteau, I was rowed from the quay to where, in the outer harbour, several steamships of varying rig and tonnage were preparing, as their glowing furnaces and the snorting of their boiler-pipes announced, to leave their anchorage and stand out to sea.

It was a sultry night, as I can well remember. The shooting stars so frequently observed on the Italian coast were unusually numerous, and fell like fiery rain, and not a breath of wind was stirring to ruffle the dark blue water that splashed and glistened at each stroke of my boatman's oars, or to lift the flags that hung down so languidly, like the heavy heads of drooping flowers, from the many masts around us.

"There is your ship, Excellency!" exclaimed the boatman at last, pointing with his oar to a large dark steamer, on board of which lights gleamed, and bustle and confusion seemed to prevail; "but, Cospetto! we must look alive, or they will be off without you!"

And, indeed, I had only just time to scramble up the side ladder, hastily lowered for me, and to have my luggage tossed on board, before the vessel began to move, and the quick, pulsating strokes of the engine to be responded to by the quivering of the planks and the swash of the water.

"Just in time, Signore!" said the steward, at my elbow, with a bow and a grin. "I began to be afraid that you would not honour us with your company this trip; but as it is, I can show you to your cabin, which is ready."

I went down the cabin stairs with my guide, wondering somewhat that the steamer should have an Italian steward, while one of the sailors followed with my light baggage. I had been but once on board the *Princess Beatrice*, to superintend the stowing away of the valuable goods, properly invoiced, and consigned to my employers' business address in Cannon Street; but on this occasion I had spoken only to the ship's officers, and had neither communicated with that useful functionary the steward, nor cared to inspect the cabin which I had engaged for the homeward voyage. The latter, as seen by the yellow gleam of a swinging lamp, was trim and clean enough, though, of course, small, and had spotless mosquito-curtains of fine white web drawn around the bed, to protect the sleeper from the winged pests whose attacks, on a summer's night in the South, are apt to banish slumber. The steward seemed, as well he might be, in a hurry. "Was there anything for my Excellency's service that night? Buona notte, in that case, Signore," he added, after receiving my negative reply, and then bustled off. I remained for some time looking out through the little window at the lights of the town and at those on board the shipping in the harbour, thinking the while less of the place I was leaving than of Nellie Bracebridge at home in England, and of the long years that might and must pass before I could hope to claim her as my wife. And then at last I retired to rest, wearied by the fatigues of the day, and fell into a dreamless sleep.

I awoke when the sun was already high in the heavens, dressed myself, and went on deck. That deck did not, by any means, come up to the standard of British nautical neatness. Bales, casks, and miscellaneous packages, which, to my thinking, would have been better in the hold, littered the planking, not in itself scrupulously clean—and in some cases this lumber was piled dangerously high—while two carriages, tawdry with flaring paint and gilding, as if to suit a semi-barbarous taste, stood lashed amidships. Cocks and hens screamed or cackled at liberty, while

such of the crew as I saw, brown-capped, and with red sashes round their waists, had none of the Jack-tar air of English mariners.

"I wonder," muttered I to myself, as I looked around me in surprise, "that Captain Masters approves of the system of deck-loads in the Bay of Biscay, or of so many foreigners among his ship's company."

As I spoke, one of the steamer's officers, as his gold-laced cap denoted, passed me, giving orders, and as his eye caught mine, took the cigarette from between his lips to bid me, in Italian, a civil good-morrow.

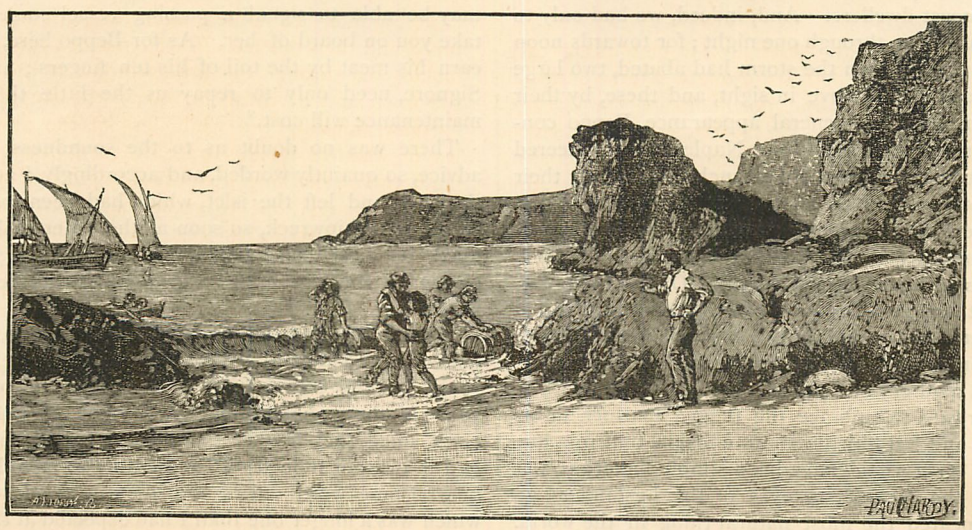
Conjecturing that I had been mistaken for a foreign passenger, I returned the greeting laughingly, and then inquired in English the whereabouts of a dark blue mountain mass looming far off across the sunlit sea. After a moment of hesitation, the bearded officer to whom the question was addressed replied slowly, "That headland, Signore, is in Corsica. We shall sight Sardinia next; but we do not touch there, this trip. How well you pronounce your insular speech, Don Valerio! Per Ercole! You must have had good teachers. One would take you for an Inglese born and bred!"

I made haste, smiling, to disclaim my supposed identity with Don Valerio, whoever he might be; but the exchange of a few words with my interlocutor proved to me that the comedy of errors was by no means played out. Don Valerio, it seemed, was the hirer of the cabin of which I was the wrongful occupier, but through some blunder of the boatman, he and I must each have been separately rowed, in the darkness of the night, to the wrong vessel, and instead of being on board the Liverpool packet, *Princess Beatrice*, I discovered that I was an involuntary passenger in the Italian steamer *Stromboli*, bound for Tunis with a mixed cargo. We were far out at sea by this time, and there was no help for it. The captain, when appealed to, shook his head and expressed his sympathy with myself, and his vexation at the probable inconvenience to which my Genoese *alter ego* had been put, but he had no power to rectify the mistake. I must go on to North Africa, and from thence regain Europe in the first steamer sailing for a French or Italian port. Such a double trip involved annoyance, expense, and delay, but it could not be avoided, so I paid my fare, and took my seat at breakfast in the saloon, where the few passengers called me *poverino*, and pitied my temporary misfortune with a good-natured gravity that was thoroughly national.

What became of Don Valerio I never ascertained. Perhaps he was lucky enough to find out that he was on board the wrong boat before being carried out of harbour, with the option of a voyage to Liverpool or of being set on shore at Gibraltar, where the *Princess Beatrice* was to call.

"At any rate," thus ran my soliloquy, "the goods consigned to Welby and Walford are safe and snug in the English steamer's hold, while from Tunis I can telegraph to my principals to apprise them of my misadventure, and to announce my prompt return *viâ* Marseilles. Fortunately, in smooth weather, even in an overladen tub of a craft like this, the run to Tunis will be a short one."

But the weather, like the goddess Fortuna, to which the Romans likened it, proved fickle, and towards day-break of the ensuing day a white squall, the terror of the Mediterranean, laid the *Stromboli* on her beam ends, snapped her foremast, washed away booms, boats, deck-load, and binnacle, besides damaging the rudder and causing the steamer to spring a leak, that soon kept passengers and crew taking their turn at the chain-pumps to keep the rickety ship afloat. There was a high sea now, and a freshening gale, and the end of the affair was that the steamer was utterly lost on a rocky islet off the African coast, and that all on board, save two, perished in the disaster.



"BEPPO SUDDENLY RECOGNISED A RELATIVE" (*p.* 70.)

Of the two who reached land alive, I, Harry Harborough, was one. I was a strong swimmer, and was luckily able to get clear, at the first, of the sails and tangled cordage that caught several of my ill-fated companions as if in a net, and to struggle for my life with the wild breakers. Bruised and panting, I reached the shore five minutes before the shattered vessel, which had struck on a spit or projecting reef of rocks, fairly went to pieces before my eyes. One imploring cry for aid I heard, as a heap of wreck drifted past where I stood, and dashing again into the midst of the waves, I succeeded, with some trouble, in bringing the rescued one, who had been jammed betwixt a floating spar and the blocks and ropes of some submerged rigging, safe to shore. He turned out to be a bright-eyed Neapolitan lad, one of the ship's boys, Beppo by name, and who shook himself like a water-dog after a plunge when once in safety, and enunciated his "Grazie, Excellency!" with a grin that showed his white teeth from ear to ear.

"Do you know where we are, my boy?" I asked, when I had long strained my eyes in scanning the white trembling billows, in the vain hope of seeing another living human form. Certainly, Beppo knew where we were.

"We are on Los Moros, Signore," he said, with evident pride that his superior nautical experience enabled him to instruct a gentleman and a foreigner on a point of geography; "and if the Arabs on the mainland don't find us out and cut our throats, because we are Christians, we may perhaps get picked up by a coaster, if we can hold out long enough, for there are no people here, and no food."

It appeared, however, on further questioning, that these uninhabited islets, a cluster of which lay some six miles, as far as I could guess, from the black cliff-line of the Tunisian coast, possessed a supply of tolerable water, and were for this reason the occasional resort of coral-fishers from Naples, who were afraid to fill their casks at the springs on the mainland, for fear of some piratical onslaught on the part of the Moorish coast-dwellers. And, indeed, we had only to shiver and starve through one night; for towards noon on the next day, when the storm had abated, two large boats, lateen-rigged, hove in sight, and these, by their red-brown sails and general appearance, Beppo confidently pronounced to be from Naples. They steered for a sheltered cove, and there anchored, rolling their empty water-barrels on shore, and when they found that we were shipwrecked Europeans, instead of blood-thirsty fanatics from the dreaded mainland of Africa, greeted us with rough good-nature. One of the boats, somewhat larger and neater than the other, was called the *Barca Capitan*, and in the captain himself, when he came on shore, Beppo suddenly recognised a relative, for with a glad cry of "Zio mio! Carissimo Zio!" he darted forward to embrace the rugged mariner, in his sea-boots and red shirt, with an effusion that in a boy of British birth would have been simply ludicrous, but which to the Neapolitan eyes of the bystanders no doubt appeared the most natural thing in the world.

"A friend at court, the proverb tells us, is apt to be useful," reflected I, as I slowly approached the grizzle-bearded chief of the party, "and a long-lost uncle, at this pinch, may be of service too in such a place as Los Moros, and to castaways like ourselves."

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

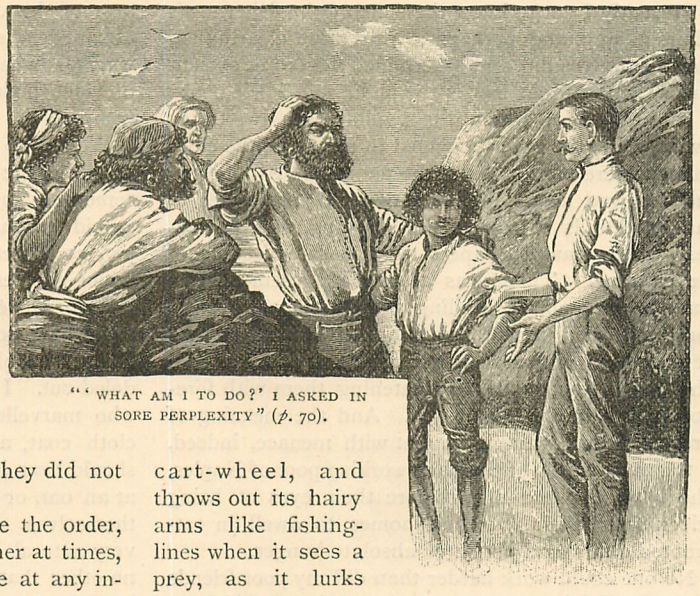
THE CORAL-FISHERS.

"I AM sorry, Signore, but what you ask is impossible to me," said the capitan civilly, but decisively, in reply to my proposition that he should land me at Tunis in consideration of receiving ten pounds sterling for his trouble. "We poor fisherfolk are not free, look you, any more than if we were chained to the oar. This is the moment for us to get in our harvest—sorrowful harvest and hard-won, since it is wrested from the sea—and I dare not disappoint the padrone at home, who will send the collector over next month to fetch away our coral crop, and give us provisions for the autumn work. He is a hard man, the Galantuomo, and would sell us up, and make beggars of us, did we vex him."

There was a murmur of assent that ran from lip to lip as the group of sailors standing by hearkened to these words, and it was evident to me that these bearded men stood too much in awe of their remote employer to risk his displeasure for my sake. Still, the case was an awkward one. "What am I to do?" I asked, in sore perplexity. The mariners looked at one another. Beppo whispered some suggestion in his uncle's ear. The grizzled old skipper pushed back his loose red cap from his forehead, and took a survey of me from beneath his shaggy eyebrows. "Corpo di Baccho!" he said, after a pause, "the boy is right. Excellency," he added, addressing me, "I see nothing for it but for you to come with us. We'll feed you, though I warn you that you must make up your mind to lie hard and live hard, since we poor ones have to keep the sea in all weathers, and can't afford luxuries of any sort. Still, it's better to rough it on board our boats than to starve to death on this bare rock, and we may be able to signal a passing vessel some day to take you on board of her. As for Beppo here, he will earn his meat by the toil of his ten fingers; and you, Signore, need only to repay us the little that your maintenance will cost."

There was no doubt as to the soundness of this advice, so quaintly worded, and accordingly I accepted the offer, and left the islet, which had been the scene of the late shipwreck, so soon as the water-casks were filled, on board the *Barca Capitan*, the larger and cleaner of the two craft, in company with the coral-fishers.

These I found, in spite of their wild aspect, unshaven, unkempt, and tanned by the sun as they were, a very gentle, kindly set of fellows, free from the ordinary vices of their shore-going countrymen of the lower class, since they neither gambled nor used the knife in a brawl, nor indeed do I remember to have heard a quarrelsome word during my sojourn amongst them, which was a longer one than I had expected at the first. Some of them were married, and showed me portraits,



"'WHAT AM I TO DO?' I ASKED IN SORE PERPLEXITY" (*p.* 70).

treasured up, of the wives and children for whose sake they faced so much of risk and hardship; and the younger ones talked to me quite confidentially of the Madre at home, and the Sorella Bianca, or Maria, and the sweetheart, perhaps, whom they were to wed some day when Fortune smiled. The life they led was a hard one. What with the dangers of the sea and the perils of the land, since their distrust of the Arabs was too rooted for any argument to disturb it, they had need of constant vigilance, as well as of continual labour, their fishing-grounds being usually within a few miles, sometimes within a cable's length, of the coast on which they did not dare to set foot.

"No cigars, and no cooking!" would be the order, stealthily passed from one boat to the other at times, as we lay close to the dark cliffs, whence at any instant might have come a flash and a report from the long-barrelled gun of some turbaned fanatic inclined to earn Paradise by shooting down an infidel. And on these occasions not merely was the solace of a smoke prohibited, and the fire of drift-wood for boiling the kettle of polenta left unlighted, lest the tell-tale gleam should be noticed by unfriendly eyes, but all song and conversation were suppressed, and nothing could be heard save the splash of an oar or the sullen plunge of the heavy *croce*, as, with its stout rope attached to it, it was dropped again and again into the liquid depths below. Then, perhaps, the *croce* would get entangled among sharp rocks or tough weeds, and a diver, chosen for his powers of endurance, would somewhat reluctantly go down to disentangle the apparatus from whatever held it; and, after what seemed an age of expectancy to those above, would come up, pale and gasping, to announce that all was right, and the cross clear, but that he had seen the gleam of something bright, and took it for a basking-shark sidling towards him, and so tugged at the cord to be hauled up just in time not to feel its teeth.

"There are worse foes under the sea here than ever was a mere shark, Excellency," said a grim old sailor to me one day, when the injunction to be silent had been removed, and we were standing out to sea again, away from the rocks on which sat black cormorants, like so many sentinels, watching us. "A shark you may frighten—it's a cowardly brute at best—or even kill with your knife, as I have done more than once, when I was young enough to dive; but it's an awful thing to feel—as any one may do on this African coast, under water—a grip laid on you that you can no more shake off than if it were death's own clutch, and so be held down till you are dead, pull as your comrades may at the rope above you."

"What do you mean?" I asked, for old Antonio was clearly in earnest.

"The cuttle-fish," he answered; "it grows to be as big—the sea-devil does—off this Barbary coast, as a cart-wheel, and throws out its hairy arms like fishing-lines when it sees a prey, as it lurks among the stones at the bottom. I remember when the French commandant at Constantine yonder forbade his soldiers to bathe any more, for fear of these prowlers, who had twice taken toll of his chasseurs within pistol-shot of the beach. And we lost Carlo, poor lad, last month, in that way, off Cape Spartel. He had gone down as merrily as if he were an urchin diving in the harbour of Naples, and at the first plunge he brought up near a pound of sprigs of the pink coral that sells the best; but at the second dive the monster had him, and held him, as we knew by the quivering of the rope, as we pulled and pulled, but all in vain. It will be sad news for his mother—and she a widow—when the collector comes here, and takes back the tidings to St. Lucia that Carlo Mati is never to come home."

There was, I soon found, one living being whom these simple toilers of the sea dreaded more than shark or octopus, more even than those boats with low masts and long yards to support a huge sail of some striped Moorish stuff, which sometimes darted out of a creek to give us chase, a number of swarthy faces and turbaned heads being visible above the bows and thwarts, as with shots and curses the pursuers called on us to lie-to and surrender. And this object of terror was the ogre of a padrone at Naples, the "Galantuomo," as with unconscious irony he was sometimes called, whose serfs the fishermen virtually were, since he held them all, or nearly all, in the thraldom of debt.

Fluent as my Italian might be, and with my remembrance of the speech of the Sorrento boatmen who had taught me to row and to swim fresh in my memory, I should never have succeeded in unravelling the tangled intricacies of the men's indebtedness to their so-called "patron," but for Beppo. The boy, who was affectionate and grateful, had chosen to consider himself as my devoted retainer, and I found him a living dictionary of that Neapolitan dialect which his uncle and the crew conversed in.

Presently I got to know the state of the fishermen's affairs as well, and perhaps a trifle more clearly than they themselves did, and ascertained the secret of their utmost superstitious fear of the padrone. Their boats, of the larger of which the capitan was two-thirds owner, while the other belonged to eleven of the elder seamen, were mortgaged to the padrone. All of them had received small advances of money on notes of hand and bills of sale of nets, rigging, and fishing-gear, which stamped papers were in safe keeping of the padrone. There was a signed agreement too, made before a notary, binding them to dispose of their coral at a fixed price to the padrone, with whom they were also in account for provisions and stores, and who was in the habit of threatening them with foreclosure and ruin if displeased. And the meaning of foreclosure and ruin is fraught with menace, indeed, in the imagination of the hard-working poor of Naples, who have the fear ever before their eyes of being driven from their wretched homes to dwell in rat-haunted caves, and perish of absolute hunger.

No one could work harder than did my poor friends of the coral fishery, but I soon found that their labour profited them little. Their apparatus for obtaining the precious coral, which is found in the Mediterranean at varying depths of from five to thirty fathoms, was of the rudest and most primitive description. The *croce* itself was simply a heavy wooden cross, studded with large nails, and this was lowered by the aid of a strong rope, to grapple with the upper branches of the submerged coral reefs below, and hauled up, hand over hand, with, as it seemed to me, the maximum of exertion and the minimum of result. It was pitiable to see how many blanks were drawn in this toilsome lottery before a prize was secured. I have seen the men work for half the day, with aching arms and heated faces, under the burning sun of North Africa, only to bring to the surface wreck-wood and weeds. At other times the weighty wooden cross would adhere to some jagged rock below, and ropes and hooks and divers were requisite to extricate it; or a squall would drive us out to sea, just as the *nido* or nest of the coral had been found. Then, the coral obtained was often thin, and of a dark red hue, whereas what the padrone hankered for was the precious pink variety for which fashionable jewellers compete.

We had to be content with poor fare. The polenta of maize, the mouldy biscuit, and the chestnuts were sometimes supplemented by an onion or a fragment of rancid bacon when Sunday came round. On Sunday, too, as a treat, about a third of a pint of sour red liquor was served out to each of the crew; but coffee and cocoa were as unknown luxuries as meat or tea could have been. Tobacco, in the form of cheap and nasty Neapolitan cigars, was sparingly but regularly doled out. I came to be popular among the fishers, who marvelled that a gentleman used to wearing a cloth coat, a *vestito di panno*, as their phrase was, should bear hardships cheerfully, and be ready to tug at an oar, or reef a sail, or haul at a rope, like one of themselves. I won their liking, too, by yielding to a very natural impulse. A diver, who happened to be no other than Beppo, had been sent down, and had just risen to the surface, when I noticed a flash of something silvery through the rippling waves, and a cry from the boy, and the sudden reddening of the pellucid water, told that a shark had seized him. In less time than it takes to tell it, I had snatched the sharp sheath-knife from old Antonio's sash, had sprung over the gunwale and dived beneath the lad's greedy assailant, driving in the knife to the very haft, and repeating the stab. The wounded shark, which was not of the largest size, let go its hold and plunged downwards; and Beppo, bleeding, but not seriously hurt, and myself, were both dragged on board again. The boy's gratitude, and the enthusiasm of the capitan and the crew, knew no bounds at this conduct on the part of a social superior; and as they chose to magnify my unworthy self into a hero, I felt the better able to mature a scheme for their benefit and mine, which had gradually been developing itself in my brain, and on which I was already building castles in the air.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE VIRTUES OF THE VIOLIN.

IN power, volume, and variety of sound, the organ is doubtless justly entitled to be called the king of musical instruments. But in two important points it yields to the violin and to the other members of the violin tribe—the viola, the violoncello, and the double-bass. These two points, which constitute the characteristic and distinctive features of these instruments, may be explained in a few words. That the explanation will not be superfluous, I have ascertained by asking at least a hundred lovers of music—including several accomplished amateur fiddlers—whether they could tell me wherein the superiority of the violin tribe to all other musical instruments consists. In every case the answer I received was of the vaguest and most unsatisfactory description.

When some one asked Mozart to state what was requisite to constitute a good pianoforte-player, he touched his fingers, his forehead, and his breast;

A LADY VIOLINIST.

thereby indicating that the pianoforte-player needs brain, feeling, and dexterity of hand. Now, given the feeling, the piano is naturally so cold an instrument that even the most skilful performers on it find a difficulty in throwing all the feeling of which they are conscious into their playing. The violin, on the other hand, is a warm and sympathetic instrument, and readily responds to the mood of the performer. In other words, the connection between the performer and the instrument is more intimate in the case of the violin and its congeners than in that of any other instrument.

Next, all other instruments lack the power of "singing." In this respect, the piano, the harp, the guitar, and its first cousin, the banjo, are notably deficient; since, rightly considered, they are merely instruments of percussion, and cannot even sustain the notes which they emit. The flute, the organ, and all other wind instruments, on the other hand, do possess this *sostenente* capacity. But they cannot, like the human voice, fill in, so to speak, the gaps in the gamut. But are there any gaps in the gamut? Most undoubtedly there are—enormous gaps. The octave at present in use among all civilised nations comprises but thirteen distinct sounds, all told. But in the scale constructed by scientists -- Helmholtz and others — and hence called the Philosophical Scale or Gamut, the number of distinct sounds is seventeen; and even this gives but a very faint idea of the almost innumerable degrees of tone, distinguishable by an acute ear, between, say middle C and its octave. Now, the human voice can render all these shades of sound, and so also can the violin tribe. The music produced on these instruments may, therefore, most aptly be termed "*linked* sweetness long drawn out."

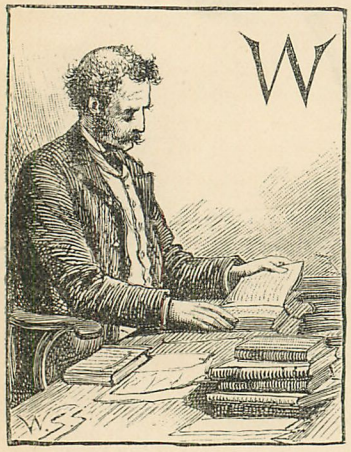
A brief illustration may serve to make this matter clearer. It has been ascertained that the pitch of a string note depends upon the number of vibrations of the string which produces it. The greater the number of vibrations, the higher the

pitch. Thus the number of vibrations when middle C is played is, say, 256; when C♯, 271. But there is evidently a wide gap between 256 and 271; and in gliding from C to C♯, the skilful violinist can, if he chooses, fill in, so to speak, all the distinguishable sounds intermediate between those two notes.

To sum up, then, the violin and its tribe are unrivalled, first, as interpreters of musical emotion, and secondly, as producers of purely vocal effects.

WHY AM I GETTING BALD?

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



WHATEVER truth there is in the songs of Horace—and I believe there is a deal—my friend, Farmer F——, must indeed be a happy man, for, far away from the bustle and din of city life, he ploughs with his own cattle the fields of his fathers. Yes, so quiet and still of a summer's evening is the little village of R——, near which he resides, that never a disturbing sound falls on one's ear. No roar of railway; not even a German band; only the fluting of the blackbird in the thicket of spruce, or melodious lilt of the mocking thrush, and later on, if it be early in the season, the notes of nightingales answering each other from covert to covert.

The sun had gone down, his last red beams lit up the clouds with crimson, and glimmered in the dark swaying branches of a row of weird-like pines, and F—— sat near me on his own lawn. Both of us were reading. Farmer F—— burst into a merry laugh at last: a laugh that scared even the sparrows; he threw his magazine on the grass, and—

"Ridiculous!" he exclaimed. "I won't believe a word of it. People about a thousand years hence to be destitute of teeth, and every one of them as bald as a newt? Ha! ha! ha! I fear you men of science draw a deal on your imaginations."

"But," I said, "all knowledge, my friend, points to——"

"All fiddlesticks point! Pardon me," he interrupted. "Now, look at me: wouldn't I be a pretty fellow if I were as bald as a mangold-wurzel, and no more teeth than old Jenny Hewlett, the nonagenarian—eh?"

"The future man, my dear F——, will not be of such Herculean proportions as you. He will develop brain *versus* brawn."

"Thank you," said Farmer F——; and, with a quiet smile, he resumed his magazine and his meerschaum.

Now, reader, whether the future man shall tread this earth lightly, with hairless scalp and toothless gums, does not concern you or me very much, as we shall not be here; but it is a fact that baldness, or *alopecia*, as the profession call it, is more common now than it was a quarter of a century ago. Baldness in old age is natural enough, for, as a rule, when a man gets advanced in years the extremely small capillary blood-vessels that were wont to nourish the hair lose force and resiliancy, the skin itself alters, and hair falls out. But what is natural to a person verging on seventy is quite the reverse in a man of thirty or forty. Still, if this state of matters be unnatural, it is certainly not uncommon, as a glance round the church any Sunday forenoon will prove to you.

Well, if this paper is to be of any service at all, it must be practical. I have, then, two classes of people in my eye while I write: the first is all but bald, and the second is getting, as the barbers say, "very thin at the top." I should like to give good advice to each.

"Why is my hair falling out so?" This is a question we often hear from men, as well as from the other sex, to whom hair is an adornment.

It is a great pity, I must say, that people do not take time by the forelock, when they begin to lose their hair. They instead hope against hope, that it is only temporary, that the hair will soon grow again, and so on and so forth, till, unlike Father Time, they have not even a forelock.

Before any remedy can be applied, or even suggested, in a case of incipient baldness, the cause or causes of the trouble must be found out and removed.

It may not be so very easy, after all, to remove the causes. To attempt to do so may mean a hard struggle, as an entire change of mode of life may be necessary, a return to the straight paths of hygiene, and the avoidance of all excess. Unless the sufferer from increasing baldness can make up his mind to a little straightlacedness in his *modus vivendi*, he need not expect the slightest benefit from the remedies I am going to suggest. But he may be, at the same time, cheered with the thought that his endeavours to conquer self, and get clear of the trammels of bad habits, will not only re-increase the growth of his hair

and check its decay, but tend to rejuvenate his whole frame, and his mind as well.

Positive skin disease of the scalp is, of course, one of the causes of partial or complete baldness ; but, for the present, I must leave this "out of count," as it would lead me into another field. I dismiss it, therefore, merely cautioning the reader against the great mistake of neglecting any scalp ailment, whether serious or partaking of the nature of mere purpuraceous scurf or dandruff.

Another cause, about which I mean to say but little, is of a constitutional character. I refer to impure or tainted blood, either inherited or acquired. Any one whose hair is falling out very quickly, and who is threatened with baldness, should at least make sure that the trouble does not arise from this impurity of blood, and one's own family physician is the best man to consult on the matter.

Now, over-study, over-worry, over-anxiety, and attention to business are constantly quoted by lay-writers on this subject as fruitful causes, if not the chief causes, of premature baldness. Like the witch of Endor, they raise up before us ghosts of bygone days, bald-headed ones. The smooth and glittering poll of Æschylus is made to protrude itself above the green of the grave, Aristophanes is made to appear, and even the shadowy form of Shakespeare himself. Then we are told to visit the House of Commons or the Stock Exchange, and witness the number of bald heads exposed to view, each one a proof of the fact that activity of brain tends to decadence of hair.

But I, for one, am not quite ready to accept such argument as either sensible or logical, and I certainly will not in a drawing-room bow down to the bald head, or credit him with the possession of more knowledge or greater brain-power than the gentleman whose scalp is well covered with hair. Isolated instances of baldness in great men and great thinkers cannot be rushed upon us as proof that baldness and genius go hand in hand, nor can the House of Commons or Stock Exchange, as a whole, be so adduced. If we admit that twenty-five per cent. of deep thinkers and brain-workers are sadly scant in locks, we can also prove that quite as large a percentage of men of the same age is to be found among grocers' assistants, shoemakers, tailors, and in-door workers generally. And honourable though the occupation of weighing sugar or sewing on buttons may be, no one will aver that it needs a deal of expenditure of brain-matter.

There is a large nucleus of truth in the remark of an aged medical man, with whom I was conversing on the subject of baldness—

"It's mostly stomachic, my dear sir ; it's mostly stomachic."

I have already granted that brain-work, or rather brain-worry, will conduce to incipient and premature baldness ; but it does so indirectly, in the way I will presently try to show. Now, the more gifted an individual is with brain-matter and brain-power, the more mental work and effort will it take to worry him : another proof, methinks, that the bald-head does not always denote the cleverest man.

I have said that over-excitement of brain—especially if kept up for a long time—may conduce *indirectly* to baldness. Not from the fact that active thought leads the blood brainwards : the brain and scalp are, virtually speaking, very far apart ; but brain-worry induces a poor state of blood and constitution, an enfeebled circulation, and weak digestion. Moderate brain-work stimulates the cerebrum healthily, and the very fact that authors engaged on pleasant work, and working easily and with a will, soon get hungry, or that a lady or gentleman who has spent a delightful evening, either at a party or at a concert, really needs supper, is proof that real force is expended even in thinking. The brain actually depends on the stomach to maintain its efficiency. But if authors will work and speakers will speak in unwholesome, airless rooms, till, instead of wholesome hunger, faintness is induced, and if it be the rule with these men so to work and so to speak, can we wonder that a bad habit of body and impoverished blood are the results ? And this last is most inimical to the health of the hair.

But, added to this, two worse habits are only too common among such men—one is that of tea or coffee drinking, the other the stimulating of flagging energies by an occasional small glass of sherry. Either acts on the skin, and weak hair suffers.

The condition of body which is most conducive to healthfulness of hair is the happy, hard medium betwixt fat and lean. Ladies even who are inclined to *embonpoint* soon find their hair falls out in handfuls ; and neither fat men nor lean men are luxuriantly hirsute.

One should watch, therefore, for the first symptoms of baldness, and endeavour to check it by judicious means.

As dyspepsia is a prevailing cause, that must be removed. If constipation be a trouble, legitimate means must be adopted of bringing the alimentary canal into good working order. Fruit should form a part of the diet, winter and summer ; the cold bath should be taken daily, with now and then a course of tonics. If debility be present, the bitter vegetable tonics, syrup of the phosphates, and cod-liver oil will do much good. In the debility of young men, associated with nervousness, small doses of the bromide of potassium may be taken three times a day for a month, in conjunction with the syrup. Sea-air and sea-bathing do good.

The bed-room and living-rooms generally should be extra well ventilated ; the mattress should be a hard one, and no more clothing worn by day or night than is absolutely necessary.

The scalp must be kept very clean. Washing the hair about once a fortnight, using yolk of egg instead of soap, and not drying too roughly, will be most advantageous. Afterwards a simple pomade may be used sparingly.

A good hard hair-brush should be used daily, to thoroughly stimulate the scalp.

The following is a useful application, to be used night and morning :—Take of tincture of cantharides

two ounces, distilled vinegar two and a half ounces, of spirits of rosemary the same quantity, and fill up to a pint with elder-flower water.

Cutting the hair short does little or no good, as baldness is distinctly a constitutional ailment. The head should never be covered in the house, and just as seldom as possible out of doors.

A light, well-ventilated hat is the best head-dress, a close-fitting cap the worst.

Does any one, I wonder, wear a nightcap in this nineteenth century? If so, let him burn it; if he values the health of his hair and head he will. Next to the folly of drinking nightcaps comes that of wearing them. *Verbum sap.*

Actual baldness is not invariably irremediable, but as a rule it is. The same treatment will prove beneficial, but even stronger stimulants may be needed, and before they are applied the scalp should be fomented with warm water.

When hair begins to grow, frequent shaving does good. But on the whole, as regards baldness, prevention is better than cure.

THE CAPITAL OF OYSTER LAND.

NOT always has the title belonged without cavil or objection to Whitstable. The time was when Colchester might have disputed the claim. But though it is from the "layings"—American, Dutch, or possibly Portuguese—in Essex creeks that the most extensive oyster-gathering still goes on, the quaint Kentish town on the opposite side of the estuary is now, by the election of the multitude, Oysteropolis. How long it will be before this particular fame passes, before the leading business of Whitstable slides into hopeless decadence, is occasion on the spot of very serious and foreboding conjecture. But prophecy is notoriously unsafe, and will not be attempted in this place. Our aim is to sketch Whitstable as it has been and as it is. It is only incidentally that light may be thrown on its fate in the future.

The summer wanderer about Kentish watering-places, or about her glorious cathedral city, or even in the sequestered villages in the south-eastern section—drawing an arbitrary line from Rochester to Rye—will have the abundant evidence of his eyesight that he is in a country where the succulent mollusc is easy of access and plentiful in supply. To be sure, tradition counts for something. If the Whitstable trade ceased absolutely, there is little doubt that the barrow-man twenty miles away would continue to dispose of his weekly hundreds of royal "Whitstable" natives—if they were brought to him from France or Holland. There is the demand of time-honoured fashion, and, by hook or by crook, it must be met. And as a matter of fact, a large trade is done now in so-styled "natives" which are originally imported from Archachon and elsewhere, and laid down on Whitstable grounds.

Two rival railway companies have stations at Whitstable, and a traveller who enters the picturesque, ancient place for the first time *viâ* the London, Chatham, and Dover Company's line, and then inquires his way perseveringly onward to the South Eastern Station, immediately beyound the harbour, will glean a very definite idea of one of Whitstable's noteworthy features—the seemingly interminable thoroughfare that almost makes it a town of one street. It is a winding, irregular road too, oddly labelled in sections, with here and there quaint and old-fashioned, boarded houses abutting upon it.

THE ROAD TO TANKERTON.

That the town is ancient a glance shows. And if to-day it is ambitious, and minded, as some of its inhabitants hint, to strike vigorously out in an unfamiliar direction—

TANKERTON BEACH.

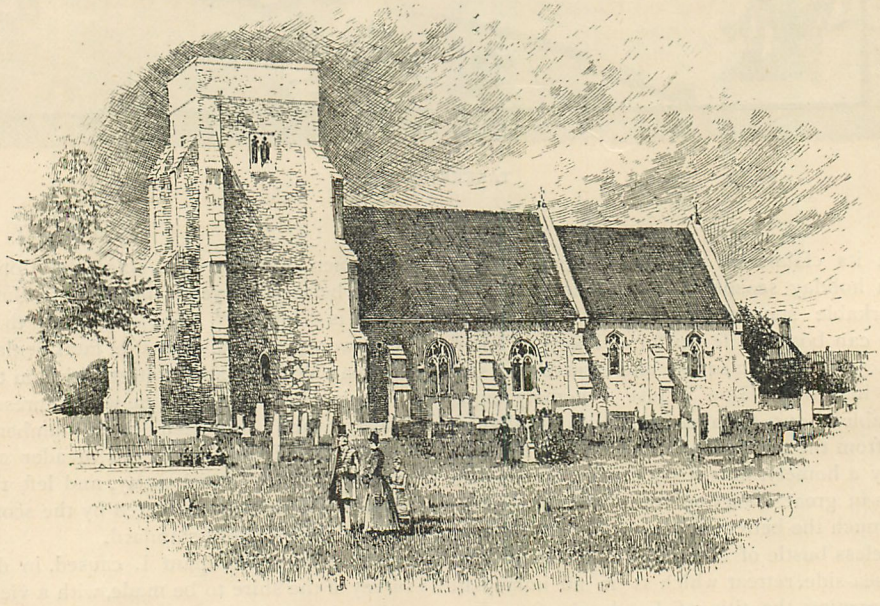
and assert its claims on the patronage of Paterfamilias in holiday season, it has hitherto contrived with remarkable success to disguise its intention. Whitstable can boast of few palatial hotels or boarding-houses. Aristocratic square and terrace you shall search for in vain. Here is just a homely zigzag of comfortable shops, cottages, and occasional villas, stretching from the sea to the foot of Borstal Hill, and tenanted by a homely, honest population of men, who do business in great waters or live by the local industries. So much the better for the Briton who is tired of the ceaseless bustle of city and suburb, and desires to find a sea-side retreat which is in no immediate danger of earning the title of London-by-Ocean or Manchester-upon-Sands.

The town is old. It follows that it has a history. The country to which it belongs is crowded in every nook and corner with legend and material for the annalist. Is not the Kentish coat-of-arms the famous White Horse, of Saxon descent—the standard which, cut in colossal outline on the Berkshire chalk downs, commemorates to this day the memorable triumph of Alfred the Great over the Danes? Few English shires possess a prouder badge, or one more ancient and suggestive. It challenges patient, retrospective thought. What a long procession of Roman legionaries under famous captains; of Saxon pirates—sturdy beginners at the task of making England; of monkish missionaries, headed by the illustrious Augustine; of kings and statesmen, and warriors, since the Conquest, passes again before the eye of the mind! But the Kentish motto is "Invicta." The story goes that the men of Kent were prepared, even after fatal Senlac, to confront Norman William, and contest with him the possession of their native soil; that he was impressed with their bravery, and respected their numbers; and that, instead of offering battle, the invader cleverly made terms with the Kentish array, and left that corner of his new kingdom undesolated by the scourge of war—free to uplift its local standard.

Nevertheless, William I. caused, in due season, a survey of the shire to be made, with a view to incorporating the particulars in his notable undertaking, the Domesday Book. And thus we gather that manorial rights over Whitstable were at this time exercised by no less a person than the Conqueror's half-brother, Odo, Earl of Kent, and Bishop of Bayeux, of tapestry fame. Odo fell, through his own misconduct, and so far as Whitstable was concerned his place was taken by Fulbert, Baron of Chilham, who, later on, was authorised, in return for signal services—and William knew how to reward as well as to punish—to adopt the title "de Dover." But misfortune seemed from the first to follow the lords of Whitstable Manor. Only three generations, and the family of Fulbert was represented by an only daughter and heiress. The lawful successor on this lady's demise was for years kept out of his inheritance by a powerful and

unscrupulous rival; and when at last John, Earl of Athol, came to his own, he was swiftly attainted of treason and lost his estates, finally. The ban of Court disgrace descended also upon at least three later owners of this seigniory, two of the number suffering death at the hands of the public executioner. Whitstable Manor, with its acquired residence of Tankerton Tower, ultimately became the property of one of the self-made men whose biographies it is the delight of Dr. Samuel Smiles to compile for the emulation of youth – the late Wynn Ellis, silk-mercer, picture-collector, and M.P.

The Tower, which has just been mentioned, affords the stranger explorer a pleasant shock of surprise, on coming for the first time parallel with the harbour. All round it are the grimy associates of wharves, and railway sidings, and dredging works. In front a vista between stately trees opens out, and embosomed amongst the foliage that crowns a gentle eminence is a grey old castle, compact, conspicuous, and in a notable state of preservation. A little inquiry, and it is discovered that the owners of this fair domain have



ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, WHITSTABLE.

no objection to a nearer approach. Visitors are allowed to climb the hillside, between hedges of choice flowers and shrubs; to walk round the ancient edifice —the very date of which is uncertain, the secret of a remote century; and to stand by the miniature cannon on the castle lawn and gaze over the tree-tops to town and bay. It is a charming *ensemble* on which the eyes rest. The green sweep of the hills rising against the distant horizon; the heterogeneous, snake-shaped cluster of roofs in the foreground; the group of masts—

"Tracing with rope and slender spar their network on the sky;"

and, alas! few and meagre, speaking eloquently of a shrunken commerce; the sparkling sea—beautiful, unchanging type of changefulness—to the right, with a vague, hazy shore beyond; these form a combination full of grace, and winning additional favour from the entire absence of art—of conscious effort—in the arrangement.

Tankerton Tower beyond, once forming part of the properties with which in the reign of the third Edward a *Maison Dieu*, at Ospringe, was endowed, appears to have no records imperatively demanding pause.

From this gem in the woodland, descent may be made by a sharp curve to the quaint beach. A curious scene is here disclosed on any sunshiny summer or autumn day. The strand is like a fair. There are swings, stalls, refreshment booths in—to the juvenile mind, no doubt—enchanting number and variety. Not even on the sands at Ramsgate is there a more open and deliberate attempt at winning the suffrages of lads and lasses.

Fashionable pier or jetty, as those designations are ordinarily used, Whitstable has none. And the harbour, though not lacking in interest, is scarcely the place for a lazy, dreamy, pleasure promenade. There are too many lines of rails underfoot; there is too much coal-dust in the atmosphere. But it does not follow that the visitor is restricted to the undulating coast-line; though many a delightful bower amidst the gorse and the tamarisk is there to be found. The Street offers alternative attractions.

At Whitstable there is sometimes a confusion in terms. By "The Street" is not invariably meant a place for shopping. The name stands for a singular natural phenomenon that is of eminent service and

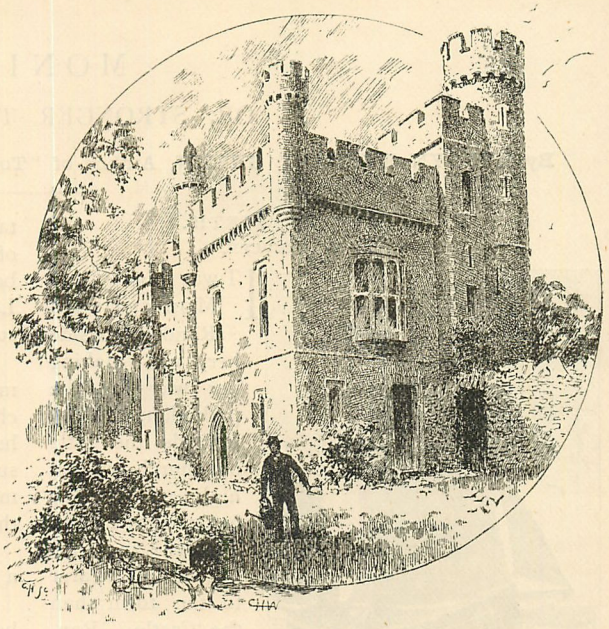
value to both townspeople and visitors. It is a capital road of shingle, dry on the retreat of the tide, and extending into the sea probably much farther than an artificial pier would do. It is said to lead to the site of a submerged port once called Greystone. But this is conjecture merely.

Mention must also be made of the roads known as the Middle Wall and Outer Sea Wall. These follow the course of the defences by which the ancient fishing port is safeguarded against the inroads of old ocean. On the Wall, in 1869, a terrible fire occurred, destroying nearly ninety dwelling-houses and store-sheds, and causing much destitution that had to be relieved by prompt external aid.

This is a description from personal survey of the capital of Oyster Land. What of the special industries of Whitstable? They are mainly comprised in three classes: oyster-dredging, and the various employments incidental thereto; ship-building; and ship-manning and provisioning. It is gloomy truth to tell, but there is decadence all round. Oysters are not forthcoming in anything like the quantities with which the dredgers of twenty years ago were familiar, and the cost of their production has immensely increased. As the inevitable result the recompense of the men's toil hardly averages now one-half of what it did in the palmy days of abundance of "spat" and a great demand consequent on moderate prices. And not merely do the men and their families suffer, but the trade of the town and district is greatly diminished in volume. What is not earned is not spent, and as these blue-jerseyed, tanned, weather-beaten fishers are a happy-go-lucky class in good times, the difference when economy comes to be forced is very great. By the account of the shopkeepers themselves "things in the recent past have been very bad; we hope they're mending a bit now."

There are two large and important oyster companies that have practically the whole trade in their hands. The principal and older society—the Whitstable Oyster Company—is in the nature of a close corporation. The formal sanction of Parliament was given to it in 1793, when the marine rights attached to the manor were purchased. From this date organisation took a definite form, which it has maintained with but few changes since. The eldest sons of freemen of the company inherit their fathers' rights and privileges. At the age of fourteen they are enrolled; at the legal turning-point between youth and manhood they are admitted as full members. A wholesome rule discountenances improvident marriages. To enter holy wedlock before formal reception into the society is to forfeit all title to membership.

The company bears upon its roll nearly five hundred names, the owners of which work a fleet of some fifty boats. There is a class of non-working shareholders, who, in consideration of their invested interest in the concern, take from its coffers one-third of a full individual wage. Widows and sick members are adequately provided for under the rules.



TANKERTON CASTLE.

The rival association is the Ham and Seasalter Company, also a considerable oyster-producing body. The number of hands employed in its fishery varies with the varying needs of the season. Seasalter, which is linked to Whitstable as Eton is to Windsor, had its own manor with its own manorial fishing rights. And at a very early date these became an appanage of the clergy of Canterbury Cathedral, six miles away. The royalty is now held by a private firm.

Both the great companies were exhibitors and prize-winners at the London Fisheries Exhibition of 1883. And in the local museum—quite worthy of a visit, though it would be well if some other room could serve for the accommodation of newspaper readers—the progressive stages of oyster-growth may be followed, the dangers from marine enemies to which the oyster is exposed be realised by an inspection of captured pirates of the deep, and some idea may be formed of the precariousness of the industry.

The extent to which the chief Whitstable trade has been carried in the past is shown in the fact that in one single season sixty million oysters were despatched to market. But that was a quarter of a century ago, and there is no apparent likelihood of the repetition of such a high tide of prosperity.

Facing gallantly the depression of which so much is heard, and of which they have had unwelcome experience, the Whitstable folk are trying to make their town a rendezvous for the summer tourist. The place has many beauties of environment, and the effort merits success.

*** *The illustrations to this article are engraved from photographs by Messrs. Poulton and Sons, Lee.*

MONICA:

OR, STRONGER THAN DEATH.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Torwood's Trust," "Oliver Langton's Ward," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

SUNDAY AT TREVLYN.

IT was Sunday, and Monica, with Randolph beside her, was making her way by the path along the cliff towards the little old church perched high up on the crags, between Trevlyn and St. Maws, but nearer to the town than the Castle. Randolph had found out the ways of the house by this time. He knew now that Monica played the organ in the little church, that she started early and walked across the downs, instead of going in the carriage with her father and aunt. He knew that she generally lunched with the Pendrills between services, and that one of her cousins walked back with her to the Castle, and spent an hour with Arthur afterwards.

He had found out all this during his first two Sundays, and upon the third he had ventured to ask permission to be her escort.

Randolph was quite aware that he had lost ground with Monica of late: that the barrier, partially broken down during the week of anxiety about Arthur, had risen up again as impenetrable as ever. How far Sir Conrad Fitzgerald's appearance upon the scene was accountable for this he could not tell, nor could Monica herself have explained; but there was no mistaking the additional sense of restraint that she experienced in his presence.

And yet he was conscious that his love for her increased every day, and that no coldness on her part checked or dwarfed its growth. He sometimes wondered at himself for the depth and intensity of his love, for he was a man who had passed almost unscathed heretofore by the shafts of the blind god, nor was he by nature impulsive or susceptible. But then Monica was like no other woman he had ever met before, and from the very first she had exercised a curious fascination over him. Also their relative positions were peculiar: she the daughter and he the heir of the old earl whose life was evidently so very frail. Randolph had a shrewd idea that his kinsman had little to leave apart from the entail, and in the event of his death what would become of the fair girl, his daughter? Would it be her fate to be placed in the keeping of that worldly spinster, the Lady Diana? Randolph's whole soul revolted from such an idea.

So, altogether, his interest in Monica was hardly more than natural, and that sense of protecting championship not entirely uncalled for. One thing he had resolutely determined upon—that she should never suffer directly or indirectly on his account. He had made no definite plans as regarded the future, but on that point his mind was made up.

To-day, for the first time, he ventured to allude to a subject hitherto never touched upon between them.

"You have a very beautiful home, Lady Monica," he said. "It is no wonder that you love it."

Her glance met his for a moment, and then her eyes dropped again.

"Is it true that you have never left Trevlyn all your life?"

"Except for a few days with Arthur, never."

"You have never seen London?"

"No, never," very emphatically.

"Nor wish to do so?"

"No."

He mused a little. Somehow it was more difficult than he had believed to convey to her the information he desired. He entered instead upon another topic.

"Have you ever been advised, Lady Monica, to try what the German baths could do for Arthur? Very wonderful cures sometimes are accomplished there."

She raised her head suddenly, with something of a flash in her eyes.

"Tom Pendrill has been talking to you!"

"Indeed, no."

"That is what he wants—what he is always driving at. He does not care how my poor boy suffers if only he has the pleasure of experimenting upon him for the benefit of science. I will not have it. It would kill him—it would kill me. You do not know how he suffers in being moved; a journey like that would kill him outright. He can live nowhere but at Trevlyn—Trevlyn or the neighbourhood, at least. Promise me never to suggest such a thing, never to take sides against me in it. Mr. Trevlyn, I appeal to your honour and your humanity. Promise me never to league with Tom Pendrill to send Arthur away to die!"

He had never seen her so vehement or excited. He was astonished at the storm he had aroused.

"Indeed, Lady Monica, you may trust me," he said. "I have not the least wish to distress you, or to urge anything in opposition to your wishes. The idea merely occurred to me because I happen to have

heard of many wonderful cures. But I will never allude to the subject again if it troubles you. It is certainly not for me to dictate to you as to the welfare of your brother."

He looked at her with grave sympathy.

"I think that is highly possible, Lady Monica. You may trust me to say or do nothing that could give you anxiety or pain."

"'YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND,' SHE SAID" (*p.* 82).

The flush of excitement had faded from Monica's face. She turned it towards him with something of apology and appeal.

"Forgive me if I spoke too hastily," she said, with a little quiver in her voice which he thought infinitely pathetic, "but I have so few to love, and the thought of losing them is so very sad. And then Tom has so often frightened me about Arthur—talked of taking him away; and I know that I understand him better than anybody else, though I am not a doctor nor a man of science."

"Thank you," answered Monica with unusual gentleness. "I do trust you."

His heart thrilled with gladness at those simple words. They had almost reached the church now, and Monica paused at the edge of the cliff, turning her gaze seawards, a strange, sad wistfulness upon her face. Her companion watched her in silence.

"There will be a storm before long," she said at last.

The air was curiously clear and still, and the sea the same; yet there was a sullen booming sound far below that sounded threatening and rather awful.

"You are weather-wise, Lady Monica?" he asked, with a smile.

"I ought to be," she answered, turning away at length with a long-drawn breath. "I know our sea so well, so very well."

And then she walked on and entered the church by her own little door, leaving Randolph musing alone without.

He, too, lunched with the Pendrills that day. He had been over several times to see them since his arrival at Trevlyn, and had made his way in that house as successfully as he had done at the Castle.

Tom walked with him to church for the afternoon service. He spoke of Monica with great frankness.

"I have always likened her to a sort of Undine," he remarked, "though not in the generally accepted sense. There are latent capacities within her that might make her a very remarkable woman; but half her nature is sleeping still. According to the tradition, love must awake the slumbering soul. I often think it is something of the kind that is wanted to transform and humanise my Lady Monica."

Randolph was silent. The smallest suspicion of criticism of Monica jarred oddly upon him. Tom saw this, and smiled to himself.

They reached the little cliff church long before the rustic congregation had begun to assemble. The sound of the organ was audible from within.

Tom laid his finger on his lips, and made a sign to his companion to follow him. They softly mounted a little quaint stairway towards the organ-loft, and reached a spot where, hidden themselves by the dark shadows, they could watch the player as she sat before the instrument.

Monica had taken off her heavily-plumed hat, and the golden sunshine glowed about her fair head in a sort of mist of liquid brightness. Her face wore a dreamy, softened look, pathetically sad and sweet. Her lustrous dark eyes were full of feeling; it was as if she were breathing out her soul in the sweet, low strains of music that sounded in the air.

Randolph gazed for one long minute, and then silently withdrew; it seemed a kind of sacrilege to take her unawares like that, when she was unconscious of their presence.

"Saint Cecilia!" he murmured very softly, as he descended the stairs once again. "Monica, my Monica! will you ever be mine in reality? Will you ever learn to love me?"

Monica's face still wore its softened, dreamy look as she joined Randolph at the close of the service. Music exercised a strange power over her, raising her for a time above the level of that ordinary region in which she moved at other times. She looked pale and a little tired, as if the strain of the week of anxiety about Arthur had not yet quite passed off. As they reached the top of the down and turned the angle of the cliff, the wind, which had been gradually rising all day and now blew half a gale, struck them with all its force, and Monica staggered a little beneath its sudden fury.

"Take my arm, Lady Monica," said Randolph. "This is too much for you."

"Thank you," she answered gently; and a sudden thrill ran through Randolph's frame as he felt the clinging pressure of her hand upon his arm, and was conscious that she was grateful for the strong support against the fury of the elements.

"It will be a dreadful night at sea," said the girl presently, when a lull in the wind made speech more easy. "Look at the waves now! Are they not magnificent?"

The sea was looking very wild and grand; Randolph halted a moment beneath the shelter of a projecting crag, and gazed at the tempest-tossed ocean beneath.

"You like a storm at sea, Lady Monica?"

She looked at him with a sort of horror in her eyes.

"Like it!"

"You were admiring the grandeur of the sea just now."

"Ah, you do not understand!" she said, and gazed out before her, a far-away look in her eyes. Presently she spoke again, looking at him for a moment with a world of sadness in her eyes, and then away over the tossing sea. "It is all very grand, very beautiful, very wonderful; but oh, so cruel, so pitiless in its strength and beauty! Think of the sailors, the fishermen out on the sea on a night like this, and the wives and mothers and little children waiting at home for those who, perhaps, will never come back again. You do not understand. You belong to another world. You are not one of us. I have been down amongst them on wild, stormy nights. I have paced the beach with weeping women, watching, waiting for the boats that never came back, or came only to be dashed in pieces against the cruel rocks before our very eyes." She paused a moment, and he felt her shudder in every limb; but her voice was still low and quiet, just vibrating with the depth of her feelings, but very calm and even. "I have seen boats go down within sight of home, within sound of our voices, almost within reach of our outstretched hands—almost, but not quite; and I have seen brave men, men I have known from my childhood, swept away to their death, whilst we—their wives, their mothers, and I—have stood at the water's edge, powerless to succour them. Ah, you do not, you cannot understand! I have seen all that, and more—and you ask me if I like a storm at sea!"

She stood very still for a few seconds, and then took his arm again.

"Let us go home," she said, drooping a little as the wind met them once again. "I am so tired."

He sheltered her all he could against the fury of the gale, and presently they were able to seek the shelter of the pine-wood as they neared the Castle. Monica's face was very pale, and he looked at her with a gentle concern that somehow in nowise offended her.

"You are very tired," he said compassionately. "The walk has been too much for you."

"Not the walk exactly," answered Monica, with a

little falter in her voice; "it was the music and the storm together, I think. I am glad we sang the hymn for those at sea to-night."

He looked down at her earnestly.

"And yet the sea is your best friend, Lady Monica. You have told me so yourself."

She looked at him with strange, wistful intensity.

"Yes, it is—it is," she answered; "my best and earliest friend; and yet—and yet——"

She paused, falling into a deep reverie; he roused her by a question—

"Yet what, Lady Monica?"

Again that quick, strange glance.

"Do you believe in presentiments?"

"I am not sure that I do."

"Ah! then you cannot be a true Trevlyn. We Trevlyns have a strange forecasting power. Coming events cast their shadow over us, and we feel it—we feel it."

He had never seen her in this mood before. He was intensely interested.

"And you have a presentiment, Lady Monica?"

She bent her head, but did not speak.

"And having said so much, will you not say more, and tell me what it is?"

She stopped still, looked earnestly at him for a moment, and then passed her hand wearily across her face.

"Sometimes I think," she said, "that it will be the great sea, my childhood's friend, that will bring to me the greatest sorrow of my life; for is it not the emblem of separation? Please take me in now. I think a storm is very sad and terrible."

He looked into her pale, sweet face, and perhaps there was something in his glance that touched her, for as they stood in the hall at last she looked up with a shadowy smile, and said—

"Thank you very much. You have been very kind to me."

That smile and those few simple words were like a ray of sunlight in his path.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

IN PERIL.

PERHAPS there was some truth in what Monica had said about her ability to presage coming trouble. At least she was haunted just now by a strange shadow of approaching change that future events justified only too well.

She often caught her father's glance resting upon her with a strange, searching wistfulness, with something almost of pleading and appeal in his face. She had a suspicion that Arthur looked at her sometimes almost in the same way, as if he too would ask some favour of her, could he but bring his mind to do so. She felt that she was watched by all the household, that something was expected of her, and was waited for with a sort of subdued expectancy; but its nature she had not fathomed, and greatly shrank from attempting to do so. She told herself many times that she would do anything for those she loved, that no sacrifice would be too great that should add to or secure their happiness; but she did not fully understand what was expected of her; only instinct told her that it was in some way connected with Randolph Trevlyn.

Sir Conrad Fitzgerald came from time to time to the Castle. He was cordially received by the Earl and Lady Diana, who had respected and liked his parents, and remembered him well as a fair-haired boy, the childish playfellow and friend of Monica and Arthur. Old feelings of intimacy sprang up anew after the lapse of years. It seemed as if he had hardly been more than a year or two away. It was difficult to realise that the young man was practically an entire stranger, of whose history they were absolutely ignorant.

Monica felt the change in him most by a certain instinctive and involuntary shrinking that she could not in the least explain or justify. She wished to like him; she told herself that she did like him, and yet she was aware that she never felt at ease in his presence, and that he inspired her with a certain indescribable sense of repulsion which, oddly enough, was shared by her four-footed friends, the dogs.

Monica had a theory of her own that dogs brought up much in human society become excellent judges of character, but if so, she ought certainly to have modified some of her own opinions, for the dogs all adored Randolph, and welcomed him effusively whenever he appeared; but they shrank back sullenly when Conrad attempted to make advances, and no effort on his part conquered their instinctive aversion.

Conrad himself observed this, and it annoyed him. He greatly resented Randolph's protracted stay at the Castle, as he detested above all things the necessity of encountering him.

"How long is that fellow going to palm himself off upon your father's hospitality?" he asked Monica one day, with some appearance of anger. He had encountered Randolph and the earl in the park as he came up, and he was aware that the cold formality of the greeting passed between them had not been lost upon the keen observation of the latter. "I call it detestable taste hanging on here as he does. When is he leaving?"

"I do not know. Father enjoys his company, and so does Arthur. I have not heard anything about his going yet."

"Perhaps you enjoy his company too?" suggested Conrad, with a touch of insolence in his manner.

A faint flush rose in Monica's pale face. Her look expressed a good deal of cool scorn.

"Perhaps I do," she answered.

Conrad saw at once that he had made a blunder. Face and voice alike changed, and he said in his gentle, deprecating way—

"Forgive me, Monica. I had no right to speak as I did. It was rude and unjustifiable. Only if you knew as much as I do about that fellow, you would not wonder that I hate to see him hanging round you as he is doing now, waiting, as it were, to step into the place that is his by legal, but by no moral right.

It would be hard to see any one acting such a part. It is ten times harder when you know your man."

Monica looked straight at Conrad. "What do you know against Mr. Trevlyn? My father is acquainted with his past history, and can learn nothing to his discredit. What story have you got hold of? I would rather hear facts than hints."

Conrad laughed uneasily. "I know that he is a cad, and a sneak, and a spy; but I have no wish to upset your father's confidence in him. We were at Oxford together, and of course it was not pleasant to me to hear his boasting of his future lordship at Trevlyn. That was the first thing that made me dislike him. Later on I had fresh cause."

Had Monica been more conversant with the family history, she would have known that this boasting could never have taken place, as Randolph was far enough from the peerage at that time. As it was, she looked grave and a little severe as she asked, "Did he do that?" and listened with instinctive repugnance to the details fabricated by the inventive genius of Conrad.

He cleverly alluded again to his own past follies, and appealed to Monica's generosity not to change towards him because he had sinned.

"It is so hard to feel cast off by old friends," he said with a very expressive look at the girl. "I know what it is to see myself cold-shouldered by those to whom I have learned to look up with reverence and affection. I have suffered very much from misrepresentation and harshness beyond what I deserve. I did fall once—I was sorely tempted, and I did commit one act of ingratitude and deceit that I have most bitterly repented of. I was very young and sorely tempted, and I did something which might have placed me in the felon's dock, and would have done so had somebody not far away had his will. But I was forgiven by the man I had injured, and I have tried my utmost since to make atonement for the past. The hardest part of all has been to see myself scorned and contemned by those whose good-will I have most wished to win. Sometimes I have known sorrow that has been akin to despair, when I have been met with coldness and disdain when most I needed help and sympathy. Monica, you will not help to push me back into the abyss? You will not help to make me think that repentance is in vain?"

She looked at him very seriously, her eyes full of a sort of thoughtful surprise.

"I, Conrad? What have I to do with it or with you?"

"This much," he answered, taking her hand and looking straight into her eyes: "this much, Monica—that nothing so helps a man who has fallen once as the friendship of a noble woman like yourself; nothing hurts him more than her ill-will or distrust. Give me your friendship, and I will make myself worthy of it; turn your back coldly upon me, and I shall feel doomed to despair."

"We have been friends all our lives, Conrad," said Monica, with gentle seriousness. "You know that if I could help you in the way you mean I should like to do so."

"You will not change—you will not turn your back upon me, whatever he may say of me?"

She looked at him steadily, and answered, "No."

"You promise, Monica?"

"There is no need for that, Conrad. When I say a thing I mean it. We are friends, and I do not change without sufficient reason."

He saw that he had said enough; he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it once with a humility and reverence that could not offend her. Monica wandered down by the lonely cliff-path to the shore, revolving many thoughts in her mind, and feeling strangely absorbed and abstracted.

The wind blew fresh and strong off the sea. The tide rolled in fast and salt, and strong. Monica felt she wanted to be alone that day—alone with the great wild ocean that she loved so well, even whilst she feared it too in its fiercer moods. She therefore made her way with the agility and sure-footed steadiness of long practice over a number of great boulders and along a jutting ledge of rock that stretched a considerable distance out to sea—a sunken reef that had brought to destruction many a hapless fisherman's craft and more than one stately vessel.

At high tide it was covered, but it would not be high water for some hours yet, and Monica, in her restless state of mental tension, had forgotten that the high spring tides were lashing the sea to fury just now upon this iron-bound coast, and were rendered more swift and strong and high by the steady way in which the wind set towards the land.

Standing on the great flat rock at the end of the sunken reef, a rock that was never covered even at the highest tides, Monica was soon lost in so profound a reverie that time flew by unheeded; and only when the giant waves began to throw their spray about her feet as they dashed up against the rock did she suddenly rouse herself to the consciousness that for once in her life she had forgotten herself, forgotten the uncertain temper of her tyrant play-fellow, and had allowed her retreat to be cut off by the tide.

She looked round her quietly and steadily, not frightened, but fully conscious of her danger. The reef was already covered; it would be impossible to retrace her footsteps with the waves dashing wildly over the sunken rocks. Monica was a bold and practised swimmer, but to swim ashore in a heavy sea such as was now running, was obviously out of the question. To stand upon that lonely rock until the tide fell again, was a feat of strength and endurance almost equally impossible. Her best chance lay in being seen from the shore and rescued. Some one might pass that way, or even come in search of her. Only the daylight was already failing, and would soon be gone.

Monica looked round her, awed yet calm, understanding without realising the deadly peril in which she stood. There was always a boat—her little boat—lying at anchor in the bay, ready for her use at any moment. Her eyes turned towards it instinctively, and as they did so she became aware of something bobbing up and

down in the water—the head of a swimmer, as she saw the next moment, swimming out towards her boat.

Some one must have seen her, then, and as all the fishing-smacks were out, and there was no way of reaching the anchored boat save by swimming, had elected to run some personal risk rather than waste precious time in seeking aid farther afield.

A glow of gratitude towards her courageous rescuer filled Monica's heart, which did not diminish as she saw the difficulty he had first in reaching the boat, then in casting it loose, and last, but not least, in guiding and pushing it towards an uncovered rock and in getting in. But this difficult and perilous office was accomplished in safety at last, and the boat was quickly rowed over the heaving, angry waves to the spot where Monica stood alone, amid the tossing waste of water.

Nearer and nearer came the tiny craft, and Monica experienced an odd sensation of mingled surprise and dismay as she recognised in her preserver none other than Randolph Trevlyn.

But it was not a time in which speeches could be made or thanks spoken. To bring the boat up to the rock in the midst of the rolling breakers was a task of no little difficulty and danger, and had not Randolph been experienced from boyhood in matters pertaining to the sea, he could not possibly have accomplished the feat unaided and alone. There was no bungling on Monica's part, either. With steady nerve and quiet courage she awaited the moment for the downward spring. It was made at exactly the right second; the boat swayed, but righted itself immediately. Randolph had the head round in a moment, away from the dangerous rock. In ten minutes they had reached the shore and had landed upon the beach.

Not a word had been spoken all that time. Monica had given Randolph one expressive glance as she took her seat in the boat, and that is all that had so far passed between them.

When, however, he gave her his hand to help her to disembark, and they stood together on the shingle, she said, very seriously and gently—

"It was very kind of you to come out to me, Mr. Trevlyn. I think I should have been drowned but for you;" and she turned her eyes seaward with a gaze that was utterly inscrutable.

He looked at her a moment intently, and then stooped and picked up his overcoat, which lay beside his pilot jacket and boots upon the stones.

"Will you oblige me by putting this on in place of your own wet jacket? You are drenched with spray."

She woke up from her reverie then, and looked up quickly, doing as he asked without a word; but when she had donned the warm protecting garment, she said, "You are drenched to the skin yourself."

"Yes, so a garment more or less is of no consequence. Now walk on, please; do not wait for me; I will be after you in two minutes."

Again she did his bidding in the same dreamy way, and walked on towards the ascent by the steep cliff-path. He was not long in following her, and they walked in almost unbroken silence to the Castle. When they reached the portal, Monica paused, and raised her eyes once more to his face.

"You have saved my life to-day," she said. "I am—I think I am very grateful to you."

Arthur's excitement and delight when he heard of the adventure were very great.

"So he saved you, Monica—at the risk of his life? Ah, that just proves it!"

"Proves what?"

"Why, that he is in love with you, of course, just as he ought to be, and will marry you some day—make us all happy, and keep us all at Trevlyn. What could be more delightful and appropriate?"

A wave of colour swept over Monica's face.

"You are a foolish boy, Arthur."

"I am not a foolish boy," he answered exultingly; "I know what I am saying. Randolph *does* love you, I can see it more plainly every day. He loves you with all his heart, and some day soon he will ask you to be his wife. Of course you will say yes—you must like him, I am sure, as much as every one else does; and then everything will come right, and we shall all be perfectly happy. Things always do come right in the end, if we only will but believe it."

Monica sat very still, a strange dream-like feeling stealing over her. Arthur's playful words shed a sudden flood of light upon much that had been dark before, and for a moment she was blinded and dazzled.

Randolph Trevlyn loved her! Yes, she could well believe it, little as she knew of love, thinking of the glance bent upon her not long ago, which had thrilled her then, she knew not why.

Monica trembled, yet she was dimly conscious of a strange under-current of startled joy beneath the troubled waters of doubt, despondency, and perplexity. She could not understand herself nor read her heart aright, yet it seemed as if through the lifting of the clouds she obtained a rapid passing glimpse of a land of golden sunshine beyond, whither her face and footsteps alike were turned—as a traveller amid the mountain mists sees before him now and again the bright sunny smiling valley beneath which he will shortly reach.

The land of promise was spreading itself out already before Monica's eyes, and a dim perception in her heart was telling her that this was so. Yet the sandy desert path still lay before her for awhile, for like others before her, her eyes were partially blinded, and she turned from the direct way, and wandered still for awhile in the arid waste. She lacked the faith to grasp the promise; but it was shining before her all the while, and in her heart of hearts she felt it, though she could not fully grasp the truth.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

"WILT THOU HAVE THIS WOMAN?"

LORD TREVLYN was not unobservant of the feelings with which Randolph regarded Monica. Quiet and self-contained as the young man was, his admiration and the pleasure he took in her society were

still sufficiently obvious, and his own opinions were triumphantly endorsed by those of Lady Diana.

"He is over head and ears in love with her!" exclaimed that sharp-eyed dame to her brother, about a couple of days after Monica's rescue by Randolph, of which, however, she luckily knew nothing. Indeed, the story of that adventure had only been told by the girl to Arthur and her father, and both had had the tact and discrimination not to broach the subject to Lady Diana.

"He is over head and ears in love with her, but she gives him not the smallest encouragement, the haughty minx! and he is modest, and keeps his feelings to himself. It seems to me that the time has come when you ought to speak out yourself, Trevlyn; we cannot expect to keep a gay young man like Randolph for ever in these solitudes. Speak to him yourself, and see if you cannot manage to bring about some proper understanding."

Lord Trevlyn had, in fact, some such idea in his own mind. He and his young kinsman were upon easy and intimate terms. They felt a mutual liking and respect, and had at times very nearly approached the subject so near to both their hearts. That very night as they sat together in the earl's study, after the rest of the household had retired, Lord Trevlyn spoke to him with frankness and unreserve of the thoughts that had for long been stirring his mind.

He told his kinsman and heir of his anxieties for the future of his dearly-loved and only child, who would at his death be only very inadequately provided for. He did not attempt to conceal the hope he had cherished when asking Randolph to be his guest, that in some way or another something might be arranged that should conduce to her future happiness; and just as the young man's heart began to beat high with the tumult of conflicting feelings within him, the old earl looked him steadily in the face, and concluded with a certain stately dignity that was quietly impressive—

"Randolph Trevlyn, I had heard much in your favour before I saw you—so much, indeed, that I ventured to entertain hopes that may sound scheming and calculating when put into words, yet which do not, I trust, proceed from motives altogether unworthy. My daughter is very dear to me. To see her happily settled in life, under the protecting care of one who will truly love and cherish her, has been the deepest wish of my heart. In our secluded existence here there has been small chance of realising this wish. I will not deny that in asking you to be our guest it was with hopes I need not farther specify. Some of these hopes have been amply realised. I will not seem to flatter, yet let me say that in you I have found every quality I most hoped to see in the man who is to be my successor here. You are a true Trevlyn, and I am deeply thankful it is so; and besides this, I have lately entertained hopes that another wish of mine is slowly fulfilling itself. I have sometimes thought—let me say it plainly—that you have learned to love my daughter."

"Lord Trevlyn," said Randolph, with a calmness of manner that betokened deep feeling held resolutely under control, "I love your daughter. I think I have done so ever since our first meeting. Every day that passes only serves to deepen my love. If I have your consent to try and win her hand, I shall count myself a happy man indeed, although I fear her heart is not one to be easily moved or won."

Lord Trevlyn's face expressed a keen satisfaction and joy. He held out his hand to his young kinsman, and said quietly—

"You have made a happy man of me, Randolph Trevlyn. In your hands I can place the future of my child with perfect confidence. You love her, and you will care for her and make her life happy."

Randolph wrung the proffered hand. "Indeed you may trust me to do all in my power. I love her with my whole heart. I would lay down my life to serve her."

"As you have demonstrated already," said the old earl, with a grave smile. "I have not thanked you for saving my child's life. I hope in the future she will repay the debt by making your life as happy as you, I am convinced, will make hers."

Randolph's bronzed cheek flushed a little at these words. "Lord Trevlyn," he said, "to gain your goodwill and assent in this matter is a source of great satisfaction to me; but I cannot blind my eyes to the fear that Lady Monica herself, with whom the decision must rest, has not given me any encouragement to hope that she regards me as anything beyond a mere acquaintance and chance guest. I love her too well, I think, not to be well aware of her feeling towards me, and I cannot flatter myself for a moment by the belief that this is anything warmer than a sort of gentle liking little removed from indifference."

The earl's face was full of thought. "Monica's nature is peculiar," he said; "her feelings lie very deep and are difficult to reach; no one can really know what they are."

"I admit that; yet I confess I have little hope—at least in the present."

"Whilst I," said Lord Trevlyn quietly, "have little fear."

An eager look crossed Randolph's face. "You think——"

"I cannot easily explain what I think, but I believe there will be less difficulty with Monica than you anticipate. She does not yet know her own heart—that I admit. She may be startled at first, but that is not necessarily against us. Will you let me break this matter to her? Will you let me act as your ambassador? I understand Monica as you can hardly do. Will you let me see if I cannot plead your cause as eloquently as you can do it for yourself? Trust me, it will be better so. My daughter and I understand one another well."

Randolph was silent a moment, then he said, very gravely and seriously—

"If you think it will be best so, I gladly place myself in your hands. I confess I should find it difficult to approach the subject myself—at any rate at present. But"—he paused a moment, and looked the other full in the face—"pardon me for saying as much—you do

not propose putting any pressure upon your daughter? Believe me, I would rather never see her face again than feel that she accepted me as a husband under any kind of compulsion or constraint."

Lord Trevlyn smiled a smile of approval. "You need not fear," he answered quietly. "Monica's nature is not one to submit tamely to any kind of coercion, nor am I the man to attempt to constrain her feelings upon a matter so important as this."

"And if," pursued Randolph, with quiet resolution, "Lady Monica declines the proposal made to her on my behalf, I shall request you to join with me in breaking the entail; for I can never consent to be the means of taking from her that which by every moral right is hers. I could not for a moment tolerate the idea of wresting from her the right to style herself, as she has always been styled, the Lady of Trevlyn. This is her rightful home, and I shall appeal to you, if my suit fails, to assist me in installing her here for life."

The old earl looked much moved. "This is very noble of you—most noble and generous: but we will not talk of it yet. I am not sure that I could bring myself to help in separating the old title from the old estate. You are most generous to think of making the sacrifice: whether I ought to permit you to do so is another thing. At least let us wait and see what our first negotiation brings forth. Monica ought to know when——" he paused, smiled, and held out his hand. "Good night. I will speak to my daughter upon the first opportunity. You shall have your answer to-morrow."

The next day Randolph spent at St. Maws with Tom Pendrill. He felt that whilst his fate hung in the balance it would be impossible to remain at Trevlyn. He rode across to his friend's house quite early in the day, and twilight had fallen before he returned to the sombre precincts of the Castle.

He made his way straight to the earl's study; the old man rose quickly upon his entrance, and held out his hand. His face beamed with an inward happiness and satisfaction.

"I wish you joy, Randolph," he said, wringing the young man's hand. "We may congratulate each other, I think. Monica is yours—take her, with her father's blessing. It seems to me as if I had nothing left to wish for now, save to see you actually made my son, as indeed you are in reality now."

Randolph stood very still. He could hardly believe his own ears. He had not for a moment expected any definite answer, save a definite refusal.

"Lady Monica consents to be my wife?" he questioned. "Are you sure that this is so?"

"I am quite sure. I had it from her own lips."

Randolph's breath came rather fast. "Does she love me?"

"Presumably she does. Monica would never give her hand for the sake of rank or wealth."

"No, no," he answered quickly, and took one or two turns about the darkening room. He was in a strange tumult of conflicting feeling, and did not hear or heed the low-spoken words addressed to the servant, who had just entered with fresh logs for the fire. His heart was beating wildly; he knew not what to think or hope. He asked no more questions, not knowing what to ask.

And then all at once he saw Monica standing before him, standing with one hand closely locked in that of her father, standing looking gravely at him in the shadowy twilight, with an inscrutable wistful sweetness in her fathomless eyes.

"Randolph," said Lord Trevlyn, "here is your promised wife. I give her to you with my blessing. May you both be as happy as you have made me to-day by this mutual act. Be very good to her, guard her and shield her, and love her tenderly. She is used to love and care from her father; let me feel that in her husband's keeping she will gain and not lose the love in which she has grown up. Monica, my child, love your husband truly and faithfully. He is worthy of you, and you are worthy of him."

Lord Trevlyn placed the hand he held within Randolph's grasp, and silently withdrew.

For a moment neither moved nor spoke. The young man held the hand of his promised wife between both of his, and stood quite still, looking down with strange intensity of feeling into the half-averted face.

"Monica," he said at last, "can this be true?"

She lifted her eyes to his for a moment, and then dropped them before his burning glance.

"Monica," he said again, "can it be true that you love me?"

"I will be your wife if you will have me," she said, in a very clear, low tone. "I will love you—if I can. I will try, indeed. I think I can—some day."

He was too passionately in love himself at that moment to be chilled by that response. It was more than he had ever looked for, that sweet surrender of herself. Protestations of love would sound strangely from Monica's lips. He hardly even wished to hear them. She must feel some tenderness towards him. She had given herself to him to love and cherish; surely his great love could accomplish the rest.

He drew her gently towards him. She did not resist; she let herself be encircled by his protecting arm.

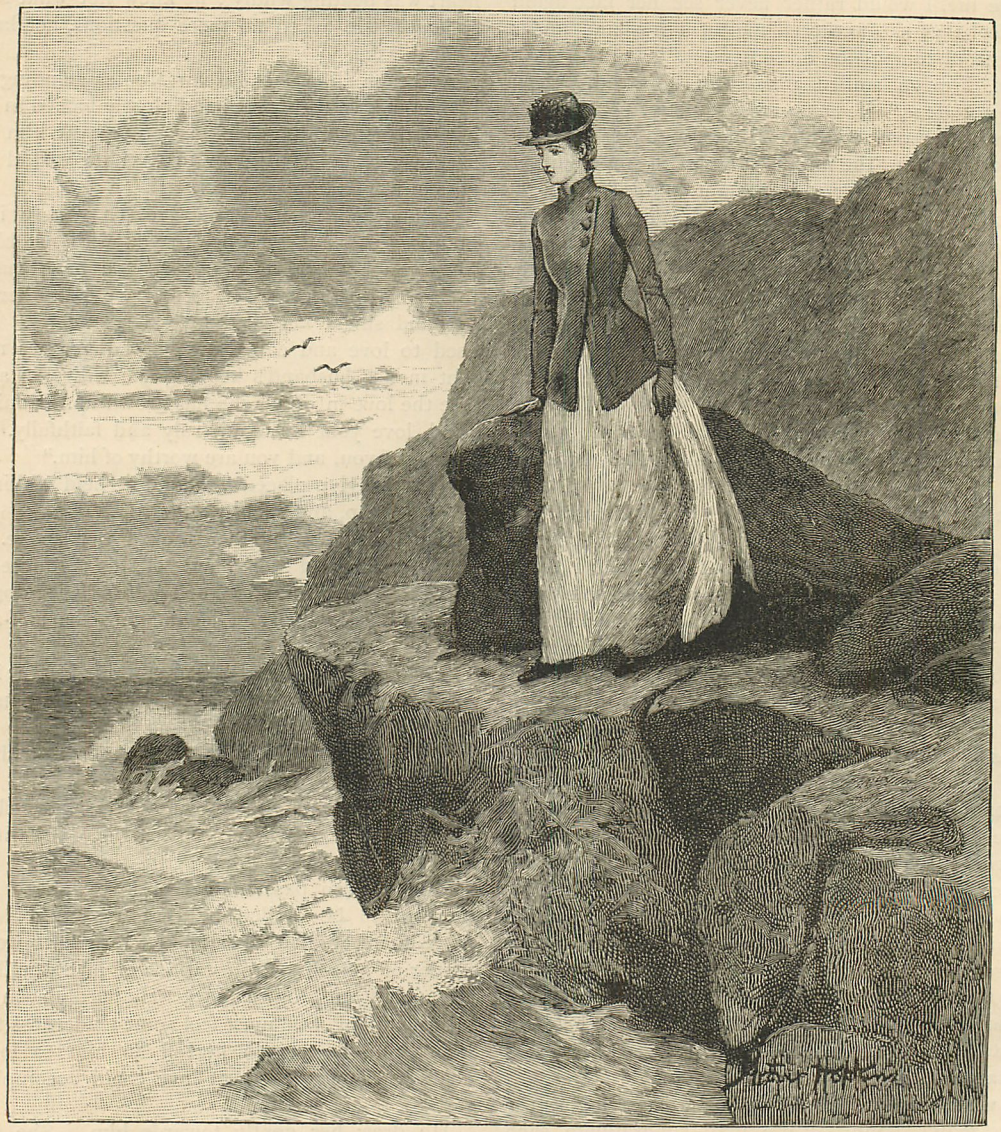
"I will try to make you very happy," he said, with a sort of manly simplicity that meant more than many most ardent protestations could have done. "May I kiss you, Monica?"

She lifted her down-bent face a little, and he pressed a kiss upon her brow. She made no attempt to return the caress, but he did not expect it. It was enough that she permitted him to worship her.

"You have made me very happy, Monica," he said presently, whilst the shadows deepened round them. "Will you not let me hear you say that you are happy too?"

She looked at him at last. He could not read the meaning of that gaze.

"I want to make you happy, my darling," said Randolph, very softly.



"MONICA WAS SOON LOST IN SO PROFOUND A REVERIE THAT TIME FLEW BY UNHEEDED" (*p.* 84).

Again that strange, earnest gaze.

"Make my father and Arthur happy," she said, sweetly and steadily, "and I shall be happy too."

He did not understand the full drift of those words, as he might perhaps have done at a calmer moment—did not realise as at another moment he might have done their deep significance. He was desperately, passionately in love, carried away inwardly, if not outwardly, by the tumult of his feelings. He did not realise—it was hardly likely that he should—that to secure her father's happiness and the future well-being and happiness of her brother, Monica had promised to be his wife. She respected him, she liked him, she was resolved to make him a tender and faithful wife; and she knew so little of the true nature of wedded love, that it never occurred to her to think of the injury she might be doing to him in giving the hand without the heart.

She had been moved and disquieted by Arthur's words of a few days back. Her father's appeal to her that day had touched her to the quick. What better could she do with her life than secure with it the happiness of those she loved? How better could she keep her own vow towards Arthur than by making the promise asked of her? Monica thought first of others in this matter, it is true, and yet there was a strange throb akin to joy deep down in her heart when she thought of the love tendered to her by one she had learned to esteem and to trust. Those sweet, sudden glimpses of the golden land of sunshine beyond kept

flashing before her eyes, and thrilled her with feelings akin to fear. She did not know what it all meant. She did not know that it was but the foreshadowing of the deep love that was rooting itself, all unknown, in the tenderest fibres of her nature. She never thought she loved Randolph Trevlyn, but she was conscious of a strange exultation and stress of feeling that she attributed to the enthusiasm of the sacrifice she had made for those she loved. She did not yet know the secret of her own heart.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

"WOO'D, AND MARRIED, AND A'."

So Monica had engaged herself to her kinsman, Randolph Trevlyn, and the neighbourhood, though decidedly astonished at this sudden surrender of liberty on the part of the fair, unapproachable girl, could not but see how desirable was the match from every point of view, and rejoice in the thought that Trevlyn would never lose its well-loved lady.

As for Monica herself, the days passed by as in a dream—a strange dream of misty sunshine, and sweet faint fragrance, through which she wandered with uncertain steps, led onward by the sense of a brighter light beyond.

She was not unhappy; indeed, an unexpected perception of calm and rest had fallen upon her since she had laid her hand in Randolph's and promised to love him if she could. A few short weeks ago how she would have chafed against the fetters she wore! Now she hardly felt them as fetters; they neither galled nor hurt her. Indeed, after the sense of uncertainty, of impending change that had hung over her of late, this peaceful calm was doubly grateful. She felt at last as if she had reached the shelter of a safe haven, and pausing there, with a consciousness of grateful well-being, she felt as if no storm or tempest could ever reach her again.

Monica's nature was not introspective; she did not easily analyse her feelings. Had she done so now, she might have laid bare a secret deep down in her heart that would have surprised her not a little; but she never attempted to look into her heart, she rather avoided definite thought; she lived in a sort of sweet dream, glad and thankful for the undercurrent of happiness which had so unexpectedly crept into her life. She did not seek to know its source—it was enough that it was there.

Randolph was exceedingly good to her, she did not attempt to deny that. Nothing could have been more tender and chivalrous than his manner towards her. He arrogated to himself none of the rights an affianced husband might fairly have claimed; he was content with what she gave him; he never tried to force her confidence or to win words or promises that did not come spontaneously to her lips.

She was shy with him for some time after the engagement had been ratified, more silent and reserved than she had been before; yet there was a charm in her very shyness that went home to his heart, and he felt that she was nearer to him day by day.

"I will win her yet—heart and soul," he would say sometimes, with a thrill of proud joy as he looked into the sweet eyes raised to his, and read a something in their depths that made his heart throb gladly. "Give me time, only time, and she shall be altogether mine."

She never shunned him. She let him be her companion when and where he would, and she began to look for him, and to feel more satisfied when he was at her side. He was too wise to overdo her with his society, or seem to infringe the liberty in which she had grown up; but he frequently accompanied her on her walks or rides, and he had the satisfaction of feeling that his presence was not distasteful to her; indeed, as days went by, and she grew used to the idea that had been at first so strange, he fancied that there was something of welcome in the smile that greeted his approach.

She never spoke of the future, when they should be man and wife, and only by a hint here and there did he broach the subject or tell of his private affairs. Both were content for the time being to live in the present—that present that seemed so calm and bright and full of promise.

As days and weeks fled by, a colour dawned upon Monica's cheeks and a light in her eyes; she grew more beautiful every day, those thought who loved her, and watched her with loving scrutiny; and Mrs. Pendrill, who was, so to speak, the girl's good angel in this crisis of her life, would caress the golden head sometimes, and ask with gentle, motherly solicitude—

"My Monica is happy, is she not?"

"I think so, Aunt Elizabeth," Monica answered once, speaking out more freely than she had done before. "Other people are happy—the dread and uncertainty about the future all seems gone. Trevlyn is not sad any longer—it is my own home again, my very own. I cannot quite express it, but something seems to have come into my life and changed everything. I am very happy often now—nearly always, I think."

Mrs. Pendrill smiled a little. "Does your happiness result from the knowledge that you—you and Arthur—I suppose I must include him—need never leave Trevlyn, and that you have pleased your father? Tell me, Monica, is that all?"

A faint colour mantled the girl's face. "I know it sounds selfish; but I hardly think any one knows what Trevlyn is to us, and what Arthur's welfare is to me." Then reading the meaning of the earnest glance bent upon her, she added quickly, "Ah, yes, Aunt Elizabeth, I know there is that too. He is very, very good to me, and I will do everything to make him happy, and to be a good wife when the time comes. Indeed, I do think of him. I know what he is, and what he deserves—only—only I cannot talk about that even to you."

"I do not want you to talk, my love, I only want you to feel."

And very low the answer was spoken—"I think I do feel."

Certainly things were going well—very well. It

seemed as if the course of Randolph's true love might run smoothly enough to the very end now. Tom Pendrill chaffed him somewhat mercilessly on the easy victory he had obtained over the somewhat difficult subject, and he felt an exultant sense of joyful triumph when he compared his position of to-day with the one he had occupied a week or two back. Monica's gentleness and growing dependence upon him were inexpressibly sweet, the dawn as of a settled happiness in her face filled his heart with delight. The victory was not quite won yet, but he began to feel a confidence that it was not far distant.

And this hope would in all probability have been realised in due course, had it not been for untoward circumstances, and from the presence of enemies in the camp, one his sworn foe, the other his champion and ally—but despite this, a born mischief-maker and marl-plot.

So long as Randolph was on the spot all went well. His strong will dominated all others, and his influence upon Monica produced its own effect. Love like his could not but win its way to the heart of the woman he loved.

But Randolph could not remain always at Trevlyn. Hard as it was to tear himself away, the conventionalities of life demanded his absence from time to time, and other duties called him away. And it was when his back was fairly turned that the mischief-makers began their task of undoing as far as was possible all the good that had been done.

Randolph had been exceedingly careful to say nothing to Monica about hastening their marriage. He saw she took for granted a long engagement, that she had hardly contemplated as yet the inevitable end towards which that engagement tended; and until he had assured himself that her heart at last was wholly his, nothing would have induced him to ask her to give herself irrevocably to him. When the right moment came she would surrender herself willingly, for Monica was not one who would do anything by halves. Till that day came, however, he was resolved to wait, and breathe no word of the future that awaited them.

Lady Diana was of a different way of thinking. She had been amazed at Monica's pliability in the matter of her engagement, so surprised and so well pleased that for some considerable time she had acted with unusual discretion, and had avoided saying anything to irritate or alarm the sensitive feelings of her niece. Possibly she stood in a little unconscious awe of Randolph, for certainly so long as he remained she was quiet and discreet enough. But when his presence was once removed, then began a sort of petty persecution and annoyance that was the very worst thing for Monica that could possibly happen.

Lady Diana had set her heart upon a speedy marriage, half afraid that her niece might change her mind; she took a sort of spiteful pleasure in the knowledge that the girl's independence was at last to be curbed, and that she was about to take upon herself the common lot of womanhood. She lost no opportunities of reading homilies on wifely submission and subjection. She bestirred herself over the matter of the *trousseau* as if the day were actually fixed, and Monica's indignant protests were laughed at and ignored as if too childish for notice.

The girl began to observe, too, that her father spoke of her marriage as of something speedily approaching, and that he, Lady Diana, and even Arthur, took it as a recognised fact that she would spend much of her time away from Trevlyn, when once that ceremony had taken place. Her father and brother spoke cheerfully of her leaving them, taking it for granted that her affianced husband was first in her thoughts, and that they must make her way easy to go away with him without one regret for those left behind. Lady Diana, with more of feminine insight, had less of kindliness in her innuendoes; but when Monica found them all agreed upon the point, she took fright, and felt almost as if she had been betrayed. There was no Randolph to shield and protect her. She could not put into written words the tumult of her conflicting feelings; she could only struggle and suffer, and feel like a wild thing trapped in the hunter's toils. Ah, if only Randolph had not left her! But when the poison had done its work, she ceased even to wish for him back.

Another enemy to her peace of mind was Conrad Fitzgerald. Monica was growing to feel an odd repugnance to this fair-haired, smooth-tongued man, despite the nominal friendship that existed between him and those of her name. She knew that her feelings were changing towards him; but, like other young things, she was ashamed of any such change, regarding it as treacherous and ungenerous, especially after the pledge she had given him.

Conrad thus found opportunities of seeing her from time to time, and set to work with malicious pleasure to poison her mind against her affianced husband. She would not listen to a single word spoken against him: that he discovered almost at once, somewhat to his astonishment and chagrin; but "there are more ways of killing a cat than by hanging it," as he said to himself; and well-directed shafts steeped in poison, and launched with a practised hand, struck home and did their work only too well.

He told her plainly that after her marriage Trevlyn would never be her home during her father's life-time at least, possibly never any more. Randolph had property of his own; was it likely he would bury himself and his beautiful young wife in a desolate place like that? Of course her care of Arthur would be a thing entirely put on one side. It was out of the question that she should ever be allowed to devote herself to him as of old, when once she had placed her neck beneath the matrimonial yoke. Most likely some excuse would be forthcoming to rid Trevlyn of the undesirable presence of the invalid. Randolph was not a man to be deterred by any nice scruples from going his own way. Words spoken before marriage were never regarded seriously when once the inevitable step had been taken.

Monica heard, and partly believed—believed enough

to make her restless and miserable. Never a word crossed her lips that could show her trust in Randolph shaken. She was loyal to him outwardly, but she suffered keenly, nevertheless. He was not there to give her confidence, as he could well have done, by his unwavering love and devotion, and in his absence the influence he had won slowly waned, and the old fear and distrust crept back.

It might have vanished had he returned to charm it away; but, alas! he only came back to make Monica his wife in sudden, unexpected fashion, before her heart was truly won.

Lord Trevlyn had been taken dangerously ill. It was an attack similar to those he had suffered from once or twice before, but this was far more severe. His life was in imminent danger; nothing could save him, the doctors agreed, but the most perfect rest of body and mind; and it seemed as if only the satisfaction of calling Randolph son, of seeing him Monica's husband, could secure to him that repose of spirit so absolutely essential to his chance of life.

Monica did not waver when her father looked pleadingly into her face, and asked if she were ready. Her assent was calmly and firmly spoken, and after that she left all in other hands, and did not quit her father's presence night or day.

He was better for the knowledge that the wish of his heart was about to be consummated, and she was so utterly absorbed in him as to be all but unconscious of the flight of time. She knew that days sped by as on wings. She even heard them speak of "to-morrow" without any stirring of heart. She was absorbed in care for her almost dying father; she had no thought to spare for aught else.

On the evening of that day Randolph stood before her, holding her hands in his warm clasp.

"Is this your wish, my Monica?"

She thrilled a little beneath his ardent gaze, a momentary sense of comfort and protection came over her in his presence; but physical weariness deadened her senses; she was too weary even to feel acutely.

"It is my wish," she answered gently.

He bent his head and kissed her tenderly and lingeringly, looking earnestly into the pale, sweet face that seemed not quite the same to him as it had done when he saw it last; but he could not read the look he saw there. He kissed her and went away, breathing half sadly, half triumphantly, the word "To-morrow."

Lady Diana, ever indefatigable and contriving, had managed almost as if by magic to have all things in readiness: rich white satin and brocade, orange blossom and lace veil, as if there had been weeks instead of days for preparation.

Monica started and half recoiled as she saw the preparations made for her adornment, but she was quiet and passive in the hands of her attendants as they arrayed her in her snowy robes, and well she repaid their efforts. Only Lady Diana felt any dissatisfaction.

"Why, child," she said impatiently, "you look like a snow maiden. You might be a nun about to take the veil instead of a bride going to her wedding. I have no patience with such pale looks. Randolph will think we have brought him a corpse for his bride."

Randolph was waiting in the little church on the cliff. His heart beat thick and fast; he himself began to feel as if he were living in a dream. He could not realise that the time had come when he was to call Monica his own.

Lady Diana and Mrs. Pendrill were there, and a friend of his own, young Lord Hadden, who had accompanied him from town the previous day to play the part of best man at the ceremony. There was a little rustle and a little stir outside, and then Monica entered, and, without once lifting her eyes, walked steadily up the church till she stood beside him.

Never, perhaps, had she looked more lovely, yet never, perhaps, more remote and unapproachable than when she stood before the altar in her bridal robes, to pledge herself for better, for worse, to the man who loved her, till death should them part.

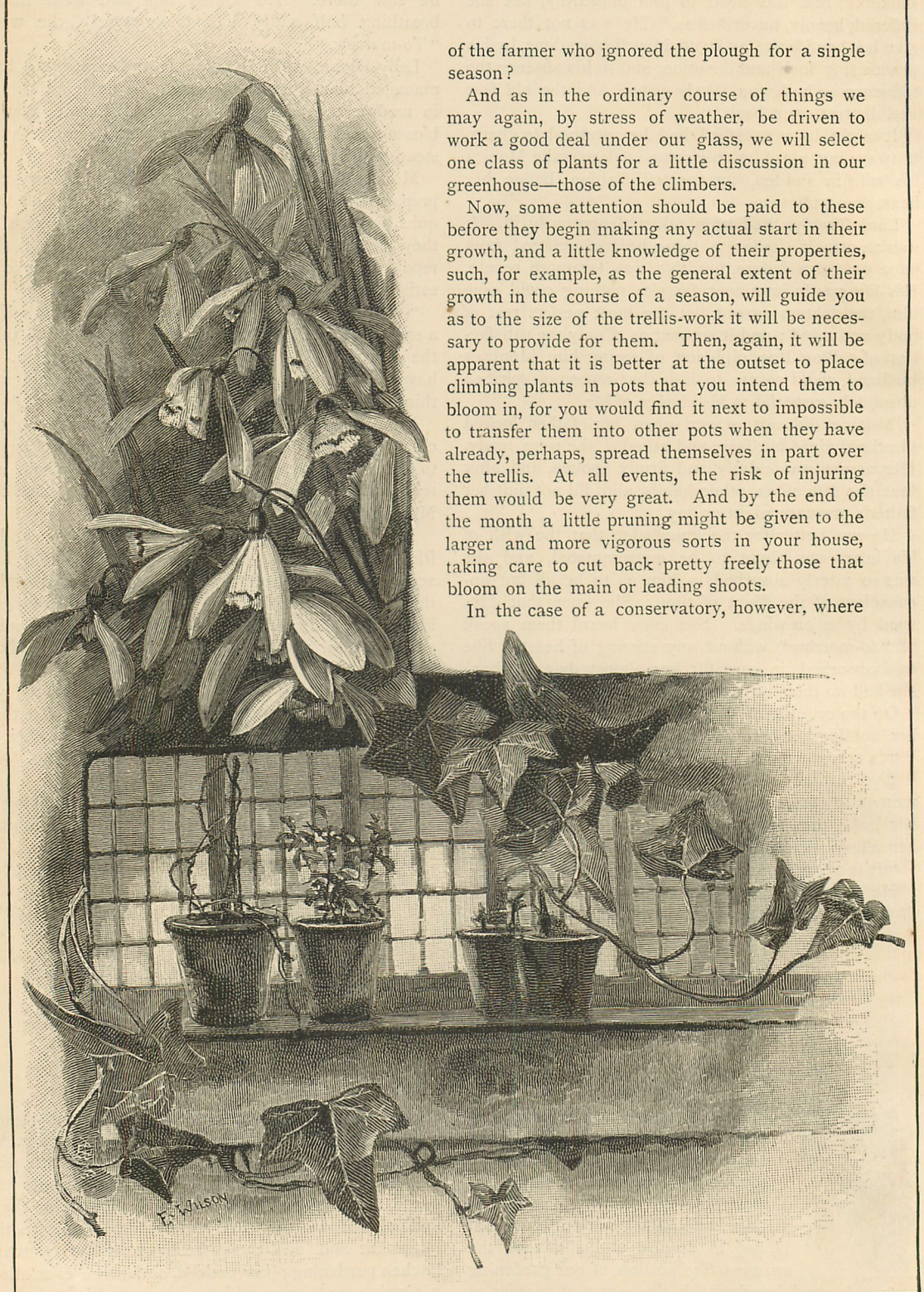
He looked at her with a strange pang and aching at heart; but the moment was not one when hesitation or drawing back was possible.

In a few more minutes Monica and Randolph Trevlyn were made man and wife.

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

THE GARDEN IN JANUARY.

THE opening year—and to every gardener may it be one of plenty and success—brings with it the usual routine of work. And January being a great month for resolutions, we will at once determine upon one, and that is, not to despise and slur over the *uninteresting* portion of our gardening work. A good foundation is the secret of success in most undertakings, and in none more so than in gardening. And in order to insure good crops of any sort in our kitchen garden, we must *dig* our foundation: that very uninteresting, but in this month particularly that utterly indispensable implement, the spade, must have plenty of exercise. Trenching then, and with it we will class careful drainage, are the important and elementary features of our January kitchen gardening; nor, indeed, should we ever allow *a single year* to pass without a systematic trenching of all our crop land. What, indeed, would be thought



of the farmer who ignored the plough for a single season?

And as in the ordinary course of things we may again, by stress of weather, be driven to work a good deal under our glass, we will select one class of plants for a little discussion in our greenhouse—those of the climbers.

Now, some attention should be paid to these before they begin making any actual start in their growth, and a little knowledge of their properties, such, for example, as the general extent of their growth in the course of a season, will guide you as to the size of the trellis-work it will be necessary to provide for them. Then, again, it will be apparent that it is better at the outset to place climbing plants in pots that you intend them to bloom in, for you would find it next to impossible to transfer them into other pots when they have already, perhaps, spread themselves in part over the trellis. At all events, the risk of injuring them would be very great. And by the end of the month a little pruning might be given to the larger and more vigorous sorts in your house, taking care to cut back pretty freely those that bloom on the main or leading shoots.

In the case of a conservatory, however, where

there may be some pillars, walls, or rafters, &c., that you like to have covered by climbers, the pruning back should not be so close as that just mentioned for the plants in pots, for it must be borne in mind that they have a greater space to cover.

And before leaving this subject of climbers—of which, by the way, we shall occasionally say something at intervals adapted to the time of year—we might notice in general a few of our most popular and hardy out-of-door ones.

One favourite is, of course, the Wistaria, which gives us its delicate pale lilac-coloured flower in the spring, and often repeats its blossom again about the middle of August, though in lesser quantities. This will cover the side of a house very readily, or it is very effective across a large flower-bed over a semi-circular or rainbow-shaped arch of good strong iron-work. In course of years it attains great size and strength, and the tortuous growth of its main stem is almost artistic. Then, again, there are unfailing varieties of the honeysuckle and clematis, and of many others that we shall hope to notice later on. Of the clematis, however, let us say that they require an occasional watching as they grow, and if they are not properly secured they will fall over, and probably break in your attempt to get them up again.

We must, however, as far as possible, go quickly over the routine necessary to be observed in all branches of our garden. We may notice first, then, our rose-garden: for a garden without roses would be almost as strange as a hatter's without hats. The winter gales will warn you of the importance of seeing to all the stakes and fastenings of your standards. Some of these, especially after a long and wet autumn season, are liable to decay—as, indeed, what is not, as time hurries us along?—and to have their stakes broken away in a high wind. The heads of your standards, and more especially of the old stagers that are your probable favourites, are liable to get completely broken off and ruined. This, then, is a most important operation. Or, in a mild or non-frosty winter, stocks may be planted in good ground. A vigorous growth of young wood is what you want to bud upon in July. Indeed, during any what is called "open season" of the early winter months, many autumnal operations of transplanting and of general garden changes may still be carried on.

And next we must have a few words about our open flower garden—perhaps, more or less, a little desolate now. This defect, though, let us hope we have very much ameliorated, by placing here and there a few bright evergreens, plunging them in pots which at a future time can be readily taken up. To revert, however, here for a moment to our trenching: all unoccupied parts of our flower garden should in favourable weather be well turned over now. Or after wet weather sometimes we find ourselves troubled by slugs: the old remedies of soot or dry wood-ashes may in that case be resorted to, while a few degrees of patience will, perhaps, enable you to pick them out one by one, and give them a final squeeze. Then, again, the danger after a mild winter is that everything in the ground makes a slight start, only perhaps to be cut off afterwards when a sudden frost comes. At the approach of frost, then, cover up with some sort of litter the first protruding green tops of your hyacinths and other bulbs. Or by the end of the month you might try the experiment of sowing pretty deeply, and in a sheltered situation, a few of the hardiest annuals for the chance of an early bloom. Of course they will be liable to be cut off by frost, but the attempt is worth making.

And then it may be well to examine the entire stock of cuttings in the greenhouse. See, for instance, to the drainage of all your pots, boxes, and pans, for we are still in the very middle of the period when things are given to damp off; any little disposition to send out unnatural or premature bloom in some of the pelargoniums had better be checked by pinching off all mildewy or decaying leaves from any part of your stock. A good fire, with the lights a little way open at the top, will help to carry off all damp, which is, perhaps, a greater and a more invidious enemy than the frost.

And lastly as to the fruit garden. As before, fruit-trees of all kinds may be planted in good open and favourable weather, though not, of course, during a frost; in this, if the soil is good and fairly deep, there will be no need for any manure; and plant high, for the too deep planting of a fruit-tree would be injurious to it. Some, too, of the gooseberries and currants might be pruned at the latter end of the month, but the wall-fruit-trees ought all to have been pruned, nailed, and thoroughly well trained before now, as often in a mild February they begin to show blossom before the month is out.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS.

WHEN we consider how very liable we all are to meet with accidents, fatal and non-fatal, it is somewhat surprising how very little is known about insurance against the loss of time and the expense incurred through accidental injury. In this paper, therefore, we propose to describe, as briefly as possible, the system of insurance which applies equally to both sexes.

The companies, about twenty in number, with chief offices in London and the provinces, who transact this class of business, issue policies, as a rule, to secure their holders the payment of—

First, a fixed sum in the event of accidental death, or loss of two limbs or both eyes; a fixed sum (half

the full amount insured) in the event of the loss of one eye or one limb; and a weekly allowance in case of total and partial disablement for a period not exceeding twenty-six weeks.

Secondly, all the above advantages, excepting the fixed sum for permanent partial disablement, or the weekly allowance during temporary partial disablement.

Thirdly, a fixed sum in the event of accidental death, or loss of two eyes or two limbs.

Fourthly, a weekly allowance during temporary total or partial disablement.

Fifthly, a weekly allowance in case of temporary total disablement.

The first of these policies, in the phraseology of the offices, is termed a "Full Benefit Policy;" the second, a "Death and Total Disablement Policy;" the third, a "Fatal Policy;" and the fourth and fifth, "Non-Fatal Policies," with or without "Partial Disablement."

The public are also divided into classes, according to the various risks to which they are exposed whilst following their daily occupations. The public generally, such as merchants, shopkeepers, and professional men, being considered first-class, or ordinary risks; second-class, or hazardous risks, are contractors, civil engineers, working farmers, and workmen generally; while mining engineers, men in charge of machinery, and so on, are extra hazardous, or third-class risks.

It will, therefore, at once follow from the above remarks that the premium payable depends upon two conditions, viz., the kind of policy required, and the occupation of the intending insurer. The average rate per cent., under Class 1, for a "Full Benefit Policy" is about ten shillings; a "Death and Total Disablement Policy," eight shillings; a "Fatal Policy," three shillings and sixpence; whilst "Non-Fatal Policies, with or without "Partial Disablement," would respectively be seven shillings and five shillings.

In addition to the five descriptions of policies mentioned, short term, voyage (fatal only), and policies covering specific risks, such as railway travelling, are also issued at varying rates, depending upon the risk of meeting with an accident run by the insured.

To effect an insurance, having chosen the kind of policy most suitable to our requirements, it is necessary for us to fill up a form of proposal; this contains a series of questions, the answers to which will form the basis of the contract. The most important question put to the intending insurer, and to which a clear answer should be given, is one relating to paralysis, fits, or any physical infirmity. No insurance company will issue a policy to a person who has had paralysis, is subject to fits, or suffers from any physical infirmity, without charging a very high premium for the extra risk incurred.

The terms and conditions of the policies are very fair, and usually liberally construed. The policy covers the insured within the limits of Europe. He is required, in the event of his meeting with an accident, to give notice in writing to the head office of the company within fourteen days of its occurrence, and to furnish at his own expense a duly qualified medical practitioner's report as to the nature and extent of the injuries; also, if requested to do so, to submit himself to be examined by the company's medical inspector. This last proviso, however, is only rarely insisted upon. The amount of compensation awarded is usually payable in one sum upon recovery from the injury.

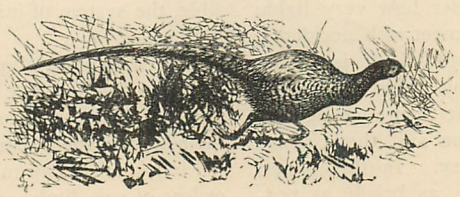
No compensation, however, is payable if the insured is intoxicated at the time of meeting with an accident, or for an injury received by duelling, fighting, &c.

An accident insurance policy cannot well be regarded as a substitute for a life insurance policy, which is now almost universally adopted, as it is only a means of covering ourselves against the possible occurrence of an event which we all hope to avoid. It is simply a yearly contract between the company and the insured, and consequently has, though renewed for a number of years, no monetary surrender value. The companies, to encourage their insurers to renew their policies annually, make a reduction of 10 per cent. upon the amount of premium payable on all insurances which have been in existence five years.

It must not, however, be supposed from the preceding paragraph that we underrate the value of an accident insurance policy. Having enjoyed its benefits during an unfortunate absence from our daily labour through an accident, we cannot speak too highly of its value to those whose incomes depend on their exertions. At any moment an accident may prostrate them, and it is a source of comfort to feel, during our enforced idleness, that our income is not materially depreciated owing to our misfortune.

A glance at any of the companies' published list of claims during the past years will show that accidents will happen at all times and all seasons. We hope, therefore, that the above paper will help to enlighten many on a subject which the writer found, when thinking of insuring, to be little understood.

A. C.



A Gem without a Flaw.

Words by CHARLES JOHNS. *Music by* J. W. ELLIOTT.

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO.

mf

p

1. I sought a clear un - blem-ished "gem," A "jew - el" choice and rare, To beau - ti - fy life's
2. Re - flec - tion counsell'd—"Find a friend": A friend I sought and found; But craft brought friendship
3. "The fit - test gem," my heart re - plied, "To wear in the crown of life, Is wo - man, good-ness

p

di - a - dem, And shine re - splen - dent there. Where could I find the prize I sought? A -
to an end: The "jew - el" proved un - sound. "If friends prove cal - lous and un - kind, And
glo - ri - fied: Go, seek a wor - thy wife!" I did: I loved and was be - loved: Pure

cres. *f* *p* *rit.*

- las! none such I saw: Some cost - ly "gems" I might have bought, But none with - out a
laugh at faith and law," I cried, "where may I hope to find A 'gem' with - out a
love linked hands with law: I ask no more, my wife has proved A gem with - out a

cres. *f* *p* *rit.*

After 1st and 2nd verses. *3rd verse.*

flaw!
flaw?"

flaw!.....

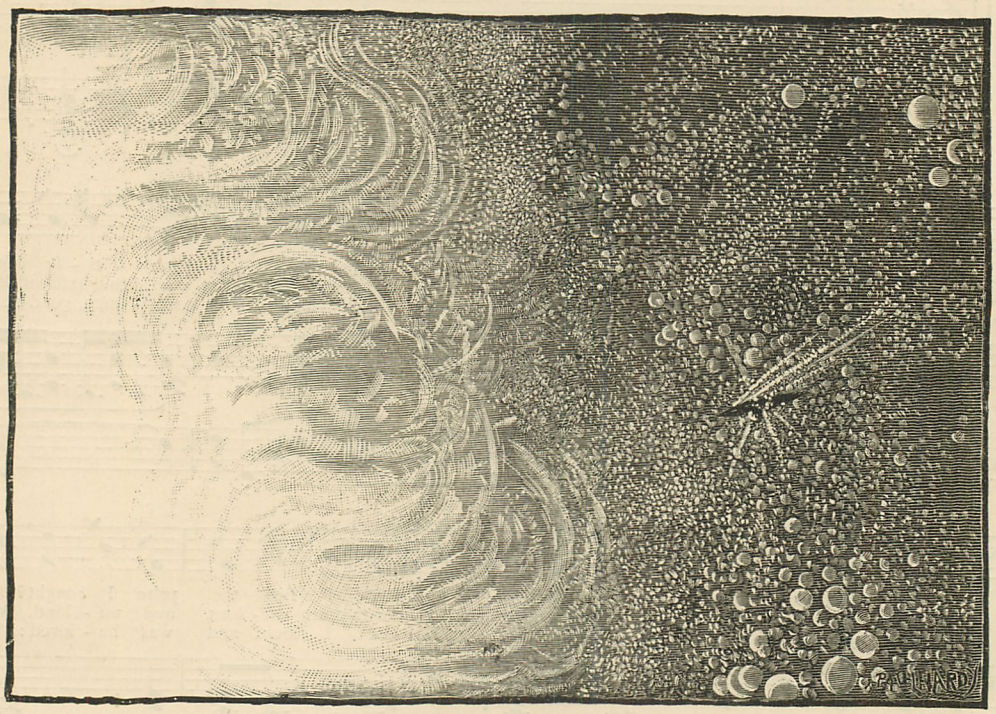
8va.

mf a tempo. *cres.* *f* *fz*

Ped. 8 *

THE PORTALS OF THE KING OF DAY.

A JOURNEY TO THE REGIONS OF THE SUN.



"OUR CAR MET A TERRIFIC BOMBARDMENT OF METEORS."

The Regions of the Corona of the Sun.

OUR stay upon Mercury was very short. The Mercurians were intelligences apparently superior to ourselves in command over the forces of nature. We soon passed from their wonderful and beautiful little world.

Eraziel was very disinclined to remain on Mercury, and he and Alnorion favoured strongly our carrying out our chief project, and journeying to the realms of inconceivable[1] wonders—*i.e.*, the glorious regions of the Sun. I could not oppose this view. The object of our journey was mainly to contemplate the wonders of the Sun. So, having photographed what we could see of Mercury, and collected some wonderful things, which I may in a future letter describe, we resolved to loosen the anti-gravitating powers and advance towards the central luminary of our system.

On, on we flew from the mountains of Mercury towards the great king of the Solar System, the mighty Sun. Brighter and brighter grew the scene. Mercury slowly faded into the darkness; his lofty chains of ring mountains, whose brilliant peaks were illuminated by the solar rays and flashed them back, his double atmospheres—envelopes around his globe of white and violet—faded in the distance; less and less they seemed, till at length he was nothing more than a large, glittering sphere in the outer darkness. But we were going on and on into the realms of eternal light.

Our rate under the powerful gravitation of the Sun, as soon as we got clear of Mercury, was about a hundred miles a second, but even that was scarcely perceptible for a long time, for nothing opposed our onward movement towards the huge solar orb through ether, until (when we had already got about a million miles from Mercury, and he seemed about the size of your Moon in space) all of a sudden our car met a terrific bombardment of meteors belonging to a system, which we had struck at right angles, in its rotation around the Sun. Had it been made of any earthly material, the car would have been shattered to atoms; but as we had made it the meteors merely thundered on its sides, smashing their projecting parts, which gave sparks with the sudden friction, or else glided off on its smooth surface.

On, still on, we darted. As we proceeded, the meteor hosts, like clouds in space—or, when nearer, like swarms of gnats glittering in the sunlight—grew more numerous and, as it were, lessened the sense of vacuity in the immensity around us.

Brighter and brighter grew the solar blaze as we

went on. Behind us in the outer darkness of space were the distant planets, each appearing in its true position, save Mars, which was at this time lost to sight in his rotation among the solar rays. We felt as we looked back we were near the centre of the Solar System, and each world, Mercury, Venus, Earth, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, appeared in its true position in the black, outer darkness of space. We looked at them—with our telescopes veiled from the solar blaze—with interest, and also at the distant, sparkling points of the stars. But the observation grew constantly more and more difficult, for we were launching into the region of Eternal Day; of light so intense that soon we had to darken the front window of our car with the thick, darkening crystal, which impeded the transmission of the intense light.

On we dashed: brighter and brighter, hotter and hotter, till we were forced to use the recently discovered non-conductor of heat, which had been devised to check the furious blaze of the mighty Sun.

His orb grew huge in the heavens—a vast field of light. But it was no tranquil orb like the planets. Already the colossal forces at work on his surface were manifest by their effects. Vast changes appeared all of a sudden and then disappeared in the seething masses of light, and of burning metallic vapours. He was no inert orb of matter, but almost (to liken the infinitely little to the infinitely great) as a living body in full activity of waking life. All the forces of nature seemed in gigantic operation on his vast surface. Light, heat terribly intense, electricity most potent, dynamic force inconceivably rapid and potent; all were at work on a vast scale. Spots as large as the much-vaunted Russian Empire, or as the world-encircling colonies of Britain, opened all of a sudden into the solar depths—like huge chasms millions of miles deep, and then closed over, sometimes with bridges, sometimes with peninsulas of light, which rapidly expanding obliterated them, and they were lost for ever in that surging blaze.

Along his disc now and then appeared the gigantic "rose clouds" in thousands of grotesque or beautiful forms, like enormous fountains of ruddy fire. They were something like the lava eruptions of volcanoes, only ten thousand times augmented: arches of light, in form, sometimes as arcades of Gothic cathedrals, sometimes like stalactites of caverns, but all of blazing vapour intensely heated and brilliantly illuminated. No words of any earthly language can depict that stupendous scene.

Behind and around the vast blazing globe now covering the heavens in an aurora of light was the glorious Corona. It arose millions and tens of millions of miles into space, one of the most glorious and lovely of the works of the great Creator.

Forward we still flew towards the blazing orb, but the nearer we went the more the circling lines of meteors met us like swarms of gnats (only each meteor was itself a tiny world). Systems after systems we passed—above, beneath, on either side. Each meteor shone brilliantly in the solar blaze on the side turned towards the Sun.

We saw a huge spot opened before us in which the whole earth might have been swallowed. We directed our course towards it, hoping to be able to approach nearer in this way than by approaching the photosphere. Already the clouds of incandescent metals which seem to give on earth a white light were severed. Red, green, blue, yellow, like a gorgeous display of fireworks they appeared, only all the firework displays that earth has ever known could never, all put together, approach to them. Like miles of sapphires, rubies, emeralds, did those gorgeous clouds of metallic mist blaze in every direction.

"Can it be," said Eraziel, "that this huge orb in which all the forces of nature are so stupendous is without life—after all a mere dead mass of matter moved by force? Is it only meant to warm the peopled planets and to enable life to exist, but in itself without life—a mere play of lower forces in their most stupendous development? We have found life so far in the lesser orbs, and it almost seems as if to support life was their chief object—in Earth, upon our world, in Mercury, in Mars, in the greater planets. Yet all these together are but a province of the Sun. Is this huge orb all death and desolation, and the abode through endless ages of lower forces playing on dead matter?"

"THE CAR WAS TURNED IN ITS COURSE AND LAUNCHED BACKWARDS INTO THE INFINITE SPACE WITH INCONCEIVABLE VELOCITY" (*p.* 98).

"I cannot tell," I replied. "How could any living thing, any living being such as we have known, exist for a moment in that huge world of fire? The integuments of the body would be burnt up."

"Nay," said Alnorion, "that would be true of bodies such as we have known; but might not spirits, even here, intelligences of a higher order, be enrobed in ethereal bodies such as we cannot understand, and revel in the development of the lower forces at their will—electricity, light, heat, magnetism, dynamic force?"

"But," I pleaded, "they would be melted in this heat. Even metals are in a gaseous condition. All seems resolved by the intense heat. If it were not for the non-conductors around us which are so marvellously impervious to the heat, we ourselves should be melted into vapour."

We discussed the point for some time as we were looking on the superb and gorgeous spectacle of the fiery clouds of photosphere. Our speculation had an abrupt conclusion. Suddenly, while we were talking, what seemed like a huge cloud of metallic vapour floated towards us. From its surface darted electric flashes. It rapidly approached our car, robed in intense light. On its surface suddenly blazed in fiery letters these words in the symbols of the celestial alphabet:—

"Back, children of the world of Venus, back to your homes. It is not permitted to you to approach nearer the realms of light."

In a moment we felt the force of gravitation reversed; the car was turned in its course and launched backwards into the infinite space with inconceivable velocity. A mighty intelligence more potent than ourselves—as the mighty Sun was vaster than our lovely world—willed that we should go back. We submitted. We had seen enough; and it seemed the Divine will that we should behold no more.

Aleriel.

BY MISADVENTURE.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "Harlowe's Helpmate," "Hidden Gold," "The Great Hesper," &c.

"Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils."—Milton.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

DIAMOND CUTS DIAMOND.

WHEN I got back to my office I set about drawing up Flexmore's will from the draft he had agreed to, and every word of it gave me pleasure, for I saw that it would bring everything right in the end.

"While Lynn Yeames is doubtful as to the disposition of his uncle's property," said I to myself, "he will refrain from committing himself to an actual promise of marriage. His affair with Miss Kite will make him prudent in that respect; for he'll know very well that he won't get off for £400 a second time, if I can help it, and there'll be no uncle to pay the costs. And when he does know that his uncle has not left him a stiver, he'll drop Miss Dalrymple as a monkey drops a hot chestnut; then Awdrey will be freed from the quixotic obligation he was lured into making, he will marry Nurse Gertrude, and all will end like a fairy story."

I was talking to myself in this strain as I proceeded to engross the will, when who should come into my office but the very person uppermost in my thoughts—Lynn Yeames.

"I have called to speak to you about that shooting, Mr. Keene," said he, offering his hand.

I put my quill in my mouth, and gave him my hand, then I said—

"One moment, Mr. Yeames—I will just finish this paragraph, and then we will go into your affair." The fact was, I first wanted to settle in my mind how I should play with this young gentleman.

Would it do, I asked myself, to let him know how his uncle intended to dispose of his money? Would that lead him to throw up at once a profitless game? I decided that it would not do; for he would then perhaps be urged to get his uncle by hook or by crook to revoke this will. By the time I had got to the next "whereas" I saw a better plan than that.

"Now, sir," said I, laying down my pen, turning my chair to face my visitor, and nursing my hands on my knee—"Now, sir, I am entirely at your service."

I assumed a suavity of manner I had not before employed with him, for I had to fight Mr. Lynn with his own weapon.

"I should like to rent the shooting for another month, if I can," he said.

"There's no difficulty about that. Sir Bartlemy Vere is going to Scotland, and I shall be only too glad to let the shooting for him—especially as it may keep you here longer than we hoped for."

He seemed rather puzzled by my civility: he had not received much before. He looked at me keenly, could not make much by that, and then proceeded to look at his gaiters, tapping them carelessly with his stick.

"I like the place better every day, and the life suits me more than I expected. I suppose all men are more or less creatures of circumstance and influenced by surrounding conditions. I thought the life of towns suited me while I was in them, but since I've been here I have come to see what a delusive mistake an artificial existence is. What can compare with a good brisk walk over the breezy downs, the simple fare of a country inn, the delight of lying down heavily fatigued, to wake at sunrise refreshed and vigorous?"

"To be sure, sir," said I. "Nothing in towns can compare with these pleasures, if one is properly constituted for their enjoyment. And certainly from a physical point of view you seem peculiarly fitted by nature for the life of a country gentleman."

"I am, Mr. Keene—I feel that I am. I only regret that I did not find out my mistake earlier. I have done many foolish things in the past four years, many things perhaps that are more than foolish. I should wish to forget the past altogether, but that the remembrance may serve to strengthen me in following a wiser and better course, if not a noble one."

I will undertake to say that no young man, not naturally a humbug, ever made such a speech as this on the spur of the moment. I don't believe in the precipitate turning over of new leaves, by vigorous young fellows under five-and-twenty. Plums that have the appearance of ripeness before their season are rotten at the kernel invariably. However, I smiled and nodded my hearty approval of his fine sentiments.

"I suppose a man could live here for a couple of hundred a year," he said, after a sigh over his misspent youth.

"In a quiet way, he could live on that sum undoubtedly," said I.

"That's all I want. I made a fortunate investment that brings me in about two hundred. Living with my mother, who thinks of buying that cottage——"

"I can get it for her on very reasonable terms," said I, with a show of eagerness.

"Of course, she would ask your assistance in the purchase."

I rubbed my hands cheerfully, as if the prospect of getting ten per cent. out of the purchase delighted me, and promised to make a good bargain for Mrs. Yeames.

"And so I hope to settle down to a peaceful life. I feel better already with the prospect of it."

I shook his hand in cordial felicitation, though it cost me an effort to swallow the humbug without making a wry face. But I saw suspicion in the corner of his blue eye.

"This will be good news indeed for your uncle, Mr. Lynn," said I.

"Do you think he takes any interest in me?" he asked, trying to look indifferent.

"I assure you he does. He was speaking about you only yesterday—saying how much you had changed for the better in the last fortnight. It is only natural he should feel very deeply in this matter, and watch this change in your character with keen delight. He is in failing health, you know." I twiddled my thumbs, and looked at him significantly. "You are his kinsman—remotely." I paused. "He is particularly anxious about the future of his little daughter." I coughed. "And though he may have unbounded faith in my integrity, he would naturally prefer to place her welfare in the keeping of a relative who could devote himself exclusively to her interest. Up to the present time I have had the management of your uncle's estate, but of course it would be optional on his successor to employ me as agent."

"I should not wish to take it out of your hands, Mr. Keene—that is," he said quickly, seeing the mistake into which he had been led by the excitement of the moment, "if the property ever should become mine."

"Thank you, Mr. Yeames. I'm sure I shall be most happy to serve you, as I have served your uncle, faithfully, and upon the lowest possible terms."

"I shan't question your terms. Faithful services should be liberally rewarded, in my opinion."

I thanked him effusively, and sighed as if I had a load taken off my mind.

"Well, sir," said I, "you cannot, of course, wish me to divulge professional confidence; but I may tell you this. Your uncle has instructed me to draw up his will, and this is it." I laid my hand on the will. "And I may add for your further satisfaction, that had your character been other than he has found it in the past fortnight, the terms of this will"—I patted the sheet impressively and dropped my voice—"would have been very different from what they are."

He was completely taken in; and so overcome with astonishment and delight to find, as he believed, that he was heir to £50,000, that for some minutes he could not command his thoughts, but simply answered yes or no to my remarks without really following what it was I talked about. He was thinking what he would do with that money when he got it. However, he recovered his self-possession before he left, and when we shook hands in parting, that cunning look was in his eyes. I know well enough what was in his thoughts.

"You old rascal," he was saying to himself. "I can see now why you were so precious civil. You want me to let you go on fingering those fifty thousand pounds when they are mine." That was just what I wanted him to believe.

In the evening there came a couple of brace of partridges with his card attached. At the first moment I felt disposed to pitch them into the yard for the cat to eat; but as the result of second thoughts I ate them myself, and found them just as good as if I had given an honest poulterer half-a-crown a brace for them.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

TWO PHASES OF A GOOD GIRL'S CHARACTER.

I DO not know whether I am particularly sharp in penetrating character—though I have a decent opinion

of my ability in that respect—or whether other people are particularly obtuse; but this is a fact—Lynn Yeames succeeded in deceiving everybody but me.

He was of that class of charitable people who will give a guinea at any time to have their names in a subscription list, no matter what the object be—and five to head it. Lynn Yeames, Esq., of "The Hut" (as with affected humility he called his mother's cottage when she had bought it), was down for everything. He interested himself in local matters, siding always with the majority; he became a member of the County Club, bought a horse and got admitted to the hunt; and with his good looks, manly bearing, admirable horsemanship, and skilful freehandedness made himself generally popular. One way and another I reckoned he was living up to nearer eight hundred than two hundred a year.

"A pretty rod you're laying in pickle for yourself, my boy," said I to myself, and chuckled to think how he would have to draw in his horns when he found that he was down in his uncle's will for a trifling legacy instead of the fifty thousand pounds he was calculating upon.

"'THERE IS A MAN WORTH TALKING ABOUT'" (*p.* 101).

All this time he was paying assiduous attention to Miss Dalrymple. He saw, though he said nothing about it to me, that his uncle was thinking of Laure's future, and wished to provide for her perpetual association with Gertrude, and he knew the hold he had upon old Flexmore through this pretended attachment to her, cunning rascal!

I let him go on, conscious that he would not go too far. It was not likely that, feeling now assured of that large inheritance, he would pledge himself to marry a penniless girl. With his uncle's fortune and the effect he was now producing, he would be able to take the pick of the county when he wished to marry; and there were within twenty miles many girls more showy than quiet, unpretentious, little Miss Dalrymple, girls with money, and much more to the taste of such a man as he. But though he would not be rash enough to actually engage himself, it was pretty certain that he would insidiously lead my unsuspecting little friend to believe that he intended to marry her, and I feared that he might obtain such a hold upon her affection that when he threw up the game, as he inevitably would when he discovered that there was nothing to win by it, the effect upon her would be serious. She was not a flirt; she had never cut up her heart into morsels and scattered it about amongst a crowd of admirers; her heart was whole to be given to one man, and one only. She was serious and earnest in all things, and it seemed to me possible that she might never care to give to a second man the affection that had been despised by the first. For this reason I resolved if I got the opportunity to shake her faith in Mr. Lynn Yeames.

One day I met her alone in the road that cuts through the Hazledown woods. "Here is a beautiful morning, Miss Dalrymple," said I, holding her hand.

"Oh, it is beautiful!" she exclaimed, looking round her. "See how the rime still stands on the brake, and look how the drops glisten on the gossamer. And what lovely tints there are on the beeches, and the brambles down there."

"You are thinking that they owe their beauty to decay."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because your tone is sad."

"The woods are sad; but I love the country for all that," she hastened to add.

"Yet you would prefer at this moment to be in your London hospital. You feel that you are wasting your time here—that's the fact, isn't it?"

"I should be sorry to think that," she replied, with quiet gravity.

"But you are. Here you are saving the life of one child; there you might be saving a dozen."

"They will be saved without me."

"And little Laure would be lost—that is true."

"Let us talk about the country," she said, as we walked on.

"No; we will talk about people. Lawyers and ladies do not care for things; the business of their lives is with people. I've noticed an instance of this in picture galleries: the men, not lawyers, hang about the landscapes; the women flock round the figure pictures. I warrant you skip description of scenery in stories, and go on to where dialogue indicates human interest; if you don't, it's because you are too conscientious."

She laughed lightly, and then said—

"Well, whom shall we talk about?"

"There is a man worth talking about," said I, pointing down to the cross-roads, where I spied Dr. Awdrey jogging along in his gig on his beggarly round.

"Oh, I don't think there is a better man than he in all the world!" she cried, with enthusiasm.

"If he were only a little more practical," said I.

"I can't see that he would be better for that, though he might have been more prosperous."

"How?"

"Do you know what he used to do at the hospital?"

"No."

"Sit down by the cots and tell the little ones fairy tales."

"That's characteristic of him," said I, laughing. "Well?"

"The matron did not like it. She thought he was neglecting his duty; at any rate, she said so. And one day I heard Dr. Templeton say to him, 'Awdrey, if you want to get on, you'll give the brats physic instead of stories.'"

"And that made no difference to his course of treatment, I suspect?"

"Not a bit. And oh, how the children loved him!"

"And hated the matron. I can guess the rest—he had to clear out of the hospital."

She nodded sadly, and presently said, "I sometimes think he would have died a martyr had he lived a long while ago."

"I don't see what there is in store for him now. There he goes, to look after a lot of thankless vagabonds, who'll never pay him for saving their lives."

"It is a higher form of martyrdom, I suppose."

"I don't believe in martyrdom."

"What would you have him do?"

"Make the beggars pay. Give all he can spare to charities as an advertisement. You must be practical to be good. Keep pace with the times. Advertise yourself and make money."

"That would not make him better."

"It would increase his power of doing good, and enable him to live happily."

She looked thoughtfully before her for a minute, then she said—

"Do you think he could ever be happy—in the ordinary sense of the word?"

"Yes, if he married."

"Married!" she echoed, in surprise, as if such an idea had never before occurred to her. "I cannot think of that as a cure for unhappiness in his case."

"Why not?"

"He is so—so serious."

"And ought not a man to be serious when he marries? Is it not one of the gravest responsibilities a man can take on himself—or a woman either, for that?"

"I meant to say that he seems so absorbed in his studies."

"Because it is his only escape from misery."

She made no response.

"You must not forget that this serious man, despite being absorbed in study, could bewitch little children with fairy stories."

"I do not think he will ever marry," she said, shaking her head gravely, after a pause.

"Why not?" I asked; "he is a man—and a fine man, too."

She was silent.

"The only difficulty," I continued, "is in getting any one to have him."

She looked surprised.

"A man without superficial attractions and without money," said I, shrugging my shoulders, "what chance has he?"

"Do you think all girls are either silly or mercenary?" she asked.

"There's a third section; but they don't care for good men; they prefer rakes."

I have mentioned the girl's trick of blushing; and looking sidelong in the expectation of seeing this home-thrust bring the colour up to her temples, I was surprised to see that it produced rather a contrary effect. She blanched, and echoed my word in a low tone of deprecation.

"I don't mean an absolutely bad man, but one who thinks he is reformed," said I, "and attributes, or leads it to be imagined that he owes, his reformation to the girl's influence."

I was morally certain that Lynn Yeames had not ascribed his change to the effects of a country life in his conversation with Gertrude, however he had chosen to represent it to me.

"It flatters the girl's vanity to think that she has redeemed the man," I added.

"Is it vanity and nothing else that makes one delight in doing good?"

"I can't say, my dear—not having had much experience in that way myself; but this I know, that every good girl must be doing good, ought to be doing good, or think she is doing good."

"We are not worth much if we do not, you think?" she asked.

"Yes, that is what I do think—not only of girls, but men as well (bar lawyers). I speak of good girls, and no good girl would be content to be a mere toy, an idle plaything, for a man's leisure moments. And the

wish to save some man from evil courses too often leads the girl herself into an evil course."

"An evil course?" she said interrogatively.

"Yes; the evil course of putting faith in appearances, and lending a credulous ear to empty protestations. That course may lead to irremediable misfortune and life-long unhappiness."

This was plain enough in all conscience, yet she did not allow herself to show that she saw the personal allusion to her own case. She was a wonderfully self-possessed young woman, and moreover had too much principle to suffer the opinion of others to bias her own estimate of a trusted friend; indeed, I believe that her loyal heart became only the more staunch by the defence of those she loved against an accusation in which she herself found no reason to participate. Of this she gave convincing proof later on, as I shall show.

Soon after this a concert was given, in aid of some philanthropic cause, of course—I forget what; people will amuse themselves to alleviate any misery that might have been prevented at half the cost—and, equally of course, Lynn Yeames was a steward and figured prominently in the advertisements. Well, whether it was to please herself, or to please Lynn Yeames, or just to show she did not value my warning at two straws, I don't know; but this is certain, Miss Dalrymple went to that concert under the protection of Mrs. Yeames, who, ever since the discovery at the flower-show, had shown herself mighty civil to the young lady. I went also, not to sing, it is certain, but to keep in with my clients; for I hold that a man to succeed must be seen everywhere, and not bury himself in his study like poor Dr. Awdrey, who, I dare say, was sitting by some ailing pauper, or grinding away with a pestle and mortar and a book before him, while the girl he loved was receiving the attentions of his rival.

I look upon singing as a protest of natural man against civilisation, and if you just close your ears to the music and simply look at a pianist galloping up and down the keyboard of a piano, or a singer with a sheet of music in her hand, with a simper on her face or her mouth wide agape, you must admit that the least said about the march of intellect in this nineteenth century the better. Nevertheless, it charmed me to watch Miss Dalrymple. The music and gaiety appealed to her feelings as it never could to an old lawyer's. Her eyes black as sloes with excitement, her face glowing with healthy animation, she looked prettier than ever I had seen her yet. No, there was not one in the room to compare with her. I wondered how ever I could have thought her plain.

"If they were all like you, my dear," said I to myself, "it would be a real pleasure to come to these affairs."

She enjoyed it thoroughly, for she was young and healthy in mind and body, and could be wise without being morose, and merry without being what is called fast. The music, the light and brightness of the surroundings exhilarated her; and then she must have known that she looked well and was admired, and I believe such a belief as that would set the Lord Chancellor in a good humour. I think it mattered little to her whom she was with, for she was free from any idea of flirtation, and just as innocent and pure and sweet and good as she looked.

I wished Awdrey who loved her had been there to see this side of her character, but on second thoughts I was glad he had other matters to think about; for the pleasure of seeing her happy, though it would have delighted his honest, unselfish heart, must have been outweighed by the pain of thinking she could never be anything to him but a beautiful vision to look upon.

That is what he would have felt, not knowing what I knew, and how all things would turn out for the best in the end—how Lynn would be discomfited, how his real disposition would be seen when he discovered the mistake I had led him into, how Miss Dalrymple would then see clearly the fate she had escaped, and how her heart would turn to the really good man when she was disenchanted of the merely showy one.

But this I could not have hinted to him, so on the whole I was glad to think there were paupers and pestles and mortars and books to keep him away.

I enjoyed watching her until the time came for Lynn Yeames to take her home; and it stirred up all the bile in my nature when he took her hand and passed it through his arm. He trod on one old gentleman's toe, and I wished it had been mine; for in that mood I only wanted an excuse to knock his head off.

The fact is, I was as jealous as though I had been in love with Miss Dalrymple myself—which, of course, I was not; an old fellow in his sixtieth year—sixty-second, in fact!

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

LYNN FALLS INTO A TRAP.

I DID not anticipate any serious consequences from that evening's amusement. It seemed to me that Miss Dalrymple was entirely occupied with the music, and doubtless no thought of anything else could have entered her head without being suggested to her. But that was not the case with Lynn Yeames. One can imagine what passes in the mind of a fox as he looks on a brood of ducklings sporting in a pond. He is just lying *perdu*, licking his chops and waiting for the plumpest and nicest to come off the water. Some one, a lady, I will not tell you who, has just looked over my shoulder and whispered—"Try to be just!" Very well, then; the most generous supposition I can make with regard to Lynn Yeames is that he was carried away by the good looks of Miss Dalrymple, and perceiving that she was the best woman of the throng, both in appearance and family connection, he magnanimously resolved to sink the consideration of her being poor and resolved to secure her at any price, no matter how rich he might be by the death of his uncle.

Somehow or other he proposed to her that night—between the parts, perhaps, when he led her into the

adjoining room for refreshment, though more probably the old woman, his mother, shammed sleep in the brougham to give her son the opportunity as they were taking Miss Dalrymple home. How I came to know of it was in this wise :—

Two mornings after the concert Dr. Awdrey called on me, looking as yellow as an old title-deed.

"You must go up to Flexmore House at once," he said, without asking me how I was, or any other preliminary civility.

"What for?" I asked, for his manner was so set and firm I could make nothing of it.

"Flexmore is in a critical condition—there's not a moment to spare."

"What's the matter with him?" I asked, as I took my hat from the peg.

"Heart disease. He had an attack yesterday morning ; another may be fatal."

"Poor old fellow ! Does he know his danger? Is he conscious?"

"Yes, perfectly. He knows his condition ; that is why he wishes to see you at once."

"What does he want me for?" I asked, suddenly guessing at the truth from the doctor's manner.

"He wants to see you about that fool of a will you drew up for him."

I was about to defend "that fool of a will," but he drew me away impatiently.

"Get into my trap," he said, "I tell you there is no time to waste."

"Aren't you coming with me?" I asked, as he put the reins in my hand.

"No ; I have another case to attend. I can do nothing for Flexmore at present ; Miss Dalrymple has my instructions, and I can rely on her carrying them out."

I drove over to Flexmore House, suspecting mischief. I found my old friend in bed, but perfectly calm and collected. Miss Dalrymple was in the room with little Laure, who clung to her hand as though she felt that soon there would be but that to protect and befriend her. Flexmore took my hand with a smile —a silent greeting that was more touching than words.

"My dear," he said to Miss Dalrymple, "you must leave us for a few minutes, please ; we have a little matter of business to discuss, my old friend and I."

She went from the room with the child, after warning me in a whisper that Mr. Flexmore was not to be excited, and that my visit should be short.

"Well, what is it, George?" I asked, going back to the bedside.

"Tony, you must alter that will or draw up another at once."

A grunt on my part told him that I understood, if I did not approve, what he said.

"You thought right to tell Dr. Awdrey of the provision I had made?" said he.

"Yes, and I very sincerely wish I hadn't. Awdrey's a fool," said I.

"No, he is not, Tony. He's a fine fellow in every way—a grand fellow."

"Well, what has he done lately to give you that opinion, eh?"

"He refuses to be Laure's guardian or trustee for her fortune."

"He won't get out of it if you let the will stand ; we shall see——"

"But the will must not stand ; he has shown me that. For the child's sake, for that dear girl Gertrude's sake, it must be altered. They must not be separated. The money must be left in trust, and her guardian and trustee must be my nephew, Lynn Yeames."

"Nonsense ! As soon as Lynn Yeames finds he has nothing, he'll cease to pester Miss Dalrymple ; he'll never marry her if he gets the money ; and then how is your little Laure to live with her? A proof that he doesn't mean to marry her is that he has been hanging about her for months, but has carefully refrained from binding himself to any engagement."

"You are wrong, Keene. He proposed to her the night before last."

This took my breath away, and left me no ground to stand on.

"And she accepted him?" I gasped, after an interval of silence.

"She did. Yeames told Dr. Awdrey yesterday morning. He came at once to me, and arrived at the very moment I was seized with the attack—otherwise I might not have survived it. He was with me all night ; and this morning, finding me sufficiently recovered to listen to argument, he had this out with me. He has the highest opinion of Lynn—so has Miss Dalrymple, or she would certainly not have accepted him. I myself see no reason to disbelieve in him. In fact, it's only you, Tony, who stick out so obstinately against him ; and you, as every one knows, are a man of strong prejudices—very strong prejudices."

"I a man of strong prejudices?" I gasped. "I, a lawyer, whose business it is to weigh both sides of a question and decide impartially? I, an old man of the world——"

"I don't care what you may be ; I know you're an obstinate, pig-headed old fellow. God bless you, though ! But you must let me have my way—I know I am right. No argument will change me—I must have my way."

A gentle tap at the door reminded me that I must not excite my poor, weak-minded old friend, nor prolong my visit unduly.

"Good," said I ; "I'll draw up another will. It shall be just as you wish."

"Thank you ; thanks, Tony. You have merely to scratch out Awdrey's name, and substitute my nephew's. The will is in that box ; the key——"

"Oh, I don't want that. I have the draft at my office. There must be no scratching out in a thing of this kind. A new will must be properly drawn up."

He gave me his hand, and held it with an expressive look ; it seemed to say to me, "We have been friends, you and I, many years, Anthony Keene, and soon it will be ended. You will be a friend to me to the last, and let no opinion of your own impede the

fulfilment of this my last wish?" And I nodded, for I could not speak because of my emotion. Then I went away, determined to carry out his instructions to the letter, and return with the will for him to sign as quickly as I could.

As I left the house, I spied Lynn Yeames coming down the road; but I had no patience to speak to him, and jumping in the doctor's gig, I drove off as quickly as I could.

He saw me. My haste must have disquieted him. "What's that old lawyer doing there?" he doubtless asked himself. I believe he partly suspected the truth: that Flexmore had sent for me to alter his will—anything but a pleasant prospect to him, who believed that the will already made was in his favour.

I kept the gig at the door; and then, going into my office, I fetched out the draft of the old will and a sheet of foolscap to write the new one upon. Just at that moment my housekeeper came in to say that my lunch was served. I had an hour's work before me; it would take me another hour and a half to carry it over to Flexmore, get his signature, and return. Whether I took the will over in an hour and a half or in two hours did not make much difference, in my belief; but it mattered a good deal whether I went without lunch for two and a half hours; and reflecting that a man always works better and faster if his physical wants are supplied, I resolved to knock off my meal before I went any farther.

Just as I was finishing, there was a ring at the bell, and my housekeeper brought in word that Mr. Lynn Yeames wished to see me. "Ah, ah!" thought I, "he wants to pump me again, does he? All right; so he shall." So I bade the housekeeper show him into my office, and say I would be with him in a minute or two. I emptied my glass, and rose to join my visitor in the next room.

In that moment it struck me that I had left the draft of the old will on the office table beside the sheet of fresh foolscap.

I went on tiptoe to the door, and peeped through the green taffety blind. Lynn Yeames was standing by the table, looking round him curiously; I could see him distinctly, but he could not see me, by reason of the light from the office window falling on the blind. Quickly he caught up the draft, and ran his eye down it.

"GRINDING AWAY WITH A PESTLE AND MORTAR AND A BOOK BEFORE HIM" (*p.* 102).

Now this, being only a draft, had neither date nor signature, and he must have jumped at once to the conclusion that it was the copy of a will I was about to draw up; and seeing that by this draft all Flexmore's money was left to Awdrey, it must have convinced him that this instrument was intended to revoke that will which I had led him to believe was made in his favour.

The sheet fell from his hand; he stooped hastily, picked it up, and replaced it on the table. I moved a chair, made a clatter with an empty plate as if I were just rising from my lunch, then I opened the door and entered my office briskly. Lynn Yeames was

seated at some distance from the table, and looking as pale as a muffin.

"How do you do, sir?" said I. "You don't look quite yourself this morning."

"I am upset: my uncle is in a critical condition—I don't know whether you know it."

"Yes," said I, shaking my head gravely. "I'm afraid it is all over with my old friend this time. We must prepare for the worst—we must prepare for the worst, Mr. Yeames," I repeated significantly.

It told, that shot, although he pretended not to be hit.

"Yes, yes," said he uneasily; "I came over to tell you—I thought you ought to know, in case there was any legal matter to arrange."

"As it happens, there is a very important matter to arrange. I have just come back from Flexmore House—you heard nothing there?"

"Nothing—my uncle could not see me. What is the matter?"

"Well—of course I can place confidence in you, Mr. Yeames?"

"I give you my word of honour that—you may depend upon my secrecy," he hastened to assure me.

"Good, sir. I trust to your honour. Your uncle is about to revoke his will." And I glanced significantly at the papers on the table. "I assure you," I continued, "I have done all in my power to persuade him to the contrary."

"Of course you have, in your own interest," said he savagely.

"One must consider one's own interests sometimes; and after having had the management of the estate for so many years——"

"What on earth has induced him to revoke it?" he asked, taking very slight pains to conceal his chagrin.

I hummed and hahed for some time, and then I said—

"I believe he has been considerably influenced by Dr. Awdrey."

"Dr. Awdrey?" he exclaimed. "What has he been talking about?"

"Well," said I, still with a good deal of sham hesitation, "I believe you were indiscreet enough to inform him that you had proposed to, and been accepted by, Miss Dalrymple."

He started as I told him this.

"To what use has the rascal put that knowledge?" he asked.

"We must not call Dr. Awdrey a rascal, sir," said I. "All of us have our own interests to look after. And really Dr. Awdrey's case is plausible enough."

"I don't understand you; what do you mean?" he asked sharply.

"You see it's almost an open secret; at any rate the fact has for some time been known to Dr. Awdrey that my old friend Flexmore wished Miss Dalrymple to marry the doctor—one of those curious fads that invalids occasionally take up. I don't know if you have ever remarked——"

"Go on, go on, for goodness' sake!" he exclaimed, interrupting me impatiently.

"Well, sir, lately it has been obvious that Flexmore's daughter Laure has formed a very strong attachment for Miss Dalrymple—a most extraordinary attachment."

"Yes, I know all about that. Go on."

"Well, you see it is obvious that Miss Dalrymple cannot marry both you and Dr. Awdrey; while, at the same time, it is equally evident that were you the child's guardian, and from any unforeseen accident you might alter your intention with regard to matrimony, Miss Dalrymple could only marry Dr. Awdrey by separating herself from the child Laure."

"But then I could be trustee to the child's fortune, and leave her guardianship to Miss Dalrymple, couldn't I?"

"Oh, certainly, if there were time to persuade your uncle to such an arrangement, which," I added, with a profound sigh, "I fear there is not."

He turned his back upon me, and going to the window, looked out into the thick grey mist, while I, with two or three little coughs, seated myself at the table, and began laboriously to draw up the new will, my spectacles low down on my nose, and one hand on the old draft, which I frequently consulted.

"How long will you be before you take that thing up to the house to be signed?" asked Lynn Yeames, who, as I lifted my eyes, I found was regarding me attentively.

I looked at my watch, and then, raising my eyebrows, at the draft—

"Dr. Awdrey was good enough to lend me his gig that no time should be lost; and, if all goes well, I shall be at Flexmore's house at half-past two—near as possible."

He drew his hat a little lower over his brows, and quitted my office without a word. As the door slammed, I laid down my pen, put my hands on my knees, and had a good chuckle, for I felt I had played that game of cross purposes very well.

But how would it end? That I could not foresee. That he had gone off with some definite and immediate purpose I was convinced. Would he in the next hour undo himself completely by throwing off Miss Dalrymple and making his uncle understand that he had no intention of marrying her? It would be sharp work; but men lose no time when their fortunes are at stake. "We shall see," said I, returning to my work, for which I hoped there would be no need when I went up for Flexmore's signature.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

I FALL OUT OF A TRAP.

It was two o'clock when I got into the doctor's gig with the new will. My house was just on the outskirts of the town; Flexmore's was two or three miles beyond, on the other side of Beagle Woods.

The mist had been thick all the morning; but it was thicker than ever when I started, so that I could not see three yards ahead with my glasses on. However, I knew I could trust to the intelligence of the

doctor's nag, who took that road every day in the week, and nights as well sometimes ; and with my collar well up, and my nose well down in a comforter, off I started.

I jogged along pretty comfortably until we got into the Beagle Woods ; there the mist seemed to have settled down into a solid block, and the big trees that skirt the road on either side increased the obscurity. However, the nag kept on her ambling trot—I believe the beast was so accustomed to the road that she was dozing best part of the time—till presently, smash ! Down she went, without any kind of warning, up dashed the seat of the gig, and out I flew, as though I had been shot from a catapult.

I was on my legs in a moment, for my first thought was of the will I had stuck under the seat-cushion, and I feared the nag would start up and bolt with it. I could hear her breathing heavily ; she did not attempt to move. I ran back in that direction, when —bang ! over I went again, flat on my nose. I had felt something strike against my shins, and as I rose to my feet once more, I discovered the cause of both falls—a cord was stretched across the road.

It slackened as I touched it, and the next moment was whisked out of my hands. Was this the wanton mischief of boys, or the sinister design of some one bent upon plunder ?

" My name's Anthony Keene, and you shall suffer for this, you vagabonds, whoever you are !" I shouted, as I groped my way to the gig. I am well known in Coneyford, and I knew that if they were boys they would scuttle off on hearing my name.

There was no sound of voice or footfall—only the old nag gasping on the ground. Then I felt sure it was the work of a man ; but I was not fearful of any further mischief, for the thief must be foolhardy indeed to attack an old lawyer, who is more likely to get him into trouble than yield much in the way of booty.

Feeling about the poor old horse, I found that both the shafts were broken, so there was no thought of going on in the gig even if the horse's legs were not broken as well. The will was just where I had stuck it, under the strap of the cushion ; I clapped it in my pocket, and, after a moment's reflection, started off to walk the remainder of the journey, leaving horse and trap in the road to take their chance.

A nice walk I had—tumbling into a ditch on the right, and then a ditch on the left, running flat up against a brick wall, and then pitching on to a pile of flints by the roadside, all the time in such darkness and impenetrable fog, that for all I knew I might have been walking half the time in a circle. To make matters worse, I found my nose was bleeding from the fall I got over the cord. It seemed to me I should never get to my journey's end.

However, after a time it grew less obscure, which made me think I must have got clear of the Beagle Woods, which was a comfort ; and shortly afterwards I heard footsteps approaching.

" Who's there ?" I called when I felt it was time to speak, lest I ran into something fresh.

" Sam Martin. Be that you, Muster Keene ?" replied a well-known voice.

" Yes, it is. How far am I from Mr. Flexmore's house ?"

" About half a mile—keep straight on by the paling. Thought it were you, Mr. Keene, by your little squeaking voice. Shall I turn back wi' ye ?"

" No. Go straight on. I've left the doctor's trap in the road—horse down—see what you can do with it, Sam Martin, and take care no one else comes into mischief over it."

I got to the palings by the park, and kept them in touch until at length I reached the carriage-drive gate of Flexmore House. By this time, what with one accident and another, it must have been pretty nearly four o'clock.

There were lights in the house. Before the door stood Lynn Yeames' mare, Flexmore's gardener holding his head.

" Afternoon, sir," said he in an undertone that spoke of calamity. There was foreboding silence, also, on the part of the maid-servant as she opened the sitting-room door.

Miss Dalrymple was on her knees before a big chair drawn near the fire, in which little Laure sat, her face buried in her hands. They were not aware of my presence, so softly had the maid opened and closed the door.

Miss Dalrymple drew the child's head upon her bosom and bent her lips down to the little brow, and then began to murmur words of sympathy and love in her low, sweet, tender voice. I knew what had happened, and would not disturb that gentle communion. I stood there looking at that touching picture through tears that dimmed my eyes. It may have been only the effect of the fog, those tears ; it may have been the reflection that I should never more hear my old friend's voice, or it may have been this testimony of a woman's compassion. Dealing with men and women, for the most part hard and selfish, makes one cynical and blunts the edge of fine feeling ; yet there is still, thank God, a corner of my heart soft and susceptible to the touch of pity.

Presently the child threw her arms about Miss Dalrymple's neck, and cried—

" But *we* shall never be parted. *You* will stay with me always."

" Yes, dear little one—I will stay with you always. Nobody shall part you and me," replied Miss Dalrymple.

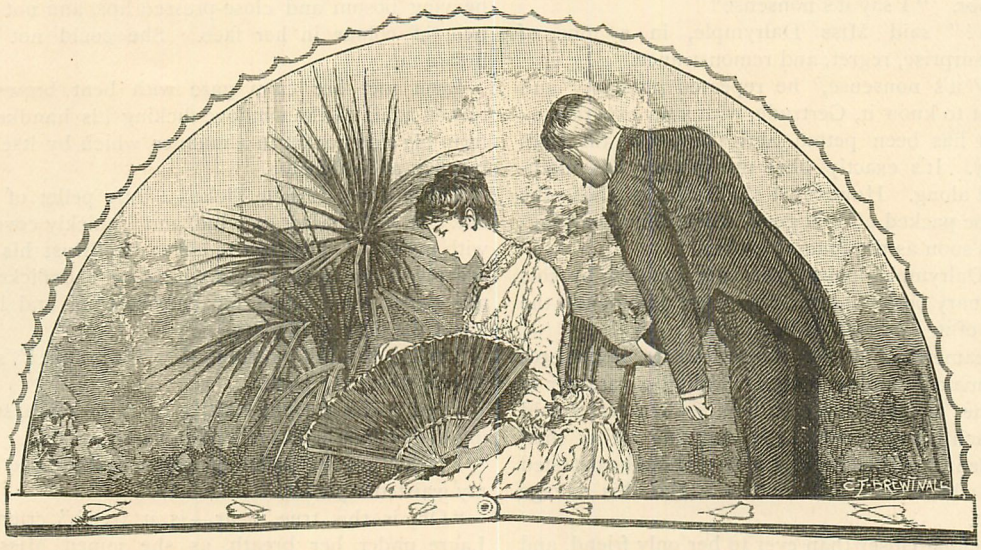
Then a long sigh fluttered up from the child's heart, and still clinging to her neck she pressed her cheek to this dear friend's face, and gazed into the fire.

And so I left them—opening and closing the door behind me in silence.

" Where is Mr. Yeames ?" I asked of the maid who waited in the hall.

" Upstairs in master's room, sir," she replied lugubriously.

Yeames was standing by his uncle's bed-side ; he thrust his hands quickly in his pockets as the door opened and I entered. No one else was there.



"SOMEHOW OR OTHER HE PROPOSED TO HER THAT NIGHT" (*p.* 102).

I went in silence to the bed and looked down. Flexmore's eyes were closed, but his jaw had dropped. The gaping mouth shocked me; and I turned away after a single glance. It was not thus I had hoped to look upon that face.

"You're a bit too late with that will," said Yeames, in a tone and with an expression on his face that implied a good deal—a tone of subdued jocularity, a cunning leer that bade me understand he knew why I hadn't come earlier. "Why, what have you been doing?" he asked with surprise. "You're a sight to be seen."

"How long has he been gone?" I asked, indifferent as to my appearance.

"Oh, not above a quarter of an hour. Gertrude's just gone down. She did all that was possible to restore vitality. But it's all over this time. He won't come back any more, as the song says."

"Have you sent any one for Dr. Awdrey? He ought to be here."

"Of course he ought, but I suppose he's got some interesting pauper to look after. I went for him myself. The old boy was shocking bad when I arrived here after leaving you. I went over to Awdrey at once, but he was out; came back, and by that time nunky was pretty near the finish."

"Was he in a state of consciousness at that time or not?"

"Well, he was conscious enough to ask for you, and wonder why you hadn't turned up."

It occurred to me that Lynn Yeames, seeing his uncle's precarious condition, had himself stretched that cord for me instead of going for Dr. Awdrey, in order to prevent my arriving in time to get Flexmore's signature to the will.

"Do you know why I did not turn up, as you call it?" I asked sharply.

"Not I; but you're not sorry, I suppose, that you did not get here in time."

It was on the tip of my tongue to retort, "Not so sorry as you may have reason to be, Mr. Yeames;" but I said nothing, for I wished to see how far this young man's fatuity would carry him, and contented myself with thinking of the bitter punishment in store for him when he should find out how completely he had deceived himself. Certainly no self-deception could be more complete than his. Assured of my venality, led away by his own hopes and over-confidence in the successful issue of his cunning, he apparently felt as sure of being possessed of his uncle's fortune as though the thousands were already in his hands.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

A PELLET OF PAPER.

THERE are some men who have so little self-respect that they do not keep up a decent pretence of virtue when the object is achieved for which it was first assumed, and Lynn Yeames was one of these.

He already took upon himself the airs of master in that house, and with a grand patronage bade me come down and take some refreshment. I complied, for after the shaking I had received I was in no mood to refuse.

We went into the sitting-room. Laure was lying on the couch holding the hand of Miss Dalrymple, who sat on a stool by her side.

"Oh, haven't you got all that over yet?" Lynn asked petulantly, glancing at them. "Sit down, Keene." He touched the bell. "It's absurd nonsense to encourage morbid feeling and mawkish sentiment about a thing that's been foreseen for weeks—an inevitable thing, a—— A little refreshment for Mr.

Keene." The latter addressed to the servant who came to the door. "I say it's nonsense!"

"Lynn!" said Miss Dalrymple, in a tone of mingled surprise, regret, and remonstrance.

"I say it's nonsense," he repeated harshly, "and you ought to know it, Gertrude, with your experience; the child has been petted and pampered till she's unhealthy. It's exactly what my mother has maintained all along. However, I shall alter all that—the girl will be packed off to a good, wholesome boarding-school as soon as the funeral is over."

Miss Dalrymple looked perfectly amazed by this extraordinary outburst; she could not understand the meaning of it. I could well enough.

Mr. Yeames had already thought better of his proposal to make penniless Miss Dalrymple a partaker in his fortune, and did not care how soon there should be a breach between them. It was this rather than any sudden fit of dislike to Laure--whom he detested always—which had led him to make this savage onslaught.

Laure clung closer than ever to her only friend, and looked in terror at Lynn. Miss Dalrymple held her hand firmly. The servant brought in the tray and I helped myself. Lynn waited till the servant was gone, and then, going to the window, said—

"I shall go over and fetch Awdrey. The certificate must be seen about at once. Go and get my hat from the library, Laure."

Miss Dalrymple rose.

"I said Laure," said Lynn, turning upon them majestically.

The child sprang up and sped from the room to fetch the bully's hat; Miss Dalrymple stood with heaving bosom and close-pressed lips, and not a particle of colour in her face. She could not speak before me.

Lynn met her calm gaze with bent brows, and turned again to the window, flicking his handkerchief from his side pocket in a manner which by itself was insolent and offensive.

But in doing this he flicked a little pellet of paper out. It fell against my toe, and I quickly covered it with my foot. The next moment he thrust his hand sharply in the pocket from which he had flicked out this pellet, then shook his handkerchief and looked about the floor at his feet.

"What dreadful weather, Miss Dalrymple!" said I, setting down my glass.

Lynn Yeames went hastily from the room, snatching his hat out of Laure's hand as he passed.

I picked up the pellet of paper and slipped it into my waistcoat pocket.

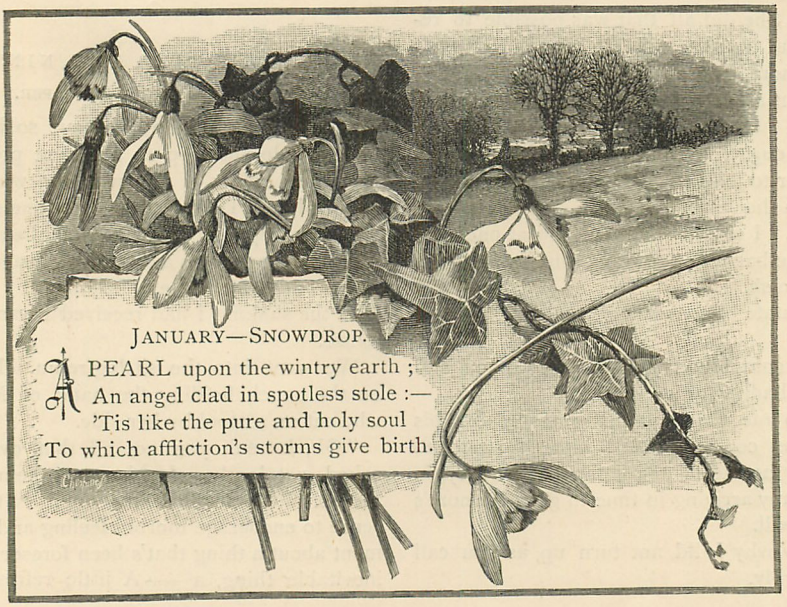
"Oh, is this true, dear—is it true?" cried little Laure under her breath, as she joined Miss Dalrymple. "Will he send me away from you? Will he part us?"

"No, my child," said I, going up to them. "Take this assurance from an old man who loves you for your father's sake, and Nurse Gertrude for her own—you shall not be parted."

I left them. As I passed through the hall I caught sight of Lynn Yeames on the landing above with a lighted candle, looking about for the pellet of paper I was carrying away in my pocket.

END OF CHAPTER THE NINTH.

FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS.



JANUARY—SNOWDROP.

A PEARL upon the wintry earth;
An angel clad in spotless stole:—
'Tis like the pure and holy soul
To which affliction's storms give birth.

SENTIMENTAL COOKERY.

BY ARDERN HOLT.

IN the opinion of a celebrated French dramatist, "Sociability over a book or good eating doubles the gratification from either or both." This probably is the reason why so many anniversaries and so many events are commemorated by some one article of food. The most prominent example of this lies in cakes: hot-cross-buns, wedding, funeral, fair, Easter, and harvest cakes, occur to the mind at once.

The subject is an interesting one, and I am going to give you some of the details — some of the whys and the wherefores thereof. I will begin with the wedding-cake — a subject that never seems to pall. It is of very ancient origin: brides of old offered cakes to Diana, and the Confarreatio—the most ancient and solemn marriage ceremony of the Romans—was so called because the cake (*far*) was carried before the bride. In England, we came to the present perfection of wedding-cake by degrees. Cakes and buns superseded hard, dry biscuits, and were made of spice, currants, milk, sugar, and eggs in Elizabeth's time; when some were thrown over the bride's head or put through her ring, and eaten for luck to inspire prophetic dreams; like the dumb-cake or dreaming-cake of a later time. This cake was divided into three; some was eaten by the young maidens, and some placed beneath their pillows, or in the foot of the left stocking, and thrown over the left shoulder while retiring to bed before twelve, the maidens walking backwards the while, in order that they might see their future husbands in their dreams. The small marriage-cakes of Elizabeth's reign became the rich mass of almond paste, plums, currants, citron, &c., in the hands of the French cooks brought over at the Restoration. Very curious customs appertain to bride-cake all the world over. In Yorkshire, a plateful is thrown from an upper window to be scrambled for; in Liburnia, the bride throws a hard cake of coarse flour over the bridegroom's house, and the higher she throws it the happier she will be. In Georgia and Circassia, the bride kicks over a plate of dough set for her, and scatters it all over the room; and an old English custom was to raise a cake on a high pole, and the young man who first reached it was allowed to receive the bride and bridegroom on their arrival at their own home.

From gay to grave. In the North, a packet of flat sponge-cakes like saucers, with grated sugar on the top, often accompanies the invitation to a funeral, or the cakes are eaten on returning from church, or are sent with the subsequent hat-bands and gloves.

Fair-cakes are of all kinds, but gingerbread always plays an important part therein. I have a very pleasant remembrance of some we had as children in Yorkshire, which were not gingerbread; they were square, made of pastry, the corners turned up, and filled in with currants, spice, and nutmeg. These served for two fairs, held within three weeks of each other; it is hardly necessary to say that they ate better at the first. On similar occasions in the same county, we ate spiced ginger-cheese, pepper-cakes, and gingerbread loaf; and for the 5th of November, Yorkshire parkin is prepared. Never lose a chance of eating this. Make it, if you can, as follows:—4 lbs. of good Yorkshire oatmeal, 4lbs. of treacle, 1 lb. of soft sugar, 1 lb. of butter, 2 oz. of powdered ginger. Mix the treacle and butter well together, and, when melted before the fire, add the other ingredients, stir with a knife, but do not knead it, and bake in a cool oven, in tins, about two inches thick. Turn it out when cold.

The use of cakes in old days was almost universal at religious festivals. Egyptians, Babylonians, Samians, Greeks, and Romans, all had sacred bread and cakes. In England, there are St. Michael's bannocks for Michaelmas, and the carvis or seed-cake for Allhallows Eve. These used to be called Soul cakes, and were sent about to friends in Northamptonshire and other counties. Very probably the plan originated in a country custom of sending wheat-cakes when wheat-sowing was over; these, plentifully besprinkled with carraways, were among the ploughman's perquisites; and Allhallows Eve fell at the same season. In old days, in Shropshire, these Soul cakes were laid on the table in a high heap—like the shewbread. They, in a manner, remind one of the harvest-cakes, which every county, as far as I know, patronises, though the ingredients differ. I will, however, give you a simple and good recipe, which I am sure is worth making:—2 lbs. of flour, 3 tablespoonfuls of fresh yeast, ¼ lb. of currants, ¼ lb. of sugar, 2 eggs, a little spice, and enough warm milk to make the mixture light. When it has risen sufficiently, work it into cakes of ¼ lb. each, bake in a cool oven for ten minutes, then brush over with milk and sugar.

For Christmas celebration there is no end to the good fare associated with the season: Yule-cakes, baby-cake, and the most delicious ginger and spiced cakes and loaves, which are sure to be offered you, in many parts of Yorkshire, and—last, not least—waffel cakes, which are thin, like the gauffre cakes sold at fairs.

This is how you make them:—¼ lb. of butter, 3 eggs, 2 table-spoonfuls of flour, a tea-cupful of milk, salt and nutmeg. Beat the butter to a cream, mix the yolks with it, add the flour by degrees, and pour on the cream; beat the whites of the eggs into a froth, add them to the other ingredients before baking. Rub the waffel-irons with butter, pour in the batter, so that all the interstices are filled; bake a light brown.

The following is a good North Country Yule-cake:—1 lb. of sifted flour, a salt-spoonful of salt, ¼ oz. of German yeast, ½ pint of tepid water. Stir in the flour with a wooden spoon, and let it stand in a warm place to rise, add ½ lb. of butter beaten to a cream, ½ lb. moist sugar, a little grated nutmeg, ¾ lb. of currants, 4 oz. of candied peel, 2 beaten eggs. Mix well; half fill a tin, bake in moderate oven for two hours. Turn it out of the oven to get cool.

Twelfth Night cake was, as far back as 1620, made of flour, ginger, honey, and pepper, one for every family; portions were set apart and given away in alms. The maker thrust in a small coin at random when kneading it, or a bean, and a pea, and those who found them were constituted king and queen for the evening—a custom borrowed from the French *roi de la fève*. As time went on this has been enlarged upon; but the white sugared cake still survives.

There was an old custom in some places of placing the twelfth-cake on the horns of the oxen, with much ceremony. At St. Albans, Herts, on New Year's Day, curious buns in the shape of a woman were sold, and called Pope ladies. This reminds me of some curious cakes associated with Easter—viz., the Biddenham cakes, in commemoration of the Biddenham maidens, who were joined together at the hips and shoulders somewhat after the fashion of the Siamese twins. On Easter Sunday 1,000 rolls were for years given away to all strangers, with the effigies of these ladies upon them, dressed in the costume of Mary's reign, and showing that they possessed but one pair of arms between them. The money for this distribution was secured upon some twenty acres of land left by them for the purpose. The rolls were to be accompanied by cheese in proportion. Eggs, herb pudding, tansy-cakes, which were all given at Easter, had their origin in the fact that people poured into the churches for the Easter communion, many coming long distances. The hotels were filled, and the clergy and laity were refreshed after the service. Herb pudding was made of the tops of young nettles, docken leaves, and other early greenery, to be found in the hedges or specially cultivated for the purpose. During the Easter holidays young people played hand-ball for tansy-balls; but why and wherefore has not been told us.

This is a good recipe for the ordinary Easter cake:—4 lbs. of flour, 2 lbs. of butter, 2 lbs. of sifted sugar, eight yolks and four whites of eggs, a tea-spoonful of sal-volatile, and cinnamon to taste. Mix 1 lb. of butter with the flour, add the sugar and spice; melt the other pound of butter and mix it with the eggs, then all together, roll it out thin, cut the paste into good-sized rounds, put them on a floured tin, and bake in the oven.

St. David's Day was celebrated by taffy-cakes, and Lent by these same tansy-cakes, and the carling, simbling, and simnel-cake for Simmel or Mothering Sunday—viz., mid-Lent Sunday.

Harland, in his "Lancashire Legends," talks of—

> "The good rounde sugarye
> Kinge of Cakes, a Burye Symnelle,
> It speaks of deareste familye tyes,
> From friende to friende in Lent it hyes;
> To all good fellowshippe yt cries,
> I'm a righte trewe Burye Simnelle."

It is made of 3 lbs. of flour, 1 lb. of butter, well rubbed into the flour, 3 lbs. of currants, 1 lb. of sugar, 3 oz. of ground cinnamon, 2 oz. of bitter, 2 oz. of sweet almonds, blanched and chopped, 3 oz. of candied lemon, four eggs, taking out two yolks, and some cooks add half a tea-cupful of barm. There are varieties in the recipe, but this a good one.

Pan-cakes are of very ancient origin, and were an offering by the pagan Saxons to the sun. Shrove Tuesday really means confession Tuesday—the day immediately before Ash Wednesday—when everybody was expected to obtain absolution, and, to remind them, a great bell was rung in every parish. This in time came to be called pancake bell, as it was the signal for the cook to put the pancake on the fire. Old writers describe them as made of wheaten flour, water, eggs, and spice, placed in a frying-pan with boiling suet. In some places the youths and maidens used to flit from house to house collecting the various requisites to make them. There is a superstition that some of the white of egg should be put into a glass of pure water and set near the window, where, the sun shining on it, it will foretell the future, for the white of egg floats about and takes some form—say a ship or a tent, foretelling a sailor's or a soldier's career, for example.

Hot-cross-buns, like most cakes eaten at religious seasons, were a sort of stay to the appetite till more substantial fare could be obtained. By some they are considered symbolic of the bread broken by our Lord Himself at the Last Supper, and of His death on Calvary. To break a Good Friday bun has always been considered a pledge of friendship, and a surety against disagreement, the act being accompanied by the words:—

> "Half for you and half for me,
> Between us two goodwill shall be."

Hot-cross-buns were supposed to be endued with some peculiar sanctity, and were kept through the year for good luck, as a charm against fire, and a remedy for certain diseases.

HOW I NURSED MY BROTHER BACK TO HEALTH.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

I HAD never been quite happy about Hugh since he had taken to working so busily in the most unhealthy part of the town, down beside the river and the wharves. I knew it was important to him to gain experience in such work, and that he could not better employ the interval between taking his degree and his ordination than in helping our hard-working clergyman. Yet I was sometimes anxious about him, for he was always very much in earnest over everything he took in hand; and then he had never been very strong.

I do not know if I can tell exactly what first made me feel thoroughly uneasy about him. For a good many days I had fancied him not quite well, but first he had only laughed at me, and had seemed in almost unusually high spirits; and then, a little later on, he had answered almost snappishly, and told me to "mind my own business"; and it was so very unusual for Hugh to be irritable—least of all to me—that I felt a vague premonition of trouble to come.

One chilly October evening, a few days later, Hugh came in looking fagged out and thoroughly wretched. He sat very quiet in an easy-chair, and shivered a good deal, despite the fire's cheery glow. He was so thirsty that I had to order up a fresh relay of tea, but he would touch nothing solid, not even the thinnest bread and butter, and he seemed oddly indisposed to talk. He confessed to a headache, and thought perhaps he had taken a chill, but he had no sore throat, and that reassured me a little.

Our step-mother advised him to go to bed, but it was a good while before he seemed able to summon resolution to move. I went to see him a little later on, and took him some soup, but he did not care for it, and asked for tea again. He was shivering all over, and was terribly thirsty. I felt certain he was going to be ill, but I could not get any one else to share my fears. Our father looked at our step-mother, and she said we would wait till morning—very likely it was only a cold.

In the morning, almost before I was dressed, I was summoned by old nurse to come to Hugh. He was lying half dressed upon the bed, his eyes dim and half closed, and a sort of dusky flush upon his face. He seemed to find a difficulty in speaking, and not always able to get hold of the word he wanted. He made no resistance to our putting him back to bed, and lay on his back quite still, only shivering from time to time, as he had done the previous evening.

There was no question then as to sending for the doctor. Our step-mother was terrified lest it should be something infectious which her children might catch, and we were all glad that Hugh's room occupied so isolated a position, right away over the offices, far away enough from nurseries or living-rooms. The doctor was sent for, but unluckily I had small confidence in him; he was a kind, fussy little man, very popular with children who only ailed little things, but I do not think he was clever, and that added to my anxiety.

He seemed, however, to find out pretty soon what was the matter with Hugh. The look of his eyes and his tongue, and the appearance of some little reddish spots on his body, seemed to settle the matter quickly.

"It is typhoid fever, Miss Molly," he said to me, in his cheery way. "It will give you a nice bit of experience, if you are going to be nurse. Typhoid is a tedious thing, and it needs a deal of care; but that I am sure you are prepared to give." He then gave me some general directions, and took his leave, promising to look in later.

It was plain to me from the outset that all the nursing would fall upon me, with such help as old nurse could give. Mamma was afraid to enter the sick-room on account of the children, for, despite the doctor's assurance that typhoid was not infectious, in the ordinary sense of the word, the very name of fever was enough for her, and she was quite afraid to come near us. We were not rich, and could not well afford a trained nurse, unless it should be actually necessary; and Hugh and I having been all in all to one another for so long, I was almost relieved to feel that he would be my special charge now.

I set to work promptly to arrange the room. Hugh was so quiet and torpid that, as long as I moved quietly and kept the blinds down, he seemed to notice nothing. I lighted a good fire, and brought up a few household utensils, such as a kettle, a saucepan, a certain number of plates, cups, spoons, and forks, which I intended keeping as my special property during the next weeks, so that the things used in the sick-room should not be mixed up with those in use elsewhere. A small box-room close to Hugh's served me as a kind of store-room and scullery, and nurse promised to keep me well supplied with hot and cold water for the requisite washing up. I next got an old screen, which I placed between Hugh's bed and the door, and as it also screened him from the light of the windows, it served a double purpose, for during the first week, while the severe headache continued, he was very intolerant of anything like a bright light.

I hung a sheet in front of the doorway, and sprinkled it with a solution of carbolic acid (1 in 20), though I am not sure that this precaution was really necessary for a fever as little contagious as typhoid. Later on I had to substitute Condy's fluid for carbolic acid in and about the room, as Hugh seemed to sicken of the smell of carbolic; but I preferred it myself, and thought it more thoroughly efficacious.

I may mention here what I was told later, and what

proved of great service to me in keeping the room sweet, that any disagreeable smell can be dissipated in a very simple way. Pour a little common vinegar into a saucer, and then take a live coal from the fire and keep dipping it into the vinegar. A pungent steam is at once thrown off that entirely overpowers every other odour, and is rather pleasant than otherwise to inhale. By walking about the room with your steaming saucer you can purify it in a very few minutes from end to end.*

I was always very thankful that I remembered upon that first day to write to an old friend of my mother's, who was a nurse in a London hospital, to tell her of my trouble, and ask her if she could give me any hints in helping to nurse my brother. I remembered many years before having been taken to her hospital by my mother, and hearing there a brief dialogue, which had somehow contrived to stick in my memory.

"You have a great many cases of typhoid?" my mother observed.

"Yes," was the reply; "we get all the worst cases sent up here. We are rather noted for our typhoids in these wards."

"For good recoveries you mean? But do not the same doctors attend all over the hospital?"

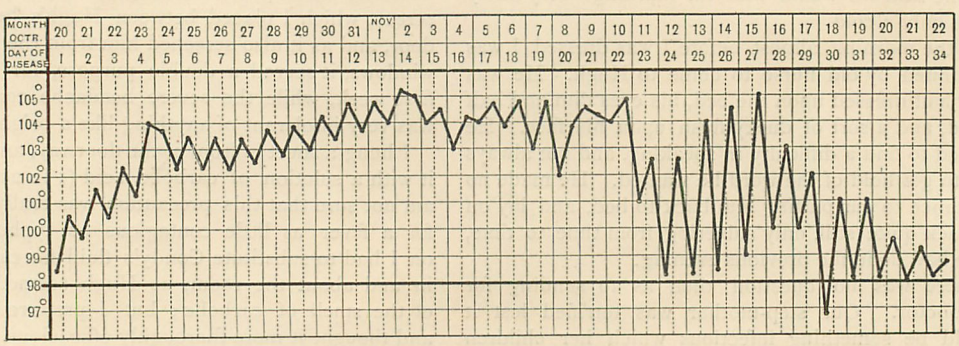
"Ah, yes; but you see, in typhoid the nurse, not the doctor, holds the most important office. In fact, almost everything depends upon the nurse; and though medical attendance is necessary, and even indispensable, no doctor can save a case unless it is properly nursed. The real responsibility rests with us, and very heavy it is sometimes."

The moment the recollection of this conversation flashed into my mind I sat down and wrote my letter, getting by return of post a long and most kind reply full of little helpful details, which gave me far greater confidence than I could have had without. I also received as a present a clinical thermometer for taking my patient's temperature, and some blank charts for registering its indications, together with a "sample chart" of a typical typhoid case, as a sort of guide to me what the temperature ought to be, so that I need not feel undue anxiety even if it did rise high at certain times.

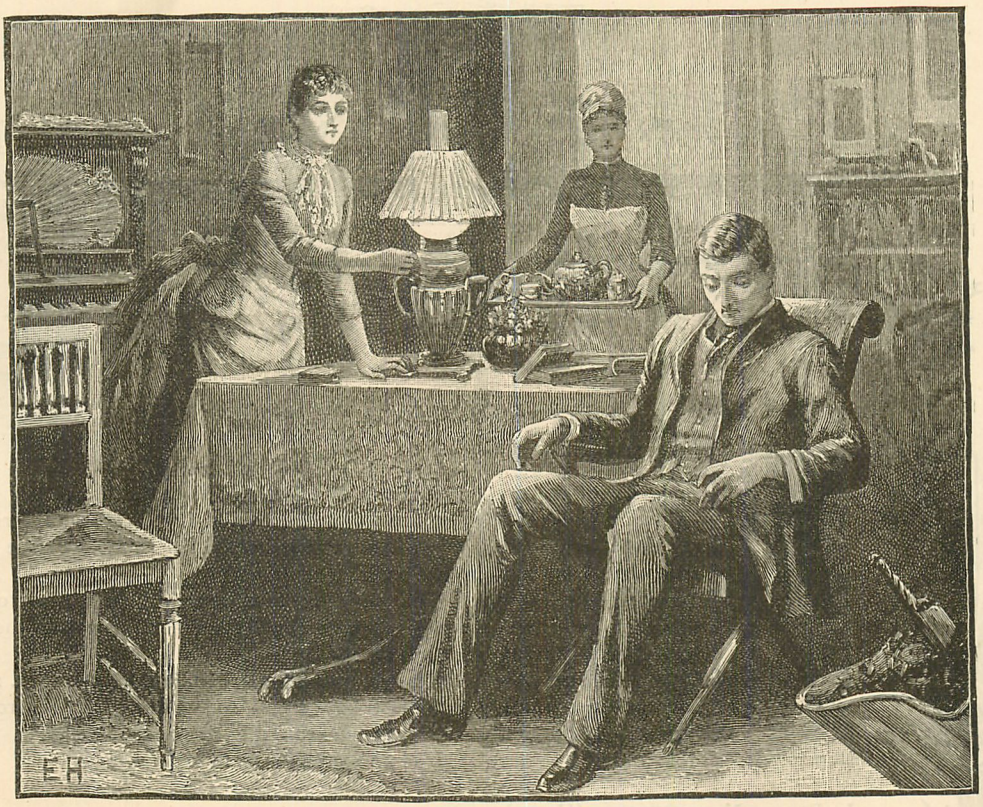
A clinical thermometer is a little tube of glass with a bulb of mercury at one end. This bulb is placed in the mouth of the patient (the lips, but not the teeth, being closed upon it), or under the arm, if more convenient, and held there for about four minutes. These thermometers always act on a registering principle, and do not run down when taken from the patient, so that the temperature can be seen by the doctor on his visit, and the register shaken down afterwards. Taking the temperature is most important, as it is the best index of the way the fever is tending, and changes either for better or worse are indicated by its readings long before any other alteration is visible. Temperatures are usually taken morning and evening; but if the patient is in a critical state, it may be well to take it every four hours.

My instructions were clear and simple. The patient was to remain lying flat on his back in bed, and not to get up, or even sit up, for any purpose whatever. I was even to be careful, if he were very ill, how he moved over upon his side, and to keep him, in short, as still as possible. Everything in the way of bed-clothing was to be not only well aired, but actually *warm*, before it was put on, and absolute cleanliness was strictly enjoined. In order to avoid perpetual re-sheeting of the bed, which always fatigued the patient, and was often difficult to accomplish without more movement than was advisable, she explained the principle of "draw-sheets," the use of which I found indispensable. A draw-sheet is a sheet folded in such a way that it covers the bed from just below the bolster to about the patient's knees, and if tightly tucked in at both sides, causes no inconvenience to him. When it requires changing, you get your patient to move himself over to one side of the bed, and then you go round and roll up the soiled draw-sheet into a tight roll, till you roll it up against his body. Then you place the clean draw-sheet on the bed in place of the old one, tuck in one side quite firmly, and roll up what is over into a second tight roll beside the first. Then pressing both rolls deep into the bedding, you get your patient to move himself over them without difficulty, till he is lying on the clean sheet. The soiled one can then be drawn away at once, and the clean one unrolled and tucked well in at the opposite side. Two people can do this little office for a perfectly helpless or unconscious patient by simply moving him very slightly from side to side. It is always best to have a

* If there is no fire in the sick-room, a hot poker from the kitchen fire will do as well as the live cinders.



TEMPERATURE CHART OF A TYPHOID FEVER CASE.



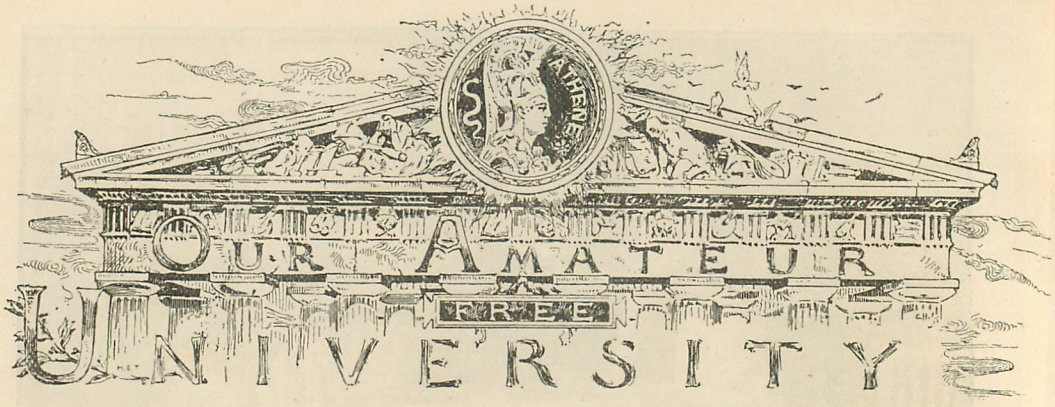
"HE SAT VERY QUIET IN AN EASY CHAIR" (*p.* 111).

piece of mackintosh under the draw-sheet to keep the bed-clothes perfectly dry. The upper clothing should always be kept well over the patient whilst the under sheet is changed. To avoid any soreness of the skin from perpetually lying in one posture, my kind friend told me to rub the back, and such parts as were likely to be affected, with methylated spirit (warm), and dust them after with fine starch powder. As prevention is better than cure, this process was to be regularly carried on all through the illness, and repeated about every other day. I may as well say that it answered perfectly, and that though Hugh was six weeks in bed, he never suffered in the least from tenderness of skin from lying.

My remaining main charge related to diet—on *no account* was anything to be given for weeks that was not absolutely liquid. She warned me that in the later stages my patient would plead piteously for "something to eat," if only rice or arrowroot; and she warned me also that even the doctor might give way and order some light pudding, only to repent later of the indulgence. She told me I must be very "hard-hearted"; and when the first experiment was made, to let it be only a few spoonfuls at a time, and test the temperature most carefully afterwards. "I have known a small basinful of thin arrowroot to throw a patient back for weeks. My doctors now leave the diet question mostly to me; and I find by experience that the more resolute I am to be extremely cautious, the better it is in the end for us all; but it is often very hard to be firm."

Food, that is milk, beef-tea, and stimulant (if ordered) was to be given in small quantities and frequently—if exhaustion was great, even as often as every ten minutes. Much depended on never allowing the patient to run down for want of nourishment, and both face and pulse were to be carefully watched for indications of exhaustion.

I have not got very far yet with my account of Hugh's illness, it has taken so long to set down these details about nursing; but I will finish my story in another part.



OPEN TO ALL READERS.

WHY should not our lady readers be allowed to graduate in the Faculty of Domestic Economy?—or, to use a homelier, and therefore a better term, HOUSEWIFERY? We therefore present to our undergraduates the following programme, as the first step to so desirable an end :—

I. PLAIN NEEDLEWORK (HAND).

1. Hemming.
2. Felling.
3. Herring-boning.
4. Seaming.
5. Gathering.
6. Button Holes (cloth).
7. Button Sewing (linen and
8. Stitching. [cloth).
9. Stocking Darning.
10. Running.
11. Whipping.
12. Muslin Curtain Darning.

Each specimen should not exceed 12 inches in length and breadth, and may be worked on strips of linen or other material suitable in each case. The time taken over each specimen must be duly certified and corroborated. Specimens cannot be returned.

The work must be sent (by parcel post or otherwise) to reach the Editor not later than the 20th of February, 1888.

A Prize of One Guinea is offered for the best work in this section. Certificates of Merit will be awarded to all competitors whose work is of the required standard.

II. SEWING MACHINE WORK.

In this section every kind of work usually done by machine may be submitted, on specimen pieces of the size indicated in Section I. The kind of machine used should be stated in each case.

A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best work in this section ; and Certificates of Merit will be given to all competitors whose work is of the required standard.

The work must be sent (by parcel post or otherwise) to reach the Editor not later than the 17th of February, 1888.

Readers may compete in both Sections (I. and II.), but must be careful to send separate parcels and declarations required by the rules.

It is now time for us to lay down our

LITERARY COURSE FOR JANUARY.

SECTION I. *English Composition.*—Write a Ballad on "The Spanish Armada," in common metre (8, 6), not exceeding twelve verses of four lines each.

SECTION II. *Foreign Languages.*—Translate into either French, German, Italian, or Spanish, the passage commencing "Monica wandered down by the lonely cliff-path," and ending "she recognised in her presence none other than Randolph Trevlyn," in the story entitled "Monica," on pages 84 and 85 of this Magazine.

SECTION III. *Shorthand* (any system).—Report a speech or sermon (*verbatim*) by any preacher or speaker in your locality ; state the time occupied in delivery (which should not exceed forty minutes); and secure the certificate of the speaker as to accuracy of the report as transcribed from your shorthand MS.

Readers may compete in any one or all of the above subjects. MSS., duly authenticated according to the rules published in our December issue, must be sent to reach the Editor not later than the 20th of February, 1888.

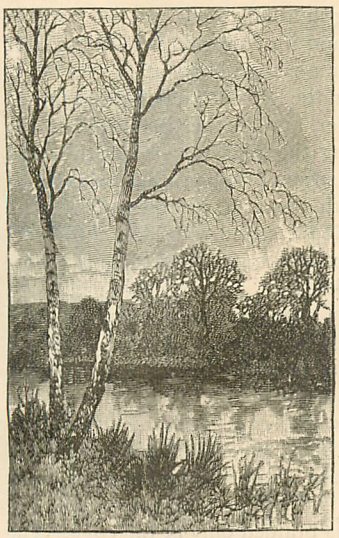
A Prize of One Guinea is offered for the best work in each section ; while Certificates of Merit will be awarded to all whose work is of the requisite standard.

For further particulars of our University Course we beg to refer our readers to the last issue of this Magazine.

WHAT TO WEAR IN JANUARY.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.



WITH the New Year come appropriately many thoughts for others, and the trio in our first illustration is bent on an errand of mercy. The time is one of those sunlit January mornings, which we prize from their rarity, almost as warm as April, so that furs for the nonce are, as a matter of course, discarded. The dress worn by the centre figure illustrates the most fashionable mode of trimming winter skirts, viz., with embroidery, braiding, or appliqué carried above the hem, which may or may not be edged with a kilting. Many such skirts are made with no foundations, though they look better with one. The colours in which such embroideries appear to find most favour are brown, electric blue, grey, bronze, and beige; the coat would be some tone in harmony. It has no trimming but flat bands of the material stitched at each side; its shape is peculiarly well adapted to showing off the figure. It opens diagonally with three or four fastenings, and has a double cape trimmed with rows of stitching; the wide turn-back cuffs are new in form, and so are the basques placed at the sides, where the bodice portion is united to the skirt. Such a coat would be made in plain habit-cloth well waterproofed, or in some of the many tweeds or vicunas which wear so well; and it would not be unsuitable if the material of the mantle were checked or striped. It is not absolutely necessary that it should be lined with silk, but it is better so. Satin is often preferred, as it slips on more easily; bright colours checked are the most popular: and the lining is almost as important as the cloak. The bonnet is stringless; it is, however, a bonnet—not a hat; the brim turns upwards high above the face, and is lined with velvet matching the darker tone of the embroidery on the dress. The outside of the bonnet is made either of felt or of the same material as the dress, and is surmounted by an ostrich-plume and two stiff quills.

The child to the left wears a comfortable mantle with sling sleeves, not difficult to make at home on an emergency; a good practical wrap, not over-heavy, and allowing full and easy play of limb—a point not always sufficiently considered by those who cater for young people's wardrobes. It is made in a thick diagonal tweed of a light brown tone; the lines in the weaving are very prominent and visible; and it is lined throughout with dark brown silk—a band of brown velvet bordering the sling sleeves, matching the velvet collar. It would look as well in plain cloth, plush, or brocaded cloth; and the same shape might be utilised for a child of more tender age in the curled cloth which has a series of loops all over, and not to be confounded with woollen astrakhan, being far lighter, yet equally warm. The bonnet is felt, pointed above the face, and is trimmed with brown velvet loops.

The other child wears a little frock which might be adapted to almost any occasion. It could be made in brown merino, or plush, with a front of light dust-colour, either wool or soft silk, embroidered in brown and bordered with guipure of the same colour. A brown sash is tied round the waist in a loose, careless bow, and forms a pointed trimming at the throat. If intended for more dressy occasions, tussore is a good material; the front, cream worked in red, the sash and neck trimming either red, light blue, or pink; nun's veiling with a thick white embroidered front, makes an excellent little party-dress. The hat has a slight suspicion of the most fashionable of all styles now, the Incroyable; only the brim is seen in front, and that is lined with red or dark brown, matching the contrast in the embroidery. The tuft of ribbon at the side accords with the dress; it is an aigrette of bows sewn well down on to the brim, which may be straw, felt, or velvet—all of them much worn by children.

Many most charming picture-hats are made by the leading milliners, and find favour for bridesmaids; but only exceptionally for general wear by Englishwomen, who, as far as the majority are concerned, keep to the high-crowned, oval-shaped felts, the wide brims turned up in rounded form at either side, with a tuft of check silk or plumes placed immediately in front, and reaching almost to the top of the crown.

There are no gowns more thoroughly useful for daily wear at this season than tailor-made woollen ones. The choice seems to lie between plain cloth, checks, and stripes. These last are frequently cut on the cross at the back, so that, when draped, they have an unusual effect. Some of our best tailors are bringing in petticoats of contrasting colour richly trimmed, over which a very long upper skirt is draped, low on one side, high on the other. The ordinary mess-jacket with its row of close-set brass buttons has inspired many suggestions. Dresses are made with a very narrow red vest with these buttons; and some of the out-door jackets in black cloth, with handsome cordings, braidings, epaulettes, and brandebourgs, have just such waistcoats half hidden beneath crossing cords.

The caterers of fashion have fallen back on the

academic costume for many suggestions. One of the most stylish tea-gowns is made after this order, with enormously full, long sleeves of beaded lace; and quite a simple little opera cloak, just such as was worn by our grandmothers, is made in soft green merveilleux, lined with pink, closely gathered at the throat, and with long sling sleeves.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Among other modes Frenchwomen are borrowing from England is a love of animals, and pure white cats, large furry Persian cats, and other treasures of the grimalkin species are domiciled and made much of in most Parisian households. In many they are adorned with marvels of collars and baubles, their ribbons constantly corresponding with the dominant colour in the toilette of their mistress. The young girl with the kitten in our illustration is just about to set out with her younger brothers and sisters for a juvenile entertainment late in the afternoon; and, assisted by her married sister, is attending to the wants of pussy before starting. She is wearing a light pink poult de soie short skirt, bordered with some seven or nine narrow flounces pinked out at the edge. Over this is draped another skirt of horizontally-striped Valenciennes lace and pink watered silk; it is caught up on the right hip, and has a pouf at the back. The arrangement of the bodice is quite novel; it comes only to the waist, where it is outlined by pink ribbon falling in a bunch of bows in front. A handkerchief of lace and watered silk, with one corner cut off and gathered in a ribbon band at the throat, is fastened with a bow on the left side; a point is gathered in above each shoulder, and another point falls to the waist in front, allowing the folds to come as they will across the figure. A strap of ribbon edges the handkerchief from beneath the arm to the waist. The sleeves come to the elbow, edged with lace, the insertion and lace going round the arm, and there is a bow of ribbon on the shoulders.

The young matron wears a thick gown of light golden-brown cloth. The under-skirt is bound to the depth of twelve inches with brown velvet. The draperies are hung in three distinct pieces: one starts from the centre of the front, and is braided the entire length; this meets the back, which is caught up in slight uncertain pleats and puffings; the third comes on the left side, and, like the back, is braided only at the edge. The braiding is very simple, merely rows of straight braid headed by one row in rings. The bodice is a Zouave jacket with a full front, cut on the cross; the jacket-fronts are braided, and the bodice forms a point at the back. The sleeve shows a new mode of treatment. At the shoulder, on the outside of the arm, a piece of dark brown velvet is let in, edged with the curled braid. The bonnet is stringless—a capote made of a piece of the same material as the dress, the front bordered with black lace and gold grelots in a full thick ruche, an upstanding bunch of flowers in front.

AN ERRAND OF MERCY.

Paris has been doing a good trade for the two past months in warm clothing, and has been quite equal to the demands upon her. There are many costly garments — there always are—but I am inclined to believe that now in Paris people who have their eyes open can procure many things worth having at most reasonable rates. And, moreover, *habituées* of Paris know that there are capital workwomen to be found who will re-arrange last year's dresses and mantles, and make them look like new.

An ordinary inexpensive mantle, selling at a reasonable price, is made in a brocaded cloth, the pattern a vermicelli scroll all over; it reaches to the waist, forming a pouf, which continues to, and is cut in one with, the short

sleeve, for all the world like an elephant's foot in form, thus giving an appearance of squareness at the back. The ends are square, and have broad bands of watered silk carried down the fronts, matching the collar and cuffs. This is serviceable and good-looking; but I have described it because this, as a fundamental shape, is so excellent for transforming last year's cloak—or, rather, those of a more ancient date—substituting fur, feather, or the curled woollen astrakhan for the silk, and adding handsome passementerie epaulettes, ornaments, and brandebourgs. It is impossible to go far wrong in braidings, either on dresses or cloaks.

Those who are clever with their needles should look up the old lace patterns that used to be worked ten or fifteen years ago, the kind for which half-inch tape braid was used, united by lace stitches, with here and there raised circles made by under-proppings sewn on to the braid and then worked over in buttonhole. This done in black silk and braid is one of the most fashionable trimmings of the day, and is most costly; but it could be made very easily; and laid on white silk it is most effective. White on black finds special favour; black worsted braiding with a lining of black silk, or black silk braiding, is introduced on to both grey and black.

KITTEN-WORSHIP.

Frenchwomen cling to the old make of sleeves, but no doubt they will be tempted to accept some of the many changes the dressmakers and milliners are bringing out. Several of the latest innovations open the entire length on the outside of the arm, to show a puffing in contrast; in others two materials are used—one for the upper, the other for the lower portion of the arm; while sleeves of distinct material from the rest of the dress are certainly coming in: velvet with stuff gowns, or silk with velvet. This is good news to those who wear out their sleeves quickly, and have not a superabundance of material to replace them.

It is better, if a gown is needed for anything but pure country wear, to intermix it with some contrast—say wool and silk, plain silk and watered, or light shades and dark; a dress of uniform material and tone is not worn in Paris. Tassels and cords are used for draping skirts, and are thickly worked in beads.

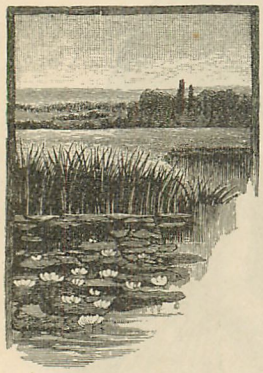
One of the prettiest novelties just now in dress-bodices is the basquine or mediæval belt, placed low beneath the waist-line; and it improves the figure. These belts are sold simply beaded or in antique embroidery. They give style and a dressy appearance to a very mediæval gown.

Polonaises are certain to be well worn as the season advances in England, as in France they have quite established themselves. And the same remarks are applicable to lapels, which are becoming a universal trimming on bodices. There is much licence as to colour in Paris. Many tones blend together, and in some of the more costly embroideries, representatives seem to be sent from every shade. The designs are of the Renaissance order. A deep poppy-red is most worn for morning and tea-gowns, often with no other trimming but itself ruched and fringed.

The Incroyable coats, the Incroyable hats, waistcoats, watches, and attire generally, flood the Paris show-rooms, and the style will certainly be the prevailing one of the immediate future.

A BROKEN COLLAR-BONE.

BY M. PAYNE SMITH.



IT was a bad smash at the time, and a very unpleasant accident Hugh Green thought it, though afterwards—but I am anticipating. He had always been fond of horses, and was a very good whip into the bargain, so that he had no mishaps—till the day that he took it into his head to drive tandem, and turning a rather sharp corner, cut it too close, caught his off wheel on the kerb, and came to grief. His brother said it was a gentlemanly accident, for while Hugh was picked up stunned, with a badly-broken collar-bone, and any number of bruises, the horses were unhurt, and the groom not perceptibly the worse. It is rather humiliating to be brought home "smashed," and it is not pleasant to have to go into the City with your arm in a sling, and to be incapable of signing your name; but it is still more disagreeable to be invalided when a great friend of your sister's is just coming to stay with you, and you have been looking forward to rowing, riding, driving, playing tennis, and generally enjoying yourself with her.

The Greens were in trade—very much in trade, for though their advertisements were on every hoarding, their firm had been in existence long before advertising was the fashion, and had come down from father to son in a most patriarchal manner. Just now, the heads were rather young, for Hugh had succeeded on his father's death, while under thirty, and Russel was younger still. But good business heads ran in the family, and the old clerk who had been manager for forty years, gradually came to the conclusion that, though his masters were young and handsome, though they had nothing of the City aspect, and though they had many interests outside the money article, yet still they were worthy of the firm.

Mrs. Green had not been well in the spring, so Hugh took a furnished house up the river, that she might escape the heat of London, and there Mabel Eaton came on a long-promised visit to Edith Green. The two girls had been at school together, and Edith had paid more than one visit to Sir Herbert Eaton's place in Westshire, but Mabel had never been allowed to stay in Cleveland Square.

"Miss Green is a charming person, my dear," was Sir Herbert's invariable answer to Mabel's entreaties, "but I cannot allow you to be mixed up with City people in London. If they were in the country it would be another matter."

So now that the Greens were in the country Mabel's visit took place, and very pleasant she found it. Mrs. Green was rather afraid of the boats, but Edith was a first-rate oar, and Russel was only too happy to row, or scull, or give instruction in rowing or sculling. It was rather hard on Hugh to hear Russel giving lessons in rowing in his sweet mellow voice, and to see Mabel's eyes raised to his, as he expatiated on the proper method of holding an oar. It never much mattered what Russel said, his voice was so charming and his manner so graceful; but it was rather tantalising to the elder brother to sit and steer, when but for the collar-bone he would have been teacher.

That very first evening, the first row after dinner settled Hugh's fate. Mabel was fair and handsome in a grand, stately way, which contrasted admirably with Edith's small figure and dark, merry face; but it was the high-bred air, and composed, almost languid, manner of the baronet's daughter which won on the young merchant. Poor Hugh! a good night's rest might have set his fancy to sleep; but the collar-bone was strapped so tight; and the arm and shoulder were so bruised and painful, that he could only lie and toss, and think over every word and smile of the evening, and compare his share with his brother's, and come to the painful conclusion that she was a quite impossible she, which was rather premature, when you consider that the acquaintance had not lasted quite twelve hours.

"How quiet your eldest brother is!" remarked Mabel, as she and Edith sat on the lawn with their work after the young men had gone to town.

"Do you think so? His shoulder was very painful last night, I fancy, and that made him quiet; generally he is the merriest of us all."

"Poor fellow!" said Mabel, "I am so sorry. He made light of it yesterday, and somehow I did not realise how bad it was."

"He is very plucky," answered Edith, "and of course it is not serious; but it is more than a fortnight since his accident, and I don't think he has had a good night's rest since. And he won't give in, but goes to business every day, and works just as hard as if he were well."

"He is the head, is he not?" inquired Mabel.

"Yes; he succeeded two years ago, when my father died. He was to have gone to the Bar; but he had such a good business head, that my father thought it a pity to waste his talents, and it has turned out all right, for Russel would not have been old enough nor clever enough to take the lead so soon," Edith sighed, as she thought of her talented, loving father, cut off in his prime by a week's illness; "and Hugh has been like a father to us all."

Mabel was silent, for a new idea had come into her mind, and she wanted to think it out. She had always considered "business" as the refuge of narrow minds incapable of success in wider walks of life,

and it was strange to her to hear of talents employed in this same money-getting occupation.

Moreover, there was a refinement and culture about these "City people" which put to shame the well-born county-folk to whom she was accustomed. She had been rather amused, when calling on Edith in London, with the collection of quaint old prints, rare china, and curios which adorned their rooms, and had taken it rather as an evidence of ostentatious wealth. But already she perceived that curios were valued for their intrinsic beauty rather than their costliness, and that in their intimate acquaintance with art, music, and literature, the Greens could bear comparison with the most cultivated people she had met. So she was ready with the warmest of welcomes when her host returned from town, and Hugh hardly knew how to be happy enough when he found himself smiled upon by his lady love and even inveigled into the boat.

"I ought to be rowing," he said, rather ruefully, as the two girls got out the oars; "it seems such a shame to let you ladies do all the work."

"We like it," laughed Edith, and—"You are a privileged invalid," murmured Mabel, so softly that Edith did not hear.

If a man is reduced to steering when he would like to row, there is a certain solace in having the nicest young lady as stroke (as was the case that evening). Hugh and Mabel were in close proximity, and the blue eyes were never raised without meeting the eager gaze of the hazel ones; and it is well known that hazel eyes are apt to be very expressive. Certainly, when Mabel went to dress for dinner, she was conscious of having been told a good deal that had never been put into words, and—she liked it.

So the fortnight went on, the weather was lovely, the river delightful, and the young people happy. It never seemed to matter what they did, for everything was pleasant, and all four were ready to enjoy themselves in every possible way, and were equally content to row, drive, play tennis, or stroll about the garden. Nay! once the two girls spent an entire morning in a punt, fishing. "Just to see what it was like," as Mabel told Hugh in the evening.

"And what was it like?" he inquired.

"Well! not exactly exciting; we had four nibbles, and Edith landed a fish, which you are to have for dinner. Fish is good for invalids, you know."

"You are really very kind, and I have no doubt that I shall enjoy it very much; but I hope that, as I am progressing towards convalescence, you will allow me something else as well?"

"How greedy some people are!" laughed Edith. "Yes, Hugh, you shall have plenty more, and as you are no doubt very anxious to know what fish I caught, I will break it to you at once. It was not a salmon, or even a trout, but a perch, three inches long!"

"That is indeed a surprise," was Hugh's answer, "for I had a notion that it was a gudgeon. What bait did you use?"

"Worms!" said Edith tragically; "and we had a new sensation. Had we not, Mabel?"

"Oh, yes! I have always wanted to understand the sensations of the people who appear to live in a punt for a week at a time. Now, I seem to know."

"Would you like to try another new sensation, Miss Eaton?" interrupted Russel. "I have got some canoes down, so may I have the pleasure of teaching you how to paddle?"

Mabel hesitated. She wanted to learn paddling, but there is no room for a passenger in a canoe, and it seemed a pity to waste an evening, that could be spent with Hugh, when Russel always got down an hour or two earlier than his brother, and then his society was appreciated.

"Don't go if you would rather not," said Edith, noticing her hesitation. "Another day will do just as well."

"I would rather go some other time," said Mabel, recovering herself, "for I am sure to get upset, and I would rather not spoil an evening dress."

"A washing dress would be more appropriate," suggested Hugh mischievously. "But why should you upset?"

"Because I have never been in a canoe in my life;" and then dinner was announced, and the subject dropped.

But the next day, when the ladies were at lunch, there came a telegram for Mrs. Green, which utterly bewildered her. "What does he mean?" she exclaimed. "Washing dresses at 3 p.m.! My dear Edith, what does it mean?"

Edith laughed merrily. "Oh, it is only Russel's fun. Hugh must have let him off early, that we may go canoeing; Mabel was afraid of spoiling her dress last night. Now we can go out comfortably in old clothes."

So when Russel came down he found the two girls in attire that was decidedly more useful than ornamental, and gave them the welcome news that Hugh might be expected at five. "He is bringing Vesey down with him, so we can have a good long row if you have had enough paddling by tea-time."

Mabel instantly made a silent vow that Hugh should not see her in a shabby dress, and though she was very successful with her paddle, she had had quite enough of the canoe by half-past four, and ran off to make herself tidy before the two gentlemen appeared.

Hugh was pale and tired, for it had been very hot in town, and his shoulder was painful in consequence; but he was happy enough in the boat with Mabel by his side, for she declined to row any more, and sat quietly in the stern, listening to the gay nonsense of the other three. Mr. Vesey was just preparing for a yachting tour to Norway, and kept on pressing Hugh to join him.

"You will never get all right till you have some fresh air," he said. "A week at sea would make another man of you." But Hugh shook his head and answered that he was getting on as well as possible—an assertion which was not strictly correct, for he had a strong suspicion that the collar-bone was not mending as it should have done.

The next morning, as the two young men were on

their way to town, Russel astonished his brother by suddenly remarking—

"I say, Hugh, don't you think Miss Eaton is very nice?"

"Very!" answered Hugh. "I thought we all agreed about that."

"Er! yes! the thing is——you know I think it's about time some of us married."

"Yes?" said Hugh again, rather surprised, but not in the least seeing his brother's drift.

thing to say about the matter, and whether she accepts or refuses you, you had better speak of her rather less cavalierly. She is not a girl to marry for money, and you know well enough you dare not use that tone to her. Now let me alone, or I shall not have finished my paper before we get up to Waterloo."

Hugh spoke sharply, and Russel rather wondered at his tone, but subsided, feeling that he had made a fool of himself, and deciding that he would wait a day or two before he spoke to Mabel.

"'I OUGHT TO BE ROWING,' HE SAID RATHER RUEFULLY" (*p.* 119).

"And after all, there is an advantage in belonging to a good old family; so I mean to propose to Mabel."

"To Mabel?" Hugh fairly gasped. "To Miss Eaton?"

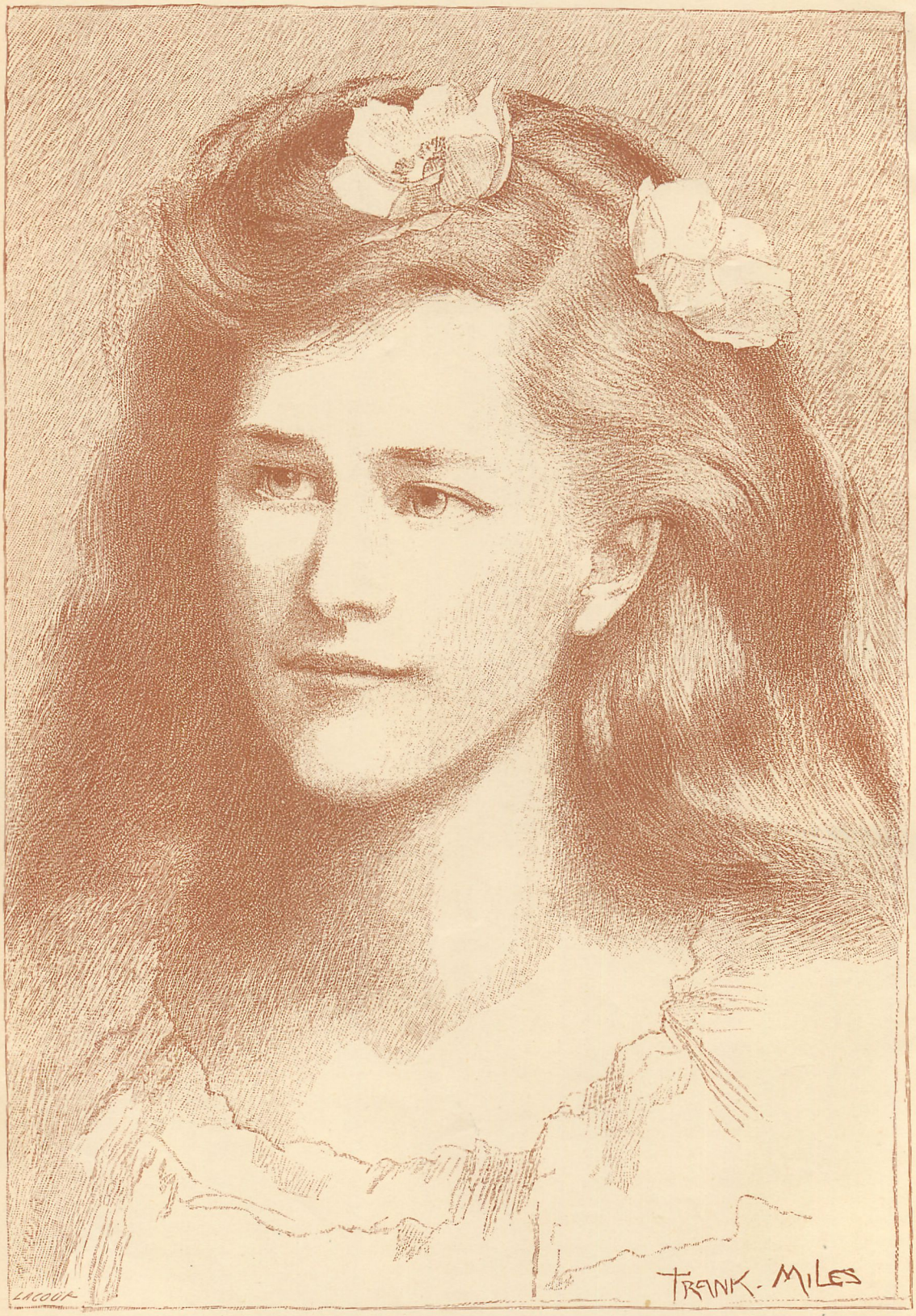
"Yes! I thought you guessed, by the way you have sent me about with her. I like her, and I think she will suit me down to the ground. Aren't you going to congratulate me, old fellow?"

"Not till Miss Eaton has accepted you," cried Hugh, half mad with irritation at his brother's cool, self-satisfied way of speaking of the girl he would have treated like a queen.

"Oh! I don't fancy there will be much difficulty about that. Sir Herbert is by no means well off. And there are a lot of them! He'll be ready enough to give his daughter away."

"Look here, Russel! Miss Eaton will have some-

As for Hugh, he kept his eyes on the money article, but the words danced before him. Mabel Russel's wife! Mabel lost to him! What an ass he had been to dream that a girl would look at him when Russel was by! Russel, with his handsome face, and the soft, mellow, tenor voice which had rung so sweetly over the water last evening! And then it was Russel who had been about with her—Russel who had rowed, played tennis, and driven with her while he had had to stand aside and look on! Of course that gentle, friendly manner of hers had meant nothing but that she was sorry for his accident. How could he bear to see her married to his brother? "Oh! hang it all," he exclaimed aloud, as the prospect broke upon him; and Russel, startled, roused himself to ask what was the matter. "Is your shoulder worse?" he inquired, wondering why he was so unlike himself that morning.



ANEMONE.

(*See p.* 121.)

"Oh, I don't know! Yes; I suppose it is. I think I had better look up the doctor, for it has been very troublesome lately;" and as the train rattled into the station Hugh pulled himself together for his day's work.

"Why, Russel, all alone?" was Edith's greeting that evening when only one brother appeared.

"Yes! Hugh has gone to see his doctor, and will come down by the next train. I think he is rather bad, do you know, Edie, he was so snappish and unlike himself this morning."

"Poor old fellow! I fancied he was not getting on, he has looked so white lately; but he has been so cheery all along, that I never guessed he was in pain."

Hugh appeared in course of time, looking tired and worried. He had had a scolding from his doctor, who found that the collar-bone was going on very badly indeed. "You have been overdoing yourself," was his verdict, "and even a trifling affair like this must have proper care. You had better go to some bracing place at once and have entire rest, or you will have a lot of trouble with the bone."

"So I am going to Norway with Vesey," concluded Hugh, as he told his mother and sister what the doctor had said.

"Really, Hugh, you take one's breath away!" said Mrs. Green. "Why, Mr. Vesey starts to-morrow, does he not?"

"Not till the day after; but as the yacht is at Hull I must go to-morrow."

"And for six weeks?"

"It will be about that, I fancy. It ought to put me thoroughly to rights. Any way, matters will be settled before I come back," he added to himself.

So Hugh went, and Mabel, after staying another week, and finding the place horribly dull without him, went home, rather disturbed in her mind by his sudden flight. A fortnight later Russel followed her to Eaton Hall, and proposed, only to meet with a most uncompromising refusal, which very much lessened his good opinion of himself; so he returned home crestfallen, to be pitied and petted by his mother and Edith, who, however, had her own opinion with regard to Mabel's feelings.

Summer gave place to autumn, and November set in with the usual amount of rain and fog. Hugh was at work again, all the better for his six weeks in Norway, and for the news which greeted him on his return; for Edith took care that he should know about Russel's ill-success. He was waiting patiently for a chance of meeting Mabel again, and that chance seemed long in coming. Edith, however, at last found an opportunity of assisting fate, for the last week in November she got a note from Mabel, who was in London for a couple of days, and very anxious to see her. "Thank goodness! I've a thoroughly bad cold," exclaimed Edith, as, after a moment's consideration, she wrote a line to explain how impossible it was for her to go out. "So if you are really nice," she concluded, "you will come to lunch to-morrow, and enliven my solitude, for mother is away, and I am all alone till the evening."

"Now, if that does not settle matters," she thought, as she addressed the envelope, "I will trouble no more about either of them."

"Hugh, dear!"

"Well, what is it? I see you want something."

"I want you! Won't you come home early to-day? I do get so dull and stupid all by myself, and I dare not go out this horrid weather."

"H'm! I am rather busy, but I will do my best. I dare say I could get home by four if that would content your ladyship."

"You dear boy, of course it will, and bring me some new books from the library, for I have nothing to read." And then, after Hugh had gone, Edith fairly danced about the room—for had she not Mabel's post-card in her pocket, and would not something happen that very afternoon?

Edith had counted on taking Hugh by surprise; and she did so most thoroughly, for he walked quietly into the library soon after four, with a parcel of books in his hand, and encountered—Mabel.

"Miss Eaton?" he exclaimed. "This is a surprise! I had no idea you were in London."

"I am only here for a few days, and came round to see Edith. I hope I am not in the way?" she added, puzzled by the young man's manner.

"You!" Hugh drew a long breath—"you could not be in the way, Miss Eaton. I only wish——"

"They have had a good hour," thought Edith. "I think I had better go in."

"Well! I hope you have not missed me," she remarked, entering the library rather noisily.

"Not a bit," said Hugh; "we are as happy as possible; and Mabel says she should never have taken a fancy to me if I had not broken my collar-bone."

ANEMONE: A TRIOLET.

(*In the language of flowers, Anemone means "forsaken."*)

ANEMONE: forsaken!
No, this the meaning never
Of the sweet name you've taken.
Anemone: forsaken!
No, not for you love shaken,
But tender, clinging ever.
Anemone: forsaken!
No, this the meaning never!

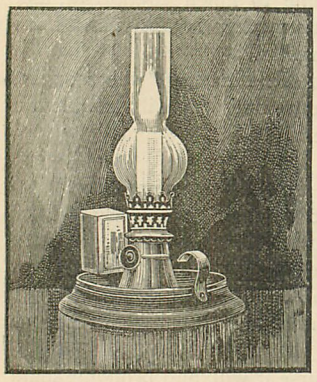
G. WEATHERLY.

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Gas Candle.



Heavy petroleum oils are safer than light ones, but it has been found difficult to burn them, as they do not readily rise in the wick. The candle lamp shown is intended to overcome this drawback, and enable heavy oils (specific gravity, ·855 to ·870) with a flashing point of 100° Centigrade to be burnt. The "candle" may, however, be used with any kind of petroleum oil. The bottom of the candlestick is a reservoir for the oil, which in burning forms the lower of the two flames indicated in the figure. A wire gauze cylinder is placed over this flame, and the products of imperfect combustion from the lower flame, mixed with air, are burnt above. In the arrangement, the whole of the space immediately below the flame is filled with oil, and the risk of explosion is thereby claimed to be eliminated. According to tests made, the petroleum gas candle gives a light of 1·66 standard candles with a contracted chimney, and 1·25 candles with a "globe" chimney ; the consumption of petroleum being about half an ounce per hour.

The Sunflower and Malaria.

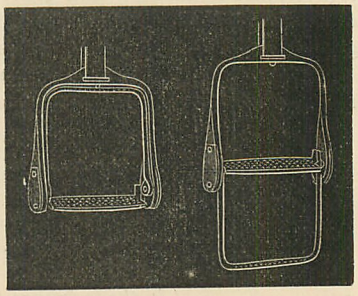
It is stated that since the sunflower has been cultivated on certain swamps of the Potomac, malarial fever has decreased. At the mouth of the Scheldt, in Holland, it is stated that similar results have been obtained. The sunflower emits large volumes of water in the form of vapour, and its aromatic odour, as well as the oxygen it exhales, may have to do with the sanitary influence in question.

Photographing with Fire-flies.

Dr. John Vausant, of the St. Louis (United States) Marine Hospital, has made some interesting experiments on fire-flies' light as a means of photography. The experiments leading up to the use of fire-flies were made with phosphorescent substances such as the sulphides of calcium and strontium. Even such matter as white paper has, it seems, the power of storing up a little light, and Dr. Vausant shows that a latent image can be produced and developed in a bromide of silver plate by bringing it into contact for an hour or so in darkness with an engraving or with ordinary print on white paper which has previously been exposed for some minutes to the direct rays of the sun. Dr. Vausant also took about a dozen newly-caught fire-flies (*Lampyris corusca*) and put them into a phial having its mouth covered with a piece of bobinet, such as is used in ladies' veils. Flashes of greenish light were emitted by the flies every few seconds. Repairing to his dark closet with these flies, he placed the phial on one side while arranging and clamping a very sensitive gelatine bromide of silver dry-plate beneath an ordinary negative picture of a landscape on glass. He then occasionally slid the phial over the negative until fifty flashes had been given. The plate was then developed by alkaline solution of pyrogalol, and a positive image of the negative landscape was obtained. It was fixed in the usual way by sodium hyposulphite, and preserved as a curiosity of animal-light photography.

A Natural Barometer.

Nature provides a very simple barometer in the web of the spider. Before the advent of wind or rain the spider shortens the filaments from which its web is suspended, elongating them again only when there is a prospect of fine, calm weather—the duration of which can be estimated by the length of the threads. The spider alters the form of its web once every twenty-four hours, and it is said that if the change be made in the evening, just before sunset, the night will be clear and fine. Long inactivity of the spider is a sign of continuing rain ; but if it is seen to be busy during rain, it is a sign that the wet weather will be of short duration, and that fine weather will follow.



A Mounting Stirrup.

Our engraving shows a new stirrup for mounting tall or restive horses. The special device consists of a lower step which is let down fully four inches below the ordinary tread, as shown on the right of the figure.

After mounting by the lower step the foot is changed into the tread, and the former rises automatically into its place, as shown on the left of the figure, by the mere pressure of the foot.

A New Remedy for Diabetes.

A new drug of apparently great value has recently been introduced into the market. It consists of powdered Jambúl seeds—the seeds of a plant (*Syzygium Jambolanum*, or *Eugenia Jambolana*) found in various parts of India, Ceylon, the Mauritius, and the United States of Columbia. It has been well tested by the medical faculty in England, Germany, and the United States, and is said to be a promising remedy in all cases of diabetes. The action of the drug is to prevent formation of sugar in the system, and so to stay waste ; and cases are on record showing that under its influence the special restrictive diet—so obnoxious to diabetic patients—can be dispensed with.

A Simple Sprinkler.

The illustration shows the use of a simple hand-sprinkler for shedding a spray over flowers, carpets, clothes, or plants. By dipping it in water or other liquid, it fills ; and the spray is then ejected from a hose by pressing the two handles together as shown. The spray can be sent in any direction desired by simply turning the hand round.

A SIMPLE SPRINKLER.

A Water Stopper.

A new device for stopping the inrush of water through the damaged side of a ship's hull has been brought out, and already supplied to several lines of steamers. It is an improved tarpaulin pad, resembling a window-blind, and when unfurled over a hole in the ship's side, and held in place by the shield provided with it, renders the inflow of water impossible. It was recently on view at Lloyd's, the Royal Exchange.

Photographic Opals.

The introduction of these novel "photographic opals" marks a distinct advance in the application of art as applied to Christmas and New Year souvenirs. The photographic opals are delicate reproductions of views and groups by photographic means on tablets of china. The effect is most beautiful, the tints of the pictures being rendered with the greatest possible delicacy on the fine surface of the "opal." Appropriate seasonable greetings are enclosed with the opals in the form of cards. Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner are the publishers of this most exquisite novelty in Christmas and New Year cards. Among the other cards issued by this firm, the autograph cards take special prominence by reason of their variety of shape and design ; crescents of Christmas bells being, perhaps, the most striking and original. Crescents find their place among the other cards, too, along with circles, palettes, and ovals. There are some very beautiful folding cards designed by B. D. Sigmund, C. G. Noakes, and Ernest Wilson. One cleverly executed series of cards called the "Emmanuel Series," includes some very fine angel studies by Alice Havers, and in another little series of Eastern views we have some very rich colour effects from Jane M. Dealy. We must not omit to mention some striking monochrome studies of cattle by Mr. Williamson, which are among the best designs in a varied collection which our space will not allow us to further describe.

A Search-Waggon.

A search-waggon for use in time of war has recently been invented, and has been very successfully tested in Germany. In the waggon is an electric lamp of special construction, fed from accumulators, protected against the effects of jolting. It is said that with this light the country can be illumined for miles around, every trench, gun, or man being rendered distinctly visible.

Cheap Oxygen.

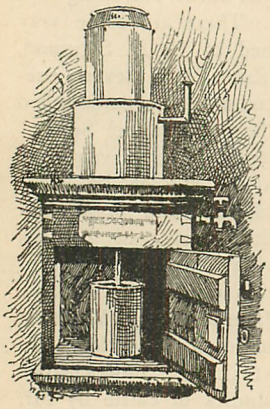
A London company now supply oxygen gas at the rate of three shillings per thousand cubic feet. The gas is used for lime-light and lantern purposes ; and also for blow-pipe and other chemical operations, such as reviving the oxide of iron used to purify coal-gas.

Black Rain.

On April 30th of last year a shower of black rain fell at Castlecomer in Ireland, and on the same day a smaller shower fell at Newport in Monmouthshire. It fell at the latter place about 4 p.m., and was accompanied by partial darkness, making it necessary to light the lamps and candles. It left a black deposit where it fell. Newport is a town of 40,000 inhabitants, and contains various manufactories. A dark, heavy cloud lay over the town in the afternoon. It should also be mentioned that coal is worked in the Castlecomer district. The shower there happened a few

hours later than at Newport. Recent researches have shown that electricity condenses smoke in air, and there was thunder at Newport. It is possible therefore that the smoke condensed by electricity was brought down by the rainfall.

A Snow Gauge.

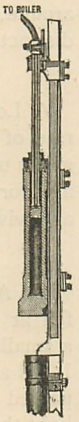


The rain and snow gauge which we illustrate is made of copper, and consists of a funnel or catch-pipe for the snow, which widens inwardly, then drops eighteen inches, allowing the rain or snow to fall into a pan or reservoir beneath. A casing which can be heated with hot water surrounds the gauge, and is used to melt the snow. By this arrangement the snow cannot escape; it melts and runs into the basin beneath, where it is accurately gauged.

The Aerophore.

An apparatus termed the "aerophore" has been brought out in America for moistening the air of mills and factories, which, as is well known, becomes electrified by the friction of the machinery. In cloth mills the fabric is sometimes inconveniently electrified. Moistening the air prevents this annoyance. The apparatus consists of a piece of pipe about twenty inches in diameter, fitted with a circle of fine jets, which discharge the water against a series of studs, which break it into spray. Air is also drawn in, and, mingling with the spray, disperses it throughout the apartment. The apparatus, it is stated, can also be utilised for cooling or disinfecting large rooms.

A Steam Pile-Driver.



Our engraving shows a section of a steam pile-driver of very ingenious design. It consists of a movable cylinder which acts also as the "monkey" or hammer-head driving the pile; the piston-rod remaining stationary. The steam enters the cylinder by the piston-rod, which is hollow. The device is capable of making thirty strokes a minute, and driving from twenty to thirty-five piles in a day. The cylinder is kept in position by a guide-frame which also steadies the pile. The machine, which is the invention of M. de Wit, has been used successfully at Antwerp and Bremen.

Some Novel Christmas Cards.

The "Jubilee" has made its influence felt even in Christmas cards, and Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons send us a beautifully executed portrait group showing the four generations of our Royal Family. The Andei Raphael, a reproduction of which was last year brought out in large panel form, is this season again reproduced, but in a smaller, and perhaps handier, size. Messrs. Tuck have produced a pretty novelty in their porcelain studies, monochrome pictures on porcelain grounds, executed like all their cards with the utmost care and finish. In the "Gem" series, issued by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, we have some pretty little engraved views very delicately rendered, and which lead us to hope that engraving will be more generally used in this branch of art than it has been heretofore. Punnets filled to overflowing with pretty flowers, shells which, opening, disclose delicate seascapes, palettes and ovals also, with tasteful sprays of flowers, all find their places in the cards issued by this firm, and are all alike beautifully produced. But perhaps their most popular cards will be their playful studies of birds, animals, and children.

Coppered Steel.

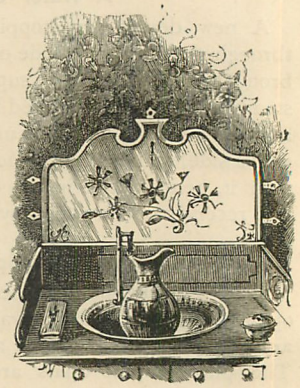
Sheet steel is now copper-plated on both sides by electro-deposition, and used as sheet copper. The sheet is decarbonised steel, and one of the copper sides is tinned. The new material is manufactured at Pittsburg, United States.

A Simple Gas-Lighter.

A simple electric gas-lighter has been brought out in America. It consists of an oval plate of vulcanised rubber, which is covered by a thin metallic plate of similar size. The latter can be withdrawn from the vulcanite suddenly by means of a small lever. The separation excites a charge of static electricity which passes in the form of a spark at the end of the handle used to turn the gas-cock, and in such a position as to ignite the gas. The device obviates the necessity for lucifers or tapers.

An Enamelled Wash-stand Screen.

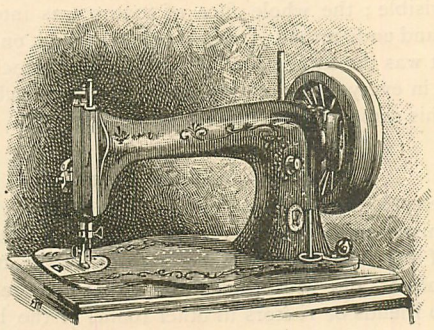
A means of preventing damage to walls or paper over or near sinks and wash-stands is shown in our figure, which represents the device applied to a wash-stand. It consists of an enamelled back, with nail-holes; a hook to hang a sponge on; a raised edge to guard the wall in cleaning; and a turned-up gutter to collect water-drops. The plate is ornamented with a floral or other design. A soap-box is also added to some of the screens.



Cheese in Paint.

It is known that the caustic lime which is not in a state of combination in cement, saponifies the oil

used in painting on the cement. Hence painting on it is practicable only when, under the influence of the air, carbonic acid has united with the caustic lime to form carbonate of lime. In the painting of the Berlin War Museum a composition of casein was used to neutralise the cement. It consisted of three parts of cheese and one of slaked "fat" lime, stirred together, the quantity of colour to be added being regulated by practice. Only earth colours or oxides of iron were used for light red to dark brown shades. For blue tints, ultramarine or cobalt blue were used ; for black, animal black ; and for white, oxide of zinc or sulphate of baryta. Inorganic colours such as aniline and Prussian blue were not used ; nor blue ochre, vermilion, or white lead. The caseous lime should be prepared daily, and the brushes cleaned after the application of each coat of paint. This process enables the walls of a house to be painted as fast as the scaffolding is removed. Moreover, the caseous paint does not readily take fire.



A Motor Sewing-Machine.

A sewing-machine driven by an electric motor, with which it is combined, is illustrated herewith. No belting is used in the apparatus, and the motor is, as will be seen, completely housed inside the fly-wheel and connected directly with the shaft. The armature of the motor is of the Gramme type, and the commutator is fixed at the hub. The wires conveying the electric current to the motor pass up inside the frame ; a switch being provided to start and stop the machine at will. The device is a compact and neat arrangement of a sewing-machine driven by the electric current.

Non-slipping Pulleys

Belts conveying power are very apt to slip on pulleys ; but a new pulley has been devised to prevent this. The pulley is covered with perforated sheet-iron $\frac{1}{16}$ inch thick, which is riveted to the pulley. The tension on the belt causes it to slightly grip the holes, and thus slipping is avoided, while at the same time the pulley is strengthened.

A Giant Printing Press.

Probably the largest printing press ever built has been furnished for the New York *Telegram* newspaper. The press weighs fifty tons, and can print 75,000 copies of the *Telegram* in an hour, or 144,000 single sheets in the same time. Three separate plates rest on its revolving cylinder, and either type or stereotype plates can be used. No less than 11,000 separate pieces enter into its construction.

Silencing Telegraph Wires.

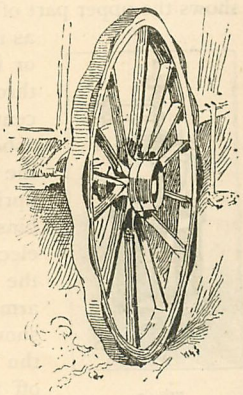
Telegraph and telephone wires on house-tops sometimes cause a disagreeable humming, and it may be useful to know that the noise can be easily and simply stopped by a short length of india-rubber tubing fitted on the wire at its attachment. The plan was suggested by Sergeant-Major Buck, R.E., and introduced on the southern postal telegraph district. According to Mr. John Shakspear, loose yarns may be used in place of the rubber tubing with success.

Tempering Springs by Electricity

It is well known that a current of electricity traversing a fine wire will heat it red-hot ; and this fact has been applied by an American industrial company to the tempering of watch-springs. The springs are put in an oil bath, and the current from a dynamo-electric machine sent through them, until the colour of the steel determines the degree of heating reached. The process is rapid, and the springs have no time to oxidise ; and at the same time they are uniformly heated.

A Corrugated Wheel.

The figure shows a new corrugated steel tyre for wheels, manufactured by a Yorkshire firm. The object of the invention is to avoid the wrenching of van, cart, or other wheels, when the vehicle crosses tramway-lines in streets. Such wheels do not slip far in crossing tram-lines ; and, being made of steel, their durability is in proportion.



The Pyro-Magnetic Dynamo.

Mr. Edison, the well-known electrician, has devised a new dynamo-electric generator and also a new magnetic motor in which the use of an intermediate engine to drive it is dispensed with. In other words, the heat of the furnace directly drives both machines. This important advance is not yet in a perfect form, perhaps, but it is already sufficiently promising to merit some description. It is based on two well-known facts in electro-magnetic science. The first is that iron loses its magnetic property when heated to a dull red. The other is that when a magnetic field changes in intensity the change is accompanied by the generation of an electric current set up in any conductor placed in that field. Mr. Edison therefore applies the heat of the furnace to iron conductors placed in a magnetic field, and he applies it in such a way that the magnetic power of the iron is now destroyed, now restored, thereby changing the magnetism of the field

and setting up currents of electricity. In the motor a bundle of iron tubes mounted on an axle and free to rotate round it are heated by hot air sucked through them. This hot air is, however, cut off and let on alternately by means of a revolving screen. The iron tubes are placed between the poles of a powerful magnet, and when the heat is allowed to destroy the magnetism in one half of the bundle of tubes while leaving the other half magnetic, the bundle begins to rotate, and hence the motion is obtained. Thus by the direct application of heat a revolving motor is the result. In the dynamo coils of wire are used, and the intermittent heat, instead of producing motion in the magnetic field, sets up currents of electricity in the coils, which currents are collected by a commutator as in ordinary dynamos. It is stated that the current produced is about the same as when a separate engine is used between the furnace and dynamo to drive the latter; but, on the other hand, the waste heat can be utilised for other purposes. It is, however, too early to pronounce upon this point, as the subject is open to further investigation. Fig. 1 shows the upper part of the generator, which is placed as it stands on the top of a stove or furnace. The hot air ascends through the iron tubes, T, in the centre, which are covered with asbestos and wound outside with the wires of the armature. The upright bars and horizontal bobbins, M, outside, represent the electro-magnets which produce the magnetic field in which the armature coils are situated. Fig. 2 shows the armature coils C, with the rotating screen S, which cuts off the hot air below, while the commutator and brushes to collect the electricity generated in the coils C are seen above at B, B. Experiments have before now been made in this direction for converting heat direct into motion by means of magnetism; notably by M. Schwedoff and Professors Houston and Thomson, but these did not take a practical form; moreover the generator of Edison appears to be quite novel.

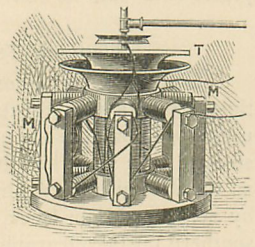


FIG. 1.

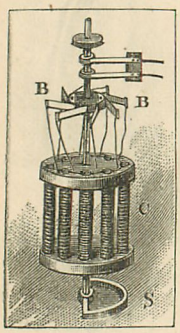


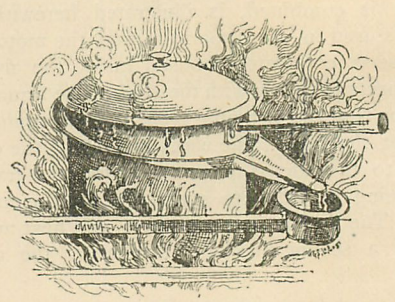
FIG. 2.

A Sculptured Mountain.

The summit of Mount Roraima, in British Guiana, is a wild scene of natural sculpture. As described by Mr. Thurn, who ascended it for the first time, "The first impression was one of inability mentally to grasp such surroundings; the next, that one was entering on some strange country of nightmare, for which an appropriate and wildly fantastic landscape had been formed some dreadful and stormy day, when in their mid-career the broken and elastic clouds had been stiffened in a single instant into stone. For all around were rocks and pinnacles of rocks of seemingly impossibly fantastic forms, standing in apparently impossibly fantastic ways; nay, placed one on or next to the other, in positions seeming to defy every law of gravity—rocks in groups, rocks standing singly, rocks in terraces, rocks as columns, rocks as walls, and rocks as pyramids; rocks ridiculous at every point with countless apparent caricatures of the faces and forms of men and animals; apparent caricatures of umbrellas, tortoises, churches, cannons, and of innumerable other most incongruous and unexpected objects. And between the rocks were level spaces, never of great extent, and of pure yellow sand, with streamlets and little water-falls, and pools and shallow lakelets of pure water; and in some places there were little marshes filled with low, scanty, and bristling vegetation. And here and there, alike on level space and jutting from some crevice in the rock, were small shrubs, in form like miniature trees—all apparently of one species. Not a tree was there; no animal life was visible; the whole face of nature was intensely quiet and undisturbed. Look where one would, on every side it was the same; and climb what high rock one liked, in every direction, as far as the eye could see, was this same wildly extraordinary scenery."

The Telephone and Fever.

The speaking telephone has been successfully used in ministering to fever patients without running the risk of infection. A telephone is fixed at the bed of the patient and within reach, so that the patient can talk to friends or visitors in other rooms of the house, or listen to a book read there. The arrangement is found to cheer the tedium of the lonely sick-bed.



A New Saucepan.

Liquids in pots and pans boiling over sometimes crack hot plates and bars of gas stoves. To remedy this, the device illustrated in connection with a saucepan has been introduced. It consists of a channel and spout, which surrounds the pan as shown, and catching the over-boil, pours it into a can attached.

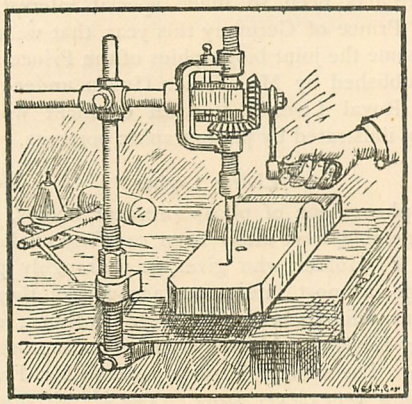
A New Phonograph.

According to advices from America, Mr. Edison has again turned his attention to his neglected invention, the phonograph, and has succeeded in making a useful and commercial article of it. Several sizes will

shortly be in the market. It is intended to enable business men to dictate phonograms or letters which can be enclosed and sent by post, and then put into another instrument and the original sounds reproduced. It is also intended as a musical instrument; phonogram copies of music, as played or sung, being purchasable, and reproduced in the phonograph. It will be interesting to learn how he has perfected the appliance to this extent; but at present no details are to hand.

A Portable Drill.

A new hand-drill, likely to prove very serviceable, has been brought out by a Manchester firm. It is intended to replace the old ratchet brace, and is specially adapted for drilling by hand in places where the work cannot be done by an ordinary drilling machine;



but it also serves for the latter when mounted on a bench as shown. The feed motion is self-acting and the handle can be placed in three different positions for working, a convenience which makes it applicable for drilling in difficult positions. The machine, as will be seen from our figure, is very neat, and it will drill holes at almost any angle.

Some Hints worth Noting.

Savouries and Entrées are important items in a good cook's programme, and we are glad to welcome two handy little books of recipes—"Savouries à la Mode" and "Entrées à la Mode," by Mrs. de Salis—published by Messrs. Longman. We hope their hints will be largely acted upon. The name of Georg Ebers is familiar to all who have studied Egyptian history or archæology. An historical novel of his, "An Egyptian Princess," is now translated by Emma S. Buchheim (Bell and Sons), and gives an interesting picture of old-world life. Another translation from the same publishers is Mr. Storr's rendering of Heine's "Travel Pictures" and "The Romantic School." It is good to see these works in a reliable English form, and we trust they will be widely read. Miss Adelaide Procter's verses need no recommendation now to secure them a reading, but we are glad to see a cheap edition of her "Legends and Lyrics" (Bell) at a price which brings the work within the reach of all.

Men of Letters.

"Milton," says the late Rector of Lincoln, "must be added to the long roll of our poets who have been natives of the city which now never sees sunlight or blue sky, along with Chaucer, Spenser, Herrick, Cowley, Shirley, Ben Jonson, Pope, Gray, Keats." The work in which Mr. Pattison gives us this information is one of Mr. John Morley's series of "English Men of Letters," that Messrs. Macmillan are reissuing in monthly volumes at popular prices. Eleven of the series are before us, and more readable or interesting books in their way we do not know. The choice of the biographers is sometimes particularly happy, notably in Milton's case, where, as we pointed out above, the late Mark Pattison was the writer; Hume is dealt with by Professor Huxley, while Spenser and Johnson fall most fittingly to Dean Church and Mr. Leslie Stephen respectively.

Under British Protection.

Every newspaper-reader in Australasia knows "the Vagabond," under which name Mr. Julian Thomas has told them of his strange wanderings among the islands of the Western Pacific. Now he comes directly before the public of the mother-country with the story of his adventures among "Cannibals and Convicts," published in London by Messrs. Cassell. His book has a deeper object, too, than mere amusement of its readers. Mr. Thomas is pleading, and that right eloquently, for British protection to his native friends in the far-off isles.

An Unfinished History.

Our regret is unfeigned at seeing that Mr. Rowbotham's third volume of the "History of Music" (Trübner) is to be his last. It carries us down to the days of the Troubadours pleasantly enough, and there leaves us stranded. Mr. Rowbotham has done his work so well, that we trust he will reconsider his determination and give us at least one more volume, to include the Elizabethan galaxy, and perhaps to conclude with the brightest star of all in the following century—Henry Purcell.

Christmas Books.

It was a happy idea that led Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner to issue Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" as one of their Christmas gift-books, with figure illustrations by Charles Gregory, R.W.S., and vignettes of flowers and landscapes by Ernest Wilson and Frederick Hines. This work is a striking example of the progress which colour-printing has made of late years. Equally artistic, but on a smaller scale and correspondingly cheaper in price, is Messrs. Cassell's pretty edition of the same poem. What would the children of the last generation not have given for the children's books prepared for their successors, the little ones of to-day? Among the works issued by Messrs. Hildesheimer are some of the very choicest of such books. "Cape Town Dicky," by Theo. Gift, is illustrated by our old friend Alice Havers, whose drawings are well known to our

readers: "Rhymes and Roses" is a volume of Mr. Frederic E. Weatherly's charming verses illustrated by St. Clair Simmons, and Mr. Weatherly is also the author of "The Star of Bethlehem," another seasonable volume, illustrated most appropriately by M. Ellen Edwards and J. C. Staples. All these works are marvellous specimens of the art of colour-printing, and more beautiful and seasonable souvenirs could not well be imagined. A series of tasteful little booklets is also issued by Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner, and in excellence of production these tiny works are quite equal to their more ambitious companions.

A Few of Nature's Secrets.

We cannot all be botanists, zoologists, or geologists, but there are phases of animal life, and features of the world around us, that we are all of us deeply interested in, and which we would gladly study and understand. And now, in "Short Studies from Nature," recently published by Messrs. Cassell, we have a guide, at once popular, thorough, and accurate. One need only name two or three of the subjects to excite interest in the book. "Flame" is explained by Professor Eaton Lowe, "Birds of Passage" by our old friend and contributor, Dr. Robert Brown, and "Caves" by Mr. James Dallas.

Some New Stories.

"Only a Nursery Story," Mrs. Molesworth calls her "Little Miss Peggy" (Macmillan), but the story is one which will delight many who have left the nursery, and especially those who have nurseries of their own. Miss Peggy is a charming little mortal, whose truly childlike sayings and doings are chronicled most delightfully. Miss Yonge's "A Modern Telemachus" (same publishers) is another of those interesting stories in which the authoress has led us to look for blended history and fiction. The story is laid in the early part of last century, and the adventures of the Comte de Bourke's family among the Algerine pirates, by whom they are captured, are well told. Messrs. Macmillan also send us single-volume editions of Mrs. Oliphant's "A Country Gentleman and his Family," of Mr. Thomas Hardy's "The Woodlanders," and of "The Cæruleans," by H. S. Cunningham.

A Simple Planisphere.

A handy planisphere has been brought out by Messrs. G. Philip and Son, which should be very useful to tyros in astronomy. Simple in construction, its working is very easily learned, and the new instrument is well calculated to teach the position of the principal planets. A similar planisphere for the use of colonial friends in the southern hemisphere is also made. Elementary "Modern Gymnastic Exercises" is the title of a handbook of exercises for the use of members of the National Physical Recreation Society, also published by Messrs. Philip. The exercises are accompanied by music, the playing of which secures regular and rhythmical motion on the part of the young gymnasts.

The "National Library."

Among recent additions to the "National Library" we are glad to welcome Edmund Burke's famous "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," a work that is far less read nowadays than it deserves to be, if only for the beauty of its language. Keats's "Endymion," and Dr. Johnson's translation of Father Lobo's sixteenth-century "Voyage to Abyssinia," are also now to be had in this popular form. A new edition of the "Leopold Shakespeare" (Cassell) has recently been issued at a price which makes the possession of a complete illustrated Shakespeare possible to every one. Mr. Furnivall's scholarly "Introduction" to this edition is most comprehensive in its treatment of the bard's life and works.

The Crown Prince.

There has been so much special interest in the Crown Prince of Germany this year, that we are glad to welcome the joint biographies of the Prince and his wife, published by Mr. Fisher Unwin under the title "Two Royal Lives." It is an excellent work, admirably illustrated by photographic portraits.

"Living Lights."

The phenomena of phosphorescent bodies, animal and vegetable, have lately been carefully analysed by Mr. C. F. Holder, who gives, in thoroughly popular language, a most interesting account of these self-luminous animals and plants, in a volume, entitled "Living Lights," published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. The same publishers send us Mr. Frank R. Stockton's very clever story, "The Hundredth Man." In "Days and Hours in a Garden" (Elliot Stock) we have a reprint of a book which made a decided success a few years ago. Mr. T. C. Junior's "Lucy Carter," issued by the same publisher, is a striking story, though we cannot approve of all the incidents of the tale. The style is good and bright, and we trust we shall hear more of the author. The Clarendon Press edition of Johnson's "Rasselas," with introduction and notes by Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill, is no doubt intended for the use of students, for whom it seems to us admirably adapted. But the form of this edition is so pleasant and convenient that we commend it to the general reader.

Fifty Years in the Post Office.

'Mid all the stir of Her Majesty's Jubilee, how many of us remembered that in no department of life have we made greater advance during the last half-century than in postal communication? Cheap postage is now so essentially a matter of course to us all, that we can hardly realise that it is only fifty years since Sir Rowland Hill issued his famous pamphlet calling attention to the need for "Post Office Reform." How urgent that need was, we may see from the instructive pamphlet before us on "The Post Office of Fifty Years Ago" (Cassell), which, in addition to many curious and interesting facts as to the correspondence of our grandfathers, reprints Sir Rowland's appeal. All profits from the sale of this most interesting work are to go to the Rowland Hill Benevolent (Post Office) Fund.

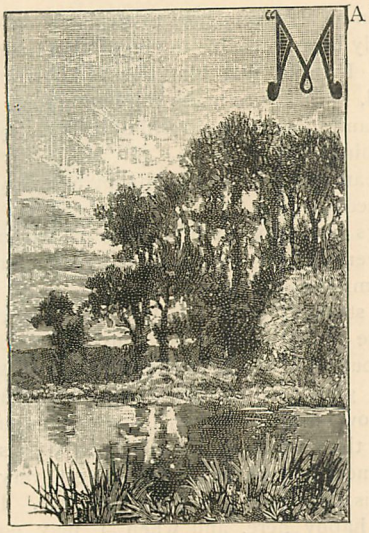
MONICA:

OR, STRONGER THAN DEATH.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Torwood's Trust," "Oliver Langton's Ward," &c.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

MARRIED.



"MARRIED! Married! Married!"

The monotonous vibrating throb of the express train seemed ceaselessly repeating that one word. The sound of it seemed beaten in upon Monica's brain as with hot hammers, and yet she did not feel as if she understood what it meant, or realised what had happened to her. One thing only was clear to her: that she had been torn away from Trevlyn; from her father, who, though pronounced convalescent, was still in a very precarious state; from Arthur, who, after the anxiety and excitement of the past days, was prostrated by a sharp attack of illness; from everything and everybody she held most dear; and cast as it were upon the mercy of a comparative stranger, who did not seem the less strange to her because he had the right to call himself her husband.

What had happened during the three days that had passed since Monica had stood beside Randolph in the little cliff church, and had pledged herself to him in her low unfaltering tones?

She herself could hardly have said, but the facts can be summed up in a few words.

When once Lord Trevlyn had seen Monica led by Randolph to his bedside in her bridal white, and knew that they were man and wife, a change for the better had taken place in his condition, very slight at first, but increasing every hour. Little by little the danger passed away, and for the time at least he was safe.

But Monica's mind, no sooner relieved on his account, was thrown into fresh misery and suspense by a bad attack of illness on Arthur's part, and the strain upon her was so great that, coming as it did after all the mental conflict she had lately endured, it threatened to break down her own health, and gave rise to anxiety in the minds of all about her.

"There is only one thing to be done, and that is to take her right away out of it all," said Tom Pendrill, with authority. "She will break down as sure as fate if she stays here. The associations of the place are quite too much for her. She will have a brain or nervous fever if she is not taken away. You have a house in London, Trevlyn? Take her there and keep her quiet, but let her have change of scene: let her see fresh faces and get into a different sort of life, and see the world from a new stand-point. It will do her all the good in the world. She may rebel at first, and think herself miserable; but look at her now. What can be worse than the way she is going on? Trevlyn is killing her, whether she knows it or not. Let us see what London can do for her."

No dissentient voice was raised against this verdict. The earl, Lady Diana, Randolph, and even Arthur, were all in accord, and Monica heard her sentence with that unnatural quietude that had disturbed them all so much.

She did not protest or rebel, but accepted her fate very quietly, as she had accepted the marriage that had been the preliminary step.

How white she looked as she lay back in her corner of the carriage!—how lonely, how frail, how desolate! Randolph's heart ached for her, for he knew her thoughts were with her sick father and suffering brother: knew that it not unnaturally seemed very, very hard to be taken away at a crisis such as the present. She could not estimate the causes that made a change so imperative for her. She could not see why she was hurried away so relentlessly. It had all been very hard upon her, and upon him also, had he had thought to spare for himself; but he was too much absorbed in sorrow for her to consider his own position over-much.

He was indirectly the cause of her grief, and his whole being was absorbed in the longing to comfort her.

She looked so white and wan as the hours passed by that he grew alarmed about her. He had done before all he could to make her warm and comfortable, and had then withdrawn a little, fancying his close proximity distasteful to her; but she looked so ill at last that he could keep away no longer, and came over to her, taking her hand in his.

"Monica," he said gently.

The long lashes stirred a little and slowly lifted themselves. The dark eyes were dim and full of trouble. She looked at him wonderingly for a moment, almost as if she did not know him, and then she closed her eyes with a little shuddering sigh.

He was alarmed about her, and not without cause, for the strain of the past days was showing itself now, and want of rest and sleep had worn down her strength to the lowest ebb. She was so faint and weary that all power of resistance had left her. She let her

husband do what he would, submitted passively to be tended like a child, and heaved a sigh that sounded almost like one of relief as he drew her towards him, so that her weary head could rest upon his broad shoulder. There was something restful and supporting of which she was dumbly conscious in the deep love and protecting gentleness of this strong man.

She only spoke once to him, and that was as they neared their destination, and the lights of the great City began to flash upon her bewildered gaze. Then she sat up, though with an effort, and looking at her husband, said gently—

"You have been very good to me, Randolph."

His heart bounded at the words, but he only asked, "Are you better, Monica?"

She pressed her hand to her brow.

"My head aches so," she said, and the white strained look came back to her face. She was almost frightened by the flashing lights and the myriads of people that she saw as the train steamed into the terminus, and could only cling to Randolph's arm in hopeless bewilderment, as he piloted her through the dense crowd to the carriage that was awaiting them.

Randolph owned a house near to the Park, in a pleasant open situation. It had been left to him by an uncle, a great traveller, and was quite a museum of costly and interesting treasures, and fitted up in the luxurious fashion that appeals to men who have grown used to Oriental ease and splendour.

The young man had often pictured Monica in such surroundings, had wondered what she would say to it all, how she would feel in a place so strange and unlike anything she had ever known. He had fancied that the open situation of the house would please her, that she might be pleased too by the artistic beauty and harmony of all she saw. He had often pictured the moment when he should lead her into her new home and bid her welcome there, yet now, when the time had come, she was so worn-out and ill that her heavy eyes could hardly look around her, and all he could do was to support her to her room, to be tended by his old nurse, Wilberforce, whose services he had bespoken for his wife in preference to those of a more youthful and accomplished *femme de chambre*.

For some days Monica was really ill, not with any specific complaint, but prostrated by nervous exhaustion, too weary and languid to have a clear idea as to what went on around her, only conscious that everything was very strange, that she was far away from Trevlyn, and that strangers were watching over and tending her.

Her husband's care was unremitting. He was ever by her side. She seemed to turn to him instinctively amid the other strange faces, and to be more quiet and tranquil when he was near. Yet she seldom spoke to him; he was not always certain that she knew him; but it was inexpressibly sweet, that half unconscious dependence, and Randolph felt his hope growing stronger day by day, that she was slowly learning to love him; as indeed was the case, only she knew it as little as any one.

Then a day came when the feverish fancies and distressful exhaustion gave way to more cheering symptoms, and Monica could leave her room, and leaning on her husband's arm, wander slowly about the new home that looked so strange to her. The smiles began to come back to her eyes, a faint flush of colour to her cheeks, and when at length she was laid down upon a luxurious ottoman beside the drawing-room fire, she held her husband's hand between both of hers, and looked up at him with a glance that went to his very heart.

"You have been so very, very good to me, Randolph, though I have only been a trouble to you all this time. I never thought I could feel like this away from Trevlyn. Indeed, I will try to make you happy too."

He bent down and kissed her, a thrill of intense joy running through him.

"Does that mean that you can be happy here, my Monica?" he asked.

She was always perfectly truthful, and paused a little before answering; yet there was a light in her eyes and a little smile upon her lips.

"It feels very strange," she said, "and very like a dream. Of course I miss Trevlyn—of course I would rather be there; but——" and here she lifted her eyes with the sweetest glance of trusting confidence—"I know that you know best, Randolph; I know that you judge more wisely than I can do, and that you always think of my happiness first. You have been very, very good to me all this time, far better than I deserve. I am going to be happy here, and when I may go home, I know you will be the first to take me there."

He laid his hand upon her head in a tender caress.

"I will, indeed, my Monica," he answered; "but believe me, for the present you are better here. You will grow strong faster away from Trevlyn than near to it."

She smiled a little, very sweetly.

"I will try to think so, too, Randolph, for I am very sure that you are wiser than I; and I have learned how good you are to me—always."

That evening passed very quietly, yet very happily. Was it the beginning of better things to come?

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

"NOW that you have been a fortnight in town, and have begun to feel settled in your new life," wrote Lady Diana, "I think it is time you should be made aware of a few facts relative to your engagement and marriage, which you are not likely to hear from the lips of your too indulgent husband, with which, nevertheless, you ought to be made conversant, in my opinion, in order that you may the better appreciate the generous sacrifices made on behalf of you and your family, and return him the measure of gratitude he deserves for the benefits he has bestowed."

Monica was alone when she received this letter, breakfasting in her little boudoir at a late hour; for, although almost recovered now, she had not yet resumed her old habit of early rising.

She had risen this morning feeling more light at

heart than before. She had chatted with unusual freedom to her husband, had kissed him before he went out to keep an appointment with his lawyer, and had promised to ride with him at twelve o'clock if he would come back for her. She had only once been out since her arrival in town, and that was in the carriage. She was half excited at the prospect of being in the saddle again. She had almost told herself that she should yet be happy in her married life—and now came this cruel, cruel letter to dash to the ground all her faint dawning hopes.

Lady Diana had felt very well-disposed, even if a little spiteful, as she had penned this unlucky letter; but she certainly was not nice in her choice of words or of epithets. Not being sensitive herself, she had little comprehension of the susceptibilities of others, and the impression conveyed to the mind of Monica was that Randolph had married her simply out of generosity to herself and regard for her father: that the proposal was none of his own making, and that his unvarying kindness arose from his knowledge of her very difficult temper, and a wish to secure for himself by bribes and caresses a peaceful home and an amiable wife. In conclusion she added that Monica, in return for all that had been done for her, must do her utmost to please and gratify him. Of course he would wish to show his beautiful wife in the world of fashion to which he belonged. He would wish her to join in the life of social gaiety to which he was about to introduce her, and any hanging back on her part would be most unbecoming and ungrateful. It behoved her to keep in mind all these facts, to remember the sacrifices he had made for her, and to act accordingly. He had not chosen a wife from his own world, as it was presumable he would have preferred to do. He had consented to the family match proposed to him, and she must do her utmost to make up to him for the sacrifice he had made.

A few weeks back such a letter, though it might have hurt Monica's pride, would not have cut her to the quick, as it did now. In the first place, she would then have simply disbelieved it, whereas recent circumstances had given her a very much greater respect for the opinions of those who knew the world so much better than she did, and who had forecast so accurately events that had afterwards fulfilled themselves almost as a matter of course. She had begun to distrust her own convictions, to believe more in those of others who had had experience of life, and could estimate its chances better than she could. She believed her aunt when she told her these things, and the poisoned shaft struck home to her heart. A few days ago she could have borne it better. Her pride would have been hurt, but the sting would have been less. She did not know why the doubt of her husband's love hurt her so cruelly; but hurt her it did, and for a moment she felt stricken to the earth. She had said to herself many times that she did not want such a wealth of love when she had none on her side to bestow; but yet, when she had learned that it was not hers after all, but was only the counterfeit coin of a hollow world—the bribe by which her submission and gratitude were to be obtained, the knowledge was unspeakably bitter. She felt she would rather have died than have to face the knowledge.

As she dressed for her ride, pride came to the assistance of her crushed spirit. Wilberforce, the faithful attendant who had tended and loved Randolph from his infancy, and was ready to love his wife for his sake and her own, was aware of a subtle change in her young mistress that she did not understand, and which she could not well have described. Monica had been very quiet and gentle since her arrival, and very silent too. She was quiet enough to-day; but the gentleness had been replaced by a certain inexplicable *hauteur*. The pale face wore a glow of warm colour; the dark eyes, that had been languid and heavy, were wide open and full of a sort of fire. Monica looked superbly handsome in the new radiance of her beauty, and yet the faithful attendant was not certain that she liked the change altogether.

Randolph detected it the moment he entered the room, to find his wife equipped for the proposed ride.

"Why, Monica," he said, smiling, "you have got quite a colour. It looks natural to see you dressed for the saddle."

"Yes," she answered coolly: "we must turn over a new leaf now, must we not? You will be dying of *ennui* cooped up at home so long. Let us go out and enjoy ourselves. We must learn to do in Rome as Rome does."

Randolph felt one keen pang of disappointment that the first return to health and strength brought a return of the former coldness and aloofness; but he had gained ground before, and why not now? Could he expect to win his way without a single repulse? So he took courage, and tried to ignore the change he saw in his wife.

He led her down the staircase to the hall door where the horses were waiting, and he saw the sudden flash of joyful recognition that crossed her face.

"Guy!" she exclaimed, "my own little Guy!"

Yes, there could be no mistake about it; it was her own little delicate thorough-bred standing with ill-repressed excitement at the door, his glossy neck arched in a sort of proud impatience, his supple limbs trembling with eagerness, as he stepped daintily to and fro upon the stones. He turned his shapely head at the sound of Monica's voice, pricked his ears, and uttered a low whinny of joyful recognition.

"It was good of you to think of it, Randolph," she said, a softer light in her eyes as she turned them towards her husband. "It is like a little bit of home, having him."

"I thought you would like him better than a stranger, though I have his counterpart in the stable, waiting for you to try. He has been regularly exercised in Piccadilly every morning, and I coaxed him to let me ride him once myself in the Park, though he did not much like it. I don't think he will be very troublesome now, and I know you are not afraid of his restive moods; though this is very different from Trevlyn."

Monica's eyes grew wistful, and her husband saw it.

He guessed whither her thoughts had tended, and he let her dream on undisturbed. He exchanged bows with many acquaintances as they passed onwards and entered the Row, and many admiring glances were bestowed upon his beautiful young wife, whose unusual loveliness and perfect horsemanship alike attracted notice; but he attempted no introductions; and Monica, dreamy and absorbed, noticed nothing, till the sight of Conrad Fitzgerald in the Row awoke her to consciousness of her surroundings.

Conrad in London! How long had he been there? Did he bring news from Trevlyn? She looked almost wistfully at Randolph as she returned the young baronet's bow, but his face wore its rather stern expression, and she dared not attempt to speak with her former friend.

Conrad, however, saw the look, and smiled to himself. "My day will come yet," he said.

"Shall we push on, Monica?" asked Randolph. "Guy is aching to stretch his limbs."

Monica was only too willing, and they had soon reached the farther end of the Row, which was much less full than the other had been.

A pretty, dark, vivacious-looking girl, accompanied by a fair-haired young man, rather like her, were approaching with glances of recognition.

"Randolph, I am angry with you—yes, very angry. You have been a whole fortnight in town—I heard so yesterday—and we have never seen you once, and you have never let me have the pleasure of an introduction to your wife. I call it very much too bad!"

"Well, it is never too late to mend," answered Randolph, smiling. "Monica, may I present to you Lady Beatrice Wentworth, whom I have had the honour of knowing intimately since the days of our early acquaintance when she wore pinafores and pigtails. Lord Haddon, I think I need not introduce again. You have met before."

The little flush deepened in Monica's face. She had fancied the face of the brother was not totally unfamiliar to her; but she did not remember until this moment where or how she could possibly have seen him.

"Oh, Haddon has been raving about Lady Monica ever since the auspicious day when he saw her," cried Beatrice gaily. "I hope your father is quite recovered now," she added, with a touch of quick sympathy, "since you were able to leave him so soon."

"I think he is much better now," answered Monica quietly; "but he was still very ill when I left him."

"And, Randolph, you have not explained away your guilt yet. Why have you been all this time without letting us see you or your wife? I call it shameful!"

"My wife has been very unwell herself ever since we came here," answered Randolph. "She has not been fit to see anybody."

"You should have made an exception in my favour," persisted Beatrice, bringing her horse alongside of Monica's, and walking on with her. "You see, I have known Randolph so long, he seems almost like a brother. I feel defrauded when he does not behave himself as such. We must be great friends, Lady Monica, for his sake. He has told us all about you and your delightful Cornish home. I suppose you know all about us, too, and what near neighbours we are—near for London, at least."

But Monica had never heard the name of the girl beside her. She knew nothing of her husband's friends, never having taken the least interest in a subject so foreign to all her past associations. She hinted something of the kind in a gently indifferent way that was sincere, without being in the least discourteous. She was wondering why it was that her husband, who could value his own friends and appreciate their good-will, was so strenuously set against receiving the only acquaintance she possessed in this vast city.

Nevertheless, when, upon a forenoon two days later, when she knew her husband was away, Conrad presented himself in her boudoir, following the man who had brought his card, without waiting to be invited, Monica was conscious of a feeling of distinct displeasure and distrust. She knew very little of the ways of the world, but she felt that he had no right to be there, almost forcing himself upon her in her private room, when her husband would hardly speak to him or receive him, and that he had no right, in fact, to be in the house at all.

But then came a revulsion of feeling. Was he not her childhood's friend? Had she not promised not to turn her back upon him, or help to drive him to despair by her coldness? Had he not come with news of Trevlyn and of home? And in that last eager thought all else was lost, and she received him gladly, almost eagerly.

He told her all she longed to know. He came primed with the latest news from Trevlyn. His manner was quiet and gentle. He was very cautious not to alarm or disturb her.

"I shall not be able to see much of you in the future, Monica," he said, "but you will let me call myself still your friend?"

She bent her head in a sort of assent.

"And will you let me take a friend's privilege, and ask one question. Are you happy in your new life?"

Monica's face took a strange expression.

"It is very gay, very lively. I shall like it better as I get more used to it."

"I see," he answered very gently, "I understand. And when are you going home again?"

"I am at home now," she answered steadily.

He looked searchingly at her. "I thought Trevlyn was to be always home. Has he thrown off the mask so soon?"

"I think," said Monica, with a little gleam in her eye, "that you forget you are speaking of my husband."

Conrad's eyes gleamed too; but she did not see it.

"Forgive me, Monica; I did forget. It is all so strange and sudden. Then he makes you happy? Tell me that! Let me have the assurance that at least he makes his captive happy."

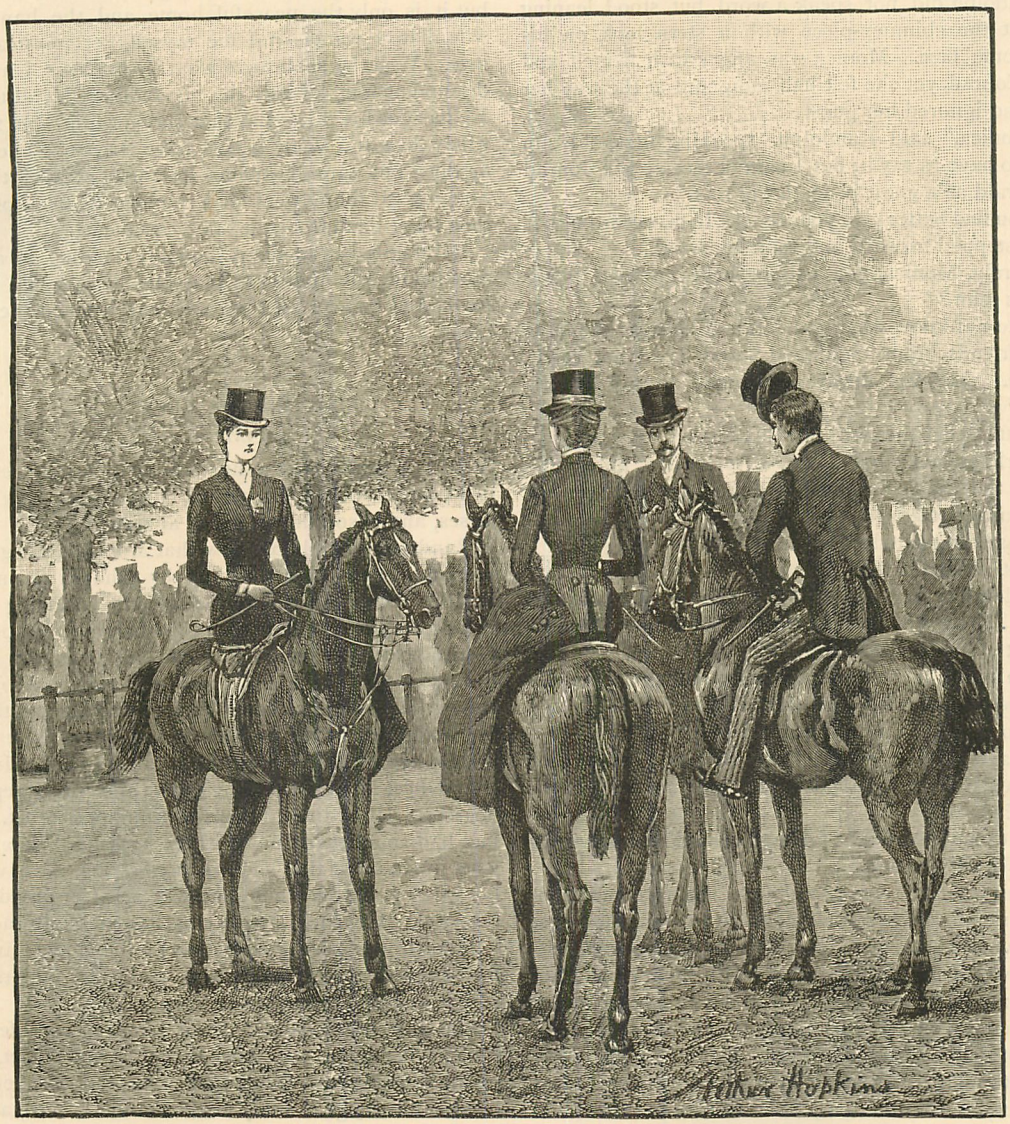
She started a little; but Conrad's face expressed

nothing but the quietest, sincerest good-will and sympathy.

"He is very, very good to me," she said quietly. "He studies me as I have never been studied before. All my wishes are forestalled: he thinks of everything, he does everything. I cannot tell you how good he is. I have never known anything like it before. Did you ever see any one more surrounded by beauty and luxury than I am?"

He looked at her steadily. She knew that she had evaded his question—a question, too, he had no right to put, as she could not but feel—and that he knew she had done so.

"Ah!" he murmured, "the gilded cage, the gilded cage; but only a cage, after all. Monica, forgive me for expressing a doubt; but I know the man so well, and my whole soul revolts at seeing you dragged, as it were, at his chariot-wheels for all the world to look at and admire. To take you from your wild free home, and bribe you into submission here—I hate to think of it!"



"'YOU HAVE MET BEFORE'" (*p.* 132).

Monica's cheek had flushed suddenly; but before she could frame a rejoinder the door opened to admit Randolph. He carried in his hand some hot-house flowers, which he had brought for his wife. He stopped short, however, when he saw who was his wife's guest, and her cheek flamed anew, for she knew he would not understand how she came to receive this

man in her private room, and she felt that by a want of firmess and *savoir-faire* she had allowed herself to be placed in a false position.

Conrad's exit was effected with more despatch than dignity, yet he contrived in his farewell words to insinuate that he had passed a very happy morning with her, instead of a brief ten minutes.

Randolph did not speak a word, but stood leaning against the chimney-piece with a stern look on his handsome face. Monica was angry with herself and with Conrad, yet she felt half indignant at the way her husband ignored her guest.

"Monica," said Randolph, speaking first, "I am sorry to have to say it, but I cannot receive Sir Conrad Fitzgerald as a guest beneath my roof."

"You had better give your orders, then, accordingly."

He stepped forward and took her hand.

"Surely, Monica, you cannot have any real liking for this man?"

"I do not know what you call real liking. We have been friends from childhood; and I do not easily change. He was always welcomed to my father's house."

"Your father did not know his history."

"Perhaps not; but I do. At least I know this much: that he has sinned and has repented. Is not repentance enough?"

"*Has* he repented?"

"Yes, indeed he has."

Randolph's face expressed a fine incredulity and scorn. There was no relenting in its lines. Monica was not going to sue longer.

"Am I also to be debarred from seeing Cecilia, his sister, who is married, and living not so very far away? Am I to give her up, too—my old playmate?"

"I have nothing against Mrs. Bellamy, except that she is his sister. I suppose you need not be very intimate?"

Monica's overwrought feelings vented themselves in a burst of indignation.

"I see what you want to do—to separate me from all my friends—to break all old ties—to make me forget all but your world, your life. I am to like your friends, to receive them and be intimate with them; but I am to turn my back with scorn on all whom I have known and loved. You are very hard, Randolph, very hard. It is not that I care for Conrad—I know he has done wrong, though I do believe in his repentance—I liked him once, and Cecilia too; I should like to know them still. They are not much to me, but they belong to the old life, which you do not—which nothing else does here. Can you not see how hard it is, and how unjust, to try and cut me off from everything?"

He looked at her with a great pity in his eyes, and then gently put the flowers into her hand.

"I brought them for you to wear to-night, Monica. Will you have them? Believe me, my child, I would do much to spare you pain, yet in some things I must be the judge. Some day, perhaps, I shall be able to make my meaning plain; meantime I must ask my wife to trust me." He stooped and kissed her pale brow, and went away without another word.

Monica stood still and silent, the fragrant, spotless blossoms, his gift, clasped close in her hands.

"Randolph, Randolph!" she murmured, "if you only loved me I could bear anything; but they all see it—I only am blind—it is the golden cage with its captive, and they know the ways of their world so well, so well! He bribes me with gifts, with kind words, but it is only the peaceful home and the handsome wife that he wants—not me myself, not my heart, my love. Well, he shall have what he craves. I will not disappoint him. I will do his bidding in all things. He has got his prize—let that content him—but for the wifely love, the wifely trust I have striven so to offer—he does not care for them—let them go, like these." She pressed the flowers for a moment to her lips, and then flung them from the open casement.

Randolph, lost in silent thought, standing at a window below, saw the white blossoms as they fell to the earth, and knew what they were and whence they had come.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

THE LITTLE RIFT.

A LITTLE misunderstanding so easily arises between two people not yet in perfect accord—so very soon arises, and is so difficult to lay at rest.

Randolph saw plainly now that Monica's late gentleness had been caused simply by exhaustion and ill-health. She had submitted to his caressing care merely because she had been too weak to resist, but the first indication of restored health had been the effort to repel him. He was grieved and saddened by this conviction, but he accepted his fate with quiet patience. He would draw back a little, stand aside, as it were, and let her feel her way in the new life, and win her confidence, if he could, by slow and imperceptible degrees. He did not despair of winning her yet. He had had more than one of those rapturous moments when he had felt that she was *almost* his. He would not give up, but he would be more self-restrained and reserved. He would not attempt too much at once.

Monica was keenly conscious of the change in her husband's manner, though she could not understand why it was that it cut her so deeply.

She was conscious of a great blank in her life, and though her face was always calm and quiet, her manner gently cold and tinged with sadness, yet she tried in all things to study her husband's wishes, and to follow out any hints he might let fall as to his tastes and feelings.

She made no effort to see anything of Cecilia Bellamy, her former child-friend, and even when that vivacious little woman sought her out, and tried to strike up a great friendship, she did not respond with any great ardour. Mrs. Bellamy, indeed, was not at all a woman that Monica would be inclined to cultivate at this crisis of her life; they had scarcely anything in common, but the past was a sort of link that could not entirely be broken. Cecilia appeared to love to talk of Trevlyn; she was always eager to hear the latest news from "home," to recall the by-gone days of childhood,

and bring back the light and colour to Monica's face by reminiscences of the past.

But the young wife tried to be loyal to her husband's wishes, and was laughed at for reluctance to enter into intimate relations with her friend. Once, when in intimating so much Conrad's name was mentioned between them, Monica asked, in her straightforward way, what it was that he had done to draw upon him censure and dislike.

"Why, do you not even know that much? Poor boy! I will tell you all about it. He was very young, and you know we are miserably poor. He got into bad company, and they led him into frightful embarrassments. He got so miserable and desperate at last that I believe his mind was almost unhinged for a time, and in the end," lowering her voice to a whisper, "he forged a cheque in the name of a rich friend. Of course it was a mad thing to do. He paid his debts, but the fraud was discovered within a few weeks, and you know what might have happened. Colonel Hamilton, however, who had been a kind friend to Conrad before, forgave him, and took no steps against him; and the poor boy was so shocked and humiliated that he quite turned over a new leaf, and has been perfectly steady ever since. He was working hard to pay off the debt, but Colonel Hamilton died before he could do so. Randolph Trevlyn, your husband, my dear, was intimate with the colonel, and knew all about this. He had always disliked Conrad—I suspect they were rivals once in the affections of some lady, and that he did not get the best of the rivalry—and I always believe it was through him that the story leaked out. At any rate, people did hear something, and poor Conrad got dreadfully cold-shouldered. He had always been wild and reckless, and people are so fond of hitting a man when he is down. But I call it very unkind and unjust, and I did think that an old friend like you would be above it It hurts Conrad dreadfully to find you so cold to him. I should have thought you would have liked to help him to recover the ground he has lost."

"That can hardly be my office now," said Monica gravely.

"But at least you need not be unkind. I do assure you the poor boy has gone through quite enough, as it is."

"You have told me the whole truth about his past, Cecilia?" asked Monica, after a brief silence. "There is nothing worse you are keeping back?"

Mrs. Bellamy clasped her hands together with a little gesture of astonished dismay.

"Is not forgery bad enough for you, Monica? What *has* your husband been telling you? Did you think he had committed a murder?"

Monica left Mrs. Bellamy's presence somewhat relieved in mind. She was glad to know the secret of Conrad's past, the cause of her husband's disdain and distrust of the man. It was natural, she thought, that Randolph, as a friend of Colonel Hamilton's, should feel deep indignation at the ingratitude and treachery of the fraud, and yet she felt a sort of relief that it was nothing blacker and baser. She had begun to have an undefined feeling, since she had entered somewhat into the tumultuous life of the great world, that there were depths of folly and sin and crime beneath its smooth polished surface, of whose very existence she had never dreamed before.

When she returned home that day, and said from whose house she had just come, she fancied a shade gathered on her husband's brow.

"Do you not go there rather often, Monica?"

"We were friends as children," she said. "Am I to give up everything that seems connected with the past—with my home?"

"I lay no embargo upon you, Monica," he said; "or at least only one: I cannot permit Sir Conrad Fitzgerald to visit my wife nor enter my house. If his sister is your friend, and you wish to continue the friendship, I say nothing against it. You shall be the judge whether or not you visit at a house your husband cannot enter, and run the risk of meeting a man whose hand he can never touch. You shall do exactly as you wish in the matter. I leave you entire liberty."

A flush rose slowly in Monica's face.

"I want to do what is right to every one," she said. "You put things very hardly, Randolph. You only see one side, and state your view very harshly. I have heard Conrad's story; it is very painful and shameful; but he has repented—he has indeed, and done all he could to make amends. I have been taught that repentance makes atonement even in God's sight. I cannot sit in judgment, then, and condemn him utterly."

Randolph looked at her keenly.

"Do you know all?"

"Yes," she answered steadily, "I know all. It is very bad; but he has repented."

"I have seen no signs of repentance."

"Have you ever given yourself the chance?"

He was still gazing earnestly at her.

"Monica," he said, very gravely, "be advised by me. Do not make yourself Fitzgerald's champion."

"I do not intend," she answered coldly, "but neither will I be his judge."

There was silence for a moment, then Randolph spoke.

"We will discuss this question no further. It is a painful one for me. I can never meet that man in friendship; I could wish that you could be content to forget him too; but he is an old friend. You are not connected with the dark passages in his life, and if his repentance is sincere I will not forbid your meeting him or speaking to him if you find yourself in his company. It goes against me, I confess, Monica. But I do not feel I have the right to say more. If you are acquainted with the story of his life, you are able to form your own estimate of his deserts."

The subject ended there, but it left a sort of sore constraint in the minds of both. It was almost with a feeling of relief a few mornings later that Randolph opened a letter from the bailiff of his Scotch estate, requesting the presence of the master for a few days. The young man had been getting his shooting-box

renovated and beautified for the reception of his young wife, hoping he might prevail upon her in the autumn to come north with him, and his own presence on the spot had become a matter of necessity.

Monica heard of his proposed absence with perfect quietness, which, however, hid a good deal of sinking at heart. She did not venture to ask to accompany him, nor did she suggest, as he had half feared, returning to Trevlyn herself. She assented quietly to the proposition, and gave no outward sign of dismay.

Randolph sighed as he noted her indifference. Once she would have dreaded being left alone in the strange world of London, would have begged him not to leave her, but now she was quite happy to see him depart. He was gradually growing sorrowfully convinced that his marriage had been a great mistake, and that Monica's love would never be his. There had been sweet moments both before and after marriage, but they were few and far between, and the hope he had once so ardently cherished was growing fainter every day.

However, life must go on in its accustomed groove, and the night before his departure was spent with Beatrice and her brother, who were giving a select little dinner party. Randolph and Monica seldom spent an evening at home alone now.

Beatrice Wentworth's little parties were very popular. She was an excellent hostess, her endless sparkle and flow of spirit kept her guests well amused, and she treated her numerous admirers with a provoking friendliness and equality that was quite a diversion to witness. Lord Haddon was a favourite, too, from his good-natured simplicity and frankness; and there was an easy, unconstrained atmosphere about that house that made it a pleasant place of resort to its *habitués*.

Monica had grown fond of Beatrice in her quiet, undemonstrative fashion, and felt more at home in her house than in any other. Sometimes when those two were alone together Beatrice would lay aside her brilliant sparkle and flow of spirit, and lapse into a sudden gravity and seriousness that would have astonished many of her friends and acquaintances had they but witnessed it. Monica fancied at such moments that some kind of cloud rested upon the handsome, dashing girl, that her past held some tear-stained page, some sad or painful memory; and it was this conviction that had won Monica's confidence and friendship more than anything else. She could not make a true friend of any one who had never known sorrow.

To-night Monica was unusually *distraite*, sad and heavy at heart, she hardly knew why; finding it peculiarly difficult to talk or smile, or to hide from the eyes of others the melancholy that oppressed her. She felt a strange craving for her husband's presence. She wanted him near her. She longed to return to those first days of married life when his compassion for her made him so tender, when he was always with her, and she believed that he loved her. Sometimes she had been almost happy then, despite the wrench from the old associations and the strangeness of all around. Now she was always sad and heavy-hearted; and to-night she was curiously oppressed.

It was only at this house that she could ever be persuaded to sing, and to-night it was only at the end of the evening that Lord Haddon's entreaties prevailed with her. She rose at last and crossed to the piano, and sitting down without any music before her, sang a simple melodious setting to some words of Christina Rossetti's:—

"When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress-tree.
Be the green grass above me,
With showers and dew-drops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember—
And if thou wilt, forget.

"I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain.
But dreaming through the twilight,
Which doth not rise nor set,
I haply may remember—
And haply may forget."

As she sang, the room, the company, all faded from her view and from her mind—all but Randolph. One strange longing filled her soul—the longing that she might indeed lie sleeping and at rest in some quiet, wind-swept spot, her spirit hovering free to see if her husband ever came to stand beside that grave, to see if he would in such a case remember—or forget.

For herself, Monica knew well that remembrance would be her portion. She never could forget.

There was a wonderful sweetness and pathos in her voice as she sang. The listeners held their breath, and sudden tears started to Beatrice's eyes. When the last note had died away, Randolph crossed the room and laid his hand upon his wife's shoulder. There was a subdued murmur all through the room, but she only heard her husband's voice.

"That was very sweet, Monica," he said gently. "I have never heard it before; but you make it sound so unutterably sad."

She looked up at him wistfully. "I think sad songs are always sweetest—they are more like life."

His eyes were very full of tenderness; she saw it, and it almost unnerved her.

"I am so tired, Randolph; will you take me home? The carriage will not be here, but it is such a little way. I should like best to walk."

A very few moments later they were out in the warm, spring air, under the twinkling stars. She held his arm closely. Her hand trembled a little, he fancied. He drew her light lace wrap more closely round her, thinking she felt chilled. At this little mark of thoughtfulness she looked up at him with a tremulous smile.

"I shall miss you when you are gone, Randolph," she said softly. "You will not be long away?"

His heart beat high, but his words were very quietly spoken.

"No, Monica, only four or five days."

"'I CANNOT RECEIVE SIR CONRAD FITZGERALD AS A GUEST BENEATH MY ROOF'" (*p.* 134).

"And you will take care of yourself? You will come back safe—you will not get into any danger?"

"Why, no," he answered with a smile. "Danger! What are you thinking about, Monica?"

"I don't know. Sometimes my heart is very heavy. It is heavy to-night. Promise you will take care of yourself—for my sake."

Randolph did not, after all, go away quite comfortless next day.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

MRS. BELLAMY.

RANDOLPH was gone; and Monica, left alone in her luxurious London house, felt strangely lost and desolate. Her husband had expressed a wish that she should go out as much as possible, and not shut herself up in solitude during his brief absence, and to do his will was now her great desire. She would have preferred to remain quietly at home. She liked best to sit by her fire upstairs, and make Wilberforce tell her of Randolph's childhood and boyish days; his devotion to his widowed mother, his kindness to herself, all the deeds of youthful prowess which an old nurse treasures up respecting her youthful charges and delights to repeat in after-years. Wilberforce would talk of Randolph by the hour together if she were not checked, and Monica felt singularly little disposition to check her.

However, she obeyed her husband in everything, and took her morning's ride as usual next day, and was met

by Cecilia Bellamy, who rode beside her, with her train of cavaliers in attendance, and pitied the poor darling child who had been deserted by her husband.

"I am just in the same sad predicament myself, Monica," she said plaintively. "My husband has had to go to Paris all of a sudden, and I am left alone too. We must console ourselves together. You must drive with me to-day and come to tea, and I will come to you to-morrow."

Monica tried in vain to beg off; Cecilia only laughed at her. Monica had not *savoir-faire* enough to parry skilful thrusts, nor insincerity enough to plead engagements that did not exist. So she was monopolised by Mrs. Bellamy in her morning's ride, was driven out in her carriage that same afternoon, and taken to several houses where her friend had "just a few words" to say to the hostess. She was taken back to tea, and had to meet Conrad, who received her with great warmth, and had the bad taste to address her perpetually by her Christian name before a whole roomful of company, and ended by insisting on walking home with her. His manner, nevertheless, was so quiet and courteous, and he seemed so utterly unconscious of her disfavour, that she was half ashamed of it, despite her very real annoyance.

And the worst of it was that there seemed no end to the attentions pressed upon her by the indefatigable Cecilia. Monica did not know how to escape from the manifold invitations and visits that were showered upon her. She seemed fated to be for ever in the society of Mrs. Bellamy and her friends. Beatrice Wentworth and her brother were out of town themselves; Randolph was detained longer than he had at first anticipated, and Monica found herself drawn in an imperceptible way—against which she rebelled in vain—into quite a new set of people and places.

Monica was a mere baby in Cecilia's hands. She had not the faintest idea of any malice on the part of her friend. She felt her attentions oppressive; she disliked the constant encounters with Conrad; but she tried in vain to free herself from the hospitable tyranny of the gay little woman. She was caught in some inexplicable way, and without downright rudeness she could not escape.

As a rule, Conrad was very guarded and discreet, especially when alone with her. He often annoyed her by his assumption of familiarity in presence of others, but he was humble enough for the most part, and took no umbrage at her rather pointed avoidance of him. She did not know what he was trying to do: how he was planning a subtle revenge upon his enemy, her husband—the husband she was beginning unconsciously yet very really to love. She shrank from him without knowing why, but the day was rapidly approaching when her eyes were to be opened.

Her instincts were so true that it was not easy to deceive her for long. Ignorance of the world and reluctance to suspect evil blinded her for a time; but she was to learn the true nature of her so-called friends before long.

There had been a small picnic party at Richmond that day. Monica had tried hard to excuse herself from attending, but had been laughed and coaxed into consent. It mattered the less what she did now, for her husband was to be at home the following day, and in the gladness of that thought she could almost enjoy the sunshine, the fresh air, the sight of green grass and waving trees, the country sights and sounds to which she had so long been a stranger.

The party too was small, and though Conrad was of the number, he held aloof from Monica, for which she was glad, for she had felt an increasing distrust of him of late. It was an equestrian party, and the long ride was a pleasure to Monica, who could spend a whole day in the saddle without fatigue.

And then her husband was coming. He would set all right. She would tell him everything—she had not felt able to do so in the little brief notes she had written to him—and she would take his advice for the future, and decline friendship with all who could not be his friends too. Everything would be right when Randolph came back.

For one reason she was glad of this opportunity of a little quiet talk with Cecilia Bellamy. The wish for a private interview with her had been one of the reasons which had led her to consent to join this party. She had something on her mind that she wished to say to her in private, and as yet she had found no opportunity of doing so.

Yet it was not until quite late in the afternoon that Monica's chance came; when it did, she availed herself of it at once. She and her friend were alone in a quiet part of the park; nobody was very near to them just then.

"Cecilia," said Monica, "there is something I wish to say to you now that we are alone together. I am very much obliged to you for being so friendly during my husband's absence—but—but—it is difficult to say what I mean—but I think you ought not to have had your brother so much with you when you were asking me; or rather I think, as he is your brother, whilst I am only a friend, the best plan would be for us to agree not to attempt to be very intimate. We have drifted apart with the lapse of years, and there are reasons, as you know, why it is not advisable for me to see much of your brother. I am sure you understand me without any more words."

"Oh, perfectly!" said Mrs. Bellamy with a light laugh. "Poor child, what an ogre he is! Well, at least, we have made the best of the little time he allowed us."

Monica drew herself up very straight. "I do not understand you, Cecilia. Please to remember that you are speaking of my husband."

Mrs. Bellamy laughed again. "I am in no danger of forgetting, my dear. Please do not trouble yourself to put on such old-fashioned airs with me; as if every one did not know your secret by this time!"

Monica turned upon her with flashing eyes. "What secret?"

"The secret of your unhappy marriage, my love. It was obviously a *mariage de convenance* from the first, and you take no pains to disguise the fact that it will

never be anything else. As Randolph Trevlyn is rather a fascinating man, there is only one rational interpretation to be put upon your persistent indifference."

Monica stood as if turned to stone. "What do you mean?"

"Why, that your heart was given away before he appeared on the scene. People like little pathetic romances, and there is something in the style of your beauty, my dear, that makes you an object of interest wherever you go. You are universally credited with a 'history' and a slowly-breaking heart—an equally heart-broken lover in the background. You can't think how interested we all are in you—and——"

But the sentence was not finished. Mrs. Bellamy's perceptions were not fine, but something in Monica's face deterred her from permitting her brother's name to pass her lips. It was easy to see that no suspicion of his connection with the "romance" concocted for her by gossiping tongues had ever crossed her mind. But she was sternly indignant and wounded to the quick by what she had heard.

She spoke not a word, but turned haughtily away and sought for solitude in the loneliest part of the park. She was terribly humiliated. She knew nothing of the inevitable chatter and gossip, half good-humoured, half mischievous, with which idle people indulge themselves about their neighbours, especially if that neighbour happens to be a beautiful woman, with an unknown past and an apparent trouble upon her. She did not know that spite on Conrad's part and flighty foolishness on that of his sister had started rumours concerning her. She only felt that she had by her ingratitude and coldness towards the husband who had sacrificed so much for her, and whom she sincerely respected, and almost loved, been the means of bringing his name and hers within the reach of malicious tongues, and given rise to cruel false rumours she hated even to think of. If only her husband were with her!—and now he would soon be with her, and if for very shame she could not repeat the cruel words she had heard, at least she could show to all the world how false and base they were.

Monica woke up at last to the fact that it was getting late, and that she was in a totally strange place, far away from the rest of the party. She turned quickly and retraced her steps. She seldom lost her bearings, and was able to find her way back without difficulty, but she had strayed farther than she knew; it took her some time to find the glade in which they had lunched, and when she reached it she found it quite deserted. There was nothing for it but to go back to the hotel, whither she supposed the others had preceded her, but when she reached the courtyard no one was to be seen but Conrad, who held her horse and his own.

"Ah, Monica! here you are. We missed you just at starting. Did you lose yourself in the park? Nobody seemed to know what had become of you."

"I suppose I walked rather too far. Where are the rest?"

"Just started five minutes ago. We only missed you then. I said I'd wait. We shall catch them up in two minutes."

As this was Mrs. Bellamy's party, and Conrad was her brother, this mark of courtesy could not be called excessive, yet somehow it displeased Monica a good deal.

"Where is my groom?"

Conrad looked round innocently enough.

"I suppose he joined the cavalcade, stupid fellow! Stablemen are so very gregarious. Never mind; we shall be up with them directly."

And Monica was forced to mount and ride after the party with Conrad.

But they did not come up with the others, despite his assurances, and the fact that they rode very fast for a considerable time. He professed himself very much astonished, and declared that they must have made a stupid blunder, and have gone by some other road.

"In that case, Sir Conrad," said Monica, "I will dispense with your escort. I am perfectly well able to take care of myself alone."

He read her displeasure in her face and voice. She had an instinct that she had been tricked, but it was not a suspicion she could put into words.

"*Sir* Conrad!" he repeated, with gentle reproach. "Have I offended you, Monica?"

"Sir Conrad, it is time we should understand one another," said Monica, turning her head towards him. "I made you a sort of promise once—a promise of friendship I believe it was. I am not certain that I ever ought to have given it; but after my marriage with a man you hold as an enemy it is impossible that I can look upon you as a true friend. I do not judge or condemn you, but I do say that we had better meet as infrequently as possible, and then as mere acquaintances. You have strained your right of friendship, as it is, by the unwarrantable and persistent use of my Christian name, which you must have known was not for you to employ now. We were playfellows in childhood, I know, but circumstances alter cases, and our circumstances have altered much. It must be Sir Conrad and Lady Monica now between you and me if ever we meet in the future."

His eyes gleamed with that wild beast ferocity that lay latent in his nature, but his voice was well under command.

"Your will is law, Lady Monica. It is hard on me, but you know best. I will accept any place that you assign me."

She was not disarmed by his humility.

"I assign you no place; and you know that what I say is not hard. We are not at Trevlyn now. You know your own world well; I am only just beginning to know it. You had no right to presume upon our childhood's friendship as you have done."

He looked keenly at her, but she was evidently quite unconscious of the game he had tried to play for the amusement of his little circle. She only spoke in general terms.

"There was a time, Monica," he said gently, "when you cared less what the world would say."

"There was a time, Sir Conrad," she answered, with quiet dignity, "when I knew less what the world might say."

Had Monica felt the least suspicion of what her companion had tried to make it say, she would not now have been riding with him along the darkening streets, just as carriages were rolling by carrying people to dinner or to the theatres.

Twice she had imperatively dismissed him, but he had absolutely declined to leave her.

"I will not address another word to you if my presence is distasteful to you," he said; "but you are my sister's guest, and in the absence of her husband I stand in the place of your host. I will not leave you to ride home at this late hour alone. At the risk of incurring your displeasure I attend you to your own door."

Monica did not protest after that, but she hardly addressed a single word to her silent companion.

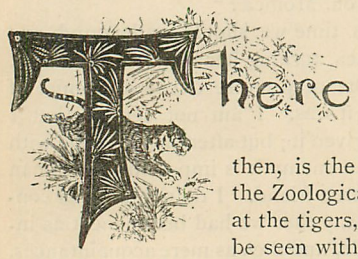
As she rode up to her own house she saw that the door stood open. The groom was before it, with his horse. He was in earnest converse with a tall, broad-shouldered man, who held a hunting-whip in his hand, and appeared about to spring into the saddle.

Monica's heart gave a sudden leap. Who was it with his back to her, standing on the pavement? He turned quickly at the sound of her approach—it was her husband.

He looked at her and at her companion in perfect silence. Conrad took off his hat, murmured a few incoherent words, and rode quickly away. Randolph's hand closed like a vice upon his whip, but he only gave one glance at the retreating figure, and then turned quietly to his wife and helped her to dismount. The groom took the horse, and, without a word from any one, husband and wife passed together into the house. And this was the meeting to which Monica had looked forward with so much trembling joy.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

SOME CATS OF A LARGER GROWTH.



There is an Oriental proverb, "He who has seen a cat has seen a tiger." What, then, is the good of going to the Zoological Gardens to look at the tigers, if the animal is to be seen without any exertion in our kitchens or in our gardens? But the proverb, as usual, needs a little qualification. The person who has seen a tiger will be able to note the points in which the cat resembles it. But those who have only seen a cat will have a very imperfect idea of a tiger. It is something like the case of Virgil's peasant, who thought that a big town must be like a little town, as a puppy resembles a big dog. On the other hand, there are some Indian sportsmen who have become so familiar with tigers that, without any contemptuous intention, they write of them as "the big cats." Captain Baldwin, an experienced and scientific writer on the large and small game of India, not unfrequently writes of "the big cats, with their beautiful smooth, glossy coats," and very few people were better acquainted than Captain Baldwin was with all the savage qualities of the tiger in his natural haunts.

There is a very great difference between tigers in a state of captivity and tigers in their wild state. So much has been written about tiger-shooting, that it would be carrying coals to Newcastle to add to the numerous exciting tales which have been recorded by the famous shikaris of India. The wild tigers will, therefore, be left alone for the present. Our object will be to record some experiences in connection with the tigers, or big cats, in a state of captivity.

If any one wishes to study the big cats in captivity in England, let him go and inspect the animals in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens. But he will find that they do not look happy; and their coats are not smooth and glossy. The English climate does not agree with them, although the temperature of the large Carnivora House is carefully adjusted to a suitable warmth. It is also very difficult to feed a tiger properly when it is in confinement. A daily ration of raw horse-flesh is a bad substitute for the food with which the animal would provide itself in its natural state; but the British public insists on seeing the tigers fed daily, and probably horse-flesh is given because it is economical. There is a certain brief excitement when the hungry animal sees its food being brought towards it; and the public appear to be gratified at watching the tiger seize upon the gory bones, and growl over them; but the big cat soon satisfies its appetite, and lies down heavily to sleep.

It was my good fortune to see more of tame tigers in India than falls to the lot of most persons. There are many men who have shot tigers, but my opportunities for taking care of them and observing them in a state of captivity were almost exceptional. My friend, the late Rajah of Burdwan, had a very good menagerie in the gardens of one of his summer palaces, and we used frequently to meet there and go round and inspect the animals. The Rajah had little difficulty in procuring tigers, leopards, and bears, which are to be found in many parts of his extensive estates. But the best of his tigers were two which had been procured from the Province of Oude. One of these was called Vizeer, and the other had received the name of Bheem, because the natives said he was a Hindoo,

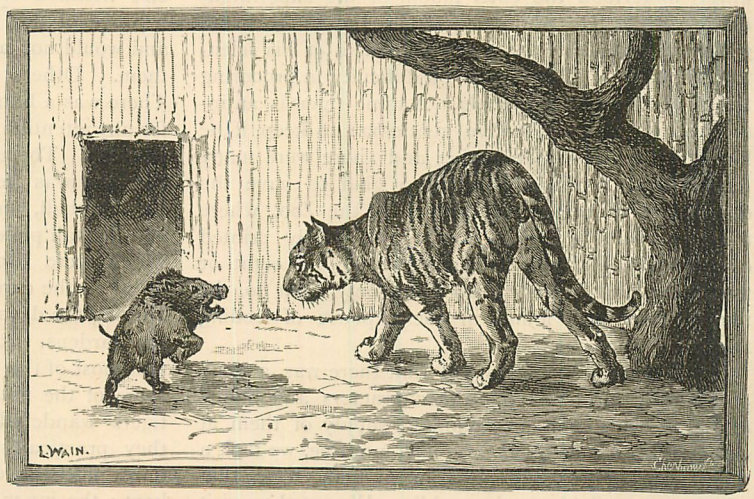
"VIZEER SPRANG OUT."

and would not eat beef. So Bheem lived chiefly on goats' flesh, whilst Vizeer had no scruples as to what he ate. The real difference between them was this: Vizeer was caught when he was full-grown, and had for a long time been obliged to hunt for, and kill, whatever he wanted to eat. Bheem was captured when very young, and had been brought up by hand, on a milk and rice diet, which had been changed to cooked goats' flesh when he grew up. Bheem had never tasted blood or taken life. He was accustomed to be petted and patted by the keepers, and was, in fact, a beautiful big cat. Vizeer was a very different character. He was a very large and handsome animal. It was the custom to give him occasionally a pig or a goat to kill, as it is almost essential to the health of a tiger, which has fed on wild animals of his own killing, that he should sometimes taste fresh blood, and eat some of the flesh with the hair on it. Vizeer used to be shut up in the inner compartment of his den, whilst the pig was let down through a grating in the roof into the outer compartment. Before the pig had time to understand the situation, the door of the inner den opened, and Vizeer sprang out. With his fore-paws he seized the pig, and the next moment his huge jaws closed over its neck, so that death was instantaneous. Vizeer never relaxed his hold until he had drained the blood from his victim's body. He would sometimes at once proceed to eat a hind leg, carving the ham with his sharp teeth and bristly tongue, as neatly as a cook could have cut it with a knife. Vizeer would then compose himself to sleep, and in the course of the following night he would gradually consume the rest of the carcase; after which he would not care to be fed again for two or three days.

The other tiger, named Bheem, appeared to have no intuitive notion how to kill his prey. A rather large village pig, about six months old, was once put into his den at the command of the Rajah, and he did not know what to do with it. Bheem patted it on the back with his paw, and seemed inclined to have a game of play with it. Naturally the pig did not reciprocate the idea of a game of play with a tiger, and resented Bheem's advances. The keeper then interposed, and removed the pig, which was happily none the worse for his adventure, and was not aware of the marvellous escape which he had had from the tiger's jaws.

There was another tiger in the Rajah's collection which had a peculiar character. It had been caught in a trap when full-grown, and may possibly have killed human beings, as well as deer or cattle, before it was captured. It had no fear of the black faces of the natives, but the moment that it saw the white face of an Englishman, it fled into its inner den, and could not be induced to come out till the white face had disappeared. It is difficult to account for this animal's aversion to a white face; but perhaps in the family traditions of its race it is handed down that the white man is the tiger's natural enemy, whilst the black man is his natural food.

In the household of another old friend, Rajah Kalinarain, of Dacca, there was a full-grown tiger which used to go about loose on the premises. When this poor creature was quite young, chloroform had been recently introduced into India, and possibly, by way of a crucial experiment of the strength of chloroform, a doctor, who was really one of the most kind-hearted men in his profession, extracted all the teeth and claws of the young tiger under chloroform. The



"THE PIG RESENTED BHEEM'S ADVANCES."

animal thenceforth was treated as a big cat, and was petted and played with during the day, whilst at night he was chained up outside the entrance to the ladies' apartments, in case any one should wish unauthorisedly to enter or emerge from that part of the house. This tiger had, of course, to be fed on soft food, and boiled goat's flesh and rice and vegetables were the "chief of his diet." In an evil hour, the men who had to feed the tiger thought to amuse themselves by letting him kill the goats which were brought for his food, and this he was easily able to do by a blow from his huge fore-paws, though deprived of their claws. Having thus learnt how to kill a live being, he unhappily one night jumped on a small boy who had come within reach of his chain, and with one stroke broke the child's neck. He was found in the morning apparently very sorry and surprised at what he had done. But of course he had to pay the penalty of his crime, and was immediately shot by the Rajah's orders.

"THE MEN THOUGHT TO AMUSE THEMSELVES."

When the Zoological Gardens in Calcutta were established in 1878—79, the office of President of the Honorary Committee of Management was conferred on me. The late Mr. Schwendler kindly undertook the chief labour of the superintendence; whilst Dr. Anderson, of the Indian Museum, gave us his valuable aid, and the benefit of his scientific knowledge. There was no difficulty in procuring tigers or other wild animals. A tame tiger is an inconvenient pet for a native gentleman to keep, if he has not a regular menagerie; and there were many Rajahs and Zemindars only too glad to have the opportunity of presenting a tiger to the Zoo, where the name of the donor was conspicuously printed over the animal's den. There was room for eight or ten tigers, and in fact almost the only limit to the number kept was found in the expense of feeding them.

It will be readily understood that there was a good opportunity for observing the characters and habits of tigers, with such an abundant supply of them at command. As members of the committee, we took a different time for studying the animals from that which was available to the public. We used to visit the gardens almost every morning at an early hour, as soon as the dens had been cleaned out, and when the animals were usually basking in any gleams of the morning sunshine that could reach them. It was at this time that they were most quiet and manageable, and they soon began to understand that our intentions were friendly. It is expedient for only one person at a time to handle the big cat in order to conciliate him and pet him. This must be done cautiously and gradually. Perhaps the most simple plan is to begin by giving the animal a little fresh grass with the dew on it. After a few days the tiger will eat it from your hand. By introducing a small stick, and rubbing it along the back of the tiger, the way may be prepared for putting in the hand and stroking the beast. But it must always be remembered that the tiger's paw can strike like lightning if any offence is given. If two people try at the same time to pet a tiger, there is a great risk, because the animal may turn rapidly from one to the other. It is very foolish to attempt any familiarities with tigers when the casual outside public have been admitted. The crowd distracts the animal's attention, and he may be frightened, or else irritated so as to lose his temper.

Some of the tigers were altogether impracticable, and would not allow any approaches to be made to them. Others were more amenable to kindness. There was a blind tiger, which always seemed grateful for any attention, and came at once when called to be handled. There was one tigress which was so gentle that she was just like a big cat, and played with a wooden ball, and liked to have her head scratched and her tail pulled. There were two fine young tigers, which were becoming very tame, when one day, owing to the carelessness of some workmen who were altering the dens, they got loose, and walked out into the gardens. It was just dark when they emerged, and most of the public visitors had gone away; but some of the native keepers got a good fright. The tigers wandered about aimlessly, and after awhile they practically re-captured themselves by jumping down into the enclosure in which a rhinoceros was kept: the inner wall being so high that they could

"THE TIGERS WANDERED ABOUT AIMLESSLY" (*p.* 142).

not have jumped out again. Here they remained quietly till the morning, when, unfortunately, two gentlemen, who had come down with their guns on hearing of the affair, thought fit to shoot the unhappy creatures, which could neither resist nor escape.

Amongst the impracticable tigers which would not be tamed, and which were deaf to all blandishments, there were two that had been regular man-eaters. They belonged to a family of seven tigers, which infested the main road to Hazarebagh, and had killed a large number of people. As it was found almost impossible to shoot them, a sporting native nobleman set to work to catch them in pitfalls, and he succeeded gradually in securing the whole family. But though it is comparatively easy to catch a tiger in a pitfall, it is very difficult to get him out of it alive, and only two of the seven were brought out uninjured. The procedure is rather elaborate. A regular mine has to be driven up to one side of the pitfall, and in the mine a strong cage of bamboos has to be built, so that when, at last, the side of the pitfall is opened and the tiger enters the mine, he is secured in the cage, which is then dug out with its captive. This must be rather nervous work for the native shikarees who undertake it; but their courage is remarkable, and the cage is made of solid bamboos, four or five inches in diameter, which are thoroughly tiger-proof.

It is not often that tigers breed when in captivity, at least in European countries; and the few cubs which have been born alive in England have died of some congenital malformation of the palate. The pair of man-eaters in the Calcutta Zoological Gardens have had three sets of cubs. On the first occasion there were three cubs, and on the second and third occasions there were two. The cubs all grew up, and one of them was presented to the London Zoo, and lived there till last year, when it succumbed to the climate. It is hardly necessary to say that the young cubs were as pretty and playful as kittens, and when the mother was to be seen playing with her cubs, it seemed hardly credible that this could be the ruthless monster which had so often killed human beings. Of course *paterfamilias* was kept apart, or he would probably have eaten his children; but he could see them through the bars of his den, and evidently took much interest in them.

It soon became necessary to wean the cubs, because they would persist in eating bits of the hard raw meat which was intended for their mother, and this food disagreed with them. A tigress in its wild state is in the habit of catching birds and rabbits, and such small deer, for its young cubs; and unless chickens and kids' flesh were provided for the young animals at the Zoo, they at once fell off in health. Some of the cubs grew up quite gentle and good-tempered, whilst others were morose and savage. The parent tigers never showed any inclination to be friendly. They had learnt to kill men, and would doubtless have done it again. The male tiger was, nevertheless, in some respects a coward. He could not bear the sight of a small elephant, which was kept in the gardens for children to ride on; and whenever the elephant came near his den, he fled and hid himself in the inner apartment. The female, on the other hand, took no notice of the elephant; whilst a Persian lioness, in an adjoining den, used to show great excitement, and every wish to attack the elephant. It would be very difficult to explain the conduct of these three animals, especially as, to the best of our belief, none of them in a wild state had ever seen an elephant.

C. T. BUCKLAND, F.Z.S.

HOW I NURSED MY BROTHER BACK TO HEALTH.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

PERHAPS it will not be out of place to preface this paper with a few words about typhoid fever, which will explain why such especial care is required as to diet and to the enforced quietude of the patient. Typhoid fever is attended by an ulceration of a portion of the intestinal canal, and the consequence of this is that the tissue is worn exceedingly thin over the ulcerated spots. It will be easily understood, then, that any exertion, or the passage of anything approaching solid food, would be likely to act injuriously upon these ulcers, causing in some cases perforation and acute peritonitis, or hæmorrhage and collapse, both of which only too often end fatally. When patients are not feeling very ill, and are yet kept so strictly by doctors and nurses, they often rebel much against what seems mere "fussiness." But it does not do to relax rules on that account. Only a few days ago I heard of a woman who, though only slightly ill with typhoid fever, died quite suddenly after getting out of bed. She was a poor woman, and probably knew no better, and had no notion of the risk she ran; but unless people really understand something of the reason for such especial care, it is difficult for them to believe how great a risk is run by only a very little exertion on the part of the patient. I should never have been so very careful with Hugh if my hospital friend had not explained to me how very important such care was, and the reason for it; and I can easily understand what she said: that people who are less ill than he was are often harder to manage, as the wish to get up and do more for themselves is so much stronger.

Poor Hugh was docile enough during the first week. He suffered terribly from headache that nothing appeared to relieve, and lay in a kind of semi-torpid state, never speaking unless spoken to, and often not understanding what was said, unless it was spoken rather loudly or sharply. He answered sensibly when he was once roused, but would sink back almost at once into his lethargic state, and, unless in much pain, would be perfectly quiet and still.

Internal pain was relieved by fomentations and poultices, which last I found very troublesome to make, till I got my hand well in. The ordinary kind of messy, home-made poultice between layers of muslin is scarcely any good. In a properly-made poultice the consistency of the linseed should be so thick and adhesive that it can be spread upon a cloth to the required thickness, and then remain as it is spread, without any muslin over it. It should be rolled up and carried to the patient, losing none of its heat by the way, and when removed, after the needful space of time, not one particle should remain adhering to the skin.

It was some time before I succeeded in making my poultices up to the required standard of excellence. At first I was afraid to use too much meal, and they were sloppy and messy; but a little practice soon gave me the knack, which once gained is never lost. Poultices should be made with *boiling* water. I always pour the water into the basin first, and then throw in handfuls of meal, stirring all the time until the right consistency is gained. Poultices should be made quickly, so as to keep all their heat. Have everything you want under your hand before you begin your task.

Fomentations also should be as hot as the patient can bear them. The best plan with them is to dip the flannels into boiling water and wring them out in a towel afterwards. It needs two to do this quickly and effectually. Fomentations should not be moist enough to run down and wet the under sheet, and a piece of mackintosh should always be used over them to protect the night-dress from damp. Carelessness in these little matters often results in a chill that may do incalculable harm.

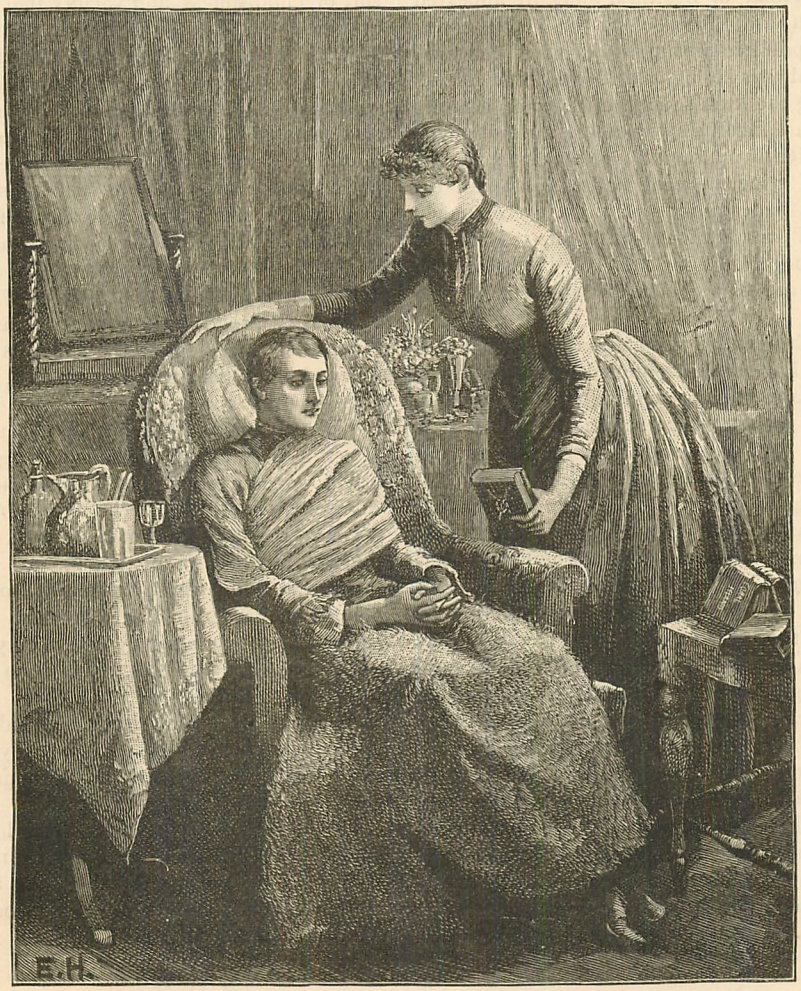
After a comparatively quiet week such as I have described, Hugh's illness took a much more trying turn, and for about ten days he was fearfully ill and in great danger. The fever ran very high, and was attended by delirium, and we could not leave him night or day for a single moment. He did not rave or become violent, but lay with half-open, glassy eyes, muttering incoherently, and with little intermission, the whole four-and-twenty hours through. As the fever ran higher the restlessness increased, and he was perpetually trying to raise himself or to get out of bed; and although always amenable to authority, and quieted by my voice or touch for the moment, yet the next minute the delusion, whatever it was, would come back again as strong as ever, and the same attempt would be repeated. Knowing as I did how much depended on complete quietude, these days were days of unceasing anxiety, and I almost learned to do without sleep; for I could not rest out of Hugh's room, and only snatched a few hours' sleep as I could upon a couch at the bed's foot. I do not recommend this course as the best—nurses ought to have regular hours for rest and exercise and food; but in exceptional and critical cases this is sometimes impossible, and it is wonderful how much of this kind of fatigue one can stand with impunity when one is put to the test.

I took every reasonable precaution, avoided most carefully inhaling the patient's breath, or anything else offensive by which infection could be carried,

and was most particular in the use of disinfectants, both in the room itself and in the water in which every utensil was washed. I did not intend to get ill myself if any proper precautions could prevent it; and I was never better in my life than whilst I was nursing Hugh.

The cheerful little doctor began to look quite grave during the course of the second week. Pulmonary symptoms had begun to show themselves in the patient, and one lung became undoubtedly congested. The fever was much aggravated by this complication, and the difficulty of breathing, together with the persistent hacking cough, exhausted him fearfully. It was a sudden change in the weather that brought the unwelcome chest affection with it. Hugh had always been subject to bad coughs, and I suppose this was why he was so susceptible.

One of my difficulties now was how to ventilate the room effectually without letting in the raw frosty air upon my patient. Whilst the weather had kept mild and bright I had been able to open the window at the top in the ordinary way, and sometimes to keep it open for an hour or two together; but this was now out of the question, and yet, from the position of the door with reference to the rest of the house, no adequate current of pure air could be admitted through it alone.



"He liked to hear boys' stories read to him" (*p.* 146).

At length I hit upon an expedient that answered all practical purposes sufficiently well. I got a strip of new flannel the same width as the window, and nailed one edge all along the top of the frame and the other edge along the top of the upper sash. When the window was shut it hung down in a sort of bag, but when the window was open the flannel was stretched out taut, and acted as a kind of screen, through which the air filtered in quite fresh, and yet robbed of the raw chill that was inevitable when it blew straight from the open. My bit of flannel was about a foot deep; I think that is large enough for all practical purposes, as you must

open the window as far as the flannel will permit, so as to keep it tight and let it act in the proper way.

After ten days of extreme anxiety there came the crisis we were waiting for, and how thankful I was I need hardly say when our patient sank into a quiet sleep such as he had not known since the commencement of his illness, pulse and temperature alike falling, whilst the rapid breathing became more soft and steady, and something of healthful moisture appeared on the dry, harsh skin. To prolong this health-giving sleep as far as possible was now our chief concern; but Hugh was always so light a sleeper that I was afraid of making the least sound, and how to keep up a good fire was a difficulty. I tried one or two plans of building it silently up, but the one that answered best was that of tying up coal (large and small together) in brown paper parcels of about three pounds weight each, and putting them quietly into the heart of the fire when it began to burn hollow. Of course the coal was tied up in this way before it was brought into the room at all.

Steady, though gradual, recovery now set in; and though I should have been frightened by the rapid rise of temperature each evening at this stage of the fever, had it not been for my typical chart, I knew that it was to be looked for, and was not discomposed and did not fear a relapse, as I should otherwise have done.

One very trying stage had still to be gone through a little later on, when poor Hugh became ravenously hungry, and seemed nauseated with the milk and beef-tea that had been his diet for so many weeks, and begged piteously for something more satisfying. Prepared as I was for it, I found it very trying. The doctor would have been much weaker than he was if I had not begged him not to make any change too soon. He was so cheerful and easy-going that I trembled to hear him give way to Hugh's pleading.

I shall never forget how Hugh begged one day for "something to eat," and how, when I could not let him have it, he pulled the sheet over his face, and I knew that he was crying quietly to himself. I think it was the hardest moment of all those trying weeks, and I cried a little myself; but I did not give way.

Whatever else nurses are, they *must* be firm when they know they are in the right. Even as it was, a very little rice pudding a few days later caused a slight return of pain and a sudden rise of temperature. Hugh was astonished and convinced by this lesson, and waited more patiently after it, till by slow degrees we were able to give him first one thing, then another, until he began to look almost like himself, and to look forward with pleasure to getting about again.

I was struck with a certain weakness of mind—a sort of childishness and vacuity that came over him at times—but I learned that it was a very common sequitur of typhoid fever, and passed quite away with returning strength. He liked to hear boys' stories read to him, stories he had not looked at for years; and he entered into them with the same zest that one of our little half-brothers would have done; but that phase passed away in due course, and Hugh was his own bright affectionate self again, full of quiet fun, and always ready to tease poor old nurse till she used to tell him he was "every bit as bad as he used to be before he knew better, that he was!"

What a proud, happy day it was for me when Hugh first came downstairs and was comfortably ensconced upon the drawing-room sofa, beside a glowing piled-up fire!

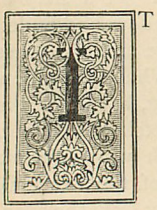
"It's almost worth being ill to know the pleasure of getting well again," he said, looking about him with bright, eager eyes. "I'd no idea how pretty things were here. Molly, I've been no end of a plague to you—you're the right kind of sister for a fellow to have—that you are, and no mistake!"

That was his way of thanking me, I knew. It is only in books, I think, that brothers make grand, set speeches to their sisters. Hugh's eyes said a good deal more than his lips. I bent to kiss him, and I won't deny I felt rather "choky."

"Thanks, dear old Moll," he said. "I'm sure I don't know how you did it. They say it wants a lot of care, and skill, and everything to nurse typhoid. I can't think how you learned it all."

"Ah," I answered sagely, half laughing lest my voice should tremble and betray me, "there's no knowing what one can do when one is put to it, and there is nobody else to do it for you. Necessity is the best training, after all."

THE CITY OF THE SHEREEFS.



IT is only during the last few years that the city of Wazan has come to be known at all to Christians, as, being a city essentially and wholly Mahommedan—and, moreover, a sacred city—it has always been considered an almost impossible place to get at in safety. However, within the last twelve years the mistake has been discovered; and it has now, at various times, been visited by some two dozen Europeans. Situated in the mountains of Morocco, four or five days' march from Tangier, its position has held it aloof from the foot of travellers, while its being off the main road to Fez has still further added to its seclusion.

Before I begin to tell of what we did and saw in the sacred city, it may be as well very briefly to sketch out its history and importance to the Mahommedan world of Africa; for as Mecca is to Arabia and the East, so is Wazan to the immense hordes who are

followers of the Prophet in Africa, not only in the Empire of Morocco, but in the deserts of the Sahara and the Soudan.

The city itself is of no great antiquity ; in fact, probably two centuries ago it consisted of only a large village, though it was then, as now, the residence of the Great Shereef, the most direct descendant of the Prophet, to whom it owes its importance. However, the present head of the house does not reside there, but prefers semi-civilised Tangier, leaving his property and his prestige in the hands of two of his sons, Moulai Mohammed and Moulai Alarbi.

One cannot exaggerate the power and influence of the Great Shereef, which exceeds almost that of his imperial master and rival—the Sultan. I say rival, for the jealousy of generations has at last found vent, and the head of Western Islam has thrown himself into the scale with France.

It is not, though, my purpose to discuss Moorish politics, but to tell shortly of our journey to, and stay at, Wazan, during the early months of last year [1887]. There were four of us in our party—Mr. and Mrs. T., J. G., and myself—who, with our fifteen mules and four riding-horses, our tents and servants, formed no little cavalcade.

We did not journey direct to Wazan, but struck away from Tangier toward Tetuan, shooting there for some two or three weeks before the thought entered our heads of continuing our journey into the interior. One day, however, we packed our baggage, loaded the mules, and started off. We did not travel fast, partly because we had ample time on our hands, and partly because the roads—mere tracks—were stony and bad ; in fact, some six to seven hours a day was about the average. The road was a pleasant one, and every night we pitched our little camp in some orchard or on the banks of some fast-flowing stream ; but wherever it was, our first work was to raise a bonfire, such as delighteth the heart of man, especially travellers, for the nights know how to be cold even in a country like Morocco, and it was not seldom that on rising in the mornings we found there had been a sharp frost overnight. When possible, we pitched our camp near a village—often a mere collection of Bedouin tents, with their yelping dogs and naked children—so that we could buy chickens, eggs, and milk, and now and again a lamb, for we carried the rest of our provisions with us.

On the third day of our march we reached Alcazar, and very charming it looked as we saw it first from the high ground some miles to the north of the town, with its minarets and graceful palms ; but its beauty faded fast on our approach, and we found it one of the dirtiest and most foul of Eastern cities.

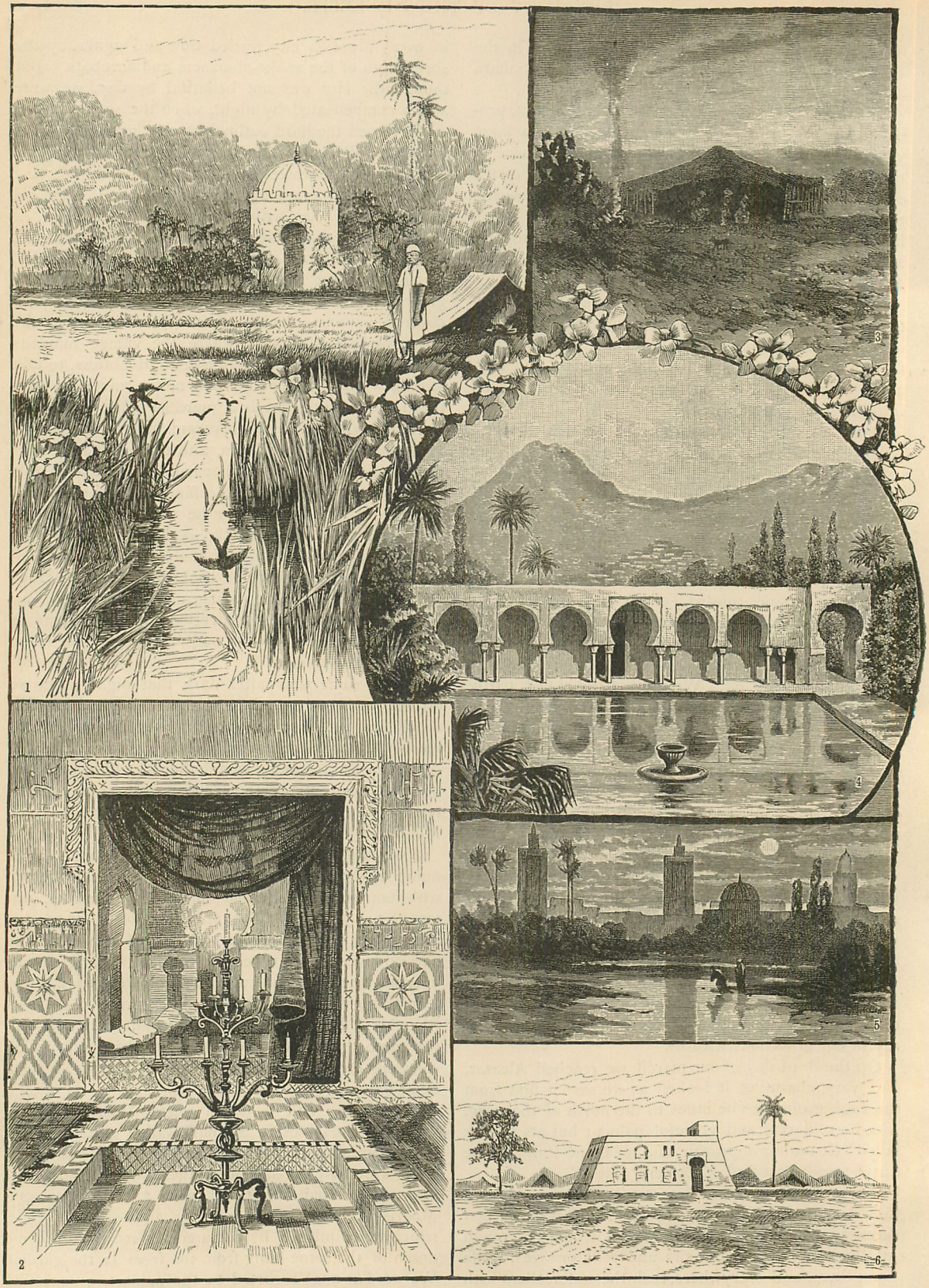
There is nothing of interest to see in Alcazar, though, in spite of its dirt, the sôk, or market, is picturesque, where, under extemporised arbours of rough matting, the dusky Moor sits and sells oranges, while here, there, and everywhere, rush the watersellers with their jingling bells, crying, "Al ma, al ma !" ("Water, water !") and great droves of camels wander to and fro with their patient, slouching gait. Such is the scene in every Moorish city, varied now and again by the shrill pipes of the snake-charmers and acrobats. But though the city was not beautiful by day, we were amply compensated by night, when the soft southern moon turned the hard outlines of the houses and the palms to a delicate indistinctness, and threw her pale reflection on the water-pools.

A day here was enough for us ; so on the second morning after our arrival we set off once more *en route* for Wazan, travelling by an unknown road, which took us, on the second day of our march, through a most lovely mountain gorge, thick with groves of wild olives, while the great steep rocks were covered with maidenhair fern. At one spot in the gorge we passed a well, where the village maidens were collected to draw water—and, doubtless, to talk scandal. Our soldier—for one never travels in Morocco without one, not as a guard so much as an outward and visible sign of Government protection—was in a constant state of alarm, and told us ghastly tales of robberies and murders that had taken place at this very spot. A veritable old ruffian was this soldier of ours, though I do not fancy he would have been of much use in case of attack, as I fully believe that nothing on earth—or out of it—would have induced that old flintlock gun of his to have gone off. However, his stories did not alarm us much, though our Italian cook shuddered at every group of peasants or shepherds he saw, crying out, "Regardez, regardez, messieurs, les voleurs !"

It was some time after dark that night when we arrived at Wazan, and at the gate we had to wait nearly half an hour, as the sentries at first refused to open it, till we told them we bore letters to the Shereef. At last, with a creaking sound, the old gate was drawn back, and we entered the steep narrow streets of the town, and proceeded to the palace of the Shereef, Moulai Mohammed.

A Moorish town at night is as if dead—not a single figure to be seen, save perchance a wedding group, with its pipes and tomtoms and strange fantastic lanterns ; nor was this town an exception to the rule ; and till we reached the small gate of the palace we saw no one. After repeated knockings, the gate was opened by some soldiers, who asked what we wanted. Explaining that we bore a letter from the Great Shereef to his son, we were immediately treated with the utmost courtesy, and bidden to dismount, which we were only too glad to do, as we had been some eight hours in the saddle.

Descending half a dozen narrow tortuous steps, we found ourselves in a small walled garden, full of orange-trees and gorgeous flowers, one side of which was formed by the façade of the Shereef's palace—a one-storeyed building faced with a row of graceful Moorish columns and horseshoe arches, the aisle of which was dimly lit by coloured lanterns, while some dozen of the same hung from the trees in the garden. We were at once escorted to the palace ; on entering it we found ourselves in a long room, leading out from the centre of which, and opposite the door, were other rooms. The floor of the whole was of tiles, laid in



(1) A Tomb by the Road. (2) In the Palace at Wazan. (3) Bedouin Arab Encampment. (4) The Shereef's Bath (Wazan in the Distance). (5) Alcazar by Night. (6) Kaid's House and Bedouin Village, on the Road.

THE CITY OF THE SHEREEFS.

various geometric and fanciful designs, over which were spread richly-coloured rugs and carpets from Rabat—the carpet manufactory of Morocco—and Persia. Over these carpets were laid mattresses and pillows, covered in Eastern materials. In the centre of the floor of the large room was a square sunken cavity, about a foot deep, evidently once the basin of a departed fountain, though from it now a tall brass candelabra raised its nine branches into the air. Beyond this cavity was a raised divan, divided from the large room by a heavy curtain—a little room in itself—carpeted, and full of huge soft pillows. Altogether, we found the palace much more comfortable than we had been led to expect from report.

After a hurried wash and tidying up, tea-things were brought in by black slaves : great brass trays bearing tea-pots, sugar-canisters, small Crown Derby cups, and great bunches of herbs—a necessary ingredient to the green tea of the Moors.

A minute or two later the door was thrown open, and his Highness Moulai Mohammed entered, attended by his secretary and one or two officials. He is a man of medium height, with a dark complexion, but exceedingly handsome, though his thick lips bear unmistakable signs of black origin—no disgrace in these lands. His every movement was studied, so as to appear majestic ; and in this he was most successful. He wore a long white jelab of some soft material, and a fine haik—a garment of the toga species—of white muslin and silk stripes. He received us most pleasantly, and took tea with us, remaining nearly an hour, and discussing European politics with a surprising knowledge of foreign affairs. On leaving, he begged us to ask for anything we might require during our stay ; in fact, all the time we were there we found him a most pleasant and attentive host.

The following morning we explored the town, accompanied by a guard of his Highness's soldiers. We found nothing very interesting except the mosque, which here, as in all parts of Morocco, no Christian is allowed to enter. However, we were able through the open doors to catch a glimpse now and again of long dimly-lit aisles, sunny courts with gurgling fountains, and prostrate Moors. The minaret of this great mosque is richly decorated with tile-work. The streets are narrow and dirty, and crowded with pilgrims—the most objectionable class of Eastern peoples—who crowd to Wazan to obtain charms and relics, from the sale of which, it is said, the princely house makes a good income. The streets are roofed with trellis-work, matting, and vines, as a protection against the heat of the sun. The shops contain the usual class of wares displayed in the East, Manchester and French cottons preponderating, while their own soft woollen and silk materials come next. In the streets every class of Moor could be seen, from the old merchant in his silk haik and yellow slippers to the ragged hillsmen in torn jelaba.

We received numerous visits from the Shereef that day, which occasioned much tea-drinking.

Early next morning we were mounted and off to a great hunt which his Highness had prepared for us, a mixture of hunting and coursing, as we chased hares with greyhounds. It was an interesting sight, as we rode by the side of the Shereef through the streets, with his numerous retinue of soldiers, guards, and slaves, to watch the people crowd round, and struggle to kiss the hem of his bernous or his yellow boots. He certainly appeared to his best then, calmly talking to us in the midst of an ovation that would almost turn the head of a civilised monarch. Once or twice a particularly excited devotee would kiss our boots ; probably never having before cast eyes upon a Christian, he would think us to be Mahommedan potentates ; but I confess I did not come up to the mark in dignity. We had not too much blacking in our stores, and there was none to waste on Moors.

This ride round the country gave us an ample opportunity of admiring the magnificent situation of Wazan, perched as it is half-way up the steep side of a double-peaked mountain, and surrounded on all sides by groves of olives and oranges, which grow right up to the town walls.

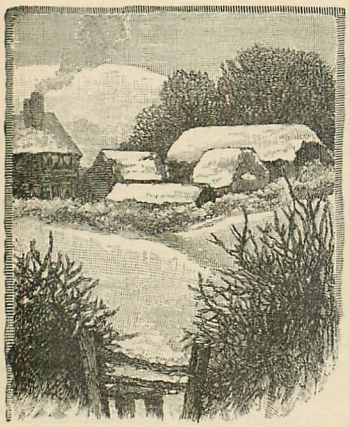
From our palace the view was very lovely ; we looked right over a great valley to range after range of blue mountains on the other side, from the centre of which rose the snow peaks of Beni Hassan.

The next morning we visited the "Shereef's Garden," some little way from the town. One lovely spot we discovered there, where was a clear pool of water—a bath—with a covered terrace and arcade at one end, beyond which were two or three rooms. In the centre of the pool, which was of some depth, was a marble and tiled fountain, while on every side grew, close to the water's edge, evergreen shrubs, that threw their deep reflections on to the glassy surface of the water. To add to the beauty of the scene, scores of gold-fish basked in the warm sunlight.

The next day we bade adieu to our kind host, and turned our heads back to Alcazar, *en route* for Fez, the northern capital.

MYSTERIOUS MISS ALISTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WILFUL YOUNG WOMAN."



"WANTED: a lady of refinement and education, as companion to an invalid during the next twelve months. Age under thirty. Salary liberal. Duties irksome."

This was the advertisement the Denbighs put in a morning paper, when the "office" sent them hastily off to Lisbon for a year, and left, as mistress of their pretty place in Surrey, Mrs. Denbigh's delicate widowed sister.

There was no possibility of Mrs. Gwynne going with them. Doctors and common sense said "No" to that, so at Ashby she prepared to stay, and the only arrangement to lighten her solitude their united wits could contrive was embodied in the lines above quoted.

The invalid herself insisted on its last clause, so the Denbighs counterbalanced it by its forerunner; and either the bane was not sufficiently alarming or the antidote was overpoweringly attractive, but the morning after the notice appeared, no less than sixty-three answers were piled up on Mrs. Gwynne's breakfast-tray.

"Oh! to think I must disappoint so many," lamented the kind woman, regretfully laying aside some half-hundred missives; "I should like to send all these a little present."

"Nonsense, Mary!" laughed her practical sister-in-law; "*do* keep your thoughts to the point. Which of these odd dozen do you think seems likeliest to suit?" And cogitation presently determining on three, that number by the end of the week reduced itself to one, who might really have been made to fit the situation.

She was twenty-eight; undeniably a lady; graceful and quiet. Clever, by the amount of her accomplishments; and the highest references from families in different parts of England testified that Miss Alister had always quitted them of her own free will, and invariably to their regret.

"Indeed, I am afraid you must be fond of roving," said Mrs. Gwynne to the young lady, smiling up at her in a peculiarly winning way of her own. "I hope you will not be running away from me before our year together is completed."

The colour rushed over Miss Alister's face. Her eyes sank. "I will not go, I assure you," she said, most earnestly, "if I can anyhow remain. Oh! I hope I shall not have——" then she stopped in confusion, which puzzled Mrs. Gwynne.

"Perhaps she is not sure whether I shall be too irksome," was her after-comment to her sister. "I hope it's not that, for though I can't quite make her out, I really like her very much indeed." And this comfortable conclusion arrived at, preparations were pushed forward, and a fortnight later saw the "Lindens" left to the care of the widow and her new companion, "mysterious Miss Alister."

It was rather too bad, but so Mrs. Gwynne's friends, playing on the note of her first impression, persisted in calling the young lady, and between jest and earnest many were the inquiries made in gossiping little Ashby as to whether the new-comer had extended any confidence to her employer as to home, relatives, or antecedents of any kind.

The widow, though the mildest of women, became rather exasperated after a time by this influx of innuendo and surmise, and felt somewhat worried at not being speedily able to announce that she knew all about Miss Alister's history, and it was as common-place as most people's. This pleasure, however, evaded her grasp precisely as her companion made her desire it. Every day Miss Alister won upon her regard. She was so thoughtful, so patient, so ungrudging in care and tenderness, when hours of suffering imprisoned Mrs. Gwynne to her couch: so ready to catch the first signs of returning ease, and lure them on by cheerfulness or music—her voice was singularly sweet and sympathetic—so entirely, yet unobtrusively, the womanly friend the invalid needed, that Mrs. Gwynne was ready to unveil all her own life to her companion; and yet—and yet—to her chagrin, no answering candour was she ever able to extract. Provoked though she felt at the conclusion, she was driven to confess Miss Alister *was* mysterious!

It was February when this companionship commenced. By May not one iota nearer knowing anything of Miss Alister's story—if story she had—was poor Mrs. Gwynne. Then something occurred which increased her curiosity.

Up to this time no letters had arrived for the young lady; now three arrived by three successive posts: all — Mrs. Gwynne could not help seeing as she emptied the bag—in the same masculine handwriting; all from London, E.C.

With each of these communications Miss Alister's spirits seemed to sink. The steady cheerfulness Mrs. Gwynne, invalid fashion, was beginning to lean upon, for the first time failed her. The effort to preserve her usual front was too patent to pass unnoticed, and on the fourth morning, when Miss Alister's pale face betokened downright fear of the letter—outward facsimile of the other three—handed forth to her, Mrs. Gwynne could keep silence no longer.

"You have a persistent correspondent, if you will

excuse my saying so," she remarked, handing out the unwelcome missive. "I hope your letters are not unsatisfactory, Miss Alister; but really you have not been looking yourself for a day or two."

Miss Alister, with changing colour, was glancing through her communication. Now she crushed it nervously up, gave one hasty look at Mrs. Gwynne's pleasantly anxious features, then seemed to take some quick resolve.

"I am quite well, thank you," she said slowly. "My letters are — only what I was expecting — but "— crimsoning as she turned her head away—"will you mind my making an unreasonable request?" ("Wants to go!" thought poor Mrs. Gwynne, in dismay.) "I have not been quite three months with you, but would you mind my having a quarter's salary? I—I —want it."

"My dear girl, you can have it and welcome," answered the widow, immensely relieved. "Would you like a cheque or notes best?"

"Notes," faltered Miss Alister, with unnecessary shyness.

"Notes you shall have, then, directly after breakfast —and, pray, if you want anything else in *any* way," emphatically, "do ask me directly, for I feel I cannot repay half you do for me with mere money." And the kind woman, thinking some little outstanding accounts at her last situation must be at the root of this embarrassment, stooped to bestow a re-assuring caress on Miss Alister's close-clasped hands. To her surprise they trembled, so did the voice in which the earnest thanks were spoken. A pair of eloquent eyes looked up, as though they longed to tell the secret of this agitation; but mutely they fell again, and Mrs. Gwynne felt more mystified than ever.

That same evening Miss Alister brought Mrs. Gwynne a tiny case.

"Will you keep this for me?" she said timidly. "It was my mother's. If—if anything should happen —if I could not fulfil my time with you, I think it would repay what you have advanced me."

"My dear," cried Mrs. Gwynne, "I want no such security: why, this pretty ruby ring is worth ever so much. I won't have it. Keep it yourself. As it was your mother's, you ought not to part with it."

"Please take it for a little time," Miss Alister pleaded. "I feel as though it—as though I—were safer so;" and she was so urgent that Mrs. Gwynne yielded, and with amiable cunning turned from the subject with the question—

"Is it very long since you lost your mother, Miss Alister?"

"So long, I barely remember her," was the answer.

"And your father——?"

"Died just a little sooner."

"Poor girl! But you had relatives to live with?" (Mrs. Gwynne felt she was getting on now.)

"None near enough to wish for me."

"So who took care of you?" questioned Mrs. Gwynne boldly.

Her companion turned upon her a wistful smile, that softened her regular features into rare beauty.

"Some one was found for me," she said: "some one always has been. We had little money, for my father's living was small, and——" a confused blush filled in the pause—"but a distant cousin sent me to school. I was there till I could support myself."

"And have you no sister or close friend?"

"No, oh no, fortunately not!"

"My dear, why fortunately? You would be surely happier with some one belonging to you."

Miss Alister's grave smile faded. She opened a magazine.

"It is time for me to read to you," she said, and began forthwith, Mrs. Gwynne listening with divided attention, deeply desirous, for friendship as much as for curiosity's sake, of discovering what was in the background of this attractive young woman's life.

After that episode, however, no more letters disturbed the placid life at the Lindens. Summer glided by without furnishing more food for Mrs. Gwynne's suspicions than the rather curious fact of her companion's wardrobe being as sparingly replenished as if she were receiving the wages only of a housemaid. "Still, with no home or fortune, perhaps she is right to save," thought Mrs. Gwynne; and indeed the dark, noiseless cambrics did well enough for a nurse, which was what Miss Alister really was through hot July and August, and week after week the companion earned her salary with a care as devoted as if it had been paid with affection instead of gold.

"But you must *make* me get well now," cried Mrs. Gwynne excitedly one morning, as Helen Alister entered her room; "for my brother Herbert is coming back from India for six months: he is colonel now and the dearest lad—oh, what nonsense! I forget I am nearly forty and he is two years older. My husband was his great friend out in Calcutta. What he was to us through that—that dreadful time, and when my health broke down, none can tell. Now I feel as though it will make me strong to see him again. We must find him lodgings near, and get ready for him. And oh, Miss Alister——!"

"Yes?"

"*Do* allow yourself a pretty dress or two! Though he is an old bachelor (he never fell in love in his life), yet he has a keen notion of how a woman ought to look; so shall you and I go shopping next week?"

Miss Alister blushed. "Yes if—if you wish," she stammered; "if—if—that is, when you kindly give me the money.

"Why, good gracious! what have you done with last quarter's?" Mrs. Gwynne was nigh exclaiming. Luckily she stifled the words, and in the hurry of preparation for her brother, lost sight for a time of the strange impecuniosity implied by her companion's remark.

With the first week of September came Colonel Grant to the Lindens, and a new element entered Helen Alister's life, creeping into it, as such things do, all unawares.

Just what his sister called him, "as good as gold," this new-comer might have made choice of a wife long before if his standard of womankind had not been

higher than most men's. But through long service this bachelor officer showed no symptoms of changing his estate till leave of absence sent him to Ashby, there to find located by chance the very woman he seemed to have waited for through years and years.

Unpractised in the art of love-making, Mrs. Gwynne's brother walked serenely on the road whither his candid admiration for his sister's companion led him. The widow unwittingly ministered to the situation by insisting on Miss Alister's sharing every hour of the colonel's society. "She shall not feel she is friendless if *I* can help it," was her grateful thought. It was not in feminine nature to resist the influence which grew about her. Helen Alister felt in the deference of Herbert Grant's voice, in his watching for her glance, his waiting for her words, a new, delicious thraldom, which to know by its right name was to know herself most miserable.

It was early winter before that point was reached. All through October Mrs. Gwynne had been prisoner up-stairs; some days only messages passed from herself to her brother, these always through Miss Alister. Constantly the pair had to meet, and the hours between the meetings were marvellously heavy to one of them, for fervour is not dead, young people in your teens who read this, even at forty!

In mid-November, when a bitter early winter was setting in, enlightenment came upon two of the trio at the Lindens in this wise.

An evening just over, when Helen Alister had been singing to Mrs. Gwynne and her brother, he from behind the *Times* watching her every movement and expression, something queer happened as Colonel Grant left the house. Taking a quick turn from the doorstep past the drawing-room window, he nearly stumbled over a man, intent apparently upon gazing through a chink of the Venetian blind on the room within. With a stifled oath the interloper sped off.

The next day Colonel Grant announced that he should bid the Ashby policeman make a special tour round the premises every night, as, "Whoever this tall fellow may be, he would prove no joke if he meant burglary, and he must be collared if he tries lurking about any more. Luckily you're not nervous, Mary, and," anxiously, "I hope you are not either, Miss Alister?"

"Not—very," was the murmured response, belied, however, by tone and manner. For Miss Alister was excessively pale, even her lips, white and hard, pressed together.

Colonel Grant took instant alarm. "You *are* timid! and very naturally. I'll speak to the inspector at once; the house shall be watched; perhaps this scamp can be traced."

"Don't—don't on my account," entreated Miss Alister, with the frightened look Mrs. Gwynne had seen once before. "I am not the very least afraid of—burglars." Then she hastily left the room.

Herbert Grant looked puzzled. "Is she ill, Mary?" he said; "her face is perfectly white."

"I rather fancy," was his sister's reply, "that can be accounted for without illness. Miss Alister had a letter this morning. Whenever she has one, as surely as possible she's upset. There is certainly something odd about her."

The colonel caught Mrs. Gwynne up very sharply. "Mary, mind what you say of some one who is not here to defend herself. I really think you owe a good deal to Miss Alister."

"And I should be the last to forget it," answered his sister warmly. "Still, as people said when she first came, she *is* mysterious, Herbert;" and our deep-in-love bachelor had to confess as much himself presently.

It was the same evening. The last post had just sounded its sharp knock on the front door of the Lindens, and Colonel Grant, entering the hall, found there Miss Alister, white as marble, leaning against the banisters just below the lamp, reading with terrified countenance a letter just received. Such a pitiable scared look she gave him as she essayed to go up-stairs, it brought him to her side instantly.

"Miss Alister, something is the matter. Let me know it. Let me share it. No, now, don't try and stop me. Come in here and listen."

He drew her *nolens volens* into the dining-room, and, making the trembling figure sit down, there told out frankly how he had learned to love his sister's friend, and how he wanted her to be his wife, and let him bear all her troubles, whatsoever they were. Twice, thrice she would have stopped him, but he made her listen to the end. Then she gathered up her forces, and firmly put him from her, answering him "Nay," with an anguish that defied all hiding.

"I must not," she said, tears coursing down her cheeks—"I *will* not marry you! Forgive me. I thought you were only kind to me. If I had seen—this coming, I would have gone long ago!"

She would say no more, hearken to no more, but, breaking from his detaining hand, went straight to Mrs. Gwynne, and told her, weeping, she must leave. Might she go quickly, and when?

Pained and bewildered, the poor lady questioned vainly. Nothing could she get from her companion but entreaties for pardon at thus vexing her, "But might, oh, might she go?" and at last reluctant leave was extorted for Miss Alister to quit the Lindens within a week.

"But for that week do try and get calmer and happier, whether or not you are able to tell me what has happened," begged the widow. "I should be miserable if you left like this. And then," hesitating, "then too, my dear, you must not seem to hurry off as if you were in disgrace. People would say unkind things. To oblige me you must still join that skating party to-morrow at the Bruces', and at least let every one see we part good friends."

For answer Miss Alister could only kneel down and sob out her thanks, promising she would try; and then, as Colonel Grant's step sounded outside, she glided away by another door, and avoided seeing him again that night.

It was to a house some two miles off Mrs. Gwynne was driven next day, indisposed for icy festivities

herself, but determined all the world should see the excellent footing she and her companion were on to the last.

By the bank of the little lake her brougham drew up, and Colonel Grant, earlier there in his dog-cart, came forward. He had kept his secret and Miss Alister's talk to cover their mutual agitation. "Will you let my man fix them on? Perhaps he will be less clumsy than I. He is a new servant just come on trial, but I shall not want him long now; as soon as the New Year comes I will be off to Lisbon, and then on to India. Here is a chair, Miss Alister."

"SHE TURNED HER FACE, RIGID AS MARBLE, FROM COLONEL GRANT."

strictly to himself. By-and-by he might tell one, when the poor girl was out of reach of possible sisterly comfort. Now he would not add a straw's weight to her care. In his own quiet, kindly way, "May I give you a skating lesson, as promised?" he said, and at Mrs. Gwynne's urging she alighted and went beside him—the last time she might be so walking—towards the ice.

"I brought skates from Ashby," he said, making

She seated herself without once looking up; the colonel's servant knelt down, skate in hand, his short-sighted master watching that all was done aright.

"Does that fit as it should?" he asked.

"They seem to do so, sir, if the lady finds them comfortable," said the man.

At his voice Miss Alister started violently. Her lips moved convulsively, she turned her face, rigid as marble, from Colonel Grant.

"Now, are you ready?" he said, extending his hand. His servant rising, with a respectful touch of the hat, kept his eyes fastened on the lady.

"Will you," she, with ill-concealed effort, just managed to ask the colonel, "please see if my—my glove is in the carriage?" And as he left instantly to do her bidding, she stood up, terribly pallid, and confronted the man-servant—all other skaters at a distance.

"Well?" she said slowly.

"Well?" echoed he, with a sneer. "Are you going to keep on the high horse as you were when you wrote last night, or do you mean to make my fortune and yours by pairing off with this well-to-do chap?"

"I mean," she said, her voice vibrating with agony, "to bring disgrace on no one whom I—care for."

"Then," said the man, "as sure as I'm alive I'll pass the word round about us both: before you can get away from here."

"As you will," she said, ghastly as death; "that misery would be nothing to doing as you would have me do."

He gave one look, brimful of evil, at her set face. "Curse you!" he whispered passionately, "you shan't be spared now. Be off for your skating, you stupid fool! I'll back to Ashby before you, and set my news flying!" And this curious man-servant started towards the opposite shore, just as his master returned with Miss Alister's glove.

In a moment Herbert Grant saw something was amiss. "The cold is too much for you," he exclaimed; "we must get you back to the carriage. Giles, come here—quick!" The man took no heed whatever.

"Come back; do you hear me?" his master cried more loudly. The fellow gave an impudent toss of his arms. "It's not safe there, I tell you!" shouted the colonel; "don't go another step!"

But the man, unhearing or unheeding, went on his way for a few seconds. Then there was a sudden bending of the ice, a crackling sound, a wild cry for help, figures rushing up from all quarters in dire alarm.

"God help him! he has gone under," cried Colonel Grant. "Miss Alister——"

But Miss Alister's head slipped heavily on his arm. She had fainted out of all knowledge of present things.

When sense returned the scene was entirely changed. Miss Alister was lying on her bed at the Lindens, Mrs. Gwynne beside her—memory returning slowly. "Is it a dream?" she whispered, "or was that awful accident real?"

"Only too real," answered Mrs. Gwynne softly; "but we want you to get better, my dear. Of course every one is sorry for him, but it is no use thinking of the poor drowned man."

"Drowned! dead!" cried Helen Alister, raising herself with a burst of tears. "Oh, Heaven! forgive me if I was harsh to him; he was my brother!"

At last, in the moment's excited grief, the whole sad tale was told: how Robert Alister, his sister's senior by ten years, had disgraced his name by forgery when scarce out of his teens; how father and mother had gone broken-hearted to their graves; how he, when long imprisonment was past, had haunted his young sister's steps, extorting the lion's share of her varying salaries, tracking her from place to place, unblushingly threatening to air her relationship to a felon if she failed to satisfy his shameless demands. Coming to Ashby on some such mission, he had got scent of what was going on, and under a false name had taken service with Colonel Grant, the better to command the situation, and drive his sister into a marriage which should be a mine of wealth to himself. So this cowardly brother had proposed; but Another had differently disposed.

When Helen Alister, wan and sad, but with the old hunted look gone for ever, met Colonel Grant some few days later, and would have bade him good-bye—since assuredly she must now go forth again to fresh loneliness—fate, she found, had better things in store after her ten years of drawn-out misery.

"There are to be no good-byes between us, foolish child," said Mrs. Gwynne's bachelor brother; "Mary and I have arranged all. None else know or ever need know what you have gone through. I will only remember it to love you more. The Denbighs will be home with the New Year to take care of Mary. I must be off to India again, and you must come with me, my darling! Have you anything to say against the plan?"

He drew her to him. Her full heart ached with thankfulness. "Had she anything to say against the plan?"

Nothing!

VALENTINES.

ONCE more the shops are full of valentines!
And some are sweet ones,
Full of fond wishes out of which love shines;
And some are passion-tinged with deep designs;
Some merely neat ones;
Others, with naught to read between the lines—
No inner meanings and no secret signs—
Are most discreet ones!
Oh! in this world, where grief with joy so twines,
This great, full world, with secret springs and mines,
Fixed loves and fleet ones,
What must there hang on all these valentines,
Sweet, neat, discreet ones?

WILFRED WOOLLAM.

A WORD ABOUT TONICS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

WITH probably the single exception of aperients — generally used in the form of antibilious or "blood-cleansing" pills—there is no class of medicines more recklessly had recourse to than tonics.

> "A little learning is a dangerous thing;
> Drink deep, or taste not the *aperient* spring."

It was a medical student of the happy-go-lucky class who first made the above comical substitution of "aperient" for "Pierian," though I notice it quoted in a London paper as a reporter's error. But poor M—— is dead and gone; he died in the wilds of Western Australia, with never a friend to close his eyes. This young man seemed to pin his faith on this oft-quoted couplet, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," so M—— ran no risk, he imbibed none of it. He imbibed in another way, though—he did drink deep, and as to the aperient spring, he tasted it almost every morning in the shape of a Seidlitz powder. However, Pope's lines are wonderfully applicable to the too prevalent habit of self-doctoring.

As regards opening medicines, for example, there are hundreds of thousands of people who are constantly in the habit of flying to them whenever they feel a little out of sorts. It is present relief they try to get, quite forgetful or ignorant of the fact that reaction will follow, that Nature's laws cannot be trifled with, and that the last state of their digestive canals and system generally will be worse than the first. It is not putting the case too strongly to say that, as far as health and life are concerned, one might as well be addicted to intoxicants as addicted to aperients.

I assure you, reader, it is a serious, ay, a solemn matter on which I am speaking; for one who cannot live without such medicines has what assurance offices would call a risky life. It would be bad enough if the pills they took were all as harmless, say, as *cascara sagrada*, or castor oil, and were simply laxatives, though not strengthening, but rather the reverse; for then the injury done, apart from slight weakening of the system, would be confined to the production after a time of a feeble and dry digestive canal. But many quack pills, that you see flaming advertisements of in every paper, contain one or more of three medicines which are highly dangerous when used indiscriminately. I give a line to each to show how important I consider my warning:—

MERCURY.
PODOPHYLLIN.
ALOES.

With the Editor's permission I shall one day write a paper on the antibilious and blood-cleansing medicines of commerce. For the present I must leave the matter where it stands.

One word about another dangerous class of remedies to which Pope's lines (as revised) may also well apply. I mean narcotics. Out of the hands of medical men they are dangerous, one and all. It is dreadful to read the accounts—private—of the condition some of the inmates of French hospitals or homes set apart for the cure of such maladies as chloralism or morphia mania have reduced themselves to. Though but a year or two ago these unhappy beings might have been young, bright, and clever, with all the happiness within their reach that wealth can give, what are they now? Why, prematurely aged, debilitated in nerve, worn in body and in mind—worse than gibbering idiots.

But, as regards narcotics, the cry is "still they come." A new narcotic has only the other day been forced upon the market; it has an outlandish name—I will not further advertise it—and is stated to contain no bromide, or anything that will affect the action of the heart, making it actually safe to take regularly and without the danger of an overdose. It is, moreover, to cure indigestion as well as sleeplessness. The wise will leave this medicine severely alone.

Now as to tonics. Much abused as they often are by the indiscriminate self-doctor, in whose hands the key of a medicine-chest is a far more dangerous tool than a razor in a baby's, tonics nevertheless are most valuable when judiciously used; or, in other words, when used or prescribed by some one who knows how, when, and why to administer them.

I believe that in very old medical books these remedies were called "strengtheners." Happily for the human race, perhaps, there were not so many medicinal tonics known two hundred years ago. People indulged more in those days in what I below call "natural tonics."

Well, medicines of this class are also called roborants, corroborants, stomachics, and bitters, and are defined as drugs, the continued administration of which, in debilitated and relaxed conditions of the body, imparts strength and vigour without producing any sudden excitement. This is a very good definition. "They are stimulants," say the same learned authorities, "inasmuch as they rouse the vital energies, but the excitement is slowly produced, and the effect is more permanent."

If, however, they are given when the system is in a healthy state, their primary action, like that of stimulants, is often followed by collapse. For the word "often" in the last sentence, "always" ought to be substituted, and instead of "collapse"—"depression." Collapse is somewhat strong in its sense, and although the depression may not in such cases be very observable, it is never entirely absent.

So then, in giving tonics we have to take into

account the condition of the body, and its measure of healthiness or the reverse.

It is often the case that tonics are divided by writers into *nervine* and *blood* tonics, but, with the exception of the natural tonics, even phosphorus itself must pass through the circulation before its effects on the nerves themselves come into play.

Tonics are not to be taken when there is a tendency to irritability of the digestive canal, including the stomach, or where the secretions are at fault. In a case, for example, of constipation alternating with attacks of diarrhœa, with a too acid condition of the stomach, and probably a heavy, dull, sleepy condition of brain during the day, it would be worse than useless, because dangerous, to administer tonics, until we had restored the balance of nature in the system. A course of very mild purgatives might therefore be called for. The choosing of this particular form of aperient would certainly be best left to one's own medical man, if he would be kind enough so to choose —in other words, if he chose to choose. But the reader must remember that doctors are only human, and that they would hardly relish an interview with a patient who said, "Dr. So-and-so prescribes tonics, but wishes you first to give me a course of mild aperients."

Dr. Human Nature would most likely reply, "My dear sir, you must choose between Dr. So-and-so and me."

The following medicines may be considered safe, but instead of giving a formula I can only indicate their use, for much depends on idiosyncrasy and constitution. Peppermint water, with the addition of ipecacuanha wine, carbonate of magnesia, aromatic powder, and powdered rhubarb. Well, Gregory's powder, a tea-spoonful or two in water, is also good, so are tabloids of *cascara sagrada*, or the tincture. If you are a gouty subject, ask your chemist to make you up a few doses of a mixture containing the infusions of gentian and senna, with two or three drams of tincture of rhubarb in it, and a few drops of sal volatile. Take one of these some time before breakfast. If bile is deficient, ask your man for a dandelion and Glauber salts mixture.

Meanwhile, take plenty of exercise and eat fruit before breakfast. This is the best advice I can give you, and having got the system into good working order, you may cautiously make choice of a tonic which shall tend to bring the secretions into a better state for the future, and at the same time give strength to the body and exhilaration to the mind.

But how shall you choose this tonic? That is the all-important, the burning question.

Well, first and foremost you must answer it Scotch fashion, viz., by asking another. That other is: What particular organ or function needs seeing to, needs restoring and bracing up?

Is it your blood that is not of good quality? If so, you will be paler in face and gums than usual, the pulse will be rather weak and more frequent than usual, and it takes but little exertion to make the breathing difficult and the heart palpitate. There may be slight morning headache and a used-up expression about the eyes, while giddiness and noises in the head are far from infrequent. One in this state feels little inclination to work; everything is a trouble, everything a worry; he sleeps badly at night, has a sluggish system generally, and is apt to imagine that everything is going wrong with him and the world generally, that he would not be surprised if some day the sky should fall and smother the larks. The worst of such cases lies in the fact that while often dosing themselves in a half-hearted kind of way, people whose blood wants toning up are all too apt to fly to the occasional use of cordials and pick-me-ups in various forms. They could not do a more stupid nor a more dangerous thing, if they tried ever so hard.

In a case like this, then, if there be no other complication, complete reform in diet and mode of living must be heartily commenced, and iron taken. If there be any other disorder, that disease must be seen to separately. But in poverty of blood iron is our sheet-anchor. Take a mild aperient now and then, and the tincture of iron, or steel drops, as it is usually called, in doses of from ten to fifteen drops three times a day in plain water, will be the best medicine, or iron and quinine.

Now, it is in such cases as these that what I call natural tonics come in so well as accessories. What are they? Why, the cold or tepid bath every morning; exercise, pleasant and continued daily to the verge of fatigue; the Turkish bath, followed by the cold shower; and wholesome food.

But perhaps it is the nervous system more even than the blood that wants recuperation. Well, here again, reform in diet and mode of life, and a proper action of the secreting organs, are imperative before tonics can do good. Try the mild purgatives above mentioned, and then as tonics, phosphorus in some form should be tried, say four or five drops of the saturated solution of phosphorus in ether four times a day, or phosphorus pills, or the compound syrup of hypophosphate. Then cod-liver oil deserves a good trial; it cannot do harm, it must do good. It may be taken in conjunction with extract of malt, or if the oil is not easily borne, then the malt extract itself is the thing, and should be used at every meal.

Perhaps there is much loss of appetite, and conjoined with this either nervousness or biliousness. Well, there is quinine mixture, and quinine wine, also the various barks, notably quassia, because it does not constipate.

But with all tonics—I want to impress this on your mind, reader—reformation of mode of life and diet, with pleasurable exercise, especially cycling, if the system is not too weak, fresh air and the bath or morning tub, must go hand-in-hand, and the system must be free and the secretions abundant and unvitiated.

MY COOKERY CLASS, AND WHAT I TAUGHT IT.

BY A PROFESSIONAL INSTRUCTOR IN COOKERY.

IN the present paper it is not possible to give more than an outline of the work of my class; it is intended rather to show what *may* be taught, theoretically and practically, by the teacher, and, under her supervision, carried out at succeeding "Practice Lessons" by her pupils.

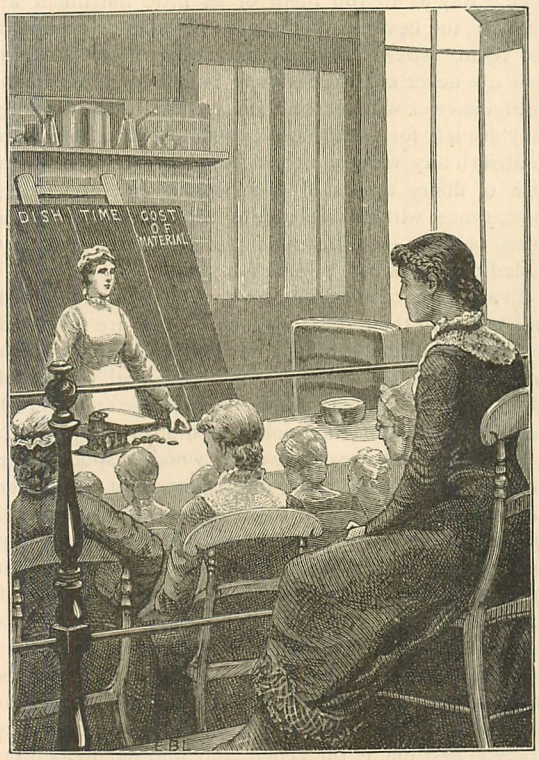
The latter, as a rule, are anxious to begin at the wrong end: to dispense, that is, with the necessary preliminary part of the course of instruction, viz., the sitting to watch the preparation and cooking of the various dishes, and to take down the recipes; although when they *do* start on the actual cooking, they will own that the time was not unprofitably spent.

Imagine a class of young women, of ages from fifteen to twenty, and of various occupations, assembled in the evening for a couple of hours' instruction; the course to consist of twenty lessons, at ten of which everything will be cooked and fully explained by the instructor, and afterwards the pupils—twelve, or more, according to the accommodation available—will be busily engaged in cooking with "their own hands."

To begin at the beginning: the dishes may all be classed under the head of "Artisan Cookery," though much is taught that would be equally useful to the well-to-do; and in looking through the programme, a little of everything—certainly every branch of cookery—seems to be included. There are all the principal ways of cooking meat, and the re-serving of any remnants to the best advantage; vegetable cookery of all kinds, a special feature being made of the badly-treated potato and of the whole tribe of green vegetables; dainties for the sick are conspicuous; and the puddings, pies, and cakes would suit all palates; there are a good number of nourishing and savoury dishes, composed chiefly of lentils and haricot beans; gruels, porridge, and farinaceous foods generally are conspicuous; and jam, stewed fruit, as well as bread, both brown and white, are not forgotten: indeed, it is not too much to say that the comprehensive character of the list would surprise the majority.

The Demonstration Lessons embrace such dishes as take the longest time to prepare and cook, and require most explanation; indeed, it is then that the foundation-stone of future success is laid, and much questioning goes on, meanwhile, on both sides; the instructor tests the knowledge of her listeners, while they are encouraged to ask questions freely rather than remain in doubt on any subject.

Be present with us in spirit at a lesson on cooking meat, and you will learn that the greatest heat must always be given at the commencement, and the joint finished at a lower temperature; for instance, in roasting, a coating of flour and dripping on the lean keeps in the gravy, while the pores are closed by fierce heat, for the first ten minutes, and tenderness is insured by the *gradual* cooking that follows. The same with



MY CLASS.

boiling; a few minutes in the *boiling* water, which is soon reduced to simmering point, insures meat full of flavour, and tender enough to contradict any rash assertion that boiling water produces hardness, while if further proof is wanting to convince any over-sceptical pupil that cold water will extract the juices of the meat, it is forthcoming at a lesson on sick-room cookery, when the meat for beef-tea is allowed to soak for an hour or more in the water, the change from red to nearly white in the colour of the meat, and *vice versâ* in that of the water, being carefully noted.

Eggs, custards, &c., are cooked in the most digestible forms, and gruels of all kinds are very thoroughly cooked, oatmeal gruel being carefully strained. The use of spices in invalid cookery is prohibited at our classes, and the pupils are instructed never to use them save by the doctor's order, the injudicious spicing of food having caused many a night's coughing that could not be accounted for.

An *effervescing gruel* is a general favourite, and very useful in the case of a simple cold. It is made

thin enough to drink from the cup, and, at the last moment, after it is taken to the patient, enough carbonate of soda to cover a sixpence and the strained juice of a lemon are stirred in, and it is drunk during effervescence. This will almost invariably induce warmth and sound sleeep.

During the preparation and cooking of vegetables in the ordinary simple forms, many a hint might be gleaned at our lessons ; the potatoes are brushed before peeling, the latter process being performed in such a way as to rob them of as little nutriment as possible, the best part being near the skin ; you would see them "sized," that all may be equally cooked, as they are never cut, then slowly boiled in salted water until a skewer will pierce them easily ; after straining they are left for ten minutes, covered with a soft cloth to absorb any remaining moisture, the result being a dish of floury tubers of good colour and appetising appearance, with not a couple of broken ones in half a dozen pounds—as different, in fact, from the ordinary boiled potato as can well be imagined.

In addition to boiled potatoes, we have them steamed and baked in their skins, and cold ones are re-served in a variety of tasty forms ; one is a *fish-pie*, for which any scraps of cooked fish and a spoonful or two of sauce (parsley sauce is preferable) are used ; the crust being formed of mashed potatoes, first broken up with a fork, then well beaten with a wooden spoon, after mixing with a little milk, until quite light. Another pie is similarly made with cold meat, finely minced, and moistened with stock made from bones ; any herbs or scraps of cooked vegetables are added. Ten or fifteen minutes in a quick oven is sufficient to heat the pie through and brown the surface, the pupils being taught the importance of subjecting meat that has already been cooked to the action of heat for as short a time as possible ; hence they are careful to re-*heat*, not to re-*cook*. So with hashes and minces : a gravy is first made, thickened, and allowed to boil up well, but the boiling ceases the instant the meat goes in, and as soon as that is heated through it is served, any stale bread at hand being toasted or fried for garnishing, for we attach importance to the appearance of food, however homely its character.

A word in connection with green vegetables. Nowhere are they to be found of a better colour than at our class, though salt and a morsel of sugar are the only ingredients ever added to the water in which they are boiled. These impart flavour, and insure good colour ; and however firmly rooted may be the prejudice in favour of common washing soda, one trial is invariably followed by conviction that it is, to say the least, unnecessary. Want of space prevents further comment on this point ; but I would urge housekeepers to dispense with it in all culinary operations, save for the removal of grease from utensils. It is certainly out of place in the human stomach, especially when, as I know to be true, some people's idea of "a bit" is a lump the size of an egg ; like many other useful commodities, its low price leads to abuse.

What is more nourishing and economical when properly prepared than a *Stew ?* and what so greasy, indigestible, and distasteful when carelessly made? As to our stew recipes, if once the pupils master the fact that any lean meat will make a stew, and that almost all kinds of vegetables and herbs can be added, while nearly every sort of farinaceous grain will serve to thicken as well as give greater nutriment, the rest is easy, and variety in the recipes follows as a matter of course ; and after one or two lessons, they quite understand that to stew means to cook at a much lower temperature than boiling point, although in this country the terms "boiling" and "stewing" are used almost synonymously ; and they see that a shilling spent in ingredients for a stew is a very satisfactory outlay.

For soups, stews, and the like, we are careful to utilise all outer pieces of celery, such as are often thrown away, or, in place of that, a pinch of celery-seed, as much for its health-giving properties as for its delicious flavour ; and much as we appreciate the addition of chopped parsley, we do not despise celery tops.

The mention of *French Soup* always arouses interest (there is a good deal in a name at our lessons). It is made simply of minced vegetables, the greater variety the better, cooked in a little *hot* fat and sugar for a few minutes ; stock or water to cover these is added, with an ounce or so of barley or rice to each quart. This, when cooked sufficiently to pass through a sieve, is delicious ; leeks and celery are always put in if obtainable, as well as turnips, carrots, and parsley.

Exact proportions of the various ingredients is not made a point of, either in this or many similar concoctions ; rather is the fact impressed upon the learners that they may be varied indefinitely, and almost everything turned to account by the exercise of forethought and ingenuity. Indeed, if cut-and-dried recipes were the order of the day, our lessons would lose much of their interest and utility. Let me be understood. I do not assert that haphazard quantities can always be used, but that in flavouring, thickening, and so on, much must be left to individual taste, the best cooks being unquestionably not those who can carry out certain instructions, but those who, if *minus* one ingredient, find a substitute in another.

There are few lessons at which our steamer is not brought into requisition ; it fits a large saucepan, and in it many puddings are cooked, the pupils being quick to note the superiority of a steamed pudding over a boiled one ; besides being lighter, all trouble with pudding-cloths is avoided, a greased paper taking the place of the cloth.

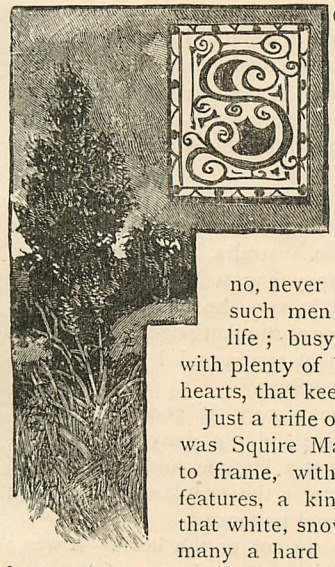
In conclusion, I would say that much that might be of interest has been necessarily omitted from this sketch of my cookery class, as well as recipes I would like to give ; but I trust that this outline of the instruction given may induce others to take up the work, for it is not too much to say that if in after-life the pupils carry out in their own homes the principles of economy, cleanliness, and forethought insisted upon and developed at the lessons I have referred to, their hours of attendance will not have been spent in vain.

FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS.

A FAMILY OF BOYS, AND HOW THEY WERE STARTED IN LIFE.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

FIRST PAPER.



SQUIRE MARSHFIELD — he was always called Squire — was not an old man, neither was he a man who was ever likely to get old. Aged he would be in time, as far as years went; but — no, never old. You do meet such men as you mingle with life; busy energetic men—men with plenty of brain, and bold good hearts, that keep them young.

Just a trifle over the average height was Squire Marshfield, well knit as to frame, with hard but pleasant features, a kindly eye, and hair of that white, snowy hue which tells of many a hard tussle with fate and fortune, in which the owner comes off the victor, but not unscathed.

Mrs. Marshfield, as I remember her, when her boys were yet young, was a gentle, motherly little woman, very far from what is called strong-minded; loving her children, and perhaps—and who dare blame her?—looking upon them as the best and bravest on earth. She was altogether a gentle English lady; I can hardly say more than that, but *that* conveys *so* much. While loving her boys and her one daughter, she looked up to and respected their father, as to some superior being. She felt dependent on him, and, I think, liked so to feel; his word was always law, because he was wiser, and knew everything—including the world—so much better than she did. It is needless to add, therefore, that the lads themselves loved their father. Indeed, in many respects he was hardly like a father to them, but rather a big, elderly, clever sort of a brother, who knew all their games better than they did themselves, was referee at cricket, taught them the correct turn of the elbow at lawn tennis, and was a sort of walking encyclopædia, to be consulted at any moment on any matter appertaining to country life or sport. And this is equivalent to saying that they were not town-bred boys. Quite the reverse, indeed; for their home—Wilton Grange—was away down in Hereford. Not a moated Grange, however. I like to think of the place as it was in its palmiest days; and then, at all events, there were no iron gates hanging half off their hinges, no green, slimy pools, no weed-covered gravel walks. Everything in and about the pretty old place, which was partly farmhouse and partly mansion, was the pink of perfect order. The walks and lawns were well kept, the flower-gardens always bright with blossom, and even the kitchen garden a treat to see. The house itself, with its mullioned windows, was well surrounded by trees;

but these grew at a respectful distance from it, giving place to shrubberies and grass, on which roses grew; while from the windows were the prettiest peeps of scenery imaginable—long sweeps of wooded fertile plain and valley, with, on one side, a horizon of forest-clad hills, on the other the mountains of Wales, hazy and blue, or dark and rugged and near-looking, according to the state of the atmosphere.

In the hollow yonder, a good two miles away, where the church-tower and the red roofs of the village houses peeped up through the trees, stood the school.

At this school—and a very good one it was—every one of Squire Marshfield's family of boys received the ground-work of a good education; nothing fanciful, be it remembered, but all solid and useful. Indeed, the squire had notions of his own about what his lads should learn, and what they should not, and these he was not slow in communicating to their teachers.

Very pleasant evenings used to be spent one way or another in the old parlour of Wilton Grange. Light reading was not forgotten, nor music; but this latter was not forced upon them. If any boy chose an instrument he could take to it, make friends with it, quarrel with it, and throw it aside for good and all if he chose, or love and learn it, *after* which, not before, lessons were granted by good teachers.

When I say that both the squire and his wife were deeply imbued with a sense of religion, in all its sweet and trusting simplicity, I need not add that good example and occasional precept were the order of the day at Wilton Grange.

The reader will understand more fully what sort of people the Marshfields were when I say that, after even one evening's acquaintance, you felt as if you had known the family for ten years, and sorry you had not.

The little estate or home farm of Wilton was at its best when I first knew it. The five boys ranged in ages from ten to eighteen, the girl being the eldest of all, and a kind of little mother to her brothers. The boys submitted with good grace to this arrangement at home, but in the hay-field or harvest-field, and when out driving, they took the upper hand, as boys would. What *could* Ethie know about corn, or hay, or horses? She was only a girl after all.

Although the farm was Mr. Marshfield's own, his boys were brought up as real farm-lads. They might not have liked to work with the servants, for the young generation are apt to have false pride; but their father did so as a matter of course. He was one of those busy men who cannot help working with their hands, even while directing and governing with their heads.

St. Clair, the eldest boy, though not the tallest, was the picture of brown-faced health, and the life of the field and farm. There was always laughing and talking and singing where St. Clair was, but the work went on all the more bravely. Fred, the second boy, was quieter and more thoughtful; and, though taller than his brother, was far less brown and robust. Some faces will not tinge with the sun, probably from an absence of iron in the blood; Fred's seemed one of these.

If his mother had a favourite, it was Fred. He had usurped more of her time and care—being delicate. To tell the truth, though she loved and admired St. Clair—as what mother would not?—she thought Fred far more clever.

Fred was going to Oxford, and was intended for some one of the learned professions: time was to tell which.

One of the younger lads, Stephen by name, looked upon Fred as his beau-ideal. The other two, John and Egbert, had only one real hero—their father; but after him came St. Clair.

If ever idyllic life existed on a farm, it did at Wilton—I was thinking this to myself one day as I rode round to the stables and put my pony up.

I met the squire coming straight across the lawn to welcome me, and was startled at his change of aspect. In answer to my inquiries as to his health, he led me straight away to the drawing-room, where I found his wife in tears on the sofa, both St. Clair and Fred sitting by, trying to comfort her. The squire thrust a letter into my hand, and a single glance showed me the dreadful truth: Marshfield was all but ruined through the failure of a great bank.

"My dear friend," I said, grasping his hand—and I could positively notice moisture in his manly eyes—"what *can* I say to comfort you? It is terrible news; be brave and bear it. I would as soon have expected thunder from an Italian sky as this. But it may not be so bad as it seems."

"My poor boys!" was all he could say—and this *sotto voce*.

Knowing I could do no good, I respected the grief of this good family and left. But when, on an earnest invitation, I called again in a week, I found a change, and, I must add, a happy one. One thing alone I noticed that grieved me. The pictures had gone from the hall and from the drawing-room—and a splendid collection they had been, for the squire was a connoisseur of art.

"There is some one here," he had told me before I entered, "whom you, being a traveller, will like to see—my brother John, from Australia. Why, sir, St. Clair and one or two of the youngest lads are Australia-mad already. St. Clair says he has made up his mind to push his fortune at the Antipodes. Well, good may come out of grief at times, and I shall have to start my boys in life somehow."

Uncle John was the picture of good health and quiet contentment. He did not deny that he had made a pile, though not a big one, and that "lots of lads could do the same in the new land, if they took out with them energy and patience."

After dinner we all sat out on the lawn. It was a bright evening in early autumn, and some of the great elms already showed tints, though at that hour they looked more like gleams of sunset.

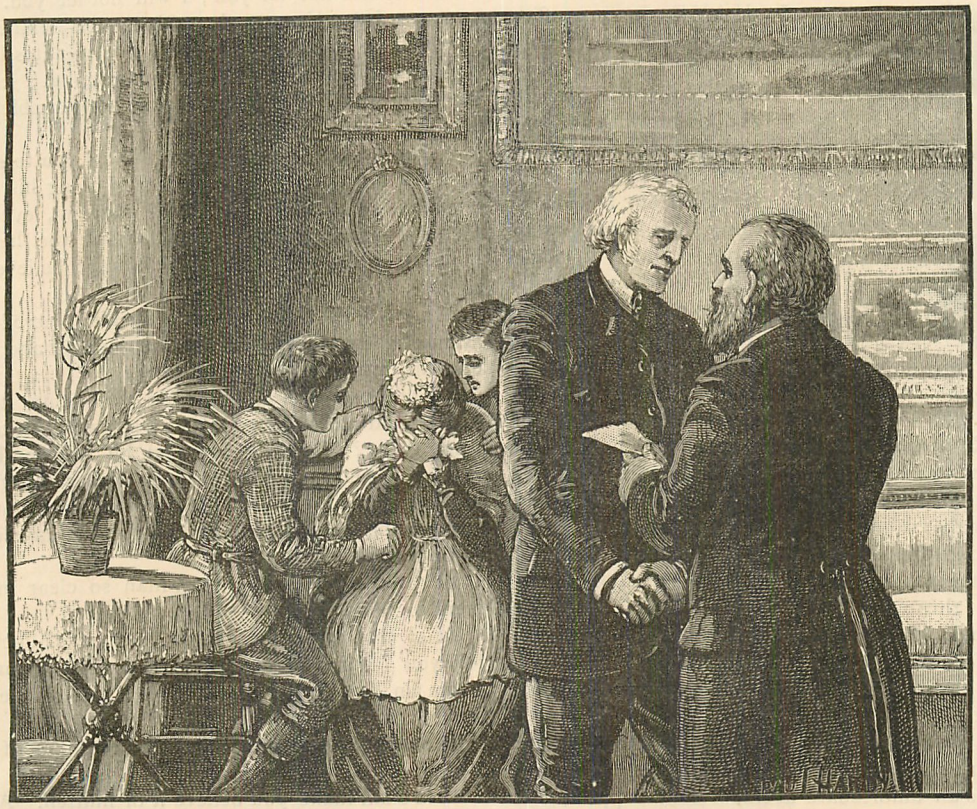
Uncle John had to tell his adventures, and the boys, old and young, had many a question to ask, which he was by no means slow to answer. He had no more eager listener than St. Clair, whose eyes had a glad glitter in them as his uncle spoke. Once, though, he

caught his mother looking at him rather sadly, and went right over and threw himself on the grass near her chair.

But there were words spoken that night by Uncle John which some of those boys never forgot. As far as I can remember, he concluded as follows :—

"Well, brother, it is the old story of the tortoise and the hare. And goodness forbid I should ever seem to give your boys a wrong impression of the Australia to begin life for himself. He had his parents' prayers and blessings, and he had all his poor father could afford him to start in life. We shall hear of him again.

Things were getting rather worse than better with the squire. He had spent a deal of money on machinery, and was beginning to find out the fact that wheat-farming on American principles cannot be profitably carried out in England.



"'WHAT *CAN* I SAY TO COMFORT YOU?'" (*p.* 160.)

beautiful land beyond the sea. We want no loafers there, and no dreamers, and no false pride. Every young man who wishes to do well must put his shoulder to the wheel—ay, and stick to the spokes, though he be swept off his feet fifty times by the waves of adversity. But—dear me!—what numbers I have seen faint and fail. What were they, you ask me, boy? Why, youngsters who thought fortune would come without their stirring one foot to find it; youngsters who tried first one thing, and then another, but had not patience to stop long enough at either; youngsters who were not long-headed enough to know that honest work, prudence, and economy were the mainstays of the barque they were steering; and, above all the rest—or, rather, below them—youngsters who were proud of their pride—the meanest quality one can have in a new land—and who forgot that one ought to work before he plays."

Just one year after this, St. Clair sailed away for

Fred, of his own free will, had abandoned all thoughts of Oxford. For all his quiet demeanour, Fred was ambitious; and he had conceived a notion that legal or medical professional life was not speedily lucrative, if ever it could be. Besides, it cost much money for maintenance during study. He would leave Oxford to a younger brother, who would be old enough to commence the curriculum when the "better days" came that his father still dreamt of. Meanwhile he—Fred—was going to London, if allowed. Chemistry was his pet study. At chemistry he was clever, as at many another branch of education, for he was a hard-working lad. But did he mean to depend upon the analytical laboratory as his future bread-winner? He did not. He was ambitious, and he saw in the science of electricity a tide that might lead on to fortune.

Fred had grit in him, but he had struggles before him, and we will presently see how he entered into them, away from home in the great world of London.

BY MISADVENTURE.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "Harlowe's Helpmate," "Hidden Gold," "The Great Hesper," &c.

"Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils."—MILTON.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

I HAVE in my office what I call my "handy drawer"—a good large drawer that slides easily and fastens with a patent key, and divided into a score of compartments. In this I put away anything that I think may come in handy at some future time, and an alphabetical index on a side of paper tells me at a glance in which nest to find what I want. I recommend a drawer of this kind to any one of a practical and methodical turn of mind: he will have recourse to it more frequently than he anticipates, and find it occasionally of inestimable value.

Well, into this drawer, Nest Y, I put that pellet of paper after making a careful examination of it, and indexed it thus:—

"Yeames.—Pellet of paper jerked out of his pocket, day of Flexmore's death, Dec. 18, 188—."

I shall have more to tell about this later on—a good deal more.

In the evening of that day I saw Dr. Awdrey; he came to me with a face as long as a fiddle.

"That's an unfortunate accident that happened to you this afternoon," he said.

"It might have been worse," said I, feeling my nose. "I came plump down on it. Wonder I didn't break it."

"I'm not speaking of that," said he, putting down his hat and seating himself.

"Oh, you're thinking of your property." The poor old nag had put his shoulder out, and had to be killed, and both shafts of the gig were smashed. "Well, if your old horse had not been thrown down, you would have been thousands out of pocket."

"You know what I mean: it is an unfortunate accident that prevented your arriving in time for Flexmore to sign the new will as he wished."

"There we differ. I do not regard the accident as unfortunate from that point of view."

"Well, what is to be done about it? The old will is virtually revoked."

"But actually it stands as good as ever it was, and so it shall stand."

"Supposing I refuse to accept the guardianship of Flexmore's child?"

"You can't refuse. Common sense will not let you; humanity will not let you; I will not let you. Have you seen Lynn Yeames since his uncle's death?"

"No; he had left the house five minutes before I arrived. I hear he called at my house, but *I* came by the other road. Since then I have been unable to find him anywhere."

"That's a pity. I should have liked you to see him as I saw him. He is so confident of being his uncle's heir that he has thrown off all restraint, every pretence of decency, and shows himself the hectoring bully, the heartless rascal I have always believed him to be."

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, looking incredulously at me, whom alone of all men he doubted and looked upon as misguided by prejudice.

"I tell you it is a fact. He was brutal to little Laure, and he insulted Miss Dalrymple before my face. Why? Because now that he believes himself master of his uncle's fortune, he wishes to break off his engagement with her. He has no more intention of marrying her now than he had the first day he came to Coneyford."

"I can't understand you—a man so clear in judgment on most things——"

"Get that nonsense out of your head, doctor. I tell you I am no more prejudiced against him than I am in favour of you. He's a selfish, heartless scoundrel."

"You will never make me believe that of Lynn Yeames."

"He shall make you believe it of himself. Abstain from letting him know how Flexmore's money is to be disposed of, and watch him between now and the reading of the will. He already talks of sending the child away to boarding school, and, as I tell you, reproved Miss Dalrymple before me for being too sympathetic and kind to her."

"But why should he believe himself to be his uncle's heir?"

"Because he fell into a trap, and was led to believe so by me. And I'll tell you something else, doctor. He believed that this new will was to revoke an existing will in his favour; and I am convinced that he stretched the cord that threw the gig over and delayed me, that this will might not be signed; and nicely he has defeated his own ends by it. I'd *forgive* him for that if my nose had been broken."

"I think I can upset that theory, at least," said Awdrey. "What time was it when you were thrown from the gig?"

"About two o'clock, as nearly as I can reckon," said I.

"Good. He left Flexmore's house to fetch me at

one o'clock; he was at my house at half-past, and he waited there for me until ten minutes past two."

He had proved an *alibi* for Lynn, and I had to admit I must be in the wrong on this point.

"And so you are, I am sure, on other points respecting him," said the doctor.

"We shall see that. Keep *your* mind unprejudiced, and watch that young man during the next four or five days," said I, as I opened the door to let him out.

Unfortunately, this chance of clearing his mind was denied to us.

The next morning, when I called at Flexmore House, I heard that he had not been seen since he left, shortly after my departure, to fetch Dr. Awdrey; and in the course of the day I learnt that he had gone to London. This did not surprise me. "He's gone to see a London solicitor about this affair," I thought; "and may he be bled pretty freely by my learned friends!"

Betimes on Thursday I called again at the house, for I had made up my mind to visit the inmates there every day, knowing how long and dreary the days must be for them in the darkened house, and that the child, at least, looked upon me as a protecting friend. Miss Dalrymple was bending over her work with a worn and anxious look upon her sweet face. Little Laure started up with a terrified expression in her eyes, as though she expected to see Lynn Yeames with a rope in his hand to haul her off to boarding school, as I opened the sitting-room door. Both of their poor faces lit up with pleasure when I said—

"It's only I—the old lawyer—come to bother you for some papers."

Laure ran up, threw her arms round my neck, and kissed me; and, still hugging me, she whispered—

"You don't forget what you promised?"

"No," I whispered back. "No one shall take you away from Nurse Gertrude."

"Not Aunt Yeames, nor Cousin Lynn—not anybody?"

"Not anybody, with a hundred Aunt Yeameses and fifty Cousin Lynns to back him."

"You *are* a nice old dear!" she said, giving me another kiss; and then she ran away laughing, to whisper to Miss Dalrymple all about our secret—at once a woman and a child.

I gossiped for the best part of an hour, raking up all the news of the village, for there's nothing like trifling chat for people in trouble; and then, when Laure went out of the room, I said—

"Well, my dear, have you had many visitors since I saw you last?"

"A few acquaintances and Doctor Awdrey—that is all."

She would not have said "that is all" if she had loved Dr. Awdrey.

"Mrs. Yeames, I suppose, has given you the benefit of a call?" said I.

"No; she had the dressmaker there. She sent to say I might visit her if I liked, but Laure has a kind of—of antipathy, you know, and I could not leave her alone. Dear little Laure! She is haunted night and day with a dread of being taken away from me."

"A not unnatural dread, though a groundless one, I hope."

"Yes," she said, and took a few stitches in silence. "Of course, Lynn did not mean what he said. We say things when we are worried and troubled that ought not to be taken seriously."

"That is Doctor Awdrey's opinion," said I sharply, detecting his influence in this defence.

She flushed, and said quietly, "It is my opinion also."

"But it may not be Mr. Lynn Yeames' opinion. What then?"

"Then I should try to make it his opinion," she replied, smiling archly.

I hold Thackeray's opinion with regard to good women. Thackeray would have loved Nurse Gertrude. I saw that she was prepared to martyr herself, to sink her pride, to forget Lynn's brutality to her, in the belief that the cunning of a good woman is superior to the headstrong purpose of a man, and that, by her subtle charming, she could lead him her way. A woman, if she has experience and intelligence, learns early man's weakness and her own strength.

"Have you seen him or heard anything about him?" I asked.

"No; he has not come back from London. I am anxious about him. I fear he is ill. I am sure he must have been ill on Tuesday; he was not himself, was he? His manner was so strange. He was never like that before."

It seemed to me that if he were ill, the first thing he would do, being a selfish brute, would be to write and tell his sweetheart of his suffering. The moment a man of this kind feels not up to bullying point, he whines for sympathy. I know 'em. I considered it much more probable that Lynn had gone to London to spend some of his fortune in advance, and escape from the lugubrious condition of things at home whilst his uncle lay dead at Flexmore House.

Of course, I kept this belief to myself; and, promising to drop in again during the day, I left the house, and went directly to Mrs. Yeames's villa.

There was an overpowering smell of crape—to me a most abominable stench—right out in the passage; and through an open door I caught sight of Mrs. Yeames and a dressmaker half buried in preparations for deep mourning.

I was shown into a sitting-room, as pretentiously genteel and chilling as Mrs. Yeames herself, and there I waited till it pleased the woman to come to me. She waved me to a chair, after seating herself, without giving me her hand, for which I was grateful, though hitherto she had allowed me to take the tips of her clammy fingers.

Her lofty air and patronising smile showed that she participated in her precious son's belief with regard to the heritage.

"I have called to see your son, Mr. Lynn, madam," said I.

"He is not hyah," said she, with that peculiar pro-

nunciation which your "superiah" person affects, and which to my ear is more ungrammatical and, being assumed, more vulgar and more offensive ten thousand times than a cockney cookmaid's misapplication of the letter "h"—"He is not hyah. He is in London, where he has met with an accident requiring medical treatment which confines him to his room."

"Can you give me his address?" I asked. "I have business to transact with him."

"No, I cannot give you his address. I have received a wiah from him, in which he begs me to act for him in all matters of a business nature until his return."

"The funeral arrangements have to be considered," I observed.

"I should like a tomb; not an ordinary grave—a brick tomb."

"I do not know that I shall be justified in incurring that expense."

"That does not concern you, Mr. Keene. That is our personal affaiah. You will oblige me by leaving the arrangement of Mr. Flexmore's obsequies entirely in my hands. We wish to spare no expense in marking our respect to our deceased relative."

"Very good, ma'am," said I; "as you will." And on my way home I called in on the mason who has the monopoly of this business in his hands at Coneyford, and gave him to understand that he had better make terms with Mrs. Yeames for cash down, as he might never get his money if he waited until she had heard Flexmore's will read. He understood how matters lay, and, I believe, got his money in advance by making a reduction of thirty per cent.; and thus Mrs. Yeames was let in for an outlay which she would never repay herself out of the slender legacy left by my old friend.

About three days after this, a client who had just returned from a business journey to the south of France dropped in to have a chat with me, and amongst other things he said—

"By-the-by, Keene, I crossed over with young Yeames."

"When?" I asked.

"On the fifteenth—night service. He pretended not to see me, so I did not bother him. I know a man at such times as this doesn't care for condolence and that sort of thing."

"He was going on to Paris, I suppose?" I ventured to suggest.

"Oh, farther than that. I caught sight of him at the station where the line branches off to Monaco."

"You are sure of your fact?" I asked, though I had little doubt of it.

"I am as sure it was he as I am that you are before me now."

Now the 15th was the very day he had left Coneyford for London. Was London not gay enough for him, that he must go on to Monaco for amusement? One thing was certain: Mrs. Yeames, to have received a telegram from him, must have known his whereabouts, and could not give me his address in London simply because he was at the other end of Europe. Why had she told me that lie? Because she did not wish it to be known that her son had gone to Monaco, lest it might be inferred that he had gone there for pleasure? That was the conclusion I came to.

It never entered my head that he had got out of the country for prudential reasons, and that the cause of his precipitate flight was that little paper pellet which was lying quietly in my handy drawer. There are things which escape even the suspicion of a lawyer at times.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

THE MORTIFICATION OF MRS. YEAMES.

MRS. YEAMES found time to quit her dressmakers, her crapes, bombazines, and the rest of it, in order to visit the two poor souls at Flexmore House and worry them.

First of all, she attacked Nurse Gertrude upon the subject of mourning.

"Is it possible that you have not yet begun your mourning?" she asked, looking around her with a sniff, as if scenting the air for the smell of crape.

"Miss Clip is making our dresses; they are to be home to-morrow," replied Miss Dalrymple.

"Very injudicious. *I* always have the dressmaker in the house. You know then that an inferiah article is not substituted for the material you have bought, and that none of it is kept back. Also you can be certain that good work is put in and no machining. The cost is very much less, too. What with lining and trimmings, and one thing and anothah, I fear these dresses will be a very heavy expense."

"Not more than I can afford to pay, I hope," said Miss Dalrymple quietly.

"I hope you have chosen a fashionable cut for my niece's dresses. I should have liked them to be like Sir Willoughby Chough's little girls', or the Honourable Mrs. Blinker's nieces'. You must have noticed how very elegant and high-class they are."

"I do not think Laure imitated any one's style."

"Surely you have not suffered that child to choose her own style!"

"Yes; Laure has very good taste in dress, and the dresses are for her."

"She'll be a perfect sight!" said Mrs. Yeames emphatically, with a dab of her hand. "How very unfortunate! If I had only thought of it a little earlier. Deah, deah! They'll all have to be altered, of course, when she goes to boarding school."

"But I am not going to boarding school," said little Laure desperately. "I am going to stay always—ever, ever!—with Nurse Gertrude. Mr. Keene says so."

"Mr. Keene knows nothing about it. Your guardian will settle such matters, and not *Mr. Keene!* And little girls should speak when they are spoken to—not before. I'm afraid I shall have a great deal of trouble with you when you come to live with me."

"But I'm not going to live with you—never, never!" exclaimed the child, screwing herself in terror against Nurse Gertrude, and holding her arm for protection.

"We shall see about that," retorted Mrs. Yeames,

"'THAT WILL SHALL BE CONTESTED'" (*p.* 166).

pursing up her lips and contracting her nostrils viciously. Then, turning to Nurse Gertrude, she said, "Have you made any plans with regard to yourself, Miss Dalrymple? Have you settled where you will go when you leave hyah?"

"No; it is impossible to settle anything definitely at present."

"One thing there is which should certainly be done without delay. It ought to be intimated to the servants that their services will not be required after their month is up." (These were the same servants who had given warning during the brief term of Mrs. Yeames's authority in the house, and who had one and all been re-engaged on her departure.) "The house will be given up, of course. Perhaps you would like me to tell them they must go?"

"No. I am to consider my position here unaltered, and no change in the routine is to be made until the will has been read, Mr. Keene says."

"Mr. Keene seems to be unduly interfering—to be overstepping the bounds of his—ah!—function," said Mrs. Yeames tartly.

Whereupon little Laure, with the courage of desperation, declared I was a dear old man, and wouldn't let cook be sent away, or let any one be made unhappy.

"And you won't, will you, dear Mr. Keene?" said the child imploringly to me, when she and Nurse Gertrude had narrated this conversation to me. "You'll be just like the clever cat in 'Puss in Boots' who got the ogre to turn from a lion into a mouse and then gobbled it up, won't you?"

"Yes, my dear," said I; "before the week's out, I promise you I will make that bounceable party look very small indeed; and she shall be so completely chawed up that you will never see anything more of her."

The day of the funeral came—and a sad day it is in my memory, for even a lawyer cannot bury an old friend without a pang of regret for the past that can never be renewed: a bitter yearning for the hand and the voice and the eyes that never again one shall clasp, and listen to, and look into!

But we must live for to-morrow, and not for yesterday; and thus reflecting, I left my sentiment in the cemetery, and taking a good pinch of snuff to clear my faculties, I went back to Flexmore House to get through my business there in a lawyer-like fashion.

I expected that Lynn Yeames would be sufficiently well to come back for the reading of the will; but he was not. However, Mrs. Yeames was there with a telegram of regret from him (she had torn off the heading, but I found out afterwards that it came from Monaco), and herself prepared to stand as his representative; and a fine monument of respectability she was in her crape.

To her disgust, I had up all the servants into the room; indeed, I had invited every one whose name was in the will. Dr. Awdrey was there, looking as if he were going to have his head cut off, and Miss Dalrymple, and little Laure.

When I took my place at the head of the table, the child came and put her arm through mine; but this would never do, so I led her back and placed her between Nurse Gertrude and Awdrey, and she was

content to sit there, holding a hand of each, as being the friends she could best trust to after me.

Then I opened the will, and in a dead silence I began to read it clearly and slowly. You might have heard a pin drop. After the usual preamble, came the legacies to the servants, whom Mrs. Yeames would have packed off with a month's wages, and then began the sniffing and sighing and smothered exclamations of astonishment and pleasure as they learnt that there were a hundred pounds and a good suit of clothes to come to each of them out of the fortune of their kind old master. And when these were disposed of, I came to the Yeames bequest.

"To Mrs. Anna Maria Yeames, widow of my brother, Joseph Flexmore, I give and bequeath the sum of five pounds."

I looked at her over the top of my glasses as I read this. She folded her arms, closed her eyes, and assumed a look of injured dignity. I would have given as much as this bequest to have been able to look round and see how the servants (who hated her cordially) managed to conceal their feelings. However, I contented myself with reading on :—

"To my nephew, Lynn Yeames, stepson of the aforesaid Joseph Flexmore"—here I turned over the page, and glancing at Anna Maria, found her eyes open, and her expression indicative of assured triumph and expectancy—"I give and bequeath the sum of fifty pounds and my glass case of stuffed birds."

Lowering the will and looking over my glasses, I said to Mrs. Yeames Flexmore—

"As your son is not here, I will apprise him by letter of this bequest."

"That is not all, I am sure. Read on, if you please," said the lady, with that peculiar dabbing of her hand in the air to which I have before referred.

I bowed, and proceeded to read out in full the clause in which Flexmore constituted John Howard Awdrey, M.D., &c., sole guardian of his beloved daughter, Laure Constance Flexmore, and in recognition and consideration of his service in the capacity of guardian and trustee, bequeathed to him the annual interest on such capital as remained after the payment of the foregoing aforesaid legacies, life annuity to myself of one hundred pounds, and all outstanding debts, until the said beloved Laure Constance Flexmore should attain the age of twenty-one, when the whole estate would revert to her.

I paused here, and again looked over my glasses at Mrs. Yeames.

The woman had risen to her feet ; she was white with passion. I saw she wished to speak, and waited. Her lips twitched convulsively ; it was some moments before she could articulate.

"Do—do—do I understand," she faltered, "that he has left nothing to my son but fifty pounds ?"

"And a glass case of stuffed birds ; that is all," I said.

"All the property, in fact, goes to Dr. Awdrey ?"

"The bulk of the property goes to Dr. Awdrey, in trust for Laure Constance Flexmore, who inherits when she is twenty-one years of age. Until that time Dr. Awdrey will receive from me annual payment of all interest accruing from the estate, in payment of service rendered as guardian of the child. There is a further clause providing for the appointment of a new guardian in the event of Dr. Awdrey's death, and the reversion of the whole estate to Dr. Awdrey in case of the child dying before coming of age, and which I will now proceed to read."

"Don't trouble yourself—I don't wish to hear it !" screamed rather than said Mrs. Yeames.

"Madam," said I, "I am here to read this will not solely for your pleasure."

"Let me look at the signature of that will," she cried, crossing quickly.

"There is the signature, duly witnessed," I said, showing it ; "and the date, you see, is the fourth of September of last year."

"Do you mean to tell me this is the will he made last year ?" she asked.

"I do, madam. Have you any reason to doubt it ?"

"I have," she said, and then stopped short. For how could she explain the means by which her son had possessed himself of a knowledge of the affair ? She would have liked to proclaim me a scoundrel and a forger, as I believe she felt convinced that I was, but she had just strength enough to contain her passion.

"That will shall be contested," she said. "I will telegraph at once to my son. We shall put this into the hands of a trustworthy solicitor."

"That is the very best thing you can possibly do," said I.

She clenched her teeth, and shook her head at me with such fury in her face as I hope never again to see disfiguring the face of a fellow-creature ; and then she turned her back on us and marched out of the room with as much dignity as she could command.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

THE DINGLE COTTAGE.

DR. AWDREY walked home with me from Flexmore House.

"Well," said I, when we had got a hundred yards on our way, "what do you think of Mrs. Yeames now ?"

"I cannot say I ever liked that woman, but I never thought she had such a violent temper. One might make excuses for her—for any one, indeed, who puts such an extravagant value upon money," said he, in a tone of commiseration which seemed to me utterly misplaced.

"At any rate," said I, "you'll agree that it's a mercy I was too late with that precious will, which would have handed over little Laure to the tender mercies of such a woman. Why, the poor child would have been brought up in the same money-worship—if she hadn't been killed by ill-treatment, which is the more likely."

"Yes ; it could not be good for any child to be under the influence of such a woman. But Lynn, not she, was to have been Laure's guardian."

"Oh, they are a pair—like mother, like son," said I impatiently.

"That is not true. Lynn would have done what is right by the child."

"That's not true, either," said I. "You admit it would be ill for any child to be under that woman's influence. Well, how about Lynn, whom she has brought up?"

"His strength of character has happily saved him. He himself has frequently complained to me of the tendency of modern society to a vulgar adoration of money."

"Hypocrite!" I exclaimed petulantly; "that is what he is, and you're a fool to be cheated by him. I tell you he would have handed the child over to his mother, and occupied himself solely with making ducks and drakes of the money. You'll see what sort of fellow he is before long. He'll show the same cloven hoof that his mother has been kicking up for our observation to-day when he finds all his little air castles blown over. You'll see."

"We shall," said he; "and now let us talk upon something we *can* agree upon."

"Talk away," said I, vexed beyond measure by his obstinate credulity.

There was silence for a few minutes; then he said, "Can you give me an idea about how much the estate will bring in?"

"Yes," said I; "I've reckoned it out. You may safely depend on an annual income of two thousand pounds for the next nine years. If you take my advice, you'll live up to about seven hundred—that will keep you comfortably—and put by the rest as capital to draw upon after Laure comes of age."

He made no reply to this, but after walking a few yards in silence, he said—

"I don't think Miss Dalrymple wishes to leave Laure. I should be very sorry if she did."

"Oh, that's all right," said I. "She won't leave the youngster—you may depend on that."

"I'm very fond of children—especially fond of that dear little one; but, of course, I couldn't bring her up properly myself. It would be cruelty to the child to try."

"Of course you couldn't do it—alone," I said pointedly.

He shirked a direct reply to this hint, and once more there was a pause.

"That old house is not suitable for them," he said presently; "it's heavy and dull."

"Just what I have been thinking. Sell it, Awdrey; sell it. I'll soon find a buyer; and I know of the very place to suit you. What do you think of the Dingle?"

"That is a pretty little house: gay, and healthily situated. I like that fine wood at the back, and it has a good aspect. If that would suit them——"

"I'll take them to see it to-morrow. They could go in at once."

"I wish you would arrange that. At the same time you would greatly oblige me by making an agreement with Miss Dalrymple respecting a permanent engagement. You see, virtually she will be Laure's guardian."

"Co-guardian with you: that's what old Flexmore intended when he made the will."

"I know; but the arrangement he had in view has been rendered impossible by later events."

"Pooh, pooh! Stuff and nonsense!" I exclaimed. "You'll marry that girl. Not at once, of course; but in about six months from now. That's a certain thing."

He laughed; but his laugh was anything but a gay one.

"Lynn won't have her now he has no money," I continued; "and she has nothing to give him but herself. And what's to prevent you stepping in and making her your wife?"

Again he laughed, but it was less pleasant than before; and with a sudden transition to grave anger he turned upon me.

"Whatever you may think of my friend Lynn," said he, "you must, at least, give Miss Dalrymple credit for loyalty and honour. You seem to think that every one is mercenary and heartless: that Lynn would abandon her because she is poor, and that she would accept me because I am rich. You do them both injustice. She is no poorer now than she would have been if Lynn had inherited this two thousand a year, and if he offered her marriage when he expected to be rich, it would be only honest to offer to release her, finding he is poor. But will she release him for that reason? No! no! no! She will love him the more for being poor. And even were your insinuations verified—if he himself cast her off—do you think she would have so little self-respect that she could consent to bestow the hand rejected by another upon the first who asked her for it? No, I say—a thousand times no!"

"Well," said I, "if all the world had such fine sentiments and delicate susceptibilities as you possess, hang me if I see how marriages would be made."

With all my respect for Miss Dalrymple, I gave her credit for having a good deal more worldly wisdom than this Quixotic doctor. I felt pretty sure in my own mind that she had accepted Lynn as much from regard to Laure's interests as to a romantic passion. However, I did not feel at all comfortable about the future; for, though I foresaw the course Lynn would inevitably take, I was anything but confident about Awdrey. You can place no dependence on a man of delicate feeling. He's likely at any moment to upset the very best schemes a practical man ever devised. And this was my belief when I parted from the doctor.

The next day happened to be particularly bright and cheerful, so I engaged an open fly and drove to Flexmore House.

The moment Laure heard I had come to take them for a drive, she flew off to get her things; and, taking advantage of her absence, I asked Miss Dalrymple if she had seen anything more of Mrs. Yeames or heard from Lynn. She replied in the negative to both questions, the colour mounting in her cheeks through having to acknowledge Lynn's neglect.

"MISS DALRYMPLE POINTED OUT WHERE THERE SURELY WOULD BE PRIMROSES IN THE SPRING."

"Well, my dear," said I, "no news is good news where such people are concerned; and I dare say we shall get on very well if we never hear any more of them."

She inclined her head slightly and with a certain dignity that seemed to say, "You are perfectly free to form what opinions you please," and left the room. I know she was vexed, but whether with me, with Lynn, with herself, or all three, I leave psychological readers to settle for themselves.

The Dingle lies about two miles from Coneyford. It is a pleasant drive; we had plenty of rugs to keep our legs warm, and the air was just fresh enough to redden the tip of Laure's little nose and make her eyes sparkle. As for Nurse Gertrude, the pleasure of motion and breathing a brisk atmosphere quickly chased every sign of vexation from her pretty face, and the bright sunlight that fell upon it seemed reflected there in her smile. She had the courage and hope of right-thinking and right-doing people, and though I have frequently seen her brows crease and a quick flash in her eyes, those signs of anger or impatience ever faded quickly away.

I beckoned to Laure, and when she bent over to hear the secret communication which children so delight to make and receive, I whispered—

"Was the ogre chawed up?"

She nodded, laughing; then she asked with the same secrecy—

"But what is to be done with me?—Am I going to live with Dr. Awdrey?"

"No; he won't have you. He's afraid you'll be dipping your fingers into his bottle of leeches."

She thought this sally good enough to repeat aloud to Miss Dalrymple.

"As you certainly would," I added, "if you had not Nurse Gertrude to keep you out of mischief."

There was no sign in her face that she had ever contemplated being asked to live under his roof, so the hope that led me to make the suggestion was nipped.

I bade the driver stop when we came to the bridge on the little stream that runs through the Dingle; and a pretty sight it was to see the water scampering down amongst the rocks in its course, with a tangle of dry reeds and brambles on either side, and here and there a tuft of sedge covered with ice glittering and sparkling in the sun as it bent before the current, the whole framed in with the overarching boughs of sturdy oak and lithe hazel.

There was a side door to the garden near the bridge, so I proposed that we should go in and see what it was like, as I had, by a curious accident, the keys in my pocket.

We went in, and followed for a little distance the course of the stream, where Miss Dalrymple, who had a healthy love of nature and delight in discovering her treasures, pointed out where there surely would be primroses in the spring, and perhaps snowdrops and daffodils; and thence we wound our way up and up through the pine-woods, in whose shade the white rime still lay on the brown needles, until at length we came to the cottage standing on the hillside, surrounded with a verandah, which in summer, Miss Dalrymple said, must be festooned with pretty creepers, for there were the stems all carefully cased up in straw. Standing there, we looked over a lawn, and the Dingle below, and a gorse-covered stretch of down, where a quick eye even now detected some yellow bloom; and beyond that through the coombe a triangular patch of blue sea fading away at the horizon into the pink mist that blended it with the blue sky above.

"Oh, how lovely!" cried little Laure; but Miss Dalrymple could say nothing, but stood there pressing the child's hand, and gazing upon the scene with unspeakable delight.

"One of these keys ought to fit the front door; let us go in and see what the house is like," said I. And in we went; and Laure threw open the shutters and let in the sunlight, bursting into exclamations of delight at every instant over the pretty parquet flooring, the light wall-paper, the gilding and colouring of the doors, the cosiness, and brightness, and cheerfulness of everything.

"It's pretty enough for grown-up dolls to live in," she declared.

"It's pretty enough for something better than dolls," said I. "How should you like to live in it?"

"All alone?" she asked, with a sudden qualm.

"No; with the cook in the kitchen, and Mary, and Jane, and Elizabeth, and the boy Bob, and Nurse Gertrude as well, if she could only be coaxed into staying with you."

The child caught hold of her dear friend's hand, and then looked at me doubtingly, as if she could scarcely believe such happiness possible.

"But it won't do," I continued, "unless there's a place for cocks and hens and ducks, and a pony and chaise. Now, take these keys, and see if you can find them anywhere."

Off she rushed, and then, being alone with Miss Dalrymple, I said—

"Awdrey wants you to live here with little Laure. I know there's a house for the gardener at the back, so you would not feel without protection. He wishes you to regard it as a permanent engagement, and has left it to me to arrange about terms, being, of course, too delicate to mention such a subject himself."

"I shall be only too happy to accept," she said, at once.

"Good!" thought I. "She sees through Mr. Lynn, though the doctor may be blind, and has already decided that she shall not be his wife."

"I could not expect anything better," she added, in a sadder tone, yet firmly. "Dr. Awdrey is very, very good."

"Yes," I said; "Awdrey is the best man I know—if it wasn't for his abominable delicacy."

Miss Dalrymple smiled.

"With regard to terms, now, what shall we do about that?"

"Anything you like," she replied, still smiling. "I have no abominable delicacy."

"Very well," said I. "We may as well continue the old terms, which seem to me quite liberal enough. All expenses will be paid—I should like you to keep an account, and let me have it a week before each quarter day—and over and above I shall pay you the salary of one hundred pounds as hitherto."

She said that would meet her requirements amply, and I promised to draw up a memorandum of agreement, to be signed by Awdrey and her, the next day. Just then Laure came rushing in, breathless, to say there was the dearest place for fowls and ducks, and the sweetest stable for two ponies, and the loveliest coach-house, with a darling little chaise in it already.

"Very well, then," said I. "Then the sooner you come and live here, the better."

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

AWDREY PERSEVERES.

I WAS drawing up the aforesaid agreement the next afternoon when Mr. Lynn Yeames was announced. I slipped the papers in a drawer, turned the key, and rose from my chair as the young man was shown in. He had the decency to assume a limp, albeit he had come over on horseback.

"I want to see Mr. Flexmore's will," he began, after brusquely nodding a salutation.

"'I WANT TO SEE MR. FLEXMORE'S WILL.'"

"The will itself is not in the office," said I; "but you can see the draft from which that will was drawn up." And I fetched from a tin box that precious draft.

He knew the sight of it at once, and, holding it in his hand, he looked steadily at me through his half-closed eyes, with his lips firmly set, and his brows knitted as though he were saying to himself, "You confounded old vagabond!"

"Supposing I am prepared to swear that this is not Flexmore's last will?"

"In that case, I might be compelled to prove that it is."

"How would you do that?"

It was useless to complicate matters, so I said—

"In the first place, there are the witnesses to the signature, and then there is Dr. Awdrey, whose evidence I could bring—if any evidence were required."

"Dr. Awdrey!" he exclaimed. "Did he know that this will existed?"

"Certainly he did. It was in consequence of that knowledge that he induced the late Mr. Flexmore to decide upon making that second will, which I was prevented from getting duly signed."

"Show me that second will," he said, in a tone of authority.

"It is destroyed. If it were not, I do not think I should show it to you. If it were in your possession even, and you could prove that Flexmore intended to sign it, there could be no possible change in the result. There is no revoking the first will."

He nodded, still looking at me steadfastly with his half-closed eyes, his brows knitted, and his lips set. I suppose he thought to intimidate me. He didn't succeed.

"Now tell me," said he presently, "why you led me to suppose that this first will was favourable to me, and the second antagonistic. Tell me that."

"Because," said I, "it is a professional rule to conceal one's clients' affairs from those who seek to discover them, and because I saw no harm to my client in allowing you to form any conclusion you pleased, and by whatever means you chose."

That made him wince.

"That is the rule," I continued, "as regards a lawyer and his client. But there professional delicacy ends. If a lawyer is acquainted with the secret of a person not his client, he may conceal it or publish it as circumstances direct."

That completely disconcerted him—unduly, as it seemed to me then, for I was only thinking of the mean and underhand manner in which he had sought to learn Flexmore's testamentary intentions. It never entered my head—I wish it had—that his anxiety related to that paper pellet he had lost.

He looked at me, then at the table, as he flicked it with his riding-whip; then at me again; finally, as if uncertain as to the extent of my meaning, and to prove it, he said—

"Supposing I gave you a thundering good horse-whipping, as you deserve, what would you do?"

"Bring an action for damages like a shot," said I.

He drew a long breath, and there was visible sign of relief in his expression.

"But," I added, "I fancy you have lost enough over this affair, what with the expense your mother has taken upon herself, and one thing with another, to forego an expensive luxury of that kind."

"You're wanted, if you please, sir," said my servant, coming to the door.

I glanced round to see that there was nothing Mr. Lynn could pry into or take away during my absence, and seeing all safe, I left him.

In my sitting-room I found Dr. Awdrey waiting to see me.

"I saw Lynn's horse outside, and I dropped in to know if he were here," said he.

"Yes; he is in my office. We have been having a little chat," said I.

"I should like to see him before he goes, if you don't mind my waiting here."

"Go in and see him at once," said I. "I have done with him."

He thanked me, and went into the office; while I slipped into my dining-room, which, as I have said, is divided from the office by a half-glazed door, that intercepts sound so slightly that what takes place in one room is audible in the other.

If any one thinks it is wrong to play at eavesdropping—and a good many sensitive people do think so—let them remember that I am only a lawyer. I have no compunction to listening in a case of this kind.

They had got through their first greeting when I reached the door, but, as I saw through the old green taffety curtains, they still held each other by the hand.

"A mere sprain; that's all. Painful enough at first; just enough to keep me from running about, you know," Lynn was saying, in his bluff, open tone.

"Why on earth didn't you write a word or two to us?" asked Awdrey.

"Oh, I didn't want to make a fuss about a trifle—especially at such a time—and you know what women are when there's anything the matter with a fellow," Lynn replied, throwing himself in a chair.

"Your silence made us think that the accident was not a trifle," Awdrey said, half seating himself on the table and facing his friend.

"I see, now, that I was to blame. I'm sorry for it. That's all I can say, my dear fellow."

"I am sorry also. It must have troubled Miss Dalrymple; it would have offended her had she been an ordinary girl. Old Keene here doesn't like you; I warrant he has put a bad construction on your silence, and done his utmost to set her against you. Indeed, it taxed my ingenuity to find excuses for your neglect."

Lynn toyed with his riding-whip in silence for a few minutes (during which his quick brain had conceived a plausible means of escape), and then he said—

"Awdrey, old fellow, I must tell you all. I can't keep a secret—at any rate, from you. I purposely stayed away—I was purposely silent."

"Why? Let us have the whole matter out from beginning to end."

"Some months ago this old rascal here, Keene—for what purpose I cannot imagine—led me to believe that I was heir to Flexmore's fortune."

"He acknowledged as much to me."

"Oh, he did! I'm glad of it. Well, in the belief that I should before long be in a decent position to maintain a wife, I sought to win Gertrude—Miss Dalrymple. Well, on the day of Flexmore's death I discovered the truth—that I had nothing to expect from him."

The barefaced effrontery of this lie nearly took my breath away.

"I had been living rather extravagantly," continued Lynn—"beyond my means, in fact—relying on being able to recoup myself sooner or later, and then suddenly I realised that I was thrown upon my own resources, in debt, and incapable of providing the woman I loved with the home I had absolutely offered her a few days before. Of course, I am to blame—I know that. I ought to have been prudent, I ought not to have counted upon Flexmore's generosity, I ought not to have offered my hand before I was assured beyond the possibility of doubt that I had enough to marry upon. But you know what I am—a confounded headstrong, impulsive, thoughtless, reckless, thriftless, unhappy wretch!" His voice faltered, he covered his face with his hands, rose abruptly, stamping with impatience at his own weakness, and turned in silence to the window.

It was not a bad piece of acting; it took Awdrey in completely. He rose, went to the window, and, slipping his hand through the other's arm, said—

"There's nothing unpardonable in that, Lynn—nothing that she will not readily forgive."

"I know it, Awdrey, and that's the worst part about it. I must break off the engagement, but I know not how with such a generous girl as that. I know what she will say when I tell her I am a beggar; she will say, 'No matter, I can wait till you are rich.' Wait—good gracious! I am in debt now; a penniless beggar I must remain. I haven't the ability to gain fifty pounds a year, and never shall have. No; it must be broken off. I said that from the first. Do you know, I forced myself to affront her, that she might throw me over—I pretended a brutally cruel feeling towards dear little Laure, poor child!" (this with a tremor in his voice, the knave!) "that Gertrude might think me unfeeling. I went off to London without a word of farewell, I refrained from writing one kind word—all with the same purpose. Don't you see now?"

"Yes; but all that must be made clear to her," said Awdrey slowly.

"Made clear to her? Is that the way to break off this unfortunate engagement?"

"No; but there is no necessity to break the engagement."

"What do you mean? Surely you wouldn't have me ask her to wait till I grow rich—rich! I, who never did a decent day's work in my life."

"No; you will not ask her that. She did not inquire whether you were rich or poor when she consented to be your wife; she will not refuse you now for any reason of that kind. You must explain your silence, and ask her to marry you at once. Listen to me, Lynn—I am not advising without reason. Flexmore wished you to be the guardian, with Miss Dalrymple, of little Laure, and to take the interest of the money in trust for her until she came of age. By an accident that wish was prevented from being legally carried out; but, virtually, you are as much entitled to the money as though the accident had not happened. Miss Dalrymple has consented to take care of the child permanently—relieving me of a certain part of my duty. Legally I shall remain her guardian, and shall in fact exercise my function whenever a question arises respecting her welfare, but virtually she is Miss Dalrymple's ward, and her services must be paid for. I shall settle upon her all that is paid me as interest arising from Flexmore's bequest."

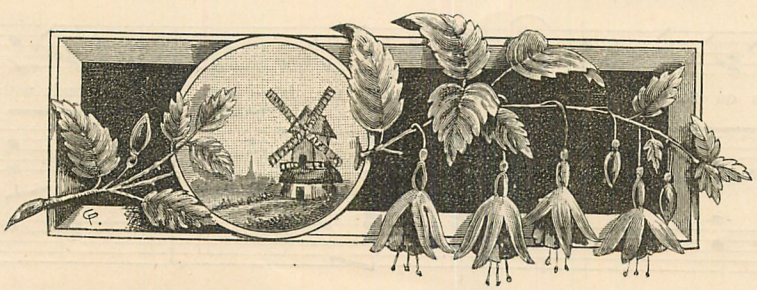
"But, my dear fellow, you are robbing yourself—you are carrying generosity beyond all the bounds of reason!" exclaimed Lynn.

"No, I am doing nothing of the kind. I shall simply be carrying out Flexmore's intentions, and I shall remain as rich as I have been. Whether you marry Miss Dalrymple or not, I shall settle the money on her. But now you know that you have no excuse for breaking off the engagement."

Did you ever read of heroism to beat this—a man relinquishing fortune, and the fair chance of making the girl he loved his wife, from chivalrous consideration of that girl's happiness, and a conscientious feeling of duty?

Those sponsors made a pretty good forecast at his character and disposition when they gave him the name of John Howard; for I doubt if the great philanthropist was ever more loving to the good, more generous to the erring, or kinder to the weak.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.



The Valentine Wreath.

Words by MONTGOMERY. *Music by* R. ERNEST BRYSON.

Allegretto grazioso (♩=96).

PIANO. *mf*

mp *cres.*

1. Ro - sy red the hills ap - pear, Red with the light of morn - ing, Beau - teous clouds in e - ther clear,
2. O'er the mar-gin of the flood Pluck the dai - sies peep - ing, Through the dry leaves in the wood

mp *cres.*

p *rit.*

All the East a - dorn - ing; White thro' mists the mea - dows shine, White thro' mists the mea - dows shine;
Hunt the sor - rell creep - ing; With the lit - tle cel - an - dine, With the lit - tle cel - an - dine,

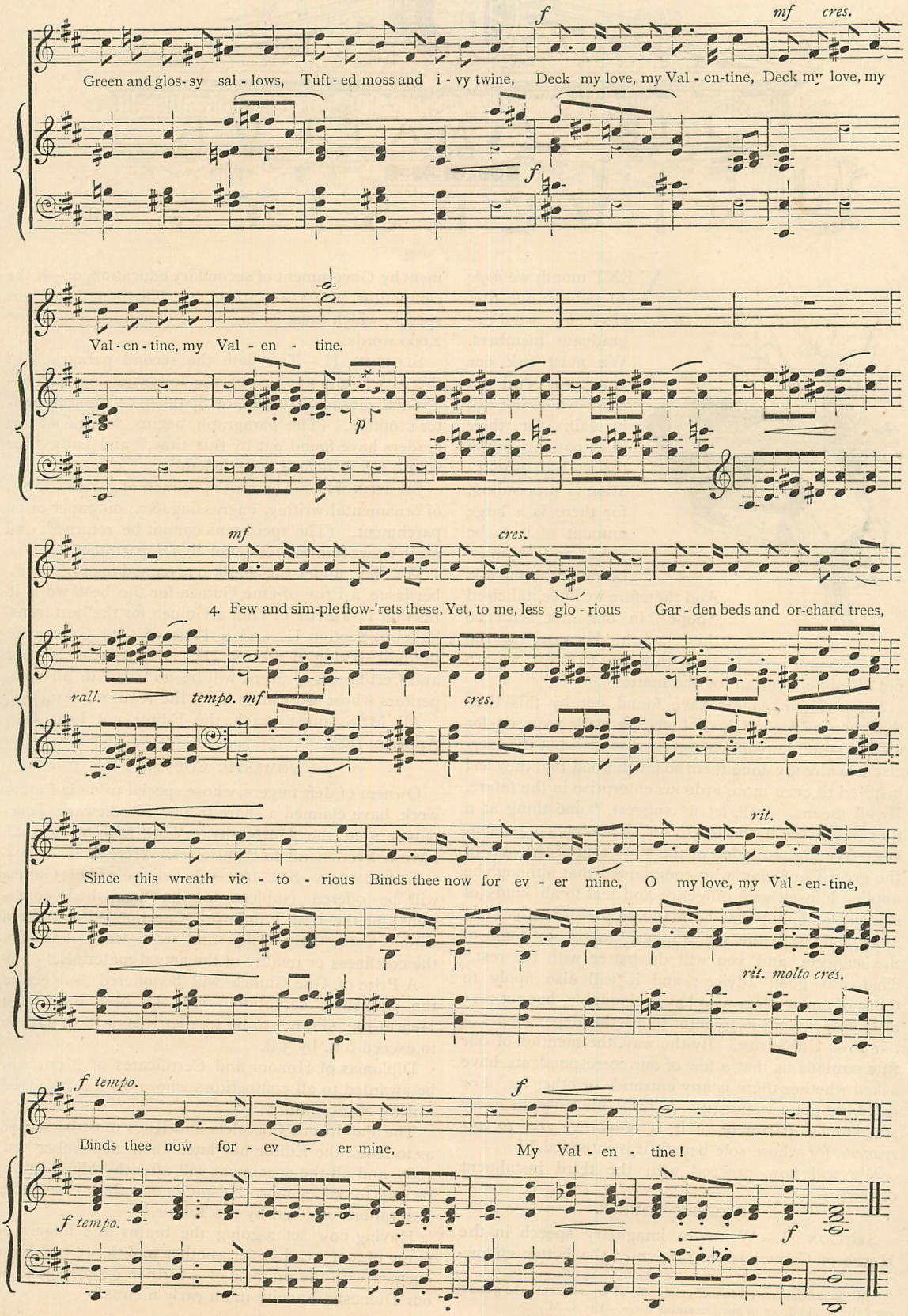
p *rit. molto cres.*

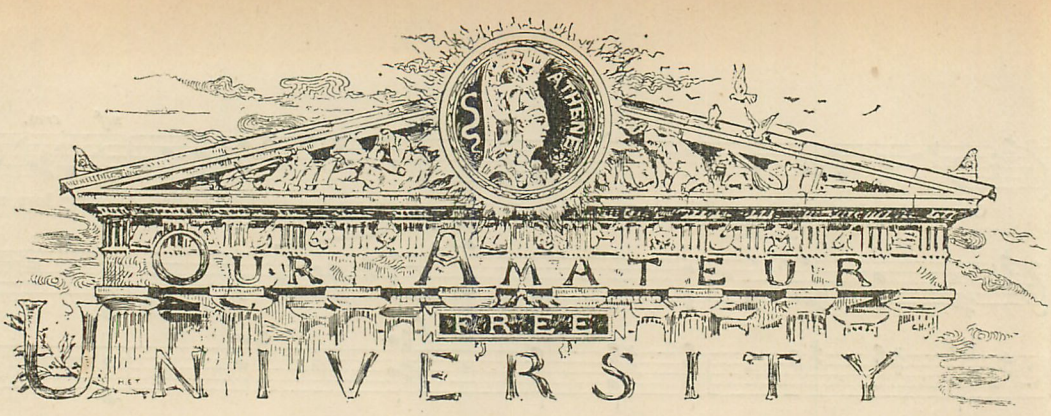
f tempo. *p*

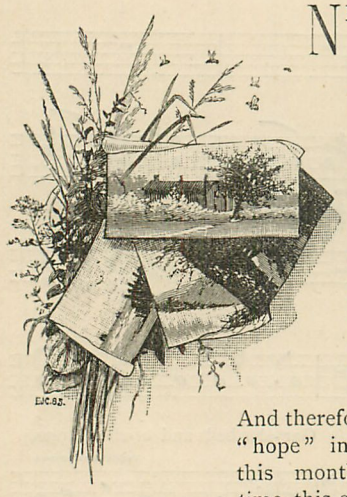
Wake my love, } my Val - en - tine, my Val - en - tine.
Crown my love, }

f tempo. *dim.* *p*

3. Pan - sies on their low - ly stems, Scat-ter'd o'er the fal - lows, Ha - zel buds with crim - son gems,


f
mf cres.
Green and glos- sy sal - lows, Tuft - ed moss and i - vy twine, Deck my love, my Val - en-tine, Deck my love, my
f
Val - en - tine, my Val - en - tine.
p
mf
cres.
4. Few and sim-ple flow-'rets these, Yet, to me, less glo - rious Gar - den beds and or-chard trees,
rall.
tempo. mf
cres.
rit.
Since this wreath vic - to - rious Binds thee now for ev - er mine, O my love, my Val - en-tine,
rit. molto cres.
f tempo.
f
Binds thee now for - ev - er mine, My Val - en - tine!
f tempo.
f





NEXT month we *hope* to publish our first list of undergraduate members. We must ask our readers (and we know we do not ask in vain) for their kind patience while the work of examination is proceeding, for there is a large amount of it to be done, and it must be done thoroughly. And therefore we have italicised "hope" in our first sentence this month, because, at the time this goes to press, we are not absolutely certain of the matter.

Some of our readers have found out by this time that there is a good deal of sterling work required for a Graduation Diploma of our University; but the exercise has already done them so much good that they feel inspired to even more arduous enterprise in the future. By all means. Still, let us suggest, "one thing at a time" is a very useful motto for all students to remember. We are reminded of the story told of the son of the great Confucius, who complained that although he applied himself with diligence and zeal to all kinds of studies, he found that he made no progress whatever. "My son," said the philosopher, "leave out some of the subjects, and you will do better with the rest." That was good advice; and it will also apply to those of our readers who have a laudable, but not very profitable, ambition to enter in all the departments of our Free University. By the way, the mention of our title reminds us that a few of our correspondents have asked whether there is any entrance or other fee. For reply, we point to our title. Our University, in every stage and department of it, is *absolutely free to our readers*, for whose sole benefit it is intended.*

We will now proceed with the third instalment of our

Literary Course.

Section I.—Write an imaginary speech in the House of Commons *in favour of* the better endowment by Government of secondary education, or—if the competitor prefers—*against it.* The length of this speech, which must be legibly written, must not exceed 2,000 words.

Section II.—Translate the second paragraph of this article into any one of the following languages—French, German, Italian, or Spanish, at the competitor's option. (The paragraph begins "Some of our readers have found out by this time," and ends, "for whose sole benefit it is intended.")

Section III.—The best specimen of various kinds of ornamental writing, engrossing, &c., on paper or on parchment. (The specimens cannot be returned, and must be written expressly for this department.)

We offer, under the conditions named in our December issue, a Prize of One Guinea for the best work in Section I., a Prize of Half a Guinea for the best translation in Section II., and a Prize of One Guinea for the best writing in Section III. Diplomas of Honour and Certificates of Merit will be awarded to all competitors whose work may be of the required standard.

All MSS. must reach the Editor not later than April 20, 1888.

Domestic Course.

Owners of deft fingers, whose special pride is Patchwork, have claimed a share in our Needlework Tournaments in the University. Very well, they shall have a Section all to themselves. Here it is:—

Patchwork Section.—A Prize of One Guinea will be offered (subject to the published conditions) for the best Patchwork Coverlet suitable for a Child's Cot. Only design and work will count—not the costliness or quality of the actual materials.

A Prize of One Guinea will be offered (subject to the published conditions) for the best Patchwork Hearth-rug, size not to be smaller than 4 ft. by 2 ft., or to exceed 6 ft. by 3 ft.

Diplomas of Honour and Certificates of Merit will be awarded to all competitors whose work is adjudged worthy of recognition.

The Patchwork Coverlets and Rugs must be sent so as to reach the Editor not later than September 3rd, 1888, and all the specimens will, after the adjudication, be sent to one or more Hospitals or other Charitable Institutions selected by the Editor.

Having now set a-going the brains and fingers of many of our readers for another month, we lay down our pen with the promise of a further development of our Domestic Faculty in an early number.

* All the particulars given and prizes offered are subject to the general regulations laid down in our December issue.—Ed. C.M.

WHAT THE CORAL REEFS GAVE ME.

BY JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD, AUTHOR OF "LADY FLAVIA," "PAUL KNOX, PITMAN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE OULED-SOLI.

TWO facts I had learned during my sojourn at the coral fishery. The one was that the industry of the men and their peril bore no fair proportion to the scanty gains they got. The other was that capital might make the trade prosperous.

The rude *croce*, the dangerous diving, might be replaced by more scientific means of winning treasure from the deep. Only set the men free from the chain of debt that made them slaves of the detested Galantuomo, and they would gladly take service with a new paymaster. And I might be that paymaster, could I only get to a town and be in contact with the civilised world again, for had I not my legacy of £1,000 untouched? and was I not willing to risk it in hopes of gaining fortune and Nellie Bracebridge?

As for Messrs. Welby and Walford, doubtless by this time they thought me dead, and had filled up my place in their counting-house, for weeks and weeks had gone by.

It was in the collector's boat, a large speronare, sent over in the late summer with provisions, and to gather in the coral crop from the two stations—one off Tunis and one off Tripoli—which were managed by the padrone at Naples, that I ultimately returned to Europe.

Before starting, however, I had, with Beppo's help, come to an understanding with the coral-fishers and their capitan, by virtue of which I was to be their future employer, should I only succeed in liberating them and their families from the bondage of debt. In the autumn their engagement would legally terminate, so far as the Galantuomo was concerned.

Beppo went with me to Naples at his earnest wish, while the rest of the poor fellows waved their caps and cheered as I left them, somewhat to the astonishment of the hard-eyed and hook-nosed collector, to whom I paid three hundred francs for a passage to Naples, while eleven dollars represented the cost of my maintenance while in the *Barca Capitan*.

From Naples I wrote, of course, to Welby and Walford. My desk at their office had been assigned to a successor; but my former employers, who were pleased to express their hearty approbation of the manner in which I had founded the Italian branch of their business, offered to receive me as a supernumerary clerk. But I had no choice but thankfully to decline this kindly offer, bent as I was on rapidly growing rich for Nellie's sake.

Prudently, as it turned out, I did not think it best to deal with the Galantuomo in person. A shrewd Italian lawyer, to whom I obtained an introduction from the British Consulate, undertook the delicate task of emancipating the padrone's white slaves from financial thraldom, and did a great deal better for me than I could have done for myself. It took long haggling, threats of newspaper exposure, inchoate legal proceedings, before the so-styled patron of my poor friends the coral-seekers would consent to be paid in full, and to give up every scrap of the stamped paper that was the magic wand by which he compelled their ill-remunerated services.

But at last the affair was complete. There was no longer a mortgage on a boat, nor a lien on a net, nor a claim on any note of hand, or bill of exchange or of sale, to be held *in terrorem* over the simple, hardy mariners who had till now been serfs to a money-lender in their native town.

Further, I had bought two diving-bells, with the mechanism to work them; had chartered a great felucca-rigged craft that could bear the winter storms when the half-decked boats of the fishermen were unable to remain at sea, and had provided a stock of sea stores and food, and yet had a reasonable amount of cash in hand.

It was not until the season when the coral-fishery was generally deemed to be at an end that I went on board my newly-hired felucca, the *Ré Umberto*, accompanied by Beppo (who was wild with delight at the prospect that lay before us), and by a certain Piedmontese surveyor, Signore Bartolo by name, a cool, hard-headed man of practical science, whose acquaintance I had made at Naples.

The friends in England to whom I had mentioned my plans, and my brother in particular, could not be brought to believe that any good result was to be looked for from the scheme I had in hand.

"Wish you good luck, Harry, I'm sure," wrote Sir George; "but 'there's many a slip,' &c., as I dare say you are aware. Anyhow, my dear fellow, when all trades fail, remember that I shall always be glad to see you here at Uplands."

I smiled as I perused this and similar friendly warnings.

I am convinced that, but for the remembrance of dear Nellie's sweet little wistful face, as I saw it last at Hampstead, all the coral that ever was worked into brooch or bracelet might have continued to pave the bottom of the Mediterranean without my basing a hope upon its collection and sale.

"As the Prophet hears me, I will keep faith with you, O Englishman! You and yours are free, henceforth,

to come and go, to buy and sell, to cut wood on the hillside, and to draw water from brook or fountain, without harm or insult from my people and me ; so may the holy Imaums befriend us at our need ! And the tribes that dwell near us will hearken to my voice and be friendly too, should you cast anchor on their shores. Only—you had better keep your barks away from Djebel Hamra. I cannot, dare not, answer for what might happen if you got among the Beni-Bleda, Christian sir ! "

Thus, in full council of his clan, spoke the important Kaid of a large tribe, the Ouled-Soli ; and every turbaned head of those who heard him seemed to nod approval of his words, which were interpreted to me by the supple Jew whom I had brought from Tunis to serve as a go-between in the treaty of peace which had just been ratified.

Before I had ceased to be a passenger of Beppo's uncle on board the *Barca Capitan*, I had perceived what benefits would accrue could a good understanding be come to with the natives of the coast. My poor friends had been wont to lead a miserable hide-and-seek life, dependent for water on what could be obtained in lonely places like the islets of Los Moros, and shunning the hamlets as so many nests of corsairs. But now, thanks to the skill of my Hebrew broker, used to making bargains with the Arabs, our head-quarters could be established at the populous village of Soli-Mejd, where an unoccupied house, within a stone's-throw of a convenient creek, had been hired at a rent of eight pounds a year to serve as a barrack and a store. The Kaid and the principal members of the tribe, conciliated by presents and promises, had not only sworn on the Koran that we should not be molested, but had confirmed that oath by the impressive ceremony of publicly eating bread and salt with Signore Bartolo, the Capitan, and myself. We were to have wood and water for the fetching, and to be allowed to buy wheat and rice, charcoal for cooking purposes, and mutton and vegetables at reasonable rates, according to a species of tariff settled by my talkative Israelite and the elders in council.

"It's all right now, monsieur," said the Jewish interpreter, who was a native of Algeria, as he pocketed his fee, and prepared to depart in an Arab boat laden with poultry, sheep, eggs, beans, and pumpkins, destined for the Tunis market ; "and you will find these people, now that they have pledged their word, gentle and well-disposed to help you. There are but few marauders among the Ouled-Soli, and I took care that the three most noted sheep-stealers in the clan should be of those who ate the bread and salt in your company, after which they would shrink from pilfering as much as a rusty nail from your boats. But have a care of those who dwell yonder," he added, pointing to a distant cliff of dark-red porphyry that frowned over the sea to the eastward, and which was no other than Djebel Hamra, "for no one ever yet had a good word to say for the Beni-Bleda."

We fell to work at once. My Piedmontese coadjutor, the engineer, had very sensibly brought out with him from Naples the timber ready sawn and shaped, and the iron, for the platform and crane that had to be set up on the deck of the *Ré Umberto* before we could make use of our diving-bells. These, as had been anticipated, did us good service. With them for a refuge and a vantage-ground, our Neapolitan fishers, accustomed from childhood to grope beneath the waters for scraps of metal or coins, explored the bottom of the sea as they had never done before, and filled their bags rapidly when coral was abundant. They could move about now in parties of two or three, and stood in less fear, therefore, of shark or cuttle-fish. And when the water was not, in Signore Bartolo's opinion, sufficiently smooth for the diving-bell, it was found that the new dredging gear, impelled by a windlass, did five times as much as ever had been effected by the clumsy *croce* of heavy wood, and spared the men the back-breaking toil which that primitive contrivance had exacted.

"We are doing well, English Excellency ; perhaps too well ! " reluctantly declared the grizzled capitan—Beppo's uncle—as we counted over our hoard of the precious lumps and sprays, pink and red, that we had collected at the end of a week's labour. "It is more than ever I saw hauled up—St. Januarius be good to us !—since first I sighted the accursed hill-tops of this infidel coast. I only hope it will last. I only hope it will not bring the Evil Eye with it."

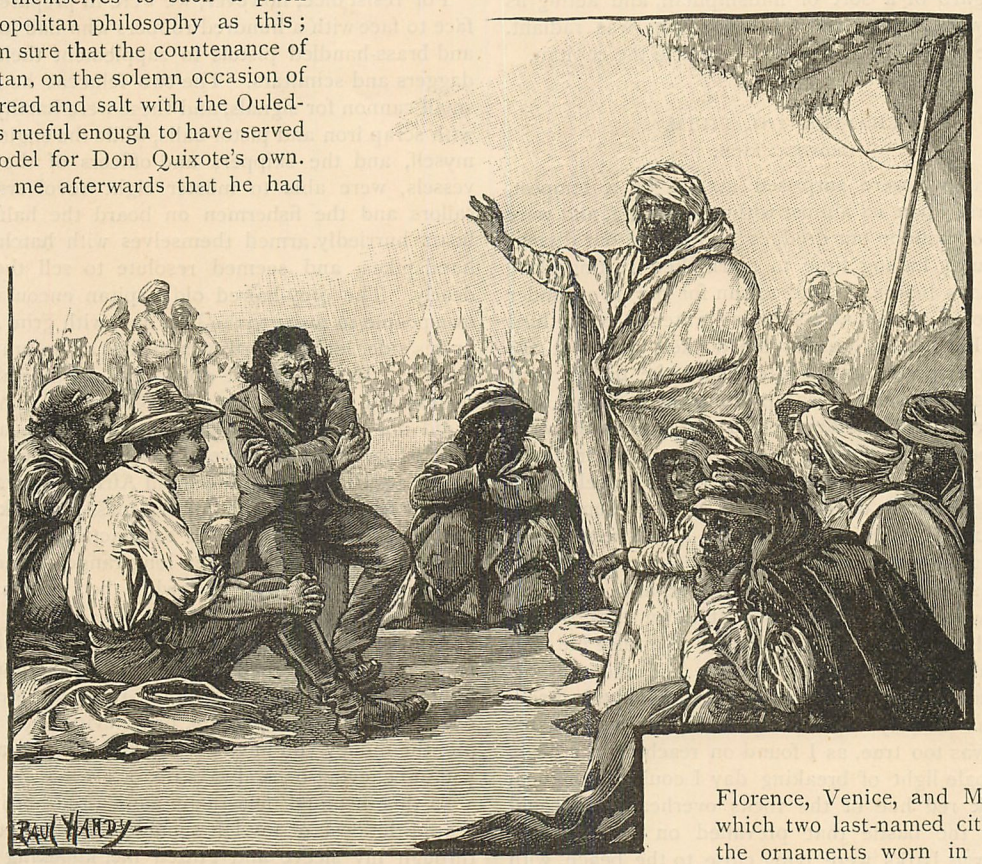
I laughed, but the old capitan, superstitious like all his race, had the identical dread of sudden misfortune to follow at the heels of sudden success which was so common with his pagan ancestors when Horace and Ovid were living poets, and he evidently regarded our quick prosperity as of bad omen.

That we were doing well at the outset there could be little doubt. Not merely did we gather what old Antonio, the most experienced coral-seeker there, averred to be an unprecedented harvest of the deep, but Signore Bartolo, who had a smattering of geology, thought that he saw his way to constructing a sort of submarine chart of the sea-level, the future result of which would be to save us much time and trouble by showing us where and how, as to quality and quantity, our staple was to be looked for.

As yet, the coral-fishery had been pretty much what the gold-diggings of California and Australia were at the first—a mere scramble and haphazard lottery, in which the prizes that were bruited abroad were more than counterbalanced by the failures that implied death, disappointment, and suffering. But now there were hopes that considerable and steady gains might be realised, with only a moderate amount of risk, and less of toil than in the ancient system which I had aspired to supplant by something better.

It was fortunate for me, no doubt, that I had been able to begin by rendering a personal kindness to those who were to act under my orders. The poor, simple fellows, in the first ecstasy of feeling that they and their families were really free from the galling tyranny of the creditor whose demands sucked away from them the fruits of their labour, chose to regard me as

if I had been a liberator and a hero indeed. That they would have gone through fire and water at my bidding—as they declared—I never had reason to disbelieve, since for my sake they consented to lay aside their very strong prejudice against the Moors, their neighbours, and to make themselves comparatively at home in the village of Soli-Meid. It was not without some apprehensions that they brought themselves to such a pitch of cosmopolitan philosophy as this; and I am sure that the countenance of the capitan, on the solemn occasion of eating bread and salt with the Ouled-Soli, was rueful enough to have served as a model for Don Quixote's own. He told me afterwards that he had fully anticipated that the ceremony would end by the cutting of our throats, so deep was his hereditary horror of "the barbarians," as he invariably styled them.



"THUS SPOKE THE KAID" (*p.* 176).

Meanwhile, our worldly prosperity increased. A conjecture of Signore Bartolo, modestly put forth, that by following a particular dip or bend in the submerged strata we should probably strike coral, was more than verified. We found, at an unusual distance from the shore, in water varying from fifteen to twenty fathoms, a bank that stretched for miles, and that consisted mainly of coral reefs lying parallel to one another, and in various conditions as to soundness or decay. And before the winter storms absolutely compelled us to abandon our hunting-grounds for the time, we had brought to light, with diving-bells and dredge, more coral, of the finest pink tint, and in pieces easy to be worked up, than ever had been raised before, in the best of seasons, after a whole summer's toil. I was not idle during the period of our enforced rest. Twice I went across to Italy by the mail steamer from Tunis, and not only brought back with me a second felucca, hired at Genoa, to be the consort of the *Rè Umberto*, but had interviews with the principal jewellers and dealers in precious stones, not in Genoa alone, but also in Florence, Venice, and Milan, in which two last-named cities half the ornaments worn in Europe are manufactured. There was a heavy sum already in the bank, and considerable amounts were standing to the credit of Signore Harborough in the books of solvent firms. I came back along with the fine weather, as our sailors averred, and we set to work with redoubled ardour. Again the coral reefs of which Signore Bartolo was virtually the discoverer were ransacked of their choicest treasures, and the accumulation of coral in the cabin lockers of the *Rè Umberto*, waiting for safe shipment to Italy, became a large one. The men were working now with a zeal and cheerful alacrity quite unlike the dogged endurance that they had shown when they knew that the Galantuomo at Naples would alone be the real winner of the prizes which their industry brought up. By the system that I had set going, in addition to fair wages, a proportion of the net profits went to the crew, who had thus a direct interest in making the yield as ample as possible.

"We are proud to be your partners, Excellency,"

they used to say, showing their white teeth as they smiled; and now they were able to dream of things out of their reach before—a comfortable provision in a cottage, perhaps, for the bedridden grandmother; young Luigi to be apprenticed to a snug trade on shore; new shoes and clothing for the little ones—ragged as yet; smart gowns for the wife who had borne the pinch of poverty so long and well. Beppo, in the garb of a sort of midshipman, and acting as my steward, valet, and aide-de-camp, was radiant. "I hope it will last!" croaked his uncle the capitan.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

GROWING RICH.

ONE day we were surprised at sea by a tempest, that burst upon us almost without warning, and were forced to abandon our dredges and one of our diving-bells, barely having time to mark their resting-place with buoys before we had to run for our lives, under close-reefed canvas, and shipping water at every third wave. Bad as this was for the decked vessels, it was still worse for the two boats, where the baling went on incessantly, and I was in constant fear that one or other should founder before my eyes as we were swept before the furious wind. On the strength of the saying that any port in a storm is to be welcomed, we congratulated ourselves when we had succeeded, after dusk, in finding anchorage and shelter in a narrow gulf, protected by a lofty mass of mountain, on the sides of which the cork-tree and evergreen oak grew in profusion. It was at dawn that Beppo, who had been on deck, came below to arouse me with the alarming intelligence that we had moored our flotilla under the shadow of the Red Mountain itself, and that already its fierce inhabitants were astir. Yes, it was too true, as I found on reaching the deck. In the pale light of breaking day I could distinguish the dark red hue of the rocks overhead, and could observe the bustle that prevailed on shore, where three large barks were lying close to the beach, with the striped sails brailed up and hanging in festoons from the long yards. Bernouses fluttered, horses neighed, and I saw the gleam of gun-barrels and yataghans as the Moors crowded down to the water's edge. I remembered the Jew's saying, to the effect that no one had ever yet heard any good of the Beni-Bleda, and prepared for the worst.

We were all by this time awake and stirring; but the situation was a perplexing one. The sudden storm had been succeeded, as often happens in the fickle waters of the Mediterranean, by a calm so profound that there was no breeze to fill our sails, while with sweeps we had no chance against the many oars, with brown muscular arms to tug at them, that were to propel the sharply-built boats of the enemy. These were already full of men, tall, active fellows, whose white garb and copper-coloured limbs and glancing weapons gave them a savagely picturesque appearance that would have charmed Salvator Rosa, but which in real life was less agreeable than on the canvas of a painter. They were evidently eager for plunder, for the Beni-Bleda had always borne the repute of a marauding gang, and I almost groaned when I remembered the cupboards filled with coral that we had on board to tempt their cupidity, besides money and goods imported for the purpose of barter with the Arabs. However, they would have had no scruple in butchering our whole party for the chance of a handful of dollars, so that our only hope lay in a stout resistance.

For resistance, however, we were ill prepared, when face to face with a hundred robbers who had long guns and brass-handled pistols to supplement their curved daggers and scimitars. The two feluccas had each a small cannon for signals, and these were hastily loaded with scrap iron and pistol-balls, while the engineer and myself, and the skippers and officers of the decked vessels, were able to muster eight revolvers. The sailors and the fishermen on board the half-decked boats hurriedly armed themselves with hatchets and handspikes, and seemed resolute to sell their lives dearly. The grey-haired old capitan encouraged his own people to resist to the last, and, with grim Antonio by his side, looked terribly in earnest as he brandished an axe. Beppo darted down the cabin stairs, and reappeared carrying my double-barrelled gun, which I did not remember to have brought on board, and which I generally employed in bagging snipe, and red-legged partridges, and the small African hares, to eke out our frugal diet at the officers' mess. I took it from the boy, remembering with satisfaction, as I did so, that it was loaded with green long-range cartridges, for the benefit of the shy wild-fowl in the swamps beyond the Moorish village.

"Christian dog!" politely exclaimed the Kaid of the robber tribe, as, draped in the crimson bernouse that by its golden fringe denoted his rank, he stood up in one of the boats; "give up, unbelieving curs that ye are, the money you have got by lying and cheating, as you unbelieving ones always do, or else——"

At this instant I felt a pain as if a red-hot iron had seared the flesh of my left shoulder, as a bullet passed through my sleeve and grazed me, knocking off the gold-laced cap of Beppo, who stood behind me. "May the next be more fortunate, dog of a Nazarene!" yelled out the savage-looking Arab who had fired, as he coolly proceeded to re-load his piece; but I doubt if that hand ever pulled trigger more, for I returned the shot by lodging the contents of a long-range cartridge filled with duck-shot in his brawny wrist, and he dropped howling to the bottom of the boat. There was a vindictive outcry of "Death to the infidels!" and a volley, and the skirmish was begun.

It was Signore Bartolo, the Piedmontese engineer, whose cool readiness of wit saved us when we were in desperate danger; for though we had repulsed the first attempt of the Arabs to board us, by dint of hard knocks and the sputtering fire of the revolvers and cannon, they were coming on again, ferociously confident in their superior numbers and better arms, when the surveyor, who had slipped away, returned from the hold with four sailors staggering under the weight of what they carried. Quick as thought, the lids of the wooden cases were wrenched open, while the Pied-

"THOU HAST MY LOVE AND FILLEST ALL MY HEART."

"*THOU ART NOT NEAR*" (*p.* 179).

montese with his own hands adjusted a small mortar and steel rocket-tube that accompanied them. "The fireworks!" he whispered in my ear, and till then I had forgotten that we had lately received from Genoa a supply of fireworks, by the exhibition of which we had intended to amuse and please our Moslem friends at the approaching festivities that were to grace the wedding of the Kaid's only daughter. These were now, however, to be employed for a very different purpose. The enemy came yelling to the attack, all three of their boats crammed with men, and flourishing their long daggers and crooked swords as they neared us; but they set up a cry of horror and dismay as a shower of rockets and Roman candles fell fast, like a storm of fiery rain, into the midst of them, aimed by the dexterous engineer, who had studied projectiles as well as other things at the Government School of Turin. The sails of one boat and the newly-tarred seams of another took fire, luckily for us, and so added to the confusion of our bewildered foes; while, luckier still, the tardy breeze began to blow, and our sails to draw, so that we slid rapidly through the smooth water, rounded the cape, and made for the open sea, followed by random shots and furious imprecations from the Beni-Bleda, who did not, however, make any attempt at a regular pursuit, and who, as we afterwards heard, had been severely punished for their wanton treachery. As for us, some slight flesh-wounds, and the loss of one anchor and cable, made up the sum-total of our casualties.

After this, there came a halcyon period of almost unruffled prosperity, during which the coral was collected in quantities larger than my wildest aspirations, when first I entered on the speculation, had ever soared to, and was duly transmitted to my Italian correspondents, and as regularly paid for. The secret of our success could not, of course, have been kept, had we so desired, from reaching the ears of those who were anxious to share our gains; and early in the ensuing spring, several boats, two of which had been despatched by our old acquaintance the Neapolitan Galantuomo, while others came from Malta, appeared on our fishing grounds. But their antiquated mode of raking up the coral with wooden cross and rope could not compete with the patent dredge and the diving-bell, while the craft themselves, undecked and ill-found in naval stores, were more than once indebted for their safety, when dismasted and water-logged during the rough weather of the equinox, to our taking them in tow, and thus enabling their bedraggled crews to set foot, trembling, on the hospitable beach of the now thoroughly conciliated Ouled-Soli. The fame of our brush with the notorious Beni-Bleda, and the discomfiture of those freebooters, as it turned out, enhanced our popularity along the coast, and I received amicable overtures from more than one Kaid to consider his "village as my own," should I and mine deign to land there.

"I think," said I, one day, to Signore Bartolo, as we stood together on the fore-deck of the *Ré Umberto*, watching the feathery spray that rose from beneath the vessel's sharp prow, as under a cloud of sail we ran before a favouring wind shorewards from the coral reefs, "I think that I shall have to ask you to supply my place here soon, while I re-visit England."

"But certainly, Signore," replied the engineer; "only I hope you'll be back with us before very long, or there will be black looks and low spirits among those Naples fellows of yours, with whom you are an idol, I think; while they find it hard to forgive me the sin of having been born a Piedmontese."

And, indeed, it took much time and experience of his sterling qualities to dissipate the prejudice with which the capitan and the other Neapolitans had regarded poor Signore Bartolo, on account of his North Italian parentage, from the first. I had planned a short trip to England, that I might shake hands with old friends, as I told myself; but also with a sort of vague hope that by some accident I might set my eyes on Nellie Bracebridge. I was growing rich, but scarcely as yet did I deem myself in a position to claim her.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

THOU ART NOT NEAR.

THOU art not near me, but I see thine eyes
Shine through the gloom like stars in winter skies,
Pointing the way my longing steps would go,
To come to thee because I love thee so.

Thou art not near me, but I feel thine arm
Soft folded round me, shielding me from harm,
Guiding me on, as in the days of old,
When life was dark and all the ways were cold.

Thou art not near me, but I hear thee speak
Sweet as a breath of June upon my cheek,
And as thou speakest, I forget my fears,
And all the darkness of the lonely years.

O love, my love, whate'er my fate may be,
Close to thy side, or nevermore with thee,
Absent or present, near or far apart,
Thou hast my love and fillest all my heart.

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

THE GARDEN IN FEBRUARY.

THE first early spring month brings with it the usual press of work, and finds us full of plans for the future in the shape of enterprise and experiment. It is well, therefore, just now, when comparatively at the outset of another year, to look back upon the season that is past, if only for the purpose of calling to mind the mistakes that we now feel sure that we made in it, as also to determine upon what remedies we must now adopt. For while forethought is absolutely essential in any well-ordered garden, too much impetuosity, such as rashness in early sowing with the hope of a correspondingly early crop, not infrequently results in an almost blank harvest. Or perhaps last year in a fit of impatience we turned out the whole of our bedding-out stock three or four weeks before it was advisable to do so, and by the middle of May we found ourselves the proprietors of a motley group of plants, some few killed outright, others blackened up as if by fire, though really by frost ; and only here and there a flower that had, perhaps, only by the good fortune of a little shelter afforded by the presence of a bigger neighbour, contrived to weather all the changes to which our rashness had exposed it. The fact is that in a variable climate such as ours we cannot afford to be rash, and should at all times be prepared with a remedy in the shape of a hasty protection for any crop.

But now a word as to the management, first of all, of our climbers this month. Those who are fortunate enough to have a small conservatory as well as a greenhouse, can have plenty of scope for the cultivation of their taste by the careful rearing and training of climbers here. When the object, then, is to have late bloom in the summer or autumn among the conservatory climbers, the pruning of them is better not done until February has set in. Those of them, however, that you may have pruned in the autumn will now have started an early growth ; these had better have some of the buds—if sufficiently swelled—rubbed off. This, though, will only apply to what we shall think superfluous shoots, for when once a start is made we should at once decide upon what we require only, for overcrowding under any circumstances is very ill-advised.

Coming next to our outside climbers, such as those on the side of the house or round our doorways, these will now require the usual pruning and securing to their fastenings, having in view the March gales that are to follow.

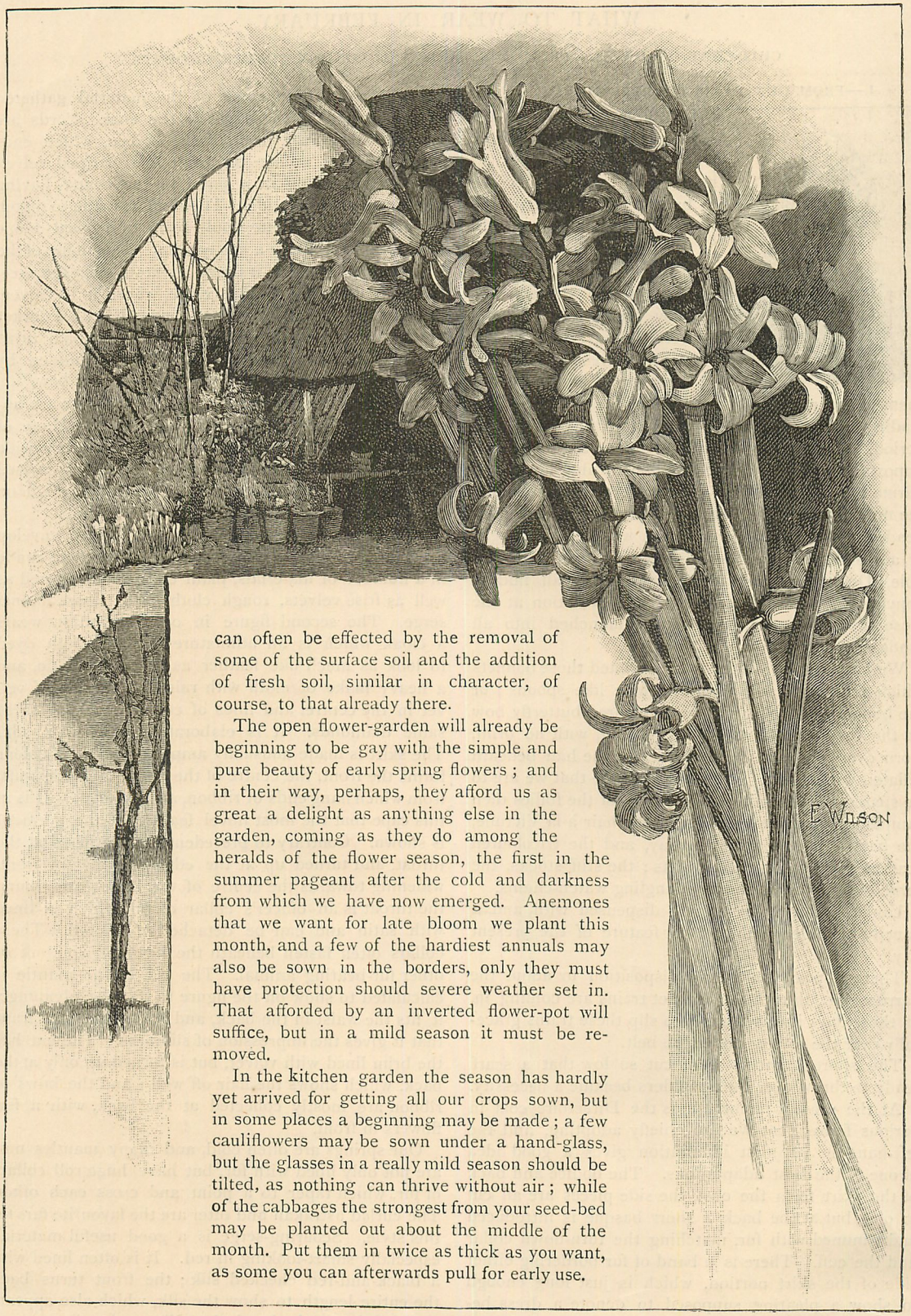
And for training over a doorway, for example, none of us will ever tire of the charming varieties of the honeysuckle. The foliage of the Japanese honeysuckle is always much admired ; the tint of the leaves we may aptly compare to that of a Lilliputian laurel. Being, however, but half-hardy, it is well not to cultivate this *Caprifolium japonicum* except in a sheltered and southern aspect. In a very severe winter and in an exposed situation it would probably fare hardly.

A great and important February operation in our green-house is the repotting of the bulk of our plants that we have been keeping through the long, dreary winter in small pots, and which we hope will attain their fuller growth and perfection in the ensuing summer. And here again, having regard to our caution relative to impetuosity and premature action in the garden, our time for the commencement of repotting this month should be largely governed by such consideration as the severity or mildness of the past winter and the present condition of our plants ; for example, do some of them begin to show unmistakable signs of being pot-bound? If so, these ought to be repotted forthwith, and then too the hardiest, healthiest, and most vigorous ones may also be put in hand. And much discretion will be necessary as to the time for putting the others in hand. A long and severe winter may have necessitated a good deal of artificial heat, or we may have been too lavish with our stove, and have thereby considerably enervated our stock ; then again a mild winter often results in a bitterly cold spring, so that perhaps, all things considered, about the middle of the month is the safest time to begin repotting.

The earlier part of the month will find us plenty of occupation in the washing of pots both inside and out, unless they are new ones, as also in the preparation of composts, and the collection of material, such as broken pots, &c., for our drainage—a most important element indeed in our repotting ; and, generally speaking, let us say, give the more weakly plants smaller pots and a less exciting and rich compost than that in use for our stronger ones.

Our heaths we should not repot until the end of the month. To say that heaths will flourish best in the soil that we generally notice heaths to be growing upon in their wild state sounds almost a platitude, yet it is worth noting. Mix with your compost when repotting your heaths a good proportion of silver sand. One general axiom for all gardening, indeed, we may here lay down, and that is, notice the locality, situation, soil, &c., in which you find any plant, tree, or shrub, in the wild state, flourishing in profusion, and you will at once be able by a little painstaking to—if we may put it so—cultivate a plant to perfection by cultivating the *tastes* of the plant itself.

And then as to the repotting of our camellias : those which have already bloomed, and have already begun putting out new wood, should perhaps be repotted ; the camellia is certainly a slow grower, and generally requires less frequent repotting than many other plants, though a young plant will, as a rule, be improved by a yearly shift ; an old-established camellia, however, will hardly want shifting more often than once in every three seasons. Or a compromise



can often be effected by the removal of some of the surface soil and the addition of fresh soil, similar in character, of course, to that already there.

The open flower-garden will already be beginning to be gay with the simple and pure beauty of early spring flowers; and in their way, perhaps, they afford us as great a delight as anything else in the garden, coming as they do among the heralds of the flower season, the first in the summer pageant after the cold and darkness from which we have now emerged. Anemones that we want for late bloom we plant this month, and a few of the hardiest annuals may also be sown in the borders, only they must have protection should severe weather set in. That afforded by an inverted flower-pot will suffice, but in a mild season it must be removed.

In the kitchen garden the season has hardly yet arrived for getting all our crops sown, but in some places a beginning may be made; a few cauliflowers may be sown under a hand-glass, but the glasses in a really mild season should be tilted, as nothing can thrive without air; while of the cabbages the strongest from your seed-bed may be planted out about the middle of the month. Put them in twice as thick as you want, as some you can afterwards pull for early use.

WHAT TO WEAR IN FEBRUARY.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. FROM OUR PARIS AND LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

TIME was when artistic, or as it was generally called, "æsthetic" dressing, was rather the butt of satirists than the envy or admiration of well-dressed people. Now all this is changed, and the best of the dressmakers busy themselves reviving from the past some of the most picturesque garments then worn, and adapting them to the requirements of our modern days. The leading inspirations are derived from the Incroyable period, about 1789, when broad revers, tail-coats, important-looking neckties of muslin and lace, gendarme hats, fobs and eye-glasses were the fashions of the moment, and the Chapeau à la Claque, and gold-headed sticks, found favour with women, who might at a distance almost be mistaken for men. Incroyable, Directoire, and Merveilleuse, are all finding copyists in 1888. After the great Revolution at the close of the last century, women launched into all kinds of eccentricities.

We have hardly yet generally adopted those bonnets which stood up boldly from the face like spoons; or the bonnet à la Folle, with a tricoloured butterfly bow at the top; or the round casque hat, with no brim, worn over a Charlotte Corday cap; the hair beneath inflated with steam. We can only hope that we are to be spared the resuscitation of many of the follies then rampant: the dishevelled locks, the hair à la Victime, the hats à la Charlotte Corday, and the tricoloured scarves tied under the armpits; the stiff stocks, the turned-down collar, and the dangling watch-chains.

Under-clothing was almost dispensed with, and a paucity of under-clothing is a feature of the present day.

There appears to be no disposition to adopt the narrow skirt, though the distinct trains are coming in. In those days it was a study to slip these trains gracefully over the arm or under the belt.

The short spencers were cut so low that a scarf ready to throw over the shoulders became a necessity.

At the present moment it is the Directoire coat in various forms that we are chiefly adopting, and the left-hand in our first illustration gives a good idea of one of the best adaptations. The bodice and back of the skirt form the coat, the side pieces are all cut in one, but at the back a short basque is introduced and trimmed with fur, matching the turn-down collar and the cuff. There is a band of fur bordering either side of the skirt portion, which is just long enough to show a pleating supposed to denote a dress beneath, but this is often a mere delusion, the impression being derived from some of the material gathered or kilt-pleated at the edge of the coat. Cords are carried across the front of the bodice, which ends just below the waist; the front is of striped velvet, with a tunic falling in a point in the centre, having five pleats at either side. The muff is made to match the hat. Every toilette would seem to be sent home thus complete, rather a costly plan. The shape of the hat is altogether new, it forms an arch over the face, the brim widening in the centre, where it is cloven. The hat, which is felt, is lined beneath with a darker tone of velvet, and this covers the brim, which turns up over the face; the crown is almost hidden by ostrich feathers, in front of which is a looped bow.

The Empire styles are admirable when they are applied to evening dresses for young girls. Many of these are made of soft Oriental silk, with very wide waist-bands, the bodices being composed of crossed draperies, meeting back and front, drawn up high on the shoulders.

At this season cloaks which completely envelop the figure are almost a necessity, and they are made in a number of materials, plain cloths, and figured as well as frisé velvets, rough cloths, and house-flannel serge. The second figure in our illustration wears a cloak which is an admixture of plain cloth dyed to look as much like leather as it can well do, and a heavy make of cloth with raised diamonds of velvet in the centre, and lines of colour enclosing these same diamonds. It is elaborately lined with silk. The skirt is made unusually ample. The plain colour forms the front, the centre of the back, the wide cuffs, from which hang ends of ribbon, and the cape. It is in this cape that the most novel feature of the garment is shown. Contrary to precedent, it is gathered at the throat, and turned up at the edge; narrow in front, widening towards the centre of the back; and round the throat is an officer's collar of fur, which is lined with satin and can be detached if desired. These collars often fasten beneath the head of a skunk or other fur-bearing animal. The cut of the mantle is calculated to show off the figure to the best advantage, it fits the waist in the back, and is so shaped in front that it gives the impression of slimness. The hat has the brim lined with velvet, but is turned up only at the back, which shows the hair off well; and the bows of ribbon are mostly collected at the back, with a few flowers in front.

Our springs are often cold, and many mantles now are not only lined with fur, but have huge roll collars of fur, which taper to a point and cross each other. The curled astrakan and otter are the favourite furs for this style. Scouring-serge is a good useful material, especially smart-looking in red. It is often lined with a black-and-red checked silk; the front turns back the entire length to show the silk, which also appears as the lining to the hood, the collar and cuffs.

A VICTIM OF THE WINTER.

The skirts are very ample, and three wide box-pleats are introduced in the back. Long pointed sleeves, lined with handsome silk, have fur tails or balls at the point.

For those women who like short cloaks, there is quite a new idea in a species of cape which comes below the waist, edged with close-set pear-shaped drops covered with crochet, and apparently falling over an under-mantle bordered with fur; and indeed in front the double garment does exist, and takes the form of a close-fitting fur-bordered jacket. For softness, lightness, and warmth, nothing excels the black goat's-hair cloth, which is striped, and has upstanding hairs like vicuna; it is made into long mantles with sling sleeves trimmed with velvet.

Politics have been inimical this winter in Paris to trinkets, and indeed to dress generally. Those who spend from a mere love of spending, and not because they actually want what they buy, have held their hands lately, and these are a great source of profit to the seller. Luxuries are offered at a low price, which does not argue well for the general prosperity.

Money does not go so far as it did, and yet materials are cheaper than last year; silk has depreciated in value, woollens are not so costly as they were a decade ago, and cottons are reasonable, even when made up, which last fact tells of sad suffering to the poor seamstress.

II.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

The women who can make their own dresses should certainly have profited by the January sales at all the large metropolitan drapers'. Fabrics really worth having, good in texture and colour, just as likely to be the height of the fashion for twelve months, have been sold at a reasonable, perhaps unreasonable reduction; and most handsome gowns, which would present the appearance of having cost many pounds, might thus be contrived for a mere trifle, only they should be well made. The present styles help the home dressmaker. The draperies are no longer complicated; tucks are not difficult to manage; and these are often the only adornment at the back of the upper skirt, or they are carried round the foundation skirt; the sashes

and wide belts make the arrangement of the bodices simple. Indeed, some are made with invisible fastenings at the side, over which two pieces, gathered on the shoulder, simply cross beneath the belt. Cloth gowns are just draped and show pinked-out edges, and sometimes panels of a lighter tone. With a good sketch of the style required, there ought to be no difficulty whatever in making exactly the dress needed, always being sure that the design is simple; failure too often ensues from attempting too much.

Tea-gowns require some skill in draping the fronts. The backs are nearly always Princess, with or without a Watteau pleat, and the last idea in these said pleats, which emanates from the artistic dressmakers, is to drape the pleat from either shoulder something like the style of a Greek dress, raising the points and lowering the centre.

Mothers with daughters coming out do well to have one or two good evening dresses to start with from a first-rate dressmaker, and then these same bodices, really well made, answer for several skirts afterwards. The foundation skirt should be retained or copied, and a full skirt of soft silk, cut longer than required, may be caught up carelessly with windmill rosettes of ribbon here and there. These soft China silks are most inexpensive, and really answer well for constant evening wear. Panier puffings are easy to arrange, and are worn, but they only suit slim figures. Be sure, however, that good strong stitches and thread are used to fix these draperies, or all the effect is lost. Ribbons in horizontal lines give much firmness to thin fabrics, and are very much the fashion, especially for the front of evening gowns; watered and moire ribbons and silk being especially in favour. Matrons are wearing one side of the skirt entirely covered with close-set roses—a very graceful idea.

We have selected for illustration two simple gowns, one of which, at all events, might be adapted, if required, to quiet evening wear. Both of them are very easily draped, one in quite the old style of an under-skirt and an over-skirt, the upper portion kept down on one side by a velvet bow, and the back apparently allowed to follow its own sweet will as far as the folds go. The bodice is one which suits the figure admirably. It is modelled somewhat after the order of a stay bodice, à la Suisse, ending at the bust and opening over a stomacher of pleats with two horizontal bands of velvet; the pleats are continued to the throat, where they disappear in a velvet band; and two velvet braces, ending at the bust, give a certain depth of colour and outline; the sleeves are of the coat order, with bands of velvet at the cuffs.

AN ADAGIO.

The violinist wears a gown made in two colourings, the darker showing in the pleating at the foot, the full upper skirt ending in a narrow gathered flounce with heading; over this is a drapery of the darker shade, which meets one of the lighter in the exact centre of the skirt, and is tied in a knot, the back drapery being divided in the same way. The edge of the bodice is outlined with a cross-cut band of the dark shade, which is also draped about the heart-shaped opening of the bodice and the cuffs. It can be carried out in the fashionable soft China silks which have completely taken the place of nun's veiling, or in some of the fancy woollens and barèges, as well as in poult de soie of two colours, or silk and velvet. An amateur with a dress-stand could arrange such drapery, and there is no excuse for not having one, as the wicker stands only cost a few pence, and can be bought anywhere.

Polonaises are to be the special spring fashion, and some our leading tailors are making the skirts and bodices in one, the bodice part buttoning diagonally below the waist, and the skirt opening here and there to show a panel of contrasting material. They are all bouffant at the back, and there is an inclination to fasten the entire bodice diagonally. Fur is used now for trimming, but in a few weeks plain stitching will be considered enough, or braidings, which are more and more elaborate and are carried

out in Russian braid with a tinsel thread interwoven, and with thick cord.

Children's frocks are very simple for the moment, and thousands are being sold in the form of jerseys, with the beaver lining, to the edge of which a little box-pleated skirt of some serviceable woollen is sewn. Sailor dresses, even for girls, are constantly worn, the kilt-pleated skirt rendering them simple; and the long loose dresses in wool or silk, with smocked yokes, and smocking at the shoulders and cuffs of the sleeves, make the easiest-worn and healthiest of costumes. Some of the most artistic folks do not confine them in any way, but a sash round the waist makes them more generally acceptable; two or three buttons at the back are the only fastenings necessary. At all risks, mothers should take care to keep their children warm; cold is a very general source of illness, and this should be taken into consideration in choosing head-gear. A woollen hat made to match the dress, soft and not too weighty, may be made picturesque, and it keeps the little one warm.

Whether entirely woollen under-wear be essential, must be left to medical authorities, but of a truth some woollen under-garment should of necessity be worn next the skin, and thought should be bestowed on keeping the feet warm.

One little hint is worth mentioning: to render the foundation of plainly-made dresses firm, both for children and adults, dressmakers are lining them entirely with horsehair, thereby supporting the upper draperies. Balayeuses are now more often made of pinked-out silk than of muslin.

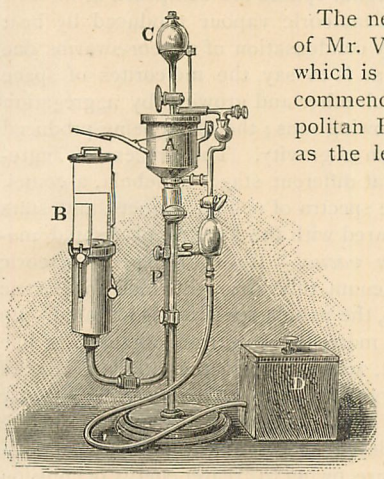
The mousse-greens are still most fashionably worn, and blend well with crimson velvet, for evening wear; try this combination, and you will find yourself the possessor of one of the most effective dresses in the room.

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

The New Standard Lamp.



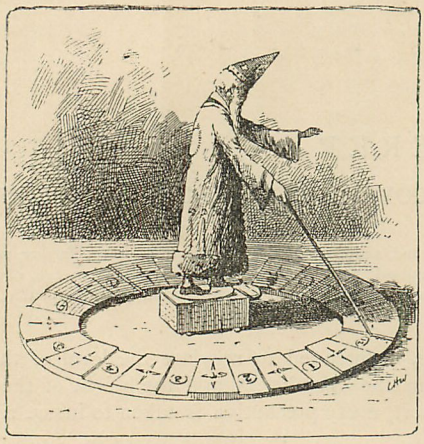
The new pentane lamp of Mr. Vernon Harcourt, which is the standard recommended to the Metropolitan Board of Works, as the legal standard in the United Kingdom, is illustrated herewith. Liquid pentane is put into the chamber, A, where it is volatilised and mixed with air. The mixed gases flow down the pipe, P, to the burner, B, where they are consumed. When the pentane and air are mixed in definite proportions a flame 2½ inches high gives the light of the average standard candle. The size and construction of the lamp are such as always to give this height of flame. The supply of oil is kept up by causing the pentane to drop from the reservoir, C, into the mixing chamber, A, and the rate of dropping is specially regulated. This supply can be cut off altogether by the stop-cock shown below the reservoir. The screw on the top of the box, D, which is connected to the lamp by rubber tubing, is intended to regulate the level of the pentane in the chamber, A, and the height of the flame. In short, every precaution is taken to insure a steady light.

The platinum standard light of M. Violle is known to be difficult of reproduction, and this is a drawback to its practical use. Mr. Dibdin, however, the Chemist to the Metropolitan Board of Works, has tried with promising success a modification of it, in which a piece of platinum foil is heated to its melting point by means of the oxy-hydrogen flame. The foil is placed behind a steatite screen perforated with an aperture smaller than the portion of platinum actually incandescent. The oxy-hydrogen flame is gradually increased until the platinum foil melts. When this occurs the oxygen is turned off, and a fresh portion of the foil, which is carried on two rollers, one on each side of the aperture, is brought into position, and a second experiment made. Successive readings are then obtained in rapid succession. The foil is wider than the portion actually perforated by the intense heat, so that by turning a winch-handle a fresh surface is almost instantly obtained. The operations involved in testing are making about a quarter of a turn of the winch-handle, and turning the oxygen on and off. The aperture of the steatite perforation is about one-fifth of an inch in diameter, and allows light equal to a little more than two candles to pass to the photometer disc. The spectroscope shows that the spectrum of the light is brilliant in all its parts. The

amyl acetate flame is deficient in violet rays ; the pentane, Methven, Keates, and candle standards give spectra practically alike. Some candles, however, show sodium bands, owing to borax in the wicks.

Lighting Watch-Dials.

A French inventor has applied the miniature electric incandescent lamp to watch-dials : the current being supplied by a small pocket-battery. The dial is of ground glass, and the lamp behind it lights it up : the effect being enhanced by a flat reflector. A key is included in the circuit to close the current when the light is required. It is obvious that there are circumstances in which such a device will be useful, and where it is inexpedient to strike a light to see the time—such places as mines, or in military operations. The apparatus is equally applicable to clocks.



The Magnetic Oracle.

An ingenious scientific toy of French device is illustrated in the accompanying figure. The way to make the "oracle" speak is to write on twelve cards the questions desired, of a historical, geographic, scientific, or other nature. One of the company takes a card at random, and reads out the question on it. The card is then placed under the wizard's feet in a groove made to receive it, and at once the wizard turns round, and after a few sways points with the rod to a number on the circle round him. Upon referring to this number on a printed list the correct answer is obtained. By varying the questions and answers an indefinite number of replies can be given. The result is brought about by a vertical U-shaped magnet, under the robes of the wizard, having the two poles at the base of his figure. In each of the cards supplied there is concealed another magnet, in the form of a straight rod. Each of these magnets occupies a different position in the card containing it from the position of the rest. The consequence is that each card, when placed in the receptacle provided for it at the feet of the wizard, causes the latter to turn on his pivot by attraction between the magnet in the card and the magnet concealed under his robes. The wizard oscillates till the contrary poles of these magnets are opposite each other, and the divining rod now indicates the corresponding number of the answer. It is to be understood that the circle is properly marked beforehand from the list of questions supplied.

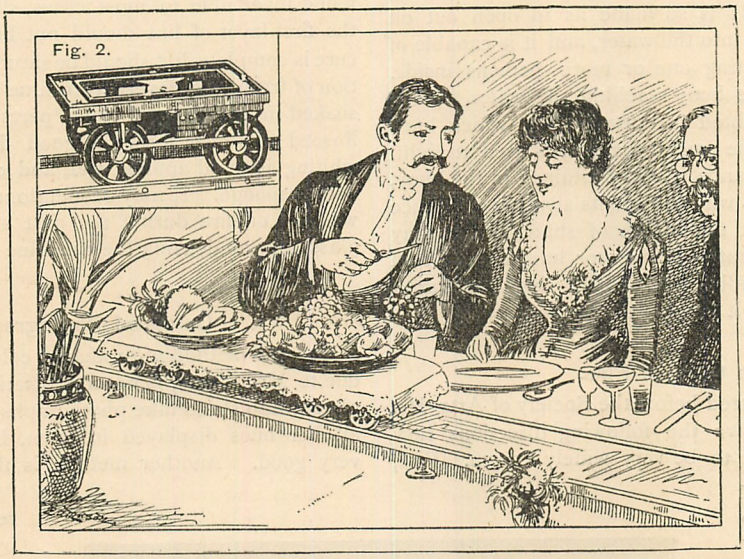
An Electric Kettle.

A kettle heated by electricity has been brought out in America, and may be mentioned as a curiosity in science. The kettle has a thick bottom, in which is placed an electromagnet. Alternating currents of electricity, that is to say, currents which rapidly change in direction, are sent through the wire of this electromagnet, and as a consequence the iron core of the latter becomes heated by what are technically called the "Foucault currents," generated in it. These induced currents heat the iron, and so warm the water in the kettle, like a fire under it. It will be seen that this is quite a different device from the electric heaters already brought out, in which the heat was obtained by passing the current through a resistance coil of wire.

The Growth of Suns.

Mr. J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S., has recently advanced a hypothesis of the constitution of the heavenly bodies, which, if not exactly novel, is nevertheless supported by him with an array of knowledge and experiments which has not before been brought to back it up. The hypothesis is to the effect that meteorites are the raw materials of nebulæ, suns, and planets. To give Mr. Lockyer's own words, "All self-luminous bodies in the celestial spaces are composed of meteorites, or masses of meteoric vapour produced by heat brought about by condensation of meteor-swarms due to gravity." That is to say, the meteorites of space colliding with each other and growing by aggregation finally become glowing suns ; their heat being produced through the action of gravity. The process of aggregation produces at different stages a nebula, a comet, and a star. The spectra of nebulæ, comets, and stars have been compared with the spectra of heated meteoric matter *in vacuo*. By warming a meteoric fragment in a vacuum tube through which an electric discharge passes, the nebula spectrum is imitated. By warming it still more, the spectrum obtained is like that of a comet, when nearest the sun, and that of certain fixed stars. A comet is thus regarded as a star which has come within the sun's attraction ; and the stars are considered as essentially similar, but at a higher temperature, owing to greater energy of collision amongst the meteoric matter composing it. As the mass grows by accretion the temperature rises until the mass is volatilised into a globe of incandescent vapour, as for example Sirius. After this the orb cools slowly, and solidifies. Our sun is in this stage, its temperature being estimated at rather more than that of the electric arc. Mr. Lockyer estimates that the nebulæ and distant comets have about the same temperature as the Bunsen gas-burner ; while some of the younger stars have something like that of the Bessemer converter. Some suns are known which appear

to have a temperature about that of the oxy-hydrogen light, or even the Bunsen flame. Moreover, it is believed that certain unknown bodies which perturb Sirius may be stars which have cooled to obscurity. Mr. Lockyer's hypothesis, or rather the hypothesis which he has adopted, should, of course, only be taken as a hypothesis. It may in time give place to another, or be itself modified. He has, however, developed it with persuasive skill. Time will show whether his deductions will stand the test of further investigations.



AN ELECTRIC TABLE WAITER.

Being Invisible.

The recent researches of MM. Alfred Binet and Charles Féré have brought out the fact that a hypnotised subject can be made to awaken from the trance, and see every one present except any person she is instructed, whilst in the trance, not to see. For the subject that person does not exist, and if he stands in the way, or touches the subject, the latter does not perceive him. The fact calls to mind the old tales of invisible persons, and the secret of fern-seed. A still more remarkable result of the experiments of these gentlemen is, however, the fact that a hypnotised patient can be instructed to commit a crime, no matter what, and will execute the command, several days after the suggestion is made, in a manner showing originality and device. This startling discovery has led the investigators to propose that hypnotised criminals ought to be treated like insane criminals by society, in self-defence.

An Electric Table Waiter.

A French gentleman, M. Gaston Menier, has introduced a novelty into his dining-room in the shape of a miniature electric railway, which runs along the centre of the dinner-table, and guides a small waggon bearing the dish to be served to the guests. As will be seen from Fig. 1, the track forms a "circular" railway, which is about 115 millimètres (about 4½ inches) wide. The car (Fig. 2) is 75 centimètres (about 29 inches) long, and 22 centimètres (about 8½ inches) wide. It is carried by two bogies, one of which is seen in the right-hand corner of Fig. 2. A tiny electric motor is attached to one of the bogies, and drives the car by means of electricity drawn from conductors according to the well-known Siemens system. The speed of the car can be varied from 10 centimètres (nearly 4 inches) to 1 mètre (rather over a yard) a second; and the car, which weighs 7 kilogrammes (about 15 lbs.) empty, is capable of carrying a load of 25 kilogrammes (about 55 lbs.)—for example, a fish with sauce-bowl. By means of this device the table can be served without personal attendance, the car being controlled by the host. The track is mounted on oak-wood, which raises it about 10 centimètres (4 inches) above the level of the table.

Keeping Preserved Fruit.

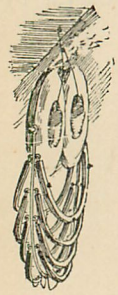
Professor Tyndal has shown that atmospheric germs do not pass through a layer of cotton wool; and the discovery has been applied to keep preserved fruit by covering the jar holding it with cotton batting. The germs of putrefaction in the fruit are said to be rendered harmless by cooking, and the cotton batting keeps out those of the air.

The Opsiometer.

The "Opsiometer" is a new instrument for testing the eyesight. It consists of a mahogany case with two front eye-holes, behind which are two travelling bands mounted on rollers. These bands have holes in which different lenses are fitted, and the person whose sight is to be tested looks through the holes and lenses at

printed matter behind. The lens proper to the impaired vision of the observer is at once found in this way, for both or for either eye. The lenses are shifted in the opsiometer by means of the rollers and the travelling bands.

A New Life-Buoy.

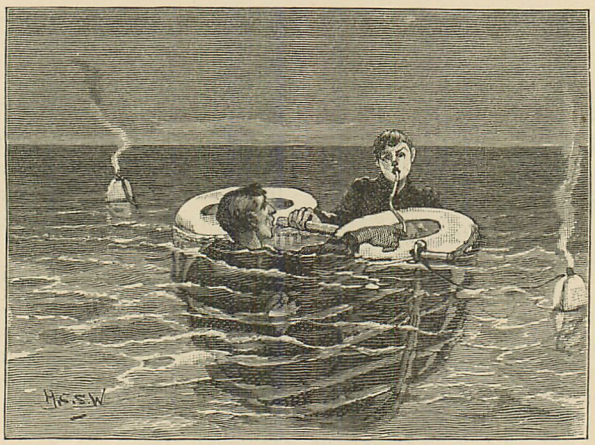


IN RESERVE.

A new life-buoy is shown in our illustrations, both when in use and when hung up. It is so made as to open out on falling into the water, and it is capable of supporting one or more persons inside. On the buoy reaching the water signals are lighted instantaneously, which burn for some time, if the buoy is used at night. Sustenance is also contained in the buoy, and, as will be seen, its shape is a defence against the attack of sharks. We may add that the inventor has also devised a sounding-lead, which rings an alarm-bell on board when it reaches the bottom.

In Case of Fire.

In a lecture delivered before the Society of Arts, Mr. A. W. C. Shean gave the following directions how to act, which ought to be very widely known. Fire, he pointed out, requires air to feed it, therefore on its appearance every effort should be made to exclude the air from it, by shutting all doors and windows in the house. By this means it may be confined to a single room for a time sufficient to allow all inmates to be aroused and escape. If the doors and windows are, on the contrary, thrown open, the fire will be fanned by the draught, and increase rapidly. It must never be forgotten that the most precious moments are at the beginning of the fire, and that not a moment should be lost in dealing with it. In a room a table-cloth can be used to smother a large sheet of flame, and a pillow to beat it out. So also with a coat or other such article. The great point is presence of mind, calmness in danger, action guided by reason and thought. In all large houses buckets of water should be placed on every landing, a little salt being put in the water. Always endeavour to attack the bed of a fire. A wet silk handkerchief tied over the face will make breathing possible in the midst of dense smoke, and a blanket wetted and wrapped round the body will enable a person to pass through a sheet of flame in comparative safety. Should a lady's dress catch fire, let the wearer at once lie down. Rolling on the floor may extinguish it, but if not, any cloth (woollen preferred) wrapped tightly round the body will do so. As to burns, they become less painful when the air is excluded from them. For simple burns, oil or the white of an egg may be used. One part of carbolic acid to six parts of olive oil is found invaluable in most cases, slight or severe, and the first layer of lint should not be removed until the cure is complete, but should be saturated by the application of fresh outer layers from time to time. Linen rag, soaked in a mixture of equal parts of lime-water and linseed oil, also forms a good dressing. Common whiting is good applied wet, and continually damped with a sponge. It may be mentioned here that a shop was set on fire during the past summer by a large glass lens condensing the sunshine from without.



A NEW LIFE-BUOY.—IN USE.

Coloured Photographs.

The new method of producing coloured photographs, due to Mr. Mayall, is not a realisation of the dream of photographists to take photographs from nature with all her hues displayed in them, but the results are very good. Another method is that known as the "Cellerier - Parkes," recently illustrated by specimens in the Pall Mall Gallery. The colouring is effected by stripping the gelatine film on which the photograph is taken from its original support, colouring it, and replacing it on a backing of paper. Such "carbon" films are very durable, and the colours are protected by them from damp and injury. The nearest approach to actual colouring by the rays of light themselves is that made by Mr. Carey Lea, who has recently found certain silver salts which, when exposed to coloured light, tend to reproduce the colour of the light. It may be that further research in this direction will be rewarded with success.

The Ancient Porphyry Quarries.

The ancient porphyry quarries of Egypt worked by the Egyptians and the Romans are to be re-exploited by an Englishman, Mr. Brindley, who has acquired a concession from the Khedive. These quarries are situated beyond the watershed of the Nile valley, about

ninety-five miles from the river, and are reached by caravan journey from Keneh in travelling along the flank of the Gebel Dukhan. The great porphyry quarry is 3,650 feet above the level of the sea, and there are remains of an ancient town with workshops near it. Spotted and grey and brecciated porphyries are obtained from this part. Mr. Brindley intends to transport the porphyry to the Red Sea, a distance of twenty-five miles, instead of to the Nile as in ancient times. It may be mentioned that these quarries, long forgotten, were rediscovered by Burton and Wilkinson in 1823.

An Automatic Shop.

Automatic boxes for supplying cigarettes, chocolate, post-cards, &c., are now familiar to us ; but the principle of their action has been considerably extended in its application by a Manchester inventor who has, through the agency of an indicating dial and a revolving drum, produced what may be called an automatic shop. At present it is made to deliver twelve different kinds of sweetmeats, at the desire of the purchaser ; but various other modifications are possible. The apparatus is introduced into several of the District Railway stations. We may mention here that there is now an automatic perfume distributor of this class.

An Iron Bouquet.

Prince Bismarck has been presented with a fine specimen of the blacksmith's art by the workmen of the well-known Silesian rolling mills. It is a bouquet made of the fine iron plate produced by these mills. The bouquet is thirty inches in height, and composed of elder-flowers, buttercups, heliotrope, forget-me-nots, and other flowers, interspersed with maiden-hair fern, and surmounted by a branch of oak, surrounded by sprays of laurel and olive. The artistic design is due to Frau Christine Jauch, an artificial flower maker of Breslau.

We may add that another interesting example of art metal work has been executed lately by a blacksmith employed by the Simonds Rolling Machine Company, of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, U.S. It is a steel goblet forged by hand from a solid piece of 1½ inch round steel, and without the use of any boring tools. The stem is six-sided, slender, and gracefully curved, the body very thin and even ; the hammer-marks being hardly perceptible.

Scented Fans.

Perfumed fans are now in fashion at Paris. The framework is made of rose, lemon, or sandal wood, which, on being warmed by the air of a room, gives out an agreeable fragrance.

A New Electric Target.

Some trials have been made at Washington of a new shooting-target which announces the position of the shot by electricity. The target is like other targets in front, but has a series of pendulums behind which are set in vibration by the impetus of the shots, and, in moving, make electric contacts which telegraph the position of the shot to an indicating apparatus at the firing-stand, which is connected to the stand by seven wires. It is intended to save time and money in rifle practice.

Safe Drawers.

Mr. E. A. Sharp has devised a set of receptacles, such as drawers and letter-boxes, which have the merit of safe-guarding their contents from being abstracted. The device is simple, and consists in forming the drawer so that when it is drawn out to admit anything —for example, a letter—the article falls to the bottom, and when it is closed again the article is ejected, by a slot in the bottom, into an under receptacle, which can be kept under lock and key. Money can thus be put by any one into a "safety-till," but cannot be taken out again without the key of the under receptacle. It is to be understood that the drawer only opens out sufficiently to admit the article, which falls down an incline in the first place, and when the drawer is closed, is pushed into the under box. The accompanying figure (Fig. 1) shows one of these boxes fitted to act as an external letter-box, while Fig. 2 shows one of the safety-tills.

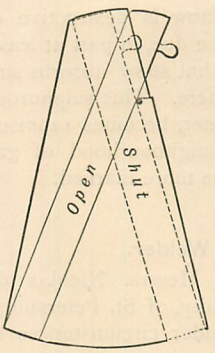


FIG. 1.

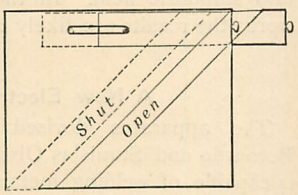


FIG. 2.

A Ship Stop-gap.

Owing to the great speed of steam-ships the risk of collision is very great, and the device of Mr. Mackie for preventing the inflow of water when a ship is pierced, is deserving of commendation. It consists of a strong water-proof sheet mounted on a frame and drawn over the fracture. The stop-gap is properly strengthened, and, when removed, all the parts fold up for stowage. When placed over the fracture, the device has the appearance of an inverted box ; and it permits the damage to be temporarily repaired.

A New Illuminant.

The "Hydro-photogene" light, recently introduced, is similar to the "Lucigen" light. The oil used is that tar-like residuum which is difficult to dispose of. It is forced into a combustion chamber by water-pressure, and there transformed into inflammable gases which, when mixed with air, burn with a white blaze. The new illuminant is used for lighting factory-yards, engineering works, and the like. The cost of the tar-like oil is 1d. per gallon, and a gallon will burn for two hours with a light equal to that of 2,000 candles. The apparatus is compact and portable.

Burmese Fibres.

Burmah abounds in fibre-producing plants; the bamboo, China grass, and pine-apple yielding fibres which resemble silk, and require very little chlorine in bleaching. It is probable that a large manufacturing industry will spring up from the treatment of these and other fibres. At present the fibres mentioned are woven into cloth, like silk, by Chinamen in Bhamo, and sold in Rangoon.

Snow and Marble.

It has been observed that snow is destructive of marble statuary: and this may be due, in part at least, to the recently discovered fact that snow absorbs sulphurous acid from the atmosphere. This sulphurous acid, according to Herr Sendtner, becomes ozonised into sulphuric acid. In the neighbourhood of gas works the results are likely to be more marked.

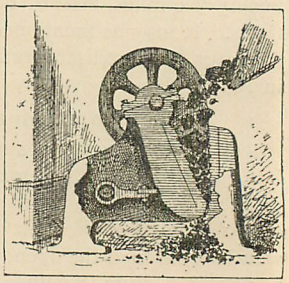
A New Electric Welder.

The apparatus devised by Messrs. Nicolas de Bernardo and Stanislas Olszewaky, of St. Petersburg, is capable of welding metals under circumstances in which that of Professor Elihu Thomson cannot be used. The joint to be welded is in the new process connected to the negative pole of a dynamo, and a carbon pencil connected to the positive pole is brought close to it, so as to fuse the metals in the arc formed between the joint and the carbon. The current passes from the carbon to the metals. Any two dissimilar metals can be welded together in this way. An accumulator or battery may be used in the process instead of a dynamo,

as continuous currents are employed. Boiler plates, metal sheets, and metal castings can be repaired in this manner; metal plates can also be perforated by the arc, and it is remarkable that this operation can be carried on under water, as will be understood when it is remembered that the electric arc, unlike ordinary fire, can be produced under water. The accompanying figure is from a photograph taken when repairing a boiler, the operator holding the carbon in one hand, and a coloured glass to protect his eyesight in the other.

A Coal and Coke Crusher.

The apparatus which we illustrate is a simple but powerful little machine, known as the "Acme" stone-breaker, which can be used for stone-breaking, coal and coke crushing, bone breaking, and so on. It is, therefore, likely to be useful about a house or farm. It is capable of crushing the hardest granite, gold quartz, and other minerals. Coals and coke can be crushed by it to any required size. Bones can also be smashed for manure. The device is made of all sizes, from the small coal and coke breakers for household purposes, to ponderous twelve-ton machines for use in quarries.



Gas-lighted Buoys.

The Pintsch gas is succeeding very well as an illuminant for coast buoys and beacons in isolated places. The gas used is made from once-refined paraffin in a small gas-works fitted up in the locality. The gas is transferred to the receiver of the buoy in quantity sufficient to keep the buoy lighted for two months, burning day and night. The flame is protected by a lantern which is proof against wind and waves. Such buoys are placed at the "Ovens," Gravesend Reach, at the East Oare, Sheerness Middle, and Maplin Spit, all dangerous shoals at the entrance to the Thames. The authorities of the Mersey and Clyde navigation have also adopted the buoys at difficult points of navigation. The Garmoyle lightship is now lighted by gas, and the expense of a crew saved. The system is also in use in many other countries.

For Girls and Boys.

Only too often is the store of new books exhausted before the long evenings are gone; but this season the supply seems likely to hold out. For girls we have "The Palace Beautiful," by L. T. Meade (Cassell), a charming story that is sure to be popular. And for boys we have from the same source a new edition of "King Solomon's Mines," with illustrations by Walter Paget, which promise to make it a greater favourite than ever with boys.

The Old World and the New.

This is the tercentenary year of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and there is special interest attaching, therefore, to a story of the days of Drake. In "For God and Gold" (Macmillan) we have what purports to be a record of the adventures of Mr. Jasper Festing in the train of Sir Francis Drake upon the

disastrous expedition against Nombre de Dios. We could wish that the incident on which the plot of the story is pivoted had been less open to objection, but the tale is bright and stirring. It is interesting to note that we have in this book, for the first time so far as our reading of stories of this period goes, a recognition of the fact that other than West-countrymen took part in these voyages to the then "New World."

New Games.

A collection of new "Games of Patience," by Lady Adelaide Cadogan, is issued by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. in a very attractive form. New games are always interesting, and there seem to be very good points in some of the pretty games suggested in this work. The author's aim has been rather to give an outline than a finished form, and so her models are capable of a wide variety in treatment.

"Beauty and the Beast."

An old favourite has been revived by Messrs. Field and Tuer, in "Beauty and the Beast," reprinted in a facsimile reproduction of the type and illustrations of the original edition. The work is accompanied by a preface from Mr. Andrew Lang, who points out that Charles Lamb's title to the authorship of the work is by no means clear. The quaint illustrations are singularly well copied. Mr. Fisher Unwin sends us a second edition of Mr. Palmer Cox's very clever work, "The Brownies: their Book," which would make a handsome birthday gift for any little one.

The Story of the Irish People.

Everybody has heard of the Irish family in whose pedigree occurred a mysterious break, explained by the legend, "About this time the world was created." In her admirable volume on "Ireland," recently published by Mr. Fisher Unwin in the "Stories of the Nations" series, the Hon. Emily Lawless does not take us quite so far back in Irish history as this family claimed to do. But, as she opens her story with "Primeval Ireland," and concludes with the record of the General Election of 1886, she may be fairly supposed to have covered all the safe ground of her subject. Ireland is so prominently to the fore in the public mind just now, and her story is so deeply involved in the clouds of party-warfare, that we are glad to welcome this impartial story of her people and soil.

Life in a New Settlement.

So many Englishmen have gone out to the States to seek a new home in one or other of the settlements there, that a special interest attaches to "Harmonia," a story by the author of "Estelle Russell"—which Messrs. Macmillan have recently published—apart altogether from the by no means inconsiderable claims of the tale itself on our attention. Life in Harmonia, which is the name of the new settlement, must have been charmingly Arcadian in some respects, and disagreeably prosaic in others, yet all the settlers of whom we read seem to have got on well in it, on the whole. There is really no plot to this story, but rather a number of plots grouped round the story of the retired naval officer and his wife who are the nominal hero and heroine of the work. In an English clergyman, Mr. Denning, who is one of the settlers, we have glimpses of a strikingly beautiful character, and one not likely to be soon forgotten.

Poet and Wit.

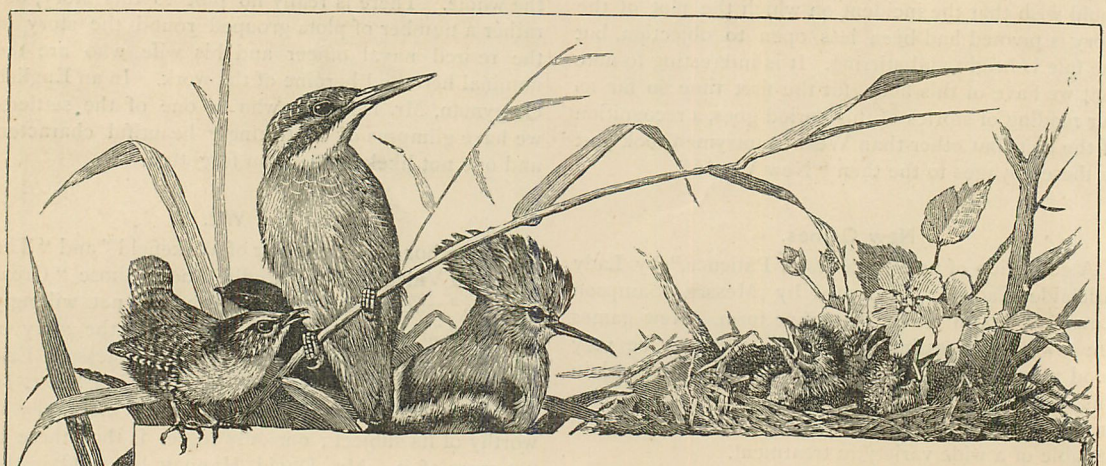
The author of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Deserted Village" is assuredly among those "Great Writers" whose fame Englishmen will not willingly let die. Mr. Austin Dobson has told the story of Goldsmith's chequered career, in Professor Eric Robertson's series, published by Mr. Walter Scott. In wealth of anecdote this interesting little biography is worthy of its subject; our only regret is that there is not more of it. Mr. David Hannay has told in the same series the life-story of another writer, Smollett, whose work is now but little read. And it is, indeed, better so, for it is totally at variance with all our modern ideas and modes of thought.

Pen and Pencil.

The Japanese style of printing on one side of the paper only, and binding the sheets so that the folded edges are outermost, has been adopted with great success in Mr. Walter Crane's very clever little book, "Legends for Lionel" (Cassell), in which he is both author and artist. A more attractive gift-book for children it would be difficult to find, and we heartily endorse Mr. Crane's wish that "Legends for Lionel" may become "Legends for Legions of Lionels." A more ambitious gift-book, but for older readers, is "Treasures of Art and Song," which is published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran, and Co. The work is arranged by Mr. R. Ellice Mack, and includes contributions of original verse from Mr. F. E. Weatherly and other writers, and pictures by Mr. G. Clausen, Miss Gow, Miss Dicksee, and other artists of note. The illustrations are produced by photogravure, and the result is a most handsome and tasteful work.

Adventures on the Congo.

There is so much interest attaching to the Congo at the present time, and to its great explorer, Mr. H. M. Stanley, that we are glad to welcome Colonel Knox's book, "The Boy Travellers on the Congo" (Sampson Low and Co.), written at Mr. Stanley's suggestion, to convey to younger readers the information which he himself gave their elders in "Through the Dark Continent." Colonel Knox has done his work well, and the result is a handsome volume, sure to please the boy-public. To say that a story is from the pen of the author of "Lorna Doone" is in itself a high recommendation, but "Springhaven" (same publishers) has other and strong claims on our attention. There are incidents in the story of which we cannot approve, but it is a stirring story of the troublous times when England dreaded an invasion by Bonaparte.



A CRUEL FASHION.

AGAIN? yes, "again!" fair Ladies of Fashion,
The cries of young birds must claim your compassion;
But the voice of the bird
Can scarcely be heard
Across the wild ocean from Florida's State.
These voices so weak
An advocate seek,
And their case is so hard
That the voice of a bard
Is raised to rouse pity before 'tis "too late."
Hear the absolute facts—
Think awhile of the acts
Of wanton destruction, slow torture, and pain;
When helpless young things,
With no strength in their wings,
Are left wailing with hunger till savagely slain.

For a merciless brute
From his ambush will shoot
Both parents whilst tending and feeding their young,
To adorn your costumes
With the poor osprey's plumes.
Such rascals would surely deserve to be hung,
If yet once again, fair Women of Fashion,
Your hearts could be stirred by a thrill of compassion;
But whi'st callous and cold
You reward him with gold
For bringing fine feathers, and starving young birds,
The temptation is strong,
And 'tis you do the wrong;
So, before you buy feathers, just think of these words—

For one moment suppose
A great demon arose
Gigantic in stature, with pitiless stare,
And with horrible skill
To capture or kill,
Shot you dead through the heart for the sake of your hair—
That your beautiful hair
Some lady might wear
In her hat or her bonnet, in some distant clime,
Some Lady of Fashion,
Devoid of compassion—
Would not this seem to *you* a most hideous crime?
Especially when
You knew that strange men
Would starve your young children or fling them to beasts—
As these ruffians now do
When encouraged by you
To send you fine feathers to wear at your feasts.

Do not think it absurd
That the fate of the bird
May be yours in that future where wrongs are set right.
You could not complain
If you shared the same pain
Inflicted by others to give you delight;
Then, fair Ladies of Fashion,
Awake to compassion,
Love the glad life of birds far better than vanity;
Hark! the song they are singing,
Through heaven's gate ringing—
"There is nothing so lovely as woman's humanity."

WM. A. GIBBS.

A. Thorburn.

BY MISADVENTURE.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "Harlowe's Helpmate," "Hidden Gold," "The Great Hesper," &c.

"Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils."—MILTON.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

I TELL A STORY WITH A MORAL.

I SHOULD like to know what you would have done, seeing an honest man — so honest as to be devoid of suspicion— bamboozled and cheated by a lying, subtle rascal on the other side of a half-glazed door with a taffety blind. If you are an ordinary person, with an ordinary love of truth and an ordinary hatred of deceit, I'll be bound you would have flung open that door and told simple Dr. Awdrey that Lynn Yeames was a liar and a cheat, and proclaimed all you knew about him and his motives; but if you are like me, a wily old lawyer, you would have done nothing of the kind. For Dr. Awdrey believed that my prejudice against Lynn Yeames amounted to a mania; I had no proof whatever to substantiate a charge against him, and in the absence of proof Dr. Awdrey would be fully justified in believing a trusted friend in preference to a biassed lawyer. How could I prove that he knew nothing about the will before his mother telegraphed to him after the reading of it? I could only declare that he did not know; he could declare that he did. He had ingenuity to invent reasons as good for his knowing the fact, as those I could produce to show that he was ignorant of the real truth. In a case of hard swearing the judge must lean towards the side which seems least capable of duplicity, and it would go hard with the lawyer in such a case.

These conditions decided me to leave the half-glazed door as it was, and to seek some more than ordinary means of discomforting an extraordinary rascal.

I felt sure of this—that Dr. Awdrey would insist upon Lynn going at once and telling his story to his sweetheart; and it seemed to me that the best thing I could do was to go to Flexmore House beforehand and prevent Mr. Lynn deceiving Miss Dalrymple as he had deceived Dr. Awdrey.

"Mrs. Guttridge," said I to my housekeeper, who is a careful woman, and delivers messages correctly, "I can't wait any longer; I don't wish to disturb Dr. Awdrey and his friend, who seem to be having a nice little chat. If they ask for me, you will say that I had an appointment to keep, but that I shall be at home from nine till twelve to-morrow morning."

With that I trotted off to Flexmore House as fast as my legs would carry me; but there was plenty of time to think on the way, and I had plenty to think about.

How was I to warn Miss Dalrymple? To tell her bluntly that her lover was a scamp would not do. Her love would only strengthen in defending him against his accuser. She had already given me proof of this.

But did she still love him? Had she ever really loved him? I was inclined to answer *no* to both questions. I believed that as yet she had really loved no one. Yet I was not sufficiently sure to feel that I could with safety speak openly on the subject. And that is why I made up a fairy story—I could never have told it without premeditation—as I trotted on; yes, a fairy story—a pretty occupation for a lawyer, you will say.

They saw me, Nurse Gertrude and little Laure, from the drawing-room window as I came up the gravel path, and the child darted off to open the door, and both welcomed me with smiles on the threshold.

"We've been hoping you would come, and expecting you all the afternoon," said Laure. "We want to know when we are to pack up, and what to pack."

"I'll tell you all about that as soon as I've warmed myself by the fire," said I. "And warm myself I must, for I'm as cold as the lonely duckling in the fairy story."

You see I lost no time in leading up to my subject.

"You mean the ugly duckling—I've read about it in Hans Andersen's——"

"No; I mean the lonely duckling, not the ugly duckling," said I.

"I don't know that story. You shall tell it to me while you are warming yourself."

"So I will," said I very readily, for that was my purpose.

And after talking to Miss Dalrymple about the weather I took the arm-chair Laure had drawn in front of the fire, and rubbing my hands I pretended to be vastly comforted by the warmth—though, to tell the truth, I was not a bit cold after my quick trot.

Nurse Gertrude seated herself at the chimney-side, and Laure nestled against her shoulder, and a very pretty group they made in the twilight, with the glow of the fire upon their faces and hands.

"Tell me about that lonely duckling now," said the child; "this is just the time for a story."

"Yes," said I, "there couldn't be a better time for it. Well, this duckling was a poor, miserable, half-

fledged, helpless little thing, out alone on a common, and she kept standing on tiptoe, flapping her little wings and crying quack, quack, in the most piteous manner possible, for she was very hungry and very cold. I must tell you this was a little duckling, and not a drakeling, which accounts for her being particularly helpless and miserable in these circumstances. But it was no use her standing on tiptoe, for it did not enable her to see farther than the end of her beak, ducklings being naturally short-sighted, and it was no use flapping her wings, for they were not strong enough to fly with, and there was no one near to hear her cry quack, quack, and take pity on her. So she waddled on a little further until she ran smack up against a cocoanut, who was too intent upon business to get out of her way."

"What was the cocoanut doing?" asked Laure.

"Nothing; but he thought he was doing a good deal. That's the way with cocoanuts."

"'I beg your pardon, sir,' said the little duckling humbly, 'I'm very cold and hungry; could you give me something to eat, and put me under your wing for the night?'

"Now, the cocoanut was not a bad sort of fellow, though he'd worked himself bald, and was terribly hard and dry outside. Some people thought he was like that all through, and there was nothing in him; but they were mistaken, for there was some milk inside him, and that was the milk of human kindness; so he replied—

"'I'm very sorry, my dear, but I have moulted all my feathers, and I have so much business on hand that I can't spare time to look for food. However, if you go on a little further you'll find a sausage who'll help you, for he's full of goodness—great fat lumps of goodness—and he's very soft, and if he can't sit on you himself he will never rest till he's found some one who will.'

"Then the little duckling waddled on more hopefully than before till she ran against the sausage, who was standing on end dreaming with delight that he was frizzling in a frying-pan for somebody's benefit. He was ready to burst with goodness, and when he felt the duckling's beak strike him in the middle he thought it was the cook running a fork into him, and he spluttered in his sleep, 'Turn me over, and brown me on the other side.' With that he awoke, and, seeing the duckling, he pulled himself up straight in his skin and begged her to tell him if there was anything in the world he could do for her. The duckling told him what she wanted, and the sausage gave a great sigh, because he felt he was too big for the duckling to swallow whole, and he hadn't the power to cut himself up in bits, though he was ready to sacrifice himself for anybody."

"What a stupid old sausage he was!" said Laure.

"That's what the cocoanut thought; but he was so hard that he couldn't be expected to sympathise greatly with anything soft. However, the sausage was of some use, for he called a guinea-hen, who was only a shade less soft than himself, and very warm under her feathers. She undertook to take care of the duckling at once, and soon scratched and picked up a supper for her, after which she took the little duckling under her wing and watched over it with open eyes all night. Then in the morning she plumed the little thing's feathers, and took her for a walk in the sun, which had such a beneficial effect on her that she looked quite a nice little creature, and the hen was as proud of her as if she had been her own chick. As for the little duckling, now that she was warm and dry and well cared for, she was quite content, and resolved she would never, never stray away from the kind guinea-hen."

"That is not all, is it?" cried Laure, at this juncture.

"Oh, dear, no! We haven't come to the fox yet," said I.

"There was a fox then, eh? Oh, I don't like him."

"Nor do I. What is worse, there were two of them—an old vixen fox, and a young dog-fox." (Miss Dalrymple looked into the fire gravely.)

"It was the vixen who first found them out," I continued. "She was going over the downs one morning, as lean and hungry as could be, when she suddenly stopped and sniffed the air. 'I smell duckling,' said she; and then, creeping on a little further, she licked her skinny chops, and said, 'I smell guinea-fowl.' So she crawled on till she spied the two basking in the sun, as happy and unsuspecting as the old sausage hard by. But there stood the cocoanut, and the old vixen didn't like the look of him. She couldn't make him out at all, because cocoanuts are not often seen on the downs. So she slunk back to her hole, where the young dog-fox was yawning the top of his head off. 'Don't do that, you'll disfigure your pretty face,' said the old vixen.

"'I've got nothing else to do,' said the young dog-fox.

"'I'll tell you what you can do,' said the old vixen. 'There's a guinea-fowl and a young duckling on the downs; go and entice them home here, and we'll pick their bones together: there's a sausage as well—you might bring him home too, though I don't know whether he's very digestible; but, whatever you do, be careful of that brown thing like an overgrown egg, for I'm half afraid he's a gin in disguise, or perhaps a new kind of fox-hound.' She alluded to the cocoanut. 'You'll have to be very careful, and exceedingly cunning,' added the old vixen, in conclusion.

"The young dog-fox promised to be as sly as possible, and the vixen suffered him to go alone, for she had the greatest confidence in his ability as a fox. So off went the dog-fox, and when he came in sight of the guinea-hen, he put on the most innocent air in the world. He would have liked to pounce on the pair then and there, but he remembered what his mother had said about the new breed of fox-hound, and liked the look of the cocoanut no better than she did. Besides, he was not quite sure that the hen and duckling were real; they might only be put there as a bait to lure him into a trap. 'However,' thought he, 'if I can only get them away from this place, we'll soon see whether they're real or not by the cracking of their bones.' He took a roundabout

"'I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER'" (*p.* 193).

way, and coming up to them, grinned from ear to ear as he said 'Good morning.'

"At the sight of his teeth the little duckling ran under the guinea-hen, who bristled up her feathers, and looked as if she would call on the cocoanut for assistance.

"'Don't be alarmed,' said the dog-fox blandly, 'my intentions are strictly honourable. I only came to have a little rational conversation. I know I'm a fox, but I assure you I'm not foxy. My exterior may be unprepossessing, but I'm only a fox superficially; indeed, I think of turning myself inside out, to show that I'm more like a turtle-dove than anything else. What do you find to eat here?'

"'Not ducklings,' retorted the guinea-hen very pointedly.

"'Well, I'm glad of that. I hate eating duckling. Other foxes are partial to them; even my mother, who is a kind-hearted old vixen, might eat duckling at a pinch. I own that in my early days, when I knew no better, I did nibble a little bit of one myself. But I've grown out of that, being only a fox externally. I should like to live on barley and soaked bread, and stuff of that kind. One sees what a beneficial effect upon the mind such diet has. I quite believe that after I had got through a peck of barley and a quartern loaf, I should be quite a guinea-fowl.'

"'Do you, indeed?' said the guinea-hen, who was highly flattered by this compliment.

"'Oh, upon my word, I'm sure of it,' replied the dog-fox; 'ask my friend the sausage here what he thinks on the subject.'

"Now, the sausage, who would believe an addled egg to be good until it was broken, replied, 'I should be very sorry to say that a fox could not become a guinea-fowl if his heart is good; and if this gentleman says that his heart is good, it would be very wrong of us to treat him as if his heart were bad. His manner is certainly more fowl than fox.'

"'Oh! I should be a perfect fowl if I could only fly,

and I've not the slightest doubt I could learn the art in a brace of shakes, if you would only give me a few lessons,' said the dog-fox, with the sweetest bow to the guinea-hen. The guinea-hen was more pleased than ever with this testimony to her influence. She thought he must be good to say such nice things, especially as the sausage believed in him quite as much as she did.

"'Won't you come for a walk with me, and give me a lesson?' asked the dog-fox, seeing her smile; 'you can bring your little duckling with you.'"

"But she didn't go, did she?" asked Laure in turn.

"You'll see presently," said I. "The guinea-hen was much excited, but she was too prudent to go at once. However, she promised she would think it over, and let the dog-fox know next day. Whereupon, the dog-fox, not to alarm her by seeming too anxious, made a most polite bow, and went off, trying to look as much like a guinea-fowl as possible. Now he was just passing the cocoanut when he heard a voice say—

"'Mind the bones!'

"He looked round in surprise, and seeing nothing but the cocoanut, he said—

"'I beg your pardon, did you speak?'

"'Yes,' replied the cocoanut. 'Mind the bones don't stick in your throat and choke you.'

"'What bones?' asked the dog-fox, astonished.

"'The fish-bones, to be sure,' said the cocoanut.

"'What-fish bones?' asked the bewildered dog-fox.

"'Why, the bones of that sprat that the penny-hen is sitting on,' replied the other.

"'Sprat! Penny-hen!' exclaimed the dog-fox—'Upon my word, I don't understand you.'

"'That's not surprising,' retorted the cocoanut; 'for you're such a fool you've mistaken a sprat for a duckling, and a penny-hen for a guinea-hen. That's the way with you clever foxes, you're always getting into some trap or other.'

"Off went the dog-fox as fast as he could trot. On the road he encountered the old vixen.

"'You're a clever old dear, you are!' he cried angrily, 'to send me after a guinea-hen and a duckling, when there's nothing there but a sprat and a penny-hen.'

"And away he pelted to seek something more toothsome, and forget as quickly as possible all about poor guinea-hen, who was flattering herself with all sorts of pleasant visions with regard to the dog-fox she might transform into a guinea-fowl."

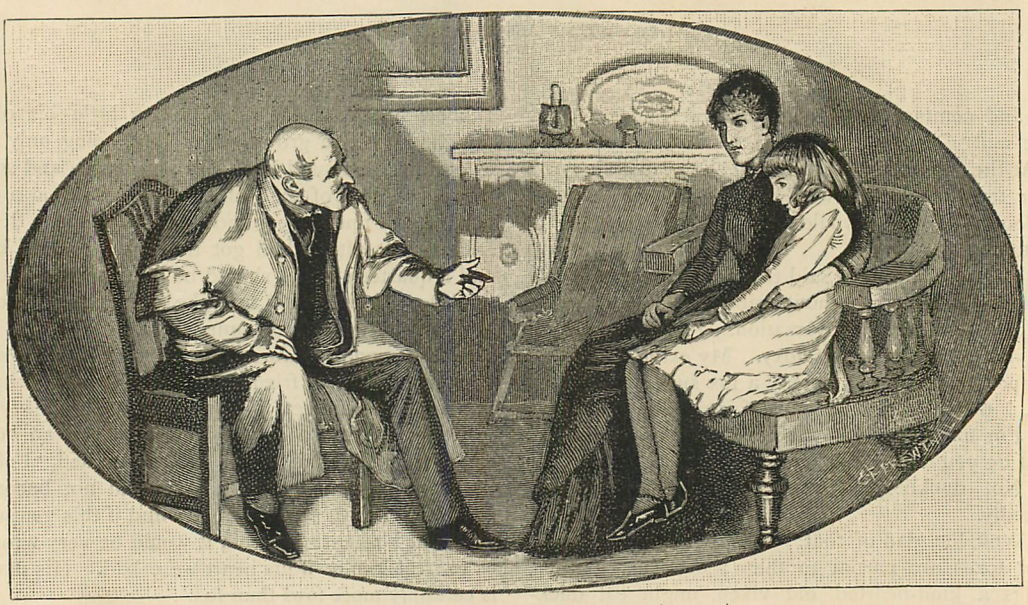
"Ah, that was a good thing," said Laure, clapping her hands. "That was a nice old cocoanut—very clever too, I think, don't you?"

"Oh, I have the highest opinion of his ability," I replied.

"Well, as soon as the dog-fox was gone, the old vixen started off to see what all this meant; and it was not long before she discovered the real state of the case, for there was the guinea-hen looking a little anxious and disappointed to be sure, but a real guinea-hen for all that, and not a penny hen; and as for the duckling, she was fatter and better-looking than ever. The only difference to be seen was in the condition of the sausage; he looked flabbier and paler than before, and I'll tell you how that came about. He was so anxious that the duckling should get fat, and that the guinea-hen should have no trouble to seek food for her, that he was shaking himself out of his skin that she might have plenty to eat."

"Oh, that stupid sausage—I've no patience with him!" said Laure.

"No more have I, my dear," I said. "But it pleased the old vixen mightily, for she saw that there would be a better picking than ever on the duckling. So away she scampered with her nose well out, sniffing the air till she got the scent (and a very nasty scent



"A VERY PRETTY GROUP THEY MADE" (p. 193).

it was, too) of master dog-fox, who was prowling round a yard in which there were dozens of fine fat geese.

"'Come away from there,' cried the old vixen, 'you are only wasting your time and losing an opportunity that does not often present itself. I'm surprised at you, a dog-fox, allowing yourself to be cheated by a cocoanut; but those foxes who are readiest to deceive others are only too prone to be themselves deceived. Go back and get that duckling before she's snapped up by some one else, and don't listen to anything the cocoanut may tell you about sprats and penny-hens. If you doubt my word, ask the sausage, who is too much of a fool to deceive any one but himself.'

"Off went the dog-fox with his tail between his legs, for he was ashamed to think he had been over-reached by a cocoanut.

"But at the same time he was not disposed to disregard that warning about the bones, for there was nothing he dreaded so much as being tricked himself. So you may be sure he went to the sausage first before inviting the guinea-hen to come with him a second time.

"'Good morning, sausage,' said the dog-fox; 'you don't look quite yourself this morning.'

"'No,' replied the sausage; 'there's not much left of me but the skin. There's my head, to be sure—that's tied with a bit of string to my neck; but I've shaken out pretty well all the rest. I can feel that my heart is left inside; I'd shake that out, but I don't think any one would take the trouble to pick it up.'

"'Dear me! you were very plump when I last saw you' said the dog-fox. 'What's become of all the nice lumps of fat?'

"'Oh, the duckling has picked them all up,' replied the sausage cheerfully, 'pretty darling, and she looks more like a Michaelmas goose than a duckling after it.'

"'You couldn't possibly mistake her for a sprat, could you?' asked the dog-fox slily.

"The sausage would have laughed at the idea, but there was nothing left in him to laugh with; so he only shook his head seriously, and said—

"'No, she's not a fishy duck even, but just the tenderest, sweetest, juiciest——'

"The dog-fox couldn't wait to hear more, but bolted off, slobbering at the mouth as he thought of the picking in store. However, he wiped his jaws and put on a decent air when he caught sight of the guinea-hen and the duckling, and going up to them with a cheerful smile, he said—

"Lynn quitted the room to 'go and have it out with Awdrey'" (*p.* 200).

"'Good morning, dears; I've come to take you for that walk we talked about the other day.'

"But the guinea-hen, although she was secretly very pleased to see him come back, drew herself up with dignity and asked why he had not kept his appointment and called the day before yesterday as he promised; whereupon the dog-fox told her first one fib and then another fib, and went on piling up fibs until at length the guinea-hen thought that surely there must be one genuine excuse amongst so many. And after all she did not dislike the dog-fox, and it was only her pride he had wounded by his neglect, and she was too kind-hearted to bear malice. 'Besides,' she said to herself, 'he's only a fox at present; but if I can only educate him into a guinea-fowl he will never offend again.'

"So she called the duckling to her side, gave her arm to the dog-fox, and went off with him to a place where he said she could teach him to fly. The sausage blessed them as they went off, for he had achieved the object of his benevolent wishes, and feeling that he could do no more, shrivelled up. The dog-fox did not trouble himself to take his young friends home to the old vixen, but just gobbled up the little duckling on the way, and left not a scrap of her but a few feathers and a few bones."

"But that's not all," said Laure, as I came to a stop.

"That's all I know about the duckling."

"But the poor guinea-hen, what became of her?"

"Some say he gobbled her up also, others that he

had no appetite for her after eating the duckling, and left her to break her heart."

"Oh, but a story shouldn't end like that."

"No; but stories will end like that when sausages and guinea-hens put faith in foxes who pretend they can turn themselves inside out."

"But the old cocoanut—why didn't he interfere?"

"I don't know; perhaps he was too busy—perhaps he feared his warning might be taken as an impertinence by the guinea-hen; what do you think, Miss Dalrymple?"

Miss Dalrymple had been looking gravely in the fire during the course of my narrative—at least, whenever I glanced at her; but now she raised her eyes, and, looking me in the face, said with her calm air of self-possession—

"He might have been silent because he thought her too foolish to profit by advice;" then she added, "If she were not wise enough to take care of herself, it is very probable that she would be silly enough to regard a timely warning as an impertinence."

Just at that moment there was a sound on the hard path outside that attracted Laure's attention, and looking from the window she cried—

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! Here comes that horrid Mr. Lynn Yeames."

"I dare say he has not come to see us, my dear," said I, "so we will go in the next room and see about the packing."

Nurse Gertrude rose from her chair and held out her hand to me, and as I pressed it in mine we looked fairly into each other's eyes, and I saw in the expression of hers that she was neither unwise nor ungrateful.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

MR. LYNN YEAMES PROVES HIMSELF BUT A SECOND-RATE DECEIVER.

I GATHERED up my hat, great-coat, comforter, and stick, and, tucking them under one arm and little Laure under the other, slipped into the adjoining room, where we shut ourselves in, just as Mr. Yeames was admitted to the drawing-room by the other door.

I would have given anything to know what was taking place there; but I could not well put my ear to the keyhole in the presence of little Laure, so I had to content myself with the hope that the moral of my fable would enable Nurse Gertrude to see through the wiles of her crafty visitor, and give her strength to defeat them. It was exasperating to hear the murmur of voices and not to distinguish what was being said; however, I learnt later on from a certain source what took place in this interview, and I will set it down here as if I had seen and heard all—which, in my mind, I certainly did when the mere facts of the case were made known to me.

Standing by the door as he closed it Lynn made a grave inclination of his head expressive of respect, contrition—anything you like; then he stepped forward hastily with his hand out, his head erect, his chest thrown forward, in a manly, honest way. She put her hand in his.

"Can you forgive me?" he asked, holding her hand, and speaking in that rapid, full undertone that is supposed to express earnest anxiety. "Gertrude!" he added, with a tender inflection, putting forth his left arm to take her by the waist.

Nothing succeeds like audacity with certain women; but Gertrude was not of that set, and, quietly shrinking to avoid his touch, she withdrew her hand and seated herself with the slightest deprecatory movement of her head. I can see that graceful, dignified movement as I write—a kind of "no-thank-you" movement.

With a deep sigh Lynn dropped his hands by his sides and sank into a chair.

"I ought to have spoken out at the very first, I know that," he said, in the tone of a man candidly admitting an amiable weakness. "I ought to have given you an explanation; but I was beside myself that morning."

"And as you have not offered any explanation since, I am to suppose that you have been beside yourself rather over a week," said Miss Dalrymple, with sympathy in her voice.

The fellow had not the slightest sense of humour, and took her sarcasm seriously.

"Indeed I have," he said, with another sigh. He must surely have thought all women fools.

"Then I think a little apparent eccentricity of conduct must certainly be forgiven;" and so, as if she had dismissed the subject, she asked in a tone of ordinary civility, "And when did you return?"

"Oh, I—er—came back this morning," replied Mr. Lynn uncomfortably.

"You have seen your mamma, of course?"

"Yes; I had to take my traps home, you know, and get a tub after that beastly journey."

"To say nothing of giving your mamma some sort of explanation. She must have been very anxious about you."

"Yes; the mater seemed to be a bit worried and anxious."

"Dr. Awdrey has asked frequently after you. I suppose you have not had time to call upon him?"

"No—that is, yes; I spotted him coming along."

"How very fortunate! Mr. Keene has been inquiring about you. Of course, you have not seen him?"

Not knowing how much she knew, he had to admit the fact that he had seen me also.

"Er—yes, I have; had to call upon him on a pressing matter of business, you know."

"Then, now I suppose you have satisfied nearly everybody's curiosity. Isn't it a great relief to you?"

The young man bent his head and looked on the ground. He couldn't stand chaff; but he had to make the best of it now—perhaps consoling *himself* with the reflection that he would not stand it after their marriage. I can imagine him promising himself to break her in and bring her to meek submission in the future. Pity those poor souls who marry a bully they have teased beforehand!

"I think this is scarcely a time for badinage," said he, after a pause, still looking upon the ground and

tracing the pattern of the carpet with the lash of his whip. "I know I am not perfect; but you must admit that allowances should be made for a fellow under the influence of—of emotion."

"I am willing to admit that a man under that condition is not responsible for his actions—is that enough?"

"If you admit that, what am I to understand by your present attitude? You seem to forget what took place before I went away."

"But I do not. You made me an offer of marriage, but am I wrong in thinking that you made that under the influence of emotion? I absolve you from responsibility for action under that condition. May I not suppose that you were beside yourself when you made that proposal, and overlook the mistake as readily as that you have committed since?"

He was not quick enough for this sort of fencing; he only felt safe at a heavy cudgel kind of argument, and he fell back on it now.

"It was not a mistake, Gertrude— I loved you then as I love you now; I have come here this afternoon to ask you again if you will have me, faulty as I am —yet an honest fellow, thank Heaven!—and be my wife."

Nurse Gertrude was not greatly moved with this speech, which had very little appearance of depth and sincerity in it, despite the quavering of that manly voice, and a good deal of what he himself might have called "side."

"May I ask why you have thought it necessary to ask me a second time?" she asked, trying to fix his shifty eyes, and learn the truth from them.

"Well, your manner seems to imply that you consider the engagement broken off."

"I did think it broken off. Had I not reason to think so?"

"Oh, yes; the way I spoke to you and little Laure was unpardonable."

He paused, and looked down again to escape from her fathoming eyes. He had probably thought that there would be little difficulty in his way, and that he could just reconcile Gertrude, if she should resent his silence, with a few words and a kiss or two, and without going into any more vexatious explanation than the mere avowal of manly weakness under trying circumstances. Dr. Awdrey had told him to confess the truth, and conceal nothing, adding that a woman would forgive the man she loves anything except duplicity. But Lynn, in his own conceited, pig-headed way, had fully relied on his own cleverness; his contempt for women in general disposed him to tell them no more than was necessary. He would rather have avoided an explanation which, though it presented a certain attraction in being untruthful, would require a good deal of bolstering up to support his assumption of honesty and generosity. However, he had bungled so disastrously in his own attempt, that he saw no escape from his dilemma but by acting now on Awdrey's suggestion.

"The fact is," said he, changing his tone with a slash at his leg, "I was purposely brutal to little Laure and you. I wished you to take offence and relieve me from the engagement."

"That is what I thought—it was the only construction I could put upon your behaviour," said she.

"I dare say you wonder what my reason was. I will tell you. I can't conceal the truth, and I know well enough that there's nothing a loving woman will not forgive, except duplicity."

A new warmth glowed in Gertrude's heart. She liked those words; they were good and true—it never struck her that they might be Dr. Awdrey's.

"I knew that through Keene's delay I was ruined —that I had nothing whatever to expect from my uncle's will. I knew that I must no longer cherish the thought of making you my wife, in debt and penniless as I was, and—but there, you can imagine the rest."

"You wanted to give me the opportunity of breaking the engagement, before it might appear that our separation was due to mercenary considerations on my part. Oh, that was generous!" exclaimed Nurse Gertrude, carried away by her own impulsive and generous recognition of an unselfish—nay, a chivalrous motive on his part. All my warning was forgotten in an instant.

"I did not want to tell you this," he said, in a tone that seemed to disclaim any merit to gratitude.

"But you wronged me, Lynn," she said gently— "you wronged me, to think I might wish to break the engagement because you were less rich than you expected to be when you made me an offer."

She held out her hand to him frankly, and he took it. If he had been wise enough to tell her all that had passed between him and Awdrey, she would have been his without doubt. In return for an open avowal, she would have swept aside my warning and all prudential considerations, put the best construction on his motives, and scorned to entertain any suspicion of mercenary motives which might be suggested by his conduct. Now was the time for him to spring up and put his arms round her; but he hung back, the dolt. With that perverse idea of a girl's mental inferiority, he thought he had told her enough. Possibly he was annoyed in being forced to abandon his own way of winning her, and act upon Awdrey's more generous and manly advice. Perhaps, believing that she was anxious to get him, he thought he might treat her with a little indifference as a kind of punishment for her previous coolness. There is no knowing the extent of pitiful meanness a heartless man is not capable of. Anyhow, he sat there in silence, waiting for her to make a further advance. And that, giving her time for reflection, saved her.

"Are you greatly in debt, Lynn?" she asked after a little consideration.

"Oh, not a great deal," he replied carelessly; "a few hundreds."

"How many hundreds, do you think?"

"Ten or a dozen," he said, with an unpleasant glance that seemed to say, "That's not your business."

But Miss Dalrymple evidently thought it was her business. How could she help an uneasy feeling stealing upon her, when the fool made no attempt to prevent it?

"And how do you propose to pay your debts?" she asked, not at all frightened by his forbidding look.

"That will be all right. The fellows won't press for payment. They know their only chance is to wait till I get a bit straight."

"How do you mean to get straight, as you call it?" she asked, smiling.

"Hang it all, Gertie!" he exclaimed petulantly, "let's drop this subject. I came to make love to you, not to talk about money."

"Yes; but the two subjects seem to have become so involved that we can hardly mention one without talking about the other. The best way is to detach the pleasant from the unpleasant subject, and that would be most readily done by settling the money question at once—don't you think so?"

"Oh, well, if we must talk about that sort of thing, I should ask you to let me have a little money to square my accounts, while I look about for something that would enable me, in time, to pay you back—though I don't think there ought to be any debt and credit account between man and wife."

"Nor I," replied she gravely. "If I marry you, all that I have will be yours, and I should be very unhappy if I thought it necessary to question how you disposed of it. That is why we ought to settle the subject beforehand."

"That's all right. Of course, whatever I do with the money will be for our common good. So that settles the thing," he said, rising from his chair.

"Not altogether. To be quite explicit, I really do not think I can let you have ten or twelve hundred pounds. I am not certain how much I have, but I fear it is considerably less than that."

"There is no hurry, my dear child, none whatever!" said Lynn, approaching and laying his hand on her shoulder with the soothing and somewhat contemptuous manner that he might have adopted towards a restive horse; "eight, ten months will be soon enough to settle my creditors' little bills. I'll manage them!"

"But in ten months I may be as far as ever from being able to let you have the sum you need; in the meantime, you must be incurring fresh debts unless you have some definite means of earning money."

He looked at her questioningly, rather taken aback by this announcement.

"But you have heard of the arrangement Awdrey is going to make?" he said.

"Yes; Mr. Keene spoke to me about it yesterday—he told me he had full instructions to make terms with me respecting a perpetual engagement."

"You did not refuse his offer, did you?" asked Lynn, with a terrible suspicion that Miss Dalrymple might be quixotic enough for such an act of abnegation.

"No; the terms were very generous, and I accepted."

"Then where's the difficulty? You surely don't think of living up to your income?"

"Perhaps not; but I don't think my economies will amount to much more than fifty pounds by the end of the year."

He stepped back and sank into his seat, looking at her in speechless surprise. They were both under a misconception. She knew nothing about the two thousand a year Awdrey intended settling on her, and reckoned solely upon the one hundred I had agreed to pay; he knew nothing about the one hundred, and reckoned upon the two thousand. And the cool assertion that she should live pretty close up to that two thousand a year was enough to take his breath away. His look of astonishment perplexed Nurse Gertrude more than it amused her at the moment; for the gravity of the situation overpowered her perception of the ridiculous.

"I don't understand," he said at length; "do you really mean that you think of living at the rate of two thousand a year?"

"Certainly not. One hundred a year is what Mr. Keene agreed to pay me, and those are the terms I have accepted."

"But Awdrey told me that he intended settling the whole of the interest on the money left by Flexmore on you for taking the care of the child off his hands, and quite right that he should."

"I know nothing at all about that. Mr. Keene proposed a salary that I thought reasonable; if he had proposed more, I think I should have declined to accept it."

"I must have an explanation with Awdrey at once. There seems to be a little shuffling here. I must know the facts of the case."

"Mr. Keene is in the next room," suggested Miss Dalrymple.

Lynn replied with an expression in regard to me which it is unnecessary to repeat, for I think I have shown enough to prove that he was a blackguard, and quitted the room, to "go and have it out with Awdrey," in a manner so devoid of feeling, or even common courtesy, that it must at once have destroyed any faith in his sincerity that poor Gertrude cherished.

Poor Gertrude! it was some time after the door closed upon Mr. Lynn Yeames before she came from the room where he left her, and then, despite the cheerful air she assumed, I perceived that she had been crying.

Here, again, I have wondered what she cried for. Had she not every reason to be pleased that she had found out the man's real character before marriage rather than after it? Was not scorn of such a base fellow enough to dry in its source the regretful tears that would have sprung in losing a lover? *I* should have thought so. But nothing puts on so many unlooked-for aspects as human nature. One cannot reason upon the movement of human hearts as if they were made of wheels, mathematically arranged, to produce from a given impulse a certain and undeviating result. So I say again, poor Gertrude! for she was weak as well as strong.

Had she really loved Lynn? or was she only interested in him from a belief that her influence had ennobled him? I cannot say; all I know is that she wept in realising that he was neither noble nor lovable.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH

ART AND LITERATURE FOR THE PEOPLE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. WM. ROSSITER.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

IN THE PICTURE GALLERY.

"HOW did I commence the Free Library? Why, I just threw open the doors of my house and said in effect, 'There are my books;' and I lent them to any one who came—that is, any one who had a ratepayer's recommendation, or who would deposit the value of the book.

"That was about twenty years ago—in 1868. We were in Kennington Lane then; and for some years there was not another Free Library in the whole of South London. As those now existing have followed ours in the districts in which we have been, we claim to be, to some extent, pioneers in the Free Library and Art Gallery movement in South London."

So speaks Mr. William Rossiter, a gentleman of short stature and spare form, with a ring of white hair around his head, and dark, kindly eyes glancing from under iron-grey, shaggy eyebrows. We stand conversing with him in a large room consisting of two shops knocked into one, and hung with good pictures and photographs. In through the open door streams a constant succession of people, including, indeed, all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children—the rough and ragged as well as the respectable. The wide windows are full of light which pours out into the dull winter evening beyond and attracts a constant crowd, who view the pictures in the front and stare into the interior.

"You may come in," says a young lady at the door; and so, from three o'clock until five in the afternoons, and from seven until ten in the evenings, except on Saturdays, the people pour in. "Sometimes," says Mr. Rossiter, "we have 1,000 people in an hour!"

Certainly the situation is admirably suited for obtaining such results. Outside roars the noise and traffic of the busy, bustling Camberwell Road, a great thoroughfare through the metropolis south of the Thames, where, as Mr. Rossiter maintains, the true home of the West and Central London artisan is to be found. For a time the Library and Art Gallery were located in New Road, Battersea, a thoroughly artisan and neglected neighbourhood, remarkable, as he has

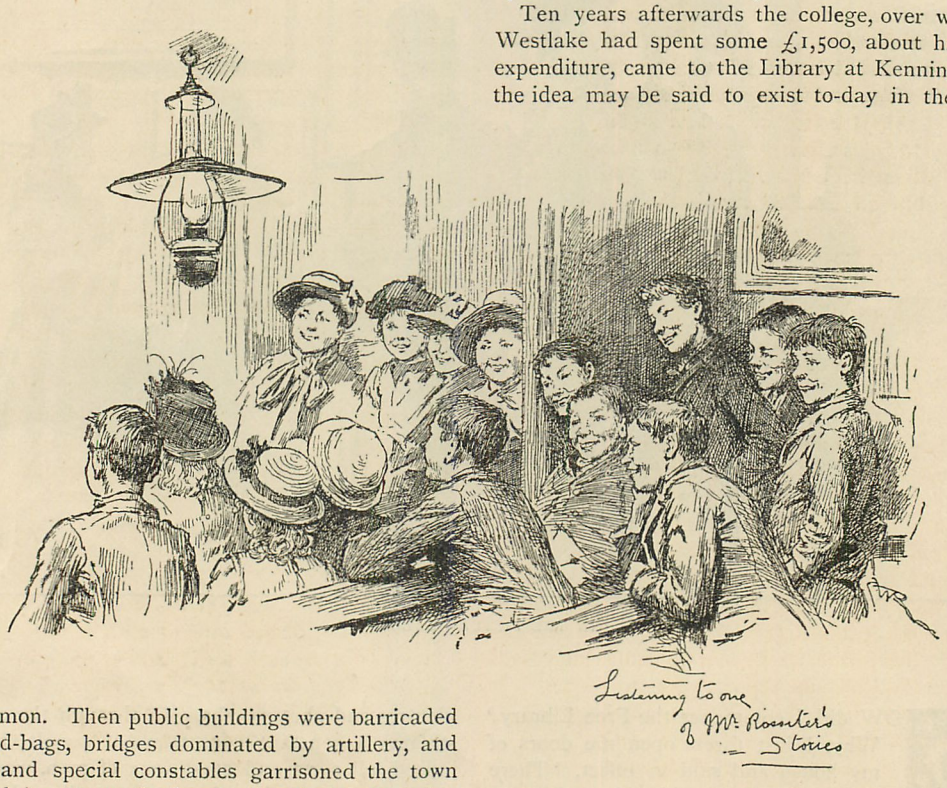
said, for its numerous public-houses, the strength of its language, for long hours of labour, and the utter absence of any means of education other than its day schools. Just beyond this point South London is no doubt rich in natural beauty, and the abode of wealthy people. Yet, for about a million of Londoners, this Library and Art Gallery of Mr. Rossiter's was for some time the only collection of books and pictures south of the Thames.

It was started, as has been said, in 1868. Yet its beginnings go back much farther—to that memorable year, in fact, 1848, when London was so deeply stirred with fears of the Chartist meeting on Kennington Common. Then public buildings were barricaded with sand-bags, bridges dominated by artillery, and soldiers and special constables garrisoned the town and lined its streets in force. But there were a few men who were not sure that repression was all that was needed. They thought that something more might be done; ignorance should be enlightened and earnestness directed into wise and useful channels. Among these men we need now but mention two—Charles Kingsley and Frederick Denison Maurice, the latter of whom became the leader, or the "centre of union," between men of varied minds. A room was taken in Ormond Yard, classes were established, and the Working Men's College, now in Great Ormond Street, came into being.

Mr. Rossiter was one of the teachers at that institution, and from the very beginning had been intimately acquainted with all its details. After a few years of work he conned over the list of students, some 1,200 in number, and found that the artisans were less than one-third of the whole, and that very many of these lived in South London. He therefore asked whether a college could not be opened there? But eleven years elapsed before the college was established, and during that time Mr. Rossiter travelled about England, lecturing to the workers in various industrial centres.

At length, on the 4th of January, 1868, in Blackfriars Road, the South London Working Men's College was opened, with Professor Huxley as president, Mr. Westlake, Q.C., as treasurer, and Mr. Rossiter as secretary. Now the idea of the Free Library, which had been growing all this time, came within the bounds of possibility, and two rooms in Mr. Rossiter's house in Kennington Lane were opened as a Free Reading-room.

Ten years afterwards the college, over which Mr. Westlake had spent some £1,500, about half of the expenditure, came to the Library at Kennington, and the idea may be said to exist to-day in the lectures



Listening to one of Mr. Rossiter's Stories

delivered weekly, and sometimes more often, by Mr. Rossiter and various other gentlemen.

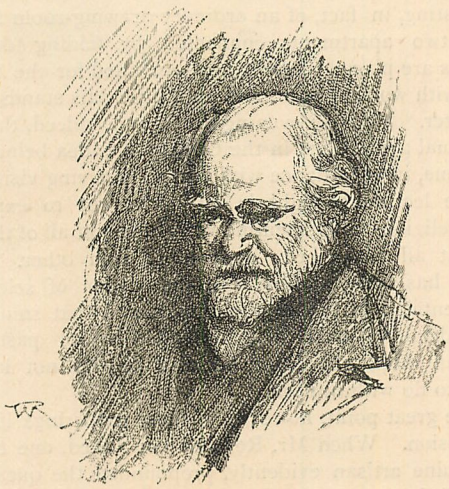
Meanwhile, the Free Library grew and prospered. In four years it spread over the whole house, the books increased fourfold, and a Fine Art Gallery, consisting of pictures lent by owners of private collections, and in some cases by the artists themselves, was added. Among the firms of publishers who have sent gifts of books to the library may be mentioned Messrs. Cassell and Co., Macmillan and Co., Nisbet and Co., Chatto and Windus, Longman and Co., and others.

"And do you ever lose a book, Mr. Rossiter?"

"Very rarely. One man brought a subscription of four shillings which he had collected for the benefit of the Library, and he borrowed a five-shilling book and never returned it! But, as a rule, we lose very few in this way."

"And what books do you find the most popular?"

"The best books, as a rule, are the best read. Forty per cent. only, I calculate, are novels. We never attempt to force a book on a reader. Mr. Ruskin said to me once, when I saw him in Venice, 'Look at the pictures which please you;' and I always say, let a



MR. ROSSITER.
(*Sketched from Life.*)

person have the book he wants. We let the readers here have whatever book they like; that is, of course, excluding all bad and immoral works. But we have none such in our Library."

"Do you ever have any difficulty with the people?"

"No more than you see now, as a rule. This afternoon we had three big girls who began playing and disturbing the gathering; and sometimes a drunken man; but the people are generally quiet and well-behaved. I do not like those well-to-do people, however, who come in and think they are conferring a favour by coming.

"Not long since we had a small attempt to steal our money-box. For some of the people put in their pennies towards the expenses—the amount given averages about one farthing to every ten persons entering. Ah! and I had my collection of Jubilee coins stolen not long since; however, I've forgotten that now.

"The Gallery and Library are at present about £370 in debt, and I am the unfortunate treasurer! This debt is an accumulation of the deficits of the last five years or so. It is not owing to excessive expenditure. For instance, our removal here from Battersea only cost £5, and £3 of that was for cartage. We have a committee of working men, and they did most of the labour free. The average yearly expenses are but £200, as so much of the work is done gratuitously. The subscriptions and donations last year and the year before were about £150.

"You see, the idea running through this work and that of Mrs. Rossiter in dealing with poor children is that of inviting a guest to your house. I throw open to the men and women the books and the pictures, there is a reading for them free, and we have, at stated hours, lectures followed by discussions. Some days last winter I used to get the children in and tell them fairy tales. So we endeavour to diffuse the blessings of science, art, and literature among the poorest. We endeavour to help them to rational recreation."

"I see you have a label up there: 'Free Christian Church.'"

"Yes; this building is registered as a place of worship. It gives us a legal right to quell any disturbance that may arise at once; moreover, the Lecture-room *is* my church. I believe that religion should lead everything, and should leaven everything. I assert religion as the leader of everything here. For myself, I am a member of the Church of England."

"Then you do not regard this place as a club?"

"By no means. It is not so in any sense of the word. Moreover, I know little about the inner working of clubs. There are many of these growing up; some political, and some, I fear, little better than drinking dens. There is too much wire-pulling in them for me. No; we try to do the best we can in science, art, and literature for those who choose to come. We invite them to come as guests, and a committee of genuine working men help to manage and sustain the movement."

Usually, there is a different president every year, and among those famous men who have in this way assisted, have been Mr. Gladstone, Sir Frederick Leighton, and Sir Crichton Browne. Works of

MRS. ROSSITER.
(*Sketched from Life.*)

art have lent by Sir F. Leighton, Sir J. D. Linton, Messrs. Walter Crane, P. H. Calderon, A. Bruce Joy, R. Macbeth, the Duke of Westminster, the proprietors of the *Graphic*, and many others.

"You spoke just now of Mrs. Rossiter's work among the children. How is that managed?"

"My wife's work in taking poor children into the country to some extent may be said to have commenced the work now developed by the Country Holidays Fund, and it has been very successful. We just put a letter in the paper, saying the house was open, and then we selected from the numerous replies those cases which seemed the most deserving, and then the children came. This still goes on for eight months in the year. Mrs. Rossiter commenced this movement in July, 1877, and during all the time, from then until now, she has never had what may be called real rudeness from any child, notwithstanding the many varieties of character and disposition, and the lack of training of the poor children who come."

It was in a little Kentish cottage that this work was begun, but even before that Mrs. Rossiter used to take parties of poor children to the parks or Epping Forest; then to the Isle of Wight. At last it was decided to keep the house open to such parties. There were to be no formal rules, and the system of family life was to be preserved in all its freedom and simplicity.

In 1880, the number of children largely increasing, it was decided to take Horsfrith Park, near Ingatestone, Essex. Here there was room for twenty children, the house being large, and having five acres of land attached. Five years later Mrs. Rossiter removed to Birchanger Hall, Bishop's Stortford (which she left, however, towards the close of 1887, intending to select another house on the South Coast), the general arrangements remaining the same. The children come on alternate Mondays, in parties of from eight to fourteen, according to Mrs. Rossiter's means for receiving them; and they stay until the Friday of the following week. The parents and friends pay their train fare; all else is provided for them, the idea being that the children come as visitors, and live with the ordinary freedom of home life. It is even better to prevent illness than to cure it, and this the public are now beginning to see. In addition to which, Mrs. Rossiter believes in the right of all children to a knowledge of nature as part of their education, and urges that it is better to see country sights for a week than to read about them for a year. Town children of the poor can never hope to develop all the possibilities of their life without some experience of the freedom and beauty of the country. Pent in narrow streets and ill-fed, their minds and bodies alike become cramped and stunted, and their moral sense dulled. Nature as a teacher as well as nature as a medicine is Mrs. Rossiter's idea.

Like the Free Library and Art Gallery, the expenses are to some extent borne by public subscriptions; but to keep twenty children in the house from March 1st to October 30th would require £500: the donations in 1886 were but £157 4s.

Thus, with the other efforts made by Mr. Rossiter, the desires of our humbler brethren—men, women, and children—for a larger, wider, and better life are endeavoured to be met. But now it is half-past eight—time for the lecture.

We follow some people up-stairs, and see the Reading-room on the left; and Mr. Rossiter draws our attention to some cartoons of foreign papers. This collection is somewhat unique, for he has a large and, in some respects, complete set, especially of Italian cartoons.

We pass through other rooms, in which are pictures and books, and then into the Lecture-room, consisting, in fact, of an ordinary drawing-room floor, with two apartments connected by folding doors. Chairs are placed in rows, and are filled for the most part with working men, and on a little daïs stands Mr. Rossiter. He is in evening dress, and, indeed, this is his usual attire when in the Gallery, the idea being, we presume, in accordance with that of receiving visitors.

The lecture to-night is an endeavour to explain that religious and scientific men have not all of them, and at all times, been opposed to each other. Religion has been, and is still, the leader of science. Incidentally, Mr. Rossiter maintained that smoking and drinking were often indulged in for pastime. A man often got drunk because he did not know what to do with himself.

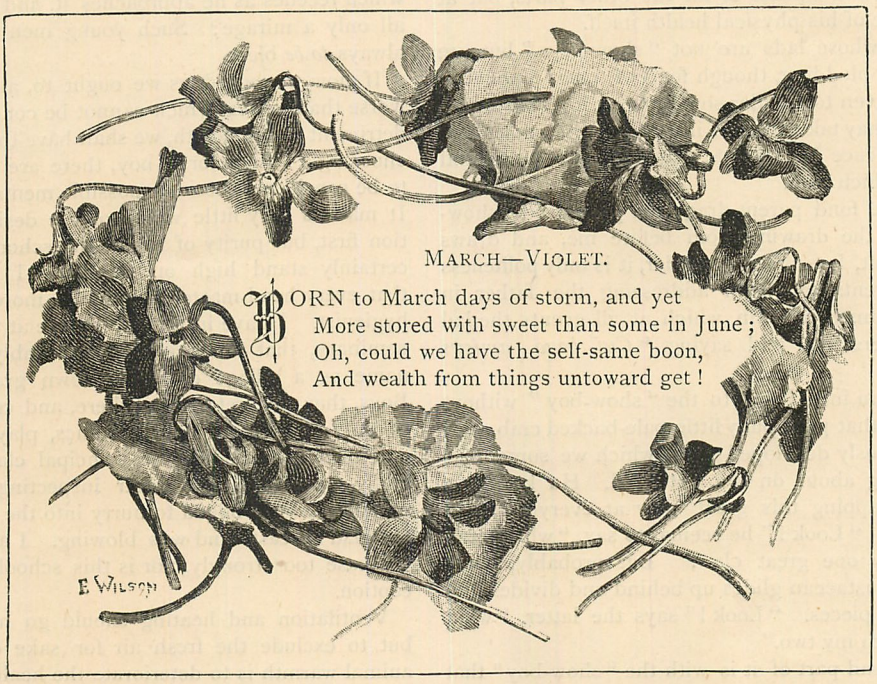
The great point, however, of these gatherings is the discussion. When Mr. Rossiter concluded, one man, a genuine artisan evidently, propounded the question in a little speech of perhaps five minutes' duration, asking how the Biblical account of the Deluge could be reconciled with the discoveries of modern science.

To this Mr. Rossiter replied; and his questioner not being at first satisfied, he vouchsafed another answer. Then another man arose with other trenchant criticisms, to which Mr. Rossiter again replied. Thus the discussion proceeded, not, be it remembered, in the tone of children or ignoramuses coming to be instructed, but rather in the spirit of a hard-headed, keen, intellectual fight.

It is no slight task, nor one which an ill-prepared man could possibly undertake, thus to endeavour to answer question after question, or settle difficulty after difficulty, week after week. Yet it must be owned Mr. Rossiter holds his ground in such debates remarkably well. Once, when some applause was given at the close of his lecture, he gently rebuked the audience, maintaining that he wished the meeting conducted as though it took place in a drawing-room.

It is significant that such lectures and discussions are held. They afford, to our thinking, one of the most remarkable features of Mr. Rossiter's work. For only by coming face to face with genuine, hard-headed, working men, and hearing them express their opinions without reserve, can one tell what they want or of what they are thinking. Their thoughts are ofttimes confused, and their aspirations vague. But may not these be clarified, made more definite, and guided aright? Again, men and women often become demoralised for want of something better to do. To assist in providing better pastime must be the work of the free libraries and their etceteras now happily beginning to arise in some of our cities and towns.

FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS.



IS THE SCHOOL HEALTHY?

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

PARENTS in middle-class society—and to them this paper is chiefly addressed—most naturally, and almost invariably, desire to give their children not only the best education possible, but one which shall best fit them for entering the arena of life with a fair chance of doing well. They are pleased when their boys give proof that they are intelligent, and stand in the foremost ranks of their class-mates. And there are few, indeed, who can afford to forget the advantages bestowed on youth by a liberal education, for most of us work-a-day people have had struggles in life ourselves, which we are not likely to forget.

It would be well if all parents would look upon education as a mental and physical training for a campaign not very far distant and upon which their children must embark. If we would not have them soon lose heart and sink in the struggle, we ought to train and arm them well for the conflict. At school they are like youthful soldiers who have never seen a shot fired in anger, and who are apt to despise because they do not understand many of the technicalities they have to master; but who, whether well or ill-trained, must go forward to fight when the enemy appears. As commanders, therefore, have to think for their young soldiers, so must we think for our children. We are neglecting our duty if we do not, and our thinking must have reference to the possible future that is before the lads. What are they fit for? What had they best be? are questions on which no one, whether writer or teacher, can give advice in the aggregate.

I feel tempted here to drift into a consideration of some of the various educational systems of our country. To do so, however, is not my province. Let me only say that nearly all have their faults, nearly all aim at too much and lose firm grip of the little that is needful, and that all should be supplemented by home training and well-planned parental guidance.

It is a teacher's chief object at most schools to bring his pupils well forward in the branches of education which form the chief features of the seminary. He loves to see them shine, and if any are more earnest and clever than others, he will take a pride in those, and hurry them on, to the delight as often as not of the parents themselves. The boy himself will become enamoured of display, he will enter into the fun of being considered "a fine scholar," and will probably end in imagining himself a genius.

Is there a career for such a boy? It is doubtful. I know of no sadder spectacle than that of a show school-boy, who has had one part of his brains educated not only at the expense of all the other parts, but at the expense of his physical health itself.

Parents whose lads are not "show-boys," but are steady and plodding, though fond of a fair amount of play, yet given to wonder sometimes what they would like to be, may take comfort in remembering that there once was a race between a hare and a tortoise, and we know which won.

When the fond parent drags the pale-faced "show-boy" into the drawing-room before me, and draws him out a bit, I assure you, reader, it is only politeness which prevents me from addressing the father in Dominie Sampson Latin, which at all events the lad would understand, and saying "*Cui bono, amicus meus?*"

I never am introduced to the "show-boy" without thinking of that poor puny little pale-backed crab, with one enormously developed claw, which we sometimes see crawling about on the wet sand. He keeps on defiantly snapping this great claw at everybody and everything. "Look!" he seems to say, "what I can do with my one great claw." But probably, some warty old crustacean glides up behind and divides him into several pieces. "Look!" says the latter, "what I can do with my two."

And the sad part of it is with the "show-boy" that as often as not, before he can make his way in life, he has to throw off his one great claw, and grow another that will balance his other powers more equally.

Well, then, I should advise that all boys should be educated with a view, and that no attempt should be made to force a growth of brain at the expense of physical power.

It must not, however, be imagined that I affect to despise the ground-work of a good education. No, for we *must* till the field, we *must* plough and harrow before we sow the seed, keeping at the same time the "*Cui bono?*" well before our eyes.

Few parents, I suppose, will be surprised to know that the stomach has a deal to do with a young man's success in life. He may be very clever, he may have had the very best of starts on his voyage through life; but if he has no physical ballast, if his blood-making process is at fault, he is but a fine-weather sailor after all, the first rough-and-tumble sea he enters will stop his head-way, and discourage, if it doesn't demoralise him. The veriest old Dutch lugger, with less bow than a bum-boat, may carry more good cargo, fight heavier weather, and get into harbour sooner than a badly-ballasted barque of clipper-build, carrying everything new in the shape of rigging that modern science can devise.

Parents are often too ambitious for their boys, and like to see their boys ambitious for themselves. Indeed, ambition is often the only kind of home education a lad receives. But there are two kinds of ambition; one is noble, the other is but a species of discontent. Can the life of that young man be envied who rushes on through it, elbowing every one around him, despising everything near him, his eyes and thoughts fixed immutably on some bright "to be," which recedes as he approaches it, and turns out after all only a mirage? Such young men never *are* but always *to be* blest.

If now we regard, as we ought to, all education as worse than useless which cannot be conducted without detriment to the health, we shall have to admit that, in choosing a school for a boy, there are several things to be considered besides possible mental attainments. It matters very little which of the desiderata I mention first, but purity of air in the school-room should certainly stand high on the list. I think, indeed, that every head-master should be more or less of a hygienist. I have in my mind's eye at this moment a seminary, that has a good and probably well-merited name as a village or rather town grammar-school. Boys, they say, get on well there, and certainly plenty of time is devoted to calisthenics, play-ground drill, and field games; but the principal class-room is so badly ventilated, that after inspecting it for three minutes, I was obliged to hurry into the open air, and felt glad an east wind was blowing. I am not putting the case too strongly, nor is this school a solitary exception.

Ventilation and heating should go hand in hand, but to exclude the fresh air for sake of conserving animal warmth is to deteriorate the health of the children. I do not wonder at pupils who have to sit in such class-rooms being prone to catch colds when they come out for the day, or suffering from dyspepsia, lassitude, and general weariness. Nor do I wonder that infection if once introduced should spread therein like wild-fire.

"My boy is worked too hard, he is not thriving," I heard a parent say the other day. The boy certainly was not thriving, but the work had nothing whatever to do with it. What boy, I wonder, can feel fit for work, or otherwise than drowsy and stupid, who has to sit in a class-room all day from which pure air is all but excluded, breathing carbonic acid gas mixed with exhalations?

There should be in all schools a proper system of ventilation, conducted on scientific principles, and regulated according to the temperature of the out-door air. No boy need sit in a draught for his own sake, nor should he be allowed to enter a school-room with damp or steaming clothes, for the sake of his neighbours as well as himself.

The situation or site of the school is most important. Wherever new schools are being built this is now-a-days never lost sight of; but before sending their children to old schools, parents should make inquiry, not only as regards the site, but the drainage and sewerage, and the *water*.

I put the last word in italics to show its importance. The hardness or softness of the water is of course to be considered; but the distance of the well from a cesspool is a matter of far greater moment. *Verbum sap.* A word and a half to the wise.

The bed-rooms, or dormitories, should be large,

bright and airy; there ought to be a window for each bed, and ventilation of these places is not second in importance to even that of the school-room itself. And I feel quite certain if class-rooms and dormitories were more hygienically pure than the generality of them are, we should hear far less about boys suffering from ill-health through over-work. We ought to put the saddle on the right horse.

As to over-work itself, I am one of those who believe it is far more rare than parents imagine, still we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that there are children who make a drudgery of their tasks, and allow their school duties to interfere with and dominate all their waking hours, and disturb or even banish sound refreshing sleep. The reasons for this may be of different kinds; the child himself may be of a highly nervous disposition; he may be clever, and yet not appear to be so, while possessing at the same time a mental dread of being thought a dunce. In such a case a change of study often acts like a charm. Find out what particular branch is detestable to him and hurts him most, and if not essential to his future well-being, let it be avoided by all means. There are many things taught at school which are useful only as a kind of mental drill, and if distasteful to a boy they can only act injuriously.

On the other hand, the teacher himself may be a hard task-master, not intentionally unkind, but the system of stimulating boys' minds to work by the offer of prizes, &c., is sometimes quite as injurious to them as the old-fashioned use of the cane was. In fact the result is about the same; thirty years ago the teachers said to their pupils "Go!" now they say "Come!"

But if there be any particular branch of study which gives a boy pleasure, remember that this should be looked upon as pastime and encouraged. Music, for instance, natural history, mathematics.

Long hours in school fatigue, worry, and debilitate children; they not only do not learn much when so confined, but the health is actually injured, and that too just at the time nature needs all the resources she can muster for growth of body and mind.

Exercise in the fresh air is most important. School-drill is good in its way; but quite independent of this a boy or girl either should have several hours of the day to call his or her own, and in which unfettered freedom can really be enjoyed. For no exercise that is exacting in its requirements is healthful in the true sense of the word.

Rest, however, is as necessary as exercise. Do not imagine that a boy sitting in a chair or lying in bed is resting. He may be, but it is very unlikely; I would rather say he was resting while running after butterflies or picking wild-flowers in a wood.

Great attention should be paid to the eye-sight. On this subject I must crave the Editor's permission to speak another day; meanwhile, let me close the present paper by urging on parents the necessity of wholesome, strengthening, easily-digested food, and a due allowance of sleep. Early to bed may be a good rule, but I really have serious doubts about the much-vaunted benefits of early rising in boyhood.

HOW WE GIRLS EARNED OUR LIVING.

A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

ELLEN had always had the knack of hitting off the general outline of anybody's figure and dress with a pencil, and had often amused us by it. If she met a friend or acquaintance in a new mantle and bonnet, and wanted to tell Auntie Puss about it, she always illustrated her description with the point of a pencil on the back of an envelope or any odd scrap of paper, and she really could give exactly the *pose* of the head or any peculiarity of figure, so that her queer sketches were quite recognisable.

As Mr. Wilson had taken such a kind interest in me, it was quite natural that he should, from time to time, hear and see something of Ellen's talent, such as it was, but he had not much sympathy with it. He pointed out to her that the arms she drew were out of all proportion with the heads, that her figures did not stand straight on their feet, and that she gave what were, comparatively speaking, inches of bodice to yards of skirt. These were egregious faults, and besides, there was no art at all in that kind of drawing. He very kindly lent her studies of ears and eyes, heads and arms, but Nellie could do nothing with them, or perhaps I ought to say she did not really try; for the older I get the more I believe that what is called genius is an infinite capacity for hard work, and a vast amount of the quality for which true-born Britons are famed—never knowing when they are beaten.

I really was beginning to earn a nice little sum, a pound or twenty-five shillings a week, as far as I remember, and Ellen and the twins had not advanced a single step. They mended my clothes as well as their own, and helped auntie in the house, and they all did their best to be cheerful, but it was rather difficult. Winter boots and stockings were wanted, and the dear aunt's kind face was troubled when she thought of the impending Christmas rent and taxes, and how little cash she should have left after paying them.

The flowers I painted at Mrs. Mason's became more and more easy to me, and she liked the way I arranged them, and often consulted me more than others when we had to consider the decoration of a room

—an occasion on which she took suggestions from all her employées. A friend of hers asked if she could recommend him any one to design a floral title-page for the midsummer holiday number of a small magazine, and she mentioned me. In fact, she spoke so highly that he at once gave her the commission for me, or, strictly speaking, said I might as well prepare two pages, and he would see whether either or both would suit his purpose. The flowers were to be summer ones, and I was either to introduce the title in fancy lettering, or leave a space on one side in which the title and contents could be printed. Mrs. Mason told me where to procure the right kind of cardboard with a shiny enamelled surface, and the liquid Indian ink, and after I reached home in the evenings I used to work at the two pages. I had no great choice of flowers, but there was honeysuckle in the garden as well as laburnum, so I combined them for one page, and for the other I took the big dog-daisies or marguerites that grew on the railway bank about half a mile from our house, and broad blades of grass, and the spires of red dock that grew up among them. The only thing I could not do was the lettering, so I was obliged to leave a blank space on each page, and this I feared would spoil my chances of success. However, when I showed them to Mrs. Mason she encouraged me, and the next afternoon I sacrificed my afternoon's work and met Ellen, who came to Charing Cross and accompanied me to Mr. Blundell's office, Mrs. Mason having kindly written to tell him what time to expect me.

"HE WAS PLEASED WITH MY PAGES."

I found that he was a German, and very kind where he discovered any amount of talent. I do not mean to say that he was generous or gave a higher price than he could help, but he recognised the market value of any work offered to him: never over-paid it, but for the sake of his own business encouraged likely people, and gave them plenty to do. He was pleased with my pages,

and took both, one to use as he had proposed, and the other for a future time, saying he should have a few lines of poetry written to fill up the vacant space. He gave me a guinea for each, which, in my eyes, was a large sum ; though I know now that it was very inadequate payment. Still I was a beginner, and one of the worst mistakes a beginner can make is not to be satisfied with the day of small things.

Mr. Blundell talked to us both in the pleasantly jocular manner that elderly gentlemen often adopt towards young girls, and wanted to know whether Ellen could draw. He was always ready, he said, to see the efforts of young artists, and he did not forget to remind us that we were very fortunate to have the *entrée* to such publications as his. Just as we rose to go he said—

"Do either of you young ladies know any one who draws fashions ?"

We did not ; and it is to be feared that our manner implied an opinion that fashions were rather beneath any sensible girl's pencil. Mine did, at all events, and Mr. Blundell observed it, and continued—

"There is a fortune before any girl who will draw fashions properly in pen and ink."

Ellen turned to the table, and taking a pencil from her pocket, drew one of her favourite sketches on half a sheet of white paper that lay there, and handed it to him, asking, with a blush, whether that was the kind of thing he meant.

"Certainly," was the reply ; "but the strokes must be distinct, and you must use the same ink and cardboard as your sister."

Then he made us sit down again while he rummaged his desk for little drawings, which he showed Ellen as specimens, and kept up a running accompaniment of—"There was Miss Fendle, she had just the touch, but she hadn't a notion of anatomy. Such waists as she used to draw, and such wooden dolls as her figures were ! But I took pains with her, and should have made something of her in the long run, when she deserted me ; I saw her sketches in another paper, and told her she must choose which master she would serve, the old or the new. She chose the new one, but in two or three months she discovered that he took a percentage off every payment. It was no use complaining, she could either take his cheque and work for him, or refuse it and never go near him again. She came crying to me, but it was too late."

The upshot of all this was that Ellen was to look in the shop windows and make mental notes of anything she thought she could sketch, bonnets, hats, mantles, &c., and take her attempts the next week to show Mr. Blundell. Of course I could not do less than give up another afternoon's work and go with her, and I did not regret it when he gave her half-a-crown each for two bonnets and a hat, which he said he should reproduce in column width, and told her to bring him some more, adding a little advice about what to avoid, and how to try and draw pretty faces without much work in them.

After this Ellen persevered with the studies Mr. Wilson lent her, and it was not long before she could manage two or three smiling faces of different styles, with and without "fringes," and she contrived to steer clear of any very glaring defects when she drew figures.

She had her disappointments, for Mr. Blundell often declined her sketches, sometimes on account of faults, and sometimes because he had others too much like them already accepted ; but she earned a good many half-crowns, and was very proud when he gave her his card one morning, and told her to take it to a well-known shop for children's clothes, and sketch whatever was put before her. She did as many separate children's hats and little completely-dressed figures as would fill a page, and when finished, that page was so satisfactory that Mr. Blundell gave her two guineas for it. He then told her that in future her drawings would not be paid for till after publication, and as she was on the right road and saw a prospect of constant employment, she was content to wait for the monthly pay-day, which became quite a festival to Auntie Puss and the twins, our elders.

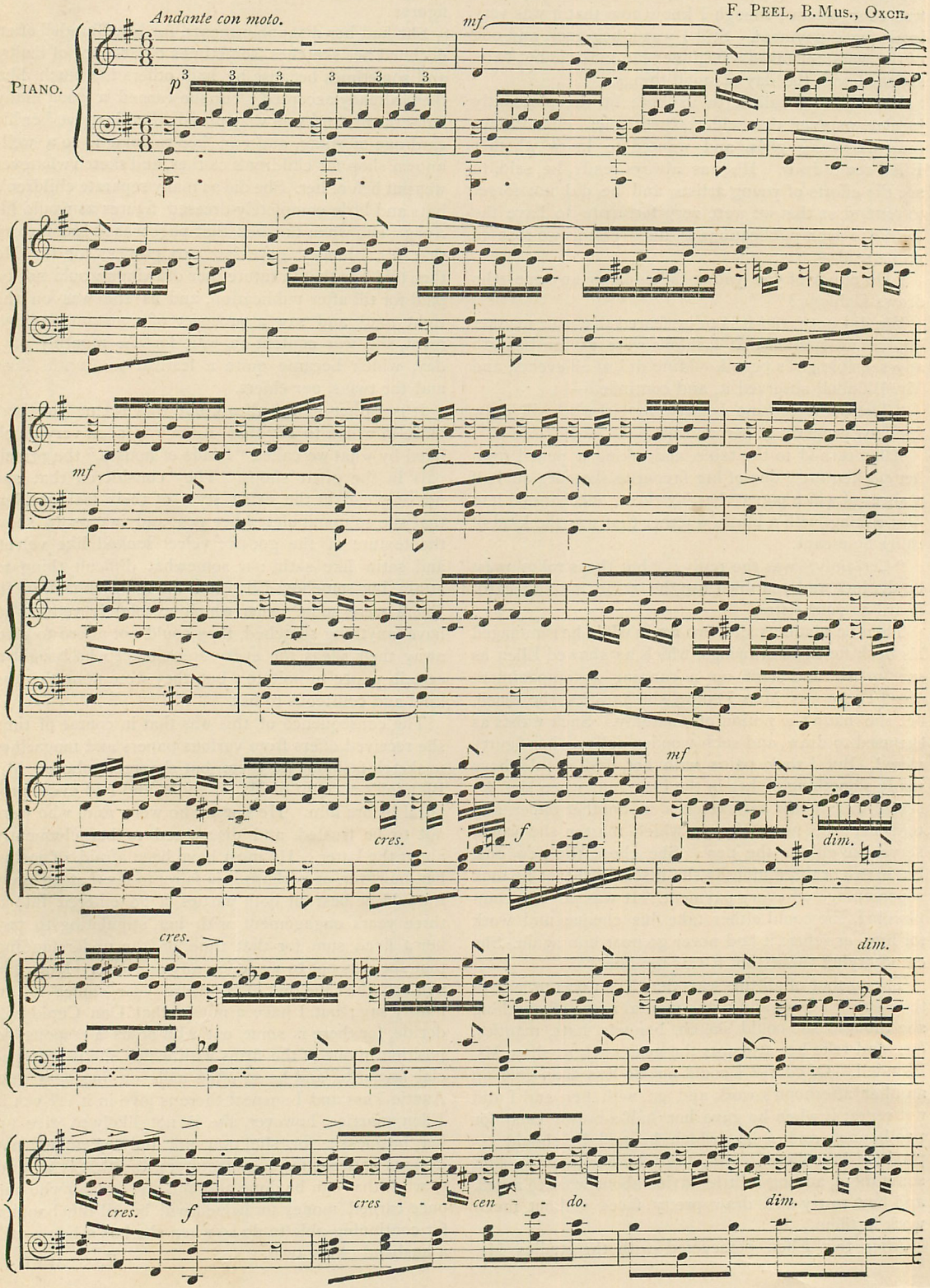
It is rather going ahead, but this seems the best place in which to say that Ellen was soon very much liked by what we called "heads of houses," the principals in the great shops. They considered that she not only caught the exact style of their fashions, but that she so manipulated her pen and ink as to show the texture of the goods ; velvet looked like velvet, and satin like satin : a somewhat difficult thing to attain, but somehow Ellen had the happy knack of it. There were some firms which absolutely refused to have anything sketched, they could not afford to give away their ideas for every dressmaker who bought a certain paper to imitate ; but they were none the less kind and courteous to her.

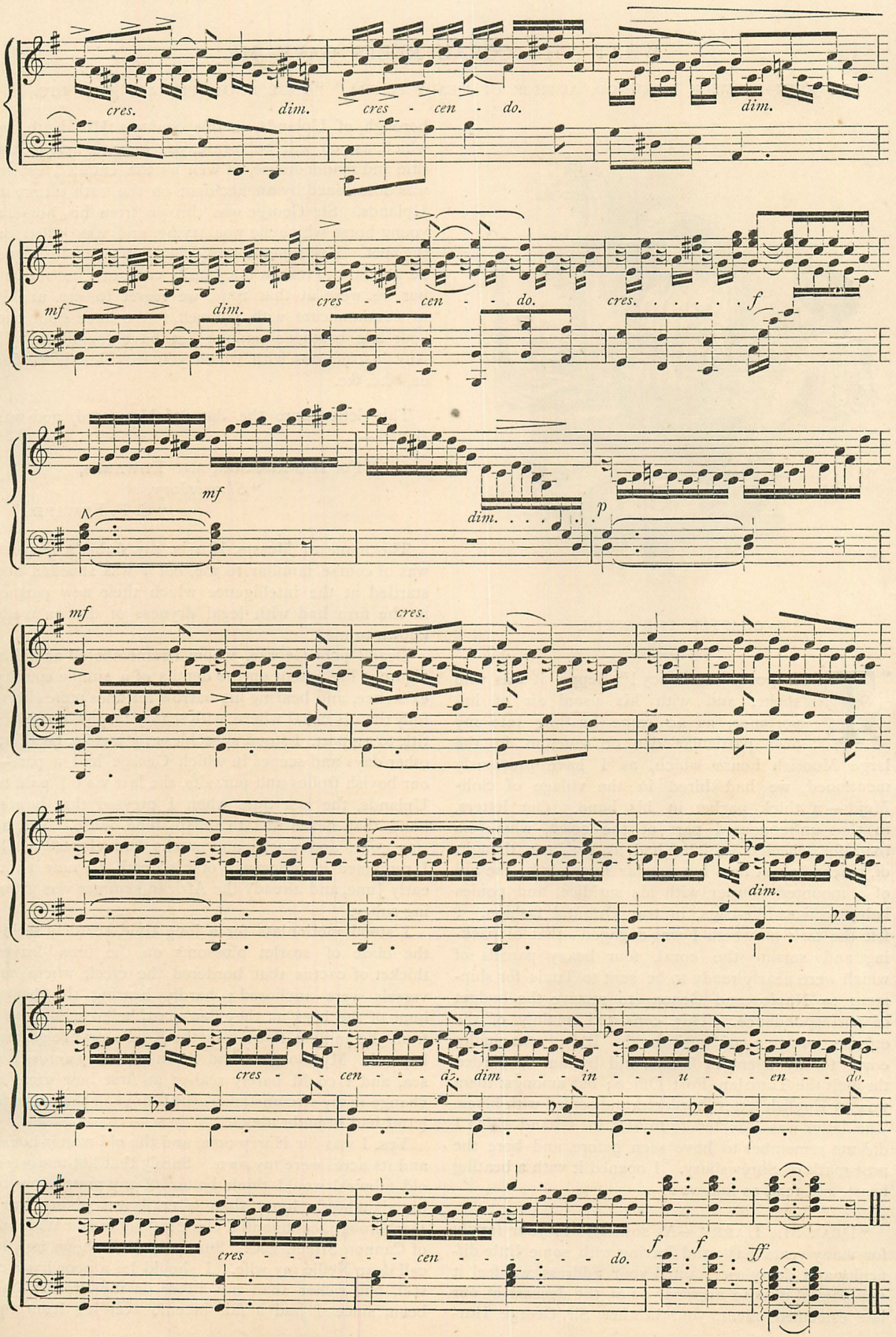
The consequence of this was that in course of time she received offers from various papers and magazines to sketch fashions for them, but she remembered Mr. Blundell's account of Miss Fendle, and laid every proposal before him. He knew who were and who were not to be trusted, and discoursed to her eloquently about the latter. He must have been afraid of losing her, however, or perhaps it is fairer to say that he knew it would be best for both parties if he entered into a three years' engagement with her, stipulating to pay her a fixed sum for that time, on the understanding that she was not to work for any one else. How she will act when the end of the third year comes I can hardly say ; but I have a notion that Dan Cupid will decide, for there is some one who holds a responsible position in one of the firms with which she is an especial favourite, and he so often calls on business that Auntie Puss and I suspect there is love in it. Even if Ellen marries, however, she is not likely to give up her business ; for she now not only sketches, but designs patterns for manufacturers, and that is a kind of work that can be done at home. A woman who has once earned money for herself will be all the happier for continuing able to do so when she has a home and a husband of her own.

E. Clarke.

A Duet Without Words.

F. Peel, B.Mus., Oxon.

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WHAT THE CORAL REEFS GAVE ME.

BY JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD, AUTHOR OF "LADY FLAVIA," "PAUL KNOX, PITMAN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

RECALLED.

"THE post, Excellency!" Beppo it was who spoke, and with his usual air of importance, as he came bustling into my own particular den or sanctum in the large Moorish house which, as I have previously mentioned, we had hired in the village of Soli-Mejd — a thick packet in his hand. Our letters, in that unfrequented part of the coast, where no road for wheeled vehicles had as yet been thought of, reached us at rare but regular intervals by the aid of a mounted courier, with his suridjee, and ponies laden with saddle-bags, in true Oriental fashion. I left the task on which I was engaged—that of packing and sorting the coral, four heavy parcels of which were nearly ready to be sent to Tunis for shipment to Naples and Genoa—to receive the budget of correspondence. This consisted mainly of the epistles of men of business in Italy, sent under cover to my agent in Tunis, and by him forwarded through the Tunisian Post Office; but amongst them was an English letter, bordered and sealed with black. The letter was directed to myself, in a hand which I did not remember to have seen before, and bore the post-mark of Shrewsbury. I opened it with a beating heart, and read as follows :—

"DEAR SIR HARRY,—As solicitors to your family for many years past, and having with some little difficulty and delay ascertained your address, we feel it our painful duty to apprise you of the decease of our late esteemed client, your brother, Sir George Harborough, of Uplands, in this county. His death, by which, as you will be aware, you become heir to the title and manor-house, as well as the entailed estate, was occasioned by an accident on the 12th ultimo at Uplands. Sir George was thrown from his horse, a young horse which he was trying, and was killed on the spot. His funeral took place on April 18th, and he was laid to rest in the family vault at Churburton; but we were at that time, we regret to say, unable to communicate with yourself. We have examined your late brother's papers, but have found no will. Any instructions with which you may kindly favour us," &c. &c.

This letter bore the date of May 23rd, and was signed—

"For HARRIS, SON, AND EDWARDS,
"*Shrewsbury*,
"C. F. EDWARDS."

The name of Messrs. Harris, my father's lawyers, was of course familiar to me, but I was shocked and startled at the intelligence which their new partner in the firm had with legal dryness of diction made known to me.

Dead! poor George, whom I remembered as full of vigorous life, intent on the details of a simple country existence, and bearing his narrow fortunes more cheerfully than is usual where, with scanty means, there is a title to support. I stood speechless for awhile, recalling other days and scenes in which George had a part—our boyish frolics and pursuits, the last visit I paid to Uplands, the last time when I pressed that honest hand that never was to grasp mine more. Yes, he was gone, and weeks and weeks had elapsed while I remained in ignorance of his death, for now it was early June, and already the African summer was growing sultry.

I stood motionless for a long time, scarcely seeing the blaze of scarlet blossoms on the broad-leaved thicket of cactus that bordered the creek where our vessels were anchored; hardly hearing the heavy hum of the bees as they flew past, laden with honey from the million flowers in the Kaid's orange garden beyond. My thoughts had flown far away across the sea, and I could barely realise at first how great a change in my circumstances the tidings in the lawyer's letter had brought about.

Yes, I was Sir Harry now, and the old manor-house and its acres were my own. Surely that hot-tempered old admiral would think better of my pretensions to his daughter's hand than when I was plain Harry Harborough, confidential clerk to Welby and Walford, of Cannon Street, E.C. Surely I might hope now to call dear Nellie my wife. I should be a poor baronet still, but richer than my father or my brother had been, since I had a fair income accruing from the

coral-fishery, and could clear off old mortgages by the help of the ready money that was fast flowing in. It was but yesterday, I bethought me, that I was speaking to Signore Bartolo of a trip to England which I was projecting. Now it behoved me to return at once, and with no intention, even if my dearest hopes were realised, of again becoming a resident on the Tunisian coast.

It would not, however, have been politic, as it would certainly have been cruel, to hint as much to the men in my employ. Only my personal popularity with the Neapolitan coral-fishers had induced them to exchange their former scrambling existence for one which brought them into constant proximity with the detested Moors. They would be in despair at the notion of my leaving them for ever, and the industry which I had founded was too important, both to them and to myself, to be jeopardised by any capricious impulse of uneducated Southerners. I therefore deemed it best to let the capitan and the others, and even Signore Bartolo, believe that my absence would be but a temporary one.

My arrangements were soon complete. Signore Bartolo was to be in command in my stead, and I trusted that a longer and fuller experience of his really excellent qualities would cause the fishers to forget their unreasonable antipathy to a Piedmontese. Beppo, who was frantic with exultation at the preference, was to go with me, and looked forward impatiently to the prospect of beholding that wonderful London, the streets of which, like Whittington in the nursery tale, he more than half believed to be paved with gold; and embarking on board the smaller felucca on the following day, I made the best of my way to Tunis, just in time to secure a passage in the steamer about to start with the mails for Genoa.

How different were my prospects, I bethought me, when we had landed and exchanged the steamer's deck for the railway carriage, from what they had been when last I was a passenger by that same Mont Cénis route. Then I was a clerk in the counting-house of a City house of importers, with but a thousand pounds in the world that I could call my own. Now the very coral that had accompanied me in the homeward voyage to Genoa was worth more than twice that sum, while there was much ready cash at command, and rapidly increasing profits from the business that I had founded. I was Sir Harry too, and the small Shropshire property, once cleared of hereditary debt, would of itself suffice for people of inexpensive habits and moderate aspirations like Nellie and myself.

From the Langham Hotel I wrote the best letter that I could contrive to pen to Admiral Bracebridge, craving his permission to renew my suit to his daughter. I announced to him that by my poor brother's death I was now in possession of the title and estates, and apprised him at the same time of my sudden accession of fortune by the quick success of my Mediterranean coral-fishery. I expressed my earnest hope to hail my darling Nellie as the mistress of Uplands, and added that as I knew the dear girl would never like to leave her father, my sincere wish was that the admiral himself would accept my cordial invitation to make

"'YOU ARE A FINE FELLOW, HARRY, MY LAD, AFTER ALL'" (*p.* 214).

Uplands his home. This letter was sealed and sent, and while awaiting a reply I went to call on my old employers in Cannon Street. It chanced to be a Monday, and I found the senior as well as the junior partner in the private parlour, and could scarcely believe that the events of the last eleven months had not been a dream, when I was seated in the very chair to which I had been motioned when first I was informed that I had been selected to go out to Genoa on behalf of the firm to buy silks. I pass over briefly my interview with Messrs. Welby and Walford, for whom I had always felt a liking and respect, which it appeared were mutual. My former employers congratulated me heartily on my prosperity, while expressing as warmly how sorry they were to have lost me; and we parted, I may truly say, with regret and esteem on both sides.

No letter arrived from that old Tartar of an admiral at Hampstead, but after some delay there came, to gladden my eyes, a tiny note in the handwriting of dear Nellie, merely to say:—

"Come to me—come to us, my darling Harry. We are both expecting you, and I have loved you all the weary time. I so long to see you. Come quickly.—Your NELLIE."

Be sure I lost no time in complying with my little wood-flower's behest to come to her. How strange it seemed to re-enter that tiny suburban paradise from which I had been driven with ignominy but a year ago! How odd to find myself drinking tea again at Woodbine Cottage as if nothing had happened, and as if I had never ceased to be a welcome guest!

Of course the master of the house felt that it was necessary for him to hold out the olive-branch of peace, and I quite felt for the pain it must have cost the proud, self-willed, but warm-hearted old man when he first met me, and began to stammer out some words of awkward apology for former harshness. But I cut him short.

"You were quite right, sir," I said, smiling, "not to give such a pearl as Nellie to a penniless suitor like myself. Now, I hope, things are different. There will be no need for your daughter to leave you, and I hope we shall all be happy together in my Shropshire home."

"You are a fine fellow, Harry, my lad, after all, and deserve your good luck, that you do!" growled out the veteran, as he shook my hand for the second time. "Well, well, I'm an old man, you know, and if I do set up at Uplands with you I shall not burthen you for long."

"The longer we all live together, and enjoy ourselves, the better," responded I; and then we sat down together, and with Nellie's shy little hand clasped in mine, I related to father and daughter all my past adventures and struggles in the sunny South, and spoke, too, of the bright prospects which lay before us, and of Uplands, with its old trees, and the silvery Mere, overgrown with water-lilies, close by, and the woods and meadows and cornfields that went with the ancient manor-house, and the grey square tower of Churburton Church just visible on the horizon.

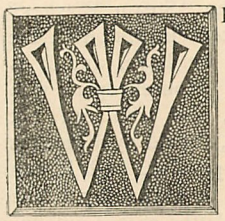
Six months later Nellie and I had our quiet wedding, and after a short tour abroad we established ourselves comfortably enough at Uplands, and have led a peaceful, unambitious life there ever since. From time to time I make a brief trip to the Tunis coast to give a master's eye to the coral-fishery, and on these occasions Beppo goes with me, but always insists on returning with me to Shropshire, as he would to Siberia, I believe, were I to be exiled there, for a more faithful servant than that half-wild Neapolitan boy never yet drew breath.

As for the fishery itself, it thrives steadily and well, the rather that it has never yet had to confront anything like organised competition. The other seekers for the precious commodity, greedy for gain but sparing of outlay, adhere to the antiquated methods, and can therefore contrive to raise but a tithe of what scientific apparatus would enable them to bring to market. The grey-haired capitan has been able to retire on his means to a snug cottage near Naples; but Signore Bartolo, with other engineers under his orders and two steamers at his command, is still the trusted superintendent of the concern. For myself, I have never forgotten what the coral reefs gave me, my fortune and my bride, and I am glad to say that the improvements I introduced have been the source of solid benefits to others as well as to myself.

That poor, warm-hearted, irascible old admiral! I quite learned to love him before long, and to find how much of goodness was hidden beneath the crust of a rugged exterior. It was not without much trouble and gentle persuasion from my wife and myself that he could be induced to make Uplands his permanent abode, but after a time he learned to regard me almost as a son. The old man has lain now, these three years past, in Churburton Churchyard, where so many of my own kindred sleep; but his memory is yet cherished with affection and regret both by Nellie and by myself.

HOURS IN MY LAUNDRY.

IN THREE PAPERS.—FIRST PAPER.



HY did you leave your last situation?" said a mistress in a preliminary conversation with the new maid she was about to engage.

"I left because the washing-machine did not agree with me," was the reply.

It is quite usual in these days for the washing-machines not to agree with those who ought to work them; and the consequence is that many of us are compelled to send out the family washing, whether we like it or not, and so run the risk of having our precious linen—the linen which, if we had lived forty years ago, would have been our pride—dark in colour, and speedily worn out and torn. There are honest folks, we know, in every trade, and therefore there are honest laundresses to be met with—laundresses who would feel that they sinned against conscience if they destroyed their customers' goods by using chemicals which would almost melt them to tatters. But ladies who have to preside over households where the weekly washing-bill is a most serious item of expense, tell us that these honest laundresses are difficult to find, and they even hint that there must be something about the laundry business which tends to lower the standard of morality in the minds of those who are engaged therein, so that they get into the habit of saying, and (what is worse) of believing, that there is nothing wrong in actions which they would think very wrong indeed if they had to look at the subject from the standpoint of the owner of the linen.

Whether this be true or not, it is certain that it is almost the universal testimony of those who understand laundry work, that clothes put out to wash will be worn out years before linen of the same quality which has been carefully washed at home. This fact has been proved again and again. Also it is certain that where housekeepers want to reduce their weekly bills, and effect a little of that domestic saving which is welcome to most of us in these hard times, there is no more effectual way of attaining this object than by beginning to wash at home.

Of course there are trials connected with domestic laundry operations. Individuals with whom hard work and washing-machines do not agree, think that it must be most delightful to put all the dirty clothes into a bag on Monday morning, and to hear and see nothing more of them until they are brought back on Friday evening, washed and ironed, with the laces deftly goffered, and the "starch things" stiff and glossy—all ready to be aired and put away.

The housekeeper, however, who has to investigate affairs more closely, knows that this good is not always unmixed with evil. Sometimes she discovers that it is quite usual for articles to be lost in the wash, and so the household supply of linen continually needs to be renewed. Sometimes she finds that buttons and strings have been wrenched off in a most cruel fashion, taking with them a portion of the band to which they were attached. More mortifying still, sometimes she finds that in linen which is comparatively new, and in parts of the garment where there is no great strain, small round holes make their appearance—a clear sign that lime has been used for the washing. Even when all these annoyances are absent, the housekeeper who sends her washing to a small private laundry may become uneasy, for fear that infectious fever may be conveyed to her children through the carelessness and ignorance of those who wash her clothes. A consciousness of this danger is a strong argument in favour of the establishment of a home laundry, and we cannot wonder that in several quarters housekeepers are beginning to inquire into the secrets of laundry work, and lay plans for the performance of the business in their own homes. They show their wisdom by doing this. There is no doubt whatever that if they possess sufficient energy to take this unpleasant domestic bull by the horns, and if they can rely on the willing and intelligent support of those on whom the burden of the work will rest, they may so arrange matters that they will gain enormously by making a change and establishing a domestic laundry under their own roof.

There is no department of domestic work in which invention has been more busy in constructing utensils which shall save labour than laundry work. For a long time a good deal of space in our industrial exhibitions, and a prominent place in the advertising columns of newspapers, have been occupied by washing-machines of various kinds; and the excellences of the productions of different manufacturers have been so enthusiastically lauded, that one has felt half inclined to believe that the discomforts of washing-day were a thing of the past, and that it was quite possible, by availing oneself of the latest appliances, for "every man to be his own washerwoman" in the intervals of intellectual enjoyment. Those who know what washing is, however, know quite well that all this is nonsense. Mrs. Poyser said very truly that you could not make a pudding by thinking of the batter; and in the same way we may say that no one could do the washing of a family by dipping the tips of the fingers in cold water and turning the handle of a machine. There is no washing without work; and, no matter what our method may be, those who work with a will are much more likely to be successful than are those whose object it is to avoid exertion in working.

There is, however, no reason why, because we acknowledge this, we should refuse to avail ourselves of the best assistance we can get. And there is no doubt whatever that in these days the labour of washing may be lessened amazingly for those who can

get a good supply of hot water, without needing to lift it backwards and forwards, and who have a good washing-machine and a wringing-machine at command. The curious part of the business is that where machines are provided in private houses, the average domestic servant will not use them. Oftener than not she is a most prejudiced person, and with an excellent machine waiting for her needs, will be constant to her old-fashioned tubs, and will go through the old routine of soaking, firsting, seconding, rubbing, brushing, boiling, rinsing, blueing, and wringing in most wearisome detail, being evidently sustained throughout by the thought that she presents in her own person a bulwark against innovation and new-fangled ways. It is certainly trying, when a house-mistress has selected a washing-machine with great care and judgment, to find that her laundry-maid will, whenever it is possible, refrain from using it, and persists in adopting the old methods of washing. There is nothing for it but patience, however. Prejudice is the child of ignorance, and in time we hope that even this ignorance will be overcome.

The question is often asked, "Which really is the best washing-machine that can be bought for domestic use?" To this question only a relative answer can be given, and disappointment is often caused because people will take it for granted that there is a best machine which will be the best under all circumstances. But this is not the case. The value of a machine depends very much upon the intelligence, skill, and physical strength of the person who uses it; and therefore the machine which proves a great success with one laundress, may turn out a failure with another. The best thing that can be done is for the housekeeper to examine a number of machines, and to make her purchase after taking account of the strength and character of the woman who will have to work it.

It is with washing-machines as it is with soaps and starch, and other necessaries for the laundry: one person will approve one sort, and another person another sort; and the individual who will bring industry and common sense to bear upon her tools, and give them fair play, may produce a good result with almost any one of them. There is so much competition nowadays that every enterprising manufacturer introduces as many improvements as he can into his machine; and the consequence is that there is scarcely a modern machine now in the market which, properly used, is not vastly superior to the tubs and "peggys" common in our childhood. As a matter of fact, the difference is not so much between one machine and another as between one worker and another; and all modern appliances bought of a dealer of respectability are so certain to have their advantages that the possessor of a modern machine, no matter what the kind, has no occasion to despair of being able to accomplish a home-wash successfully. This comforting thought at least she may enjoy: she is far better off than were the laundresses of a few years ago.

Yet though our respect for modern inventions in the shape of washing-machines is so profound, it is impossible for a person who is practically acquainted with several sorts not to have a preference for one, and it is difficult to refrain from declaring this preference on occasion. Perhaps, therefore, I may be allowed to declare that my individual preference for a family washing-machine is for the "Steam Washer." This is, I believe, the most recent invention in the way of washing-machines that we have, and it is really a most valuable article. Housekeepers who contemplate washing at home, and who are not already provided with a machine, should by all means look at this one. It is not expensive, and it can either be connected with the gas or heated by means of a coal stove; although in the latter case a smoke-pipe to carry away the smoke must be provided. The "Steam Washer" is well known to dealers in washing-machines, and can be easily obtained on application. The ordinary washing-machine is a great assistance to the laundress, because it does away with the necessity of rubbing and brushing the clothes; and both these processes are very fatiguing, and are also calculated to wear out the fabric. Yet even with a washing-machine the clothes, if they are to be made perfectly free from dirt, have to be put through two waters and boiled. But with the "Steam Washer" not only is rubbing dispensed with, but the clothes are "firsted," "seconded," and boiled, all at once; and after going through the machine they need only to be rinsed and blued, and they are ready for the wringer. Moreover, they are rendered delightfully clean, and the expenditure of labour is most trifling. Altogether the process of washing by the help of a "Steam Washer" is more like magic than any other domestic achievement known to us. One needs to be in at a "big wash" where the "Steam Washer" is used, and to understand what a "big wash" is like where there is no "Steam Washer," in order to appreciate this most excellent machine.

The majority, however, of those who resolve to do the work of the laundry at home are already supplied with appliances for the business. What they want, therefore, is to be assisted to master the process of washing, and then they can adapt the means at their command to the end desired at their convenience. The first advice one would feel inclined to give to individuals thus circumstanced would be: "On no account be persuaded to dispense with the business of soaking the clothes for some hours before beginning to wash them." The domestic servant who is called upon to do the work of laundresses is nearly always unwilling to have the clothes put to soak; she thinks that to do so causes a waste of time, that it does no good, and only makes unnecessary work. She makes a great mistake.

After all, our purpose in washing clothes is *to get* out the dirt, and the more gently this is accomplished, the less injury is done to the fabric. Soaking in water dissolves and loosens the dirt, and that this is accomplished is made evident by the dirtiness of the water in which clothes have been soaked. Those who will not draw dirt out by the gentle method of soaking, are compelled to use the harsher method of

rubbing hard and brushing; and they will even employ injurious alkalies in washing, in order to do that quickly which would have been better done if done slowly. If the practice of soaking the clothes were more universally followed, laundresses would not be so strongly tempted to use lime and injurious washing preparations as they now are. Clothes that have been thoroughly soaked are half washed before the actual washing is commenced; while the difference of colour between clothes that are regularly soaked before washing, and those that are not, is most marked.

One reason why clothes so frequently escape being soaked is that so many housekeepers have a fixed prejudice in favour of washing on Monday. This prejudice rests upon an old proverb which says—

"They who wash on Monday have all the week to dry."

Now, in a business like washing, where there is a possibility that many unforeseen contingencies may arise, it is always well to take time by the forelock. But where Monday must be the washing-day, why not put the clothes to soak on Saturday night? Sunday is the day of rest; nothing can be done then, we know; but the pans would take no harm if left standing in the washhouse, and they would be all ready for Monday morning. It is usual in many families to have clean underlinen on Sunday; but there is no charm about this regulation; linen might be changed on Saturday just as well as on Sunday, and the alteration would be an advantage in making still less work for Sunday. In many families this change has been made, and the arrangement has answered admirably; the long soaking has been an advantage rather than otherwise. As to the routine to be followed when the soaking has been accomplished, we may perhaps deal with it on another occasion.

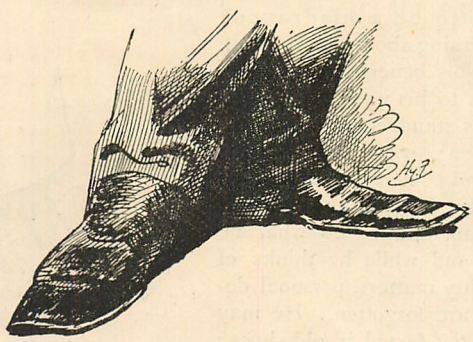
PHYLLIS BROWNE.

CHARACTERS IN FEET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IMPRESSIONS OF A NOTICING EYE."

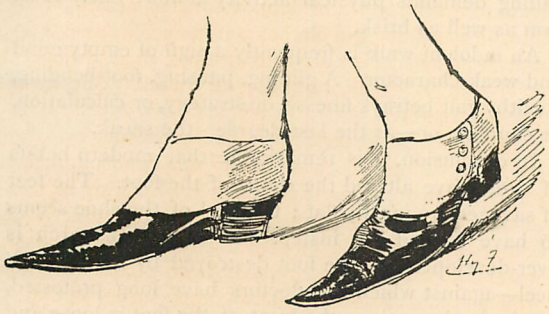
THE use of feet is more characteristic than the feet themselves. Of course there is some character even in the shape: there is the common and careless flat foot, and the neat foot, and the vain foot, and the quick foot. In Herrick's old poem the whole portrait of a dainty white-slippered girl is suggested by the words—

"Like mice, beneath her petticoat,
Her little feet went in and out."



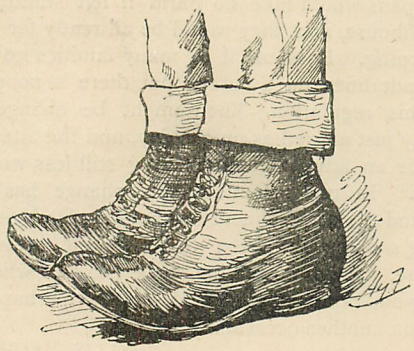
PHILANTHROPIC.

But the distinctions of character are not seen, really, in the feet themselves, but in what their owner does with them. Sometimes it is significant that their owner does not know *what* to do with them. He is vulgarly, defiantly self-sufficient, and despises ceremony, so when he smokes a cigar he puts his feet on the mantel-piece, out of the way. Or he is a country bumpkin, painfully self-conscious, so he stands on one foot and then on the other, and shifts them about, perplexed what to do with them, as ill-bred folks, when they sit idle and sociable, are perplexed by possessing a pair of hands. On the contrary, the fop—whose feet are clad without spot or speck, and regardless of expense—knows very well what to do with them; they are part of the exhibition which is his constant care. In general, it is a sign of vanity to thrust forward

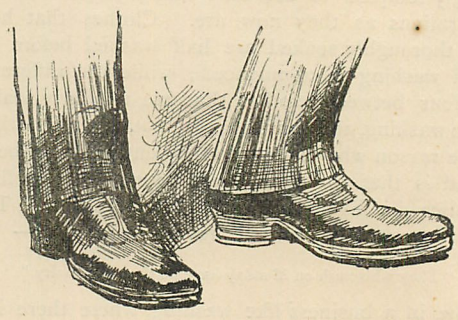


THE FOP.

habitually a neat foot when one is at rest. A conceited man nurses a leg and admires a foot, which he twitches and twirls beneath his delighted eyes—quite unconsciously, and in a different manner from the fop; for the vain man thinks of the effect produced upon other people, but the conceited man is satisfied with himself, without any regard to the world of ordinary mortals who may chance to be observing him.



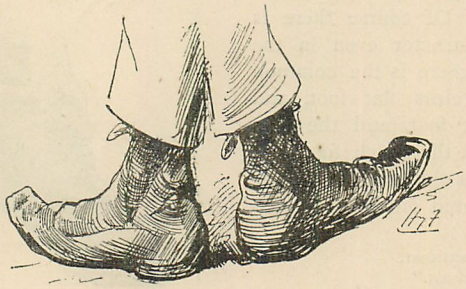
HOBNAILS.



FIRM.

Very different is the generous mind of the philanthropist, who thinks constantly of the rest of the world, and not of himself. There is nothing cramped about any of his ideas or of his possessions. He forgets such small matters as fashion and details of appearance. Except on state occasions, he considers neatness to be a hindrance; everything about him is large, from his benevolent schemes down to his well-worn shoes.

His stand is not alert, but patient, well set on the ground; he is ready and steady; he waits to give what he can, and to do what he can, and while he thinks of weighty matters, personal details are forgotten. He may walk flat-footed in old shoes; insteps and heels are infinitely beneath his consideration. So his foot is not of the type that the dancing-master believes to be the one thing necessary for a gentleman; but he has already flattened injustice under his feet, and the horror of the dancing-master shall never reach his ears.



THE WEAK.

This philanthropic man has done a great deal to widen and smooth life's roads for crowds of feet of another type. On the roads he has improved, the hobnailed boots go more contentedly.

They (the "hobnails")are strong and rather defiant: for instance, they have a defiant way of turning up. They stand straight together, just as their owners as a class stand shoulder to shoulder. Their size and weight are suggestive of possible bad kicks; but their bulk and hard-worn bend are also suggestive of work done; and the country could not thrive nor the community exist without the feet that wear hobnailed shoes.

The firm foot is the ordinary type in men. A firm walk is a sign of self-control as well as of power. When the shoe thickens so obstinately that the foot cannot bend it, and when the walker does not care what noise he makes, the firmness and power are developing to a degree that may inconvenience weaker or more sensitive folk.

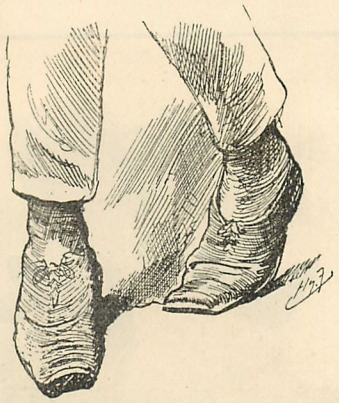
The weak foot is very common. The stand suggests a knock-kneed body and a mind not strong enough to make the best of life—one might almost say, altogether a knock-kneed character that is always stepping crooked, and going its way with an uncertain gait.

This is not to be confounded with the weak walk of the man who is always in a hurry and absent-minded, because he is hurrying up some plans of future work. The hurrying walk is apt to be weak, but it does not betoken a weak character. On the contrary, hurrying feet, whether they walk firmly or irregularly, are always a sign of strong character. The weak-footed hurry often belongs to the man whose work is mental; the hurrying man whose calling demands physical activity is more likely to be firm as well as brisk.

An indolent walk is frequently a sign of empty mind and weak character. A gliding, pausing, foot-bending, stealthy gait betrays finesse, or strategy, or calculation, or cunning, or—as the last degree—the sneak.

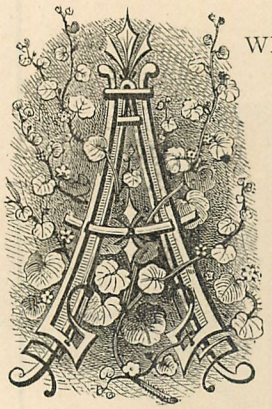
In conclusion, it is remarkable that modern habits of dress have altered the shape of the foot. The feet of savages are mostly flat; the heel of the shoe seems to have formed the instep. Of course, the arch is over-developed and the foot destroyed by the too high heel—against which the doctors have long protested. Again, in the antique the front of the foot is loose and broad, and the great toe parts from the others with a

division as decided (though of course not as broad) as the parting of the thumb from the fingers of the hand. This division was used for the strap of the sandal. If we take the antique for our type of beauty, a pointed shoe is utterly unnatural. Very rare is the fine form of a foot that has kept straight on the inner side—not bent by efforts to be cramped to a point. Perhaps this straight foot that never has been distorted ought to be taken as a sign of common sense. For if one judges rightly, the distortion caused by a craze for pointed toes is as bad in kind—though not in degree—as the malformation of the foot which Chinese ladies allow their children to suffer in infancy, so that they may grow up to have a proper Chinese deportment—supported by a maid, or a stick, or a friendly wall.



THE SNEAK.

THE GARDEN IN MARCH.



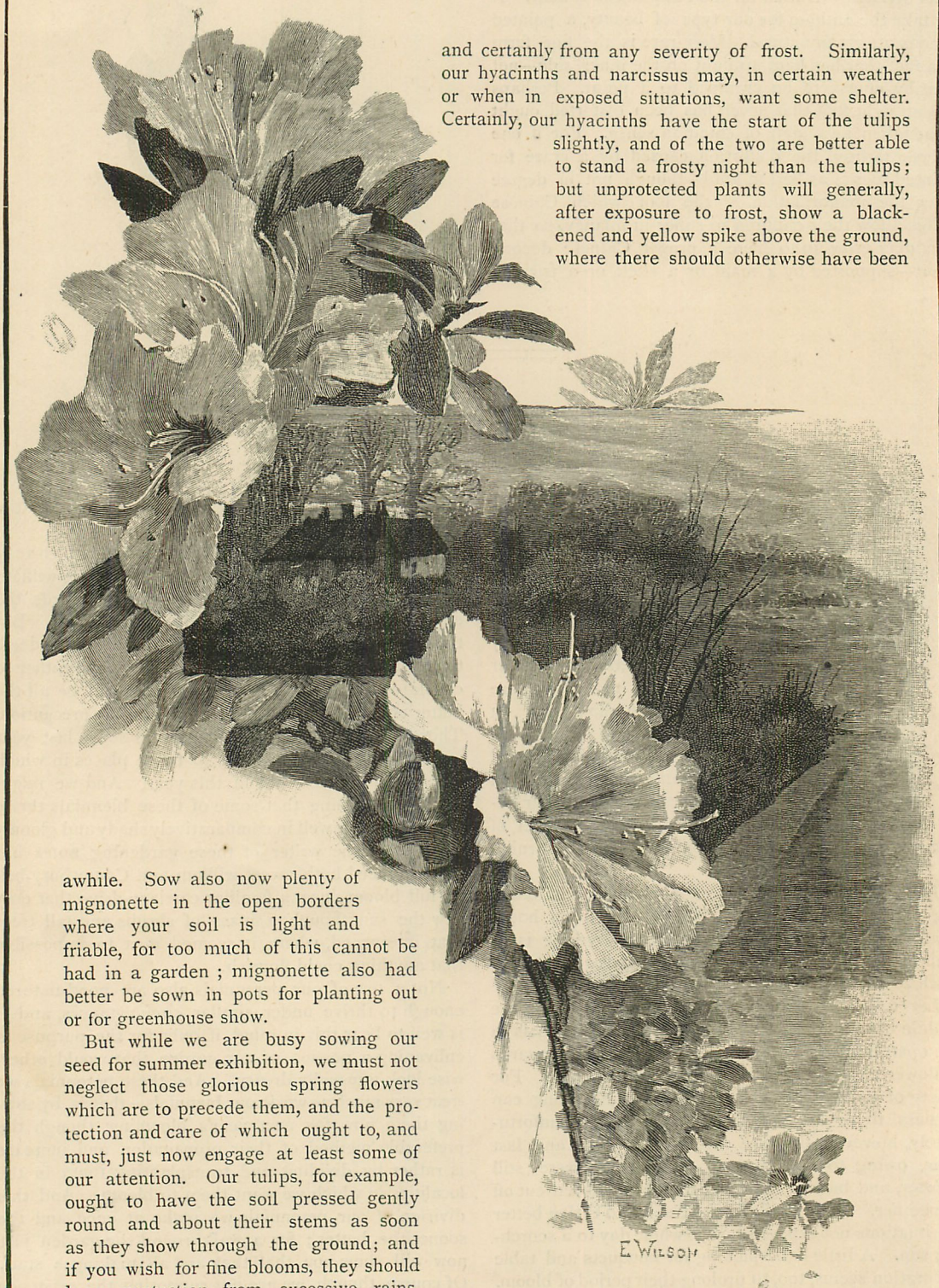
WHOLE array of gardening lies before us as soon as the month of March sets in; the two months that have just passed we occupied largely in the preparation for what we may call our gardening proper—that is to say, we are now assuming that in January we did some heavy trenching and manure-wheeling, and in February saw to our repotting and collection of composts, and so on; and now in this, the morning of the year, we sow our seed.

Digging a foundation is certainly the least interesting part of house-building, but without it no house would stand; but now, however, that everything is in training for the reception of seed, we strike out with a fresh zeal.

Let us notice first our flower-garden: about the middle of the month sow, then, some hardy annuals in the open borders in which you intend them afterwards to flower; such, for instance, as your sweet peas. For gaiety of colour and delicacy of scent, nothing can surpass these old and popular favourites; unfortunately, however, they are rather short-lived, and last year, owing to the drought, their lives were still shorter, and but for watering would have been cut off altogether. They would almost seem to thrive better in situations not exposed for the whole day to a scorching sun. A little hand-picking for bouquets and table decoration seems, too, to prolong their period of bloom. Our half-hardy annuals, however, we must hardly yet trust to the tender mercies of an English climate; these, therefore, we sow in pots in our greenhouse or pit, and do not expose them to the open until the month of May.

And then there are the biennials, among which may be named our old-fashioned friends the sweet-william and the Canterbury-bell; these, if sown towards the end of the month, will bloom early next year. But they need no rich soil or any choice situation; indeed, they may be sown on poor soil, so as the rather to check too free a growth this year, and will be all the better enabled to stand the winter by this precaution. Those biennials, however, that were sown last year may shortly be transplanted to those places in which you intend them to bloom this year. And we might remark in passing that some of these biennials thrive and bloom very well in comparatively shady and gloomy situations; the writer of these gardening notes has often noticed both sweet-william and Canterbury-bell in full bloom down a familiar carriage-drive that only saw the sun though a mass of shrubs and tall trees that intervened, where it seemed next to impossible that anything could flourish.

Not a few of our perennials also are good-natured enough to thrive under similar circumstances, and it is well to bear this in mind, if only for the purpose of enlivening a portion of our garden that would otherwise look unusually dreary. And these perennials we treat very much as we do our biennials—that is, by sowing them now for next year's blooming, though the preferable method of their propagation and increase is rather by dividing and transplanting them in the localities in which we want them to bloom. And this division of our perennials we make at once, and the sooner the better; for a walk round the garden just now will show you that they are all making a start. Of course, though, we are not supposing the existence of any unnatural or prolonged frost, which nevertheless does occasionally take place at this time of year, in which case such an operation must be delayed for



and certainly from any severity of frost. Similarly, our hyacinths and narcissus may, in certain weather or when in exposed situations, want some shelter. Certainly, our hyacinths have the start of the tulips slightly, and of the two are better able to stand a frosty night than the tulips; but unprotected plants will generally, after exposure to frost, show a blackened and yellow spike above the ground, where there should otherwise have been

awhile. Sow also now plenty of mignonette in the open borders where your soil is light and friable, for too much of this cannot be had in a garden ; mignonette also had better be sown in pots for planting out or for greenhouse show.

But while we are busy sowing our seed for summer exhibition, we must not neglect those glorious spring flowers which are to precede them, and the protection and care of which ought to, and must, just now engage at least some of our attention. Our tulips, for example, ought to have the soil pressed gently round and about their stems as soon as they show through the ground; and if you wish for fine blooms, they should have protection from excessive rains,

all the green and freshness of an early spring. And then again our pansies, as March advances, will be disposed to blow in the open air, and will, in the absence of frost, make rapid progress. If you have any choice sorts that you wish to propagate, take off a few shoots, avoiding as far as possible spoiling the appearance of your plant, and strike them under a bell-glass, or in any slight hot-bed that you may now have made up. And this reminds us of the admirable uses of the sort to which a cucumber or melon frame just made up can be turned—before, that is, you have set your young cucumber plant in the bed at all. And indeed, even after it is there, there is ample room all round the side of your frame for several pots of seed that you want to force on, and which after awhile you remove to the gentler heat of your greenhouse, previous, it may be, to a final remove into the open flower-beds in the early summer months.

Next, a word as to our climbing plants. Those in a conservatory this month will require much attention, owing to their now rapid growth ; and their treatment of course must be proportionate to the natural habits of each plant : those, for example, that bloom on the long shoots of this year's growth must have them encouraged by the removal of the weaker shoots, while those that bloom on laterals should be managed with an eye to the production of laterals. A severe pruning given now would yield you some *late* flowers of those creepers that bloom luxuriantly and freely. And yet, as a rule, and more particularly with regard to out-of-door climbers, it does not do to restrain them too much; while, on the other hand, they must not of course be allowed to grow into an entangled mass.

And finally, in the fruit-garden, the nailing of the wall-fruit ought to be finished forthwith ; for, bear in mind, the buds are now getting forward, and unless you are very careful while nailing, the buds might get knocked off. Indeed, this operation will not allow of a day's delay. And when your wall-trees show a disposition to early bloom, they will probably require a little protection from frost. It is a thousand pities to have a fine show destroyed for want of a little trouble in the way of protection. Thin canvas or woollen netting is very useful in this respect. Or as frost, we know, comes, so to speak, "straight down," a good device would be to have some thin wood-work, which you might affix to, and remove from, your wall at pleasure, taking care to have it projecting from the wall some eighteen inches. This strikes us as a good device ; or, indeed, some spruce-fir boughs might be brought into requisition as a means of protection. It is upon little ingenuities such as these that a good deal of our gardening success depends.

CURIOUS WILLS.

THE origin of will-making, though even its early necessity is obvious, is lost in the obscurity of the past. Tradition says that Noah made a will, and although he had certainly plenty of land at his disposal, history is silent on the matter. It is highly probable, however, that the "last wills and testaments" of these early patriarchs were oral and not written. Imagination can easily picture them, like Jacob of old, summoning their children solemnly to their death-bed, and in an extremely affecting manner assigning to each his allotted portion. One trembles to think of what dire disputes such a method in these days would produce !

The first written will of which we have any record is that of Sennacherib, which was discovered in the Royal Library of Kouyunjik. Ancient wills, which since this date have been luckily preserved, are of immense value to the antiquarian, inasmuch as they afford him a reliable clue to the habits, the customs, the language, the modes of thought, and the details of domestic life of many great men of bygone years.

Few men care to make their wills. It is a shuddering reminder of the silent march of years, which, as they glide rapidly by, one by one, cannot but forcibly remind him who thinks of his quickly approaching end, when he—mere tenant-at-will—shall be compelled to relinquish all his earthly possessions to his successor. But unpleasant as the task may be, it is a very important duty, which all who possess houses and land, or what not, ought to properly attend to in health, while their brains are clear and their minds sound. Why should men have their last moments, which ought to be occupied with the consolations of religion, disturbed by the presence of the fussy family solicitor, with his perplexing questions and his tedious formalities ? Naturally, one would suppose that men in making this last serious transaction of life would be terribly stern. Surely there is nothing in the occasion likely to evoke the spirit of mirth and jocular singularity. And yet, such is the strange complexity of the human mind, that even in the carrying out of such a seemingly sorrowful duty man can take pleasure in laugh-provoking eccentricity.

How terribly chagrined, for instance, would be the valet of the famous punster, Jasper Mayne, who had bequeathed him by his master a worn-out portmanteau, not so much for its own value as its contents—there being that within which would cause him to drink—and who, upon opening the same, discovered nothing but a red herring !

As a rule people naturally leave their riches to their poorest and nearest relatives, but an old bachelor of fortune a few years back thought evidently it was a custom more worthy of being "honoured in the breach than the observance."

"How is this?" said the lawyer. "You leave all you possess to a stranger when you have relations—a nephew——"

"My nephew!" exclaimed the old man furiously. "My nephew—a good-for-nothing spendthrift, not worth a halfpenny!"

"Oh, dear, no," replied the lawyer. "Since last you saw him, two years ago, he has made a large fortune."

"Dear me! that is quite another thing," exclaimed the testator. "In that case I make him absolutely my heir."

This, however, is excelled in eccentricity by an old Parisian lady, who resided in the Rue Fontaine, St. George's, and left £1,500 a year to her butcher, whom she had never even seen !

Here is a quaint specimen of thoughtful generosity: Mr. Luke, of Wath, Rotherham, left "to every child who should attend his funeral, one penny; to each poor woman in Wath, one shilling; to seven old navvies for puddling him up in his grave, one guinea; and a guinea to the old servant who had put him to bed and tucked him up for eleven years."

Most people prefer having their remains lying quietly in their graves, and the custom was common in olden times to inscribe imprecations on their tombstones to those who should dare disturb them. It was different, however, with John Reed, the gas-lighter of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, who concluded his will with this strange wish:—"My head to be separated from my body, duly macerated and prepared, then to be employed to represent the skull of Yorick in the play of 'Hamlet.'"

Dr. Ellerby, who died in London in the year 1827, however, was more liberal still with his remains, his will containing the following strange bequests:—"I bequeath my heart to Mr. W., anatomist, my lungs to Mr. R., and my brains to Mr. F., in order that they may preserve them from decomposition; and I further declare that if these gentlemen shall fail faithfully to execute these my last wishes in this respect, I will come and torment them until they shall comply." In spite of the awe-inspiring threat, however, the respective parties refused to accept their several legacies.

"What's in a name?" The author of the next will evidently had great ideas of his own family name:—

A Mr. Furstone, having no family, left £7,000 to any man legitimately bearing the name of Furstone who should discover and marry a female Furstone. If the marriage should result in children, the same was to descend to the male offspring, if any, or to any child or children of the opposite sex who should, if married, retain the name.

Parents, as everybody knows, are apt to consider their daughters worth their weight in gold, but a Scotch gentleman estimated his two daughters' value even at a higher rate than this, bequeathing to each her weight in £1 bank notes. The elder seems to have been slimmer than her sister, for she only got £51,200, while the younger received £57,344.

Often does it happen that by an ambiguous expression in a will people come in for property which was never intended for them. For example, some years ago a lady anxious to leave her servant her clothing, jewellery, and whatever else she had worn on her person, thought she could not be wrong in describing it as "personalty," thus unwittingly including in the bequest £10,000.

Very necessary is it, therefore, to avoid mistakes, for there is nothing more despotic than the surviving will of a dead person: "the voice of the dead not lost." From that "last will" there is assuredly no appeal. Jokai, the celebrated Hungarian novelist, has truly remarked—"It is not so easy to pass away as to die: in vain the survivor says to the phantom of the departed—'Thou no longer livest! surely thou art dead: did not I myself see thee buried, and in thy grave-clothes?' It heeds not the words, but again and again re-appears, acts as if it had never left its place, takes part in the affairs of life, and controls the whole destiny of the living."

A Roman Catholic lady dying not long since at a French watering-place, sent for the priest to administer the last rites. The old lady explained to him how she had left her money, and then exclaimed in broken accents:—

"Father—I've—given—you——"

"Stay," said the anxious priest, "I will call a witness to the bequest."

"I've given you," repeated the old lady with increasing difficulty, "given you—a great—deal—of—t-r-o-u-b-l-e!"

Brevity is generally considered the soul of wit, and surely the will proved in the Lewes Probate Court in the beginning of November, 1878, which was contained in eight words, is the briefest will on record. The will was:—"Mrs. G—— to have all when I die."

Amongst other testamentary clauses in the will of a New York gentleman was the following:—"I own 71 pairs of trousers, and I strictly enjoin my executors to hold a public sale, at which these shall be sold to the highest bidder, and the proceeds distributed to the poor of the city. I further desire that these garments shall in no way be examined or meddled with, but be disposed of as they are found at the time of my death: and no one purchaser to buy more than one pair." The sale was held, and the 71 pairs of trousers were sold to 71 purchasers, each of whom discovered in one of the pockets bank notes representing a thousand dollars.

"THERE'S STORE GALORE YOUR BASKET FILLS OF BLOSSOMS GOLDEN-GAY."

"*FORTUNE'S FLOWER*" (*p.* 223).

Many wills have been made in doggrel rhyme. Here are two quaint specimens :—

"I give and bequeath,
When I'm laid underneath,
To my two loving sisters most dear,
The whole of my store,
Were it twice as much more,
Which God's goodness has given me here.
And that none may prevent
This my will and intent,
Or occasion the least of law-racket,
With a solemn appeal,
I confirm, sign, and seal
This, the true act and deed of Will Jackett."

The above will was proved on the 17th of July, 1789, at Doctors' Commons.

The second one bears date of 1804 :—

"Maybe I am not worth a groat,
But should I die worth something more,
I leave it all, with my old coat,
And all my manuscripts in store,
To those who will the goodness have
To cause my poor remains to rest
Within a fitting shell and grave :
This is the will of Joshua West."

We are bidden on the best authority "not to let the sun go down on our wrath," but many have allowed even the shades of death to envelop them with malice still rankling in their hearts. Examples, however, of "cutting" relatives with the proverbial shilling are too common to receive notice here. But we give a specimen of mild vindictiveness. A John Budd left his eldest son an estate of considerable value, on condition that he shaved off his moustache and never allowed it to grow again ! Speaking of the proverbial shilling, which, as every one knows, has reference to the vulgar and wicked suggestion of buying a rope for self-destruction, suggests the sarcastic will of a British sailor who left his wife one shilling to buy hazel-nuts with, that good lady, according to her husband, having always preferred cracking nuts to mending his stockings.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed," as this instance testifies. A man had a legacy left him, which was hampered unfortunately by a strange condition. The sum was £2,000, but half of it, according to the testator's wishes, was to be placed in his coffin and buried with him. A friend, however, was equal to the occasion. "Where is the money now?" he asked. "In the bank," he was told. "All right," replied his friend, "you write a cheque for £1,000, and put it in the coffin, *drawn to order*."

Many curious directions have been left in wills respecting burial. A few instances must suffice. An old lady, who was shocked at the levity of the local clergy attached to the cathedral of the town where she resided, left a large sum to the chapter on condition that all the clergy attended her funeral. Should any one of the same smile during the service, the sum was to be forfeited. The recollection of the singular condition caused them all to laugh in the procession, as they cast furtive glances at each other, which subsequently led to a lengthy trial, but, strange to say, in spite of the will the clergy eventually gained their cause. Just the contrary of this was the will of Messer Lodovico Cortusio, who forbade any of his friends and relatives to weep at his funeral. He who should be found weeping should be disinherited ; while, on the other hand, the one who should laugh the heartiest should be his principal heir.

J. EATON FEARN.

FORTUNE'S FLOWER.

AH, Norah, yet the grass is wet—'tis early times you're out !
And, sure, the sun and you, my pet, should light us turn about.
The buds uncurl, the swallows whirl, you lead the year astray ;
And what's the happy news, my pearl, that warms your heart to-day ?

Ah, can't I trace the darling face I've loved for twenty years ?
And don't I know the April grace where smiles just touch the tears ?
There's store galore your basket fills of blossoms golden-gay,
But more, asthore, than daffodils you're bringing home to-day !

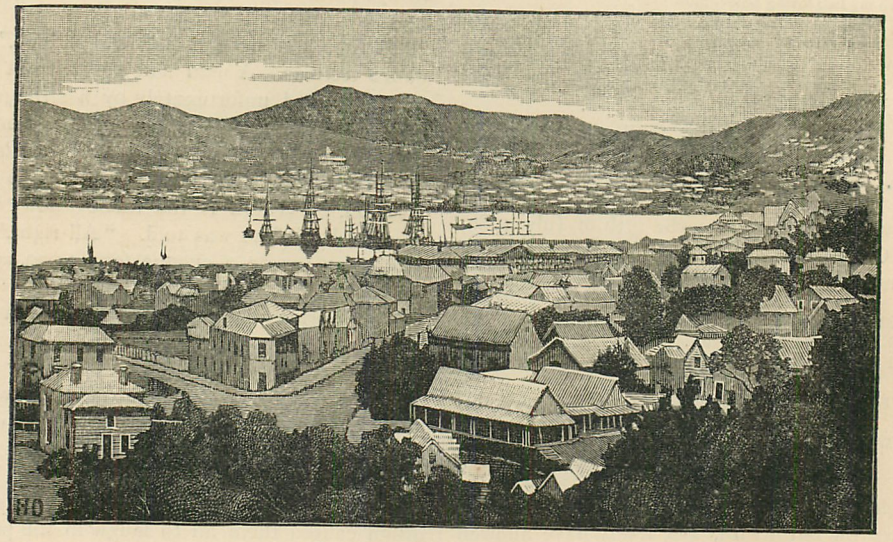
A four-leaved shamrock ! happy hour ! that promise must come true ;
And lucky flower that owns the power to bring good luck to you !
At others' tread it hid its head, and crouched away in fear,
And pushed its four leaves forth instead the moment *you* drew near.

And what's the boon the omen brings ? for wealth you'd never seek ;
And health and bloom were mocking things to such a May-day cheek ;
A secret's cheap those eyes would keep !—I know the happy lad—
But, oh ! one lover's rapture deep will leave a county sad.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

SOCIAL LIFE AT THE CAPITAL OF NEW ZEALAND.

BY A RESIDENT.



WELLINGTON.

WE are all pretty familiar now with the surprises that usually await the typical "new chum" on his arrival in any of the Australian colonies — when he finds for instance that his bowie-knife, revolver, and repeating rifle are *not* the indispensable adjuncts which he imagined they would be, and that his friends are *not* in the habit of sleeping on packing-cases, and using flour-tubs in the place of dining-room tables.

All these surprises, however, I venture to say, are mild in comparison with the amazement of the young Englishman who comes to New Zealand with the expectation of "roughing it" in a Crimean shirt and blue jumper, and suddenly finds himself landed in the capital, in the midst of the punctiliously correct "society" which surrounds the shrine of Government House. All his ideas of the freedom of colonial life, of which he has heard so much, vanish like dreams at the waking hour. Possibly the poor young man, while fully impressed with the absolute necessity of his bowie-knife and pistols, omitted to bring his dress-clothes, thinking these were the emblems of an effete civilisation, and totally uncalled for in the wild young freedom of the new world. Let him at once repair the terrible omission, for nowhere is a claw-hammer coat more indispensable than in Wellington, the capital of New Zealand. And nowhere else, I may add, are people more exacting in regard to the rigid performances of all social observances.

At what precise period this rigid *régime* was inaugurated I have no exact means of knowing, but I shrewdly suspect that it was about the time of the removal of the seat of Government to Wellington from Auckland. It could hardly have existed in the early days of the settlement, say thirty or forty years ago, when packing-cases and flour-tubs really were put to uses never contemplated by their original makers, and when "morning calls" took the form of dropping in to borrow a few potatoes, or seeing if you could lend a hand with your neighbour's washing.

Gradually as the town grew, the old colonial heartiness and freedom of intercourse became curtailed, and the more exclusive of the new arrivals formed themselves into a "set," and hedged themselves round with the restrictions to which some of them had been accustomed in the old world, and to which the others no doubt paid great deference as being undoubtedly "the correct thing." With the arrival of the Civil Service officials and the *entourage* of Government House, "deportment" at once rushed up to a premium, and the old colonial "come when you like and welcome" kind of hospitality had to hide its diminished head, for fear of being thought uncivilised and vulgar.

In making these remarks I shall of course be denounced as a Philistine, and accused in all probability of being vulgar and uncivilised myself.

Let me not be misunderstood as decrying all social restraints and rules. In the case of Government House, for example, I recognise the necessity of a strict observance of conventionalities. Of course also as a community progress in what is called civilisation the adoption of certain forms and regulations becomes as necessary to preserve social freedom as do general legislative enactments for the maintenance of national liberty. What I do protest against, however, is the carrying of ordinances, praiseworthy in themselves, to

such an extreme as to invest the whole community with an air of stiffness and restraint. When you make a call expecting to find a cordial hospitable English lady as hostess, it is not pleasant to discover Mrs. Wilfer sitting bolt upright glaring at you with a freezing want of friendliness.

The hostesses for the most part seem as if they had not been very long in the position, and were afraid of committing themselves, and the consequence is that it is difficult to feel thoroughly at ease in their company. As for the young ladies, I shrink from saying anything ungallant, partly because I am deeply sensible of their many charms, and partly because I know they are attentive readers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, and the bravest man is naturally appalled at the thought of incurring their resentment.

They seem to me, however, to be either too much of the "prunes and prism" order, or else going to the other extreme, they are distinctly flirty, not to say flighty.

"IT IS NOT PLEASANT TO DISCOVER MRS. WILFER SITTING BOLT UPRIGHT."

It is rare to find that delightful frankness and absence of reserve which, combined with the most perfect modesty and maidenly self-respect, go to make the ideal English girl so charming. The colonial "young lady," as she prefers to be called, seems to be either looking at you with an air of frigid distrust, or recklessly throwing herself at your head. The English girl treats you with a confidence that in itself compels respect, and when a man thinks of wooing her, he does so tremblingly, feeling that it is a privilege not rashly to be aspired to.

There! In making this comparison I know I have emphatically "put my foot in it." The colonial girls, however, despite their failings, are good-hearted creatures, capable of learning even a harsh lesson; and so, knowing that what I have said is intended for their good, I must endeavour to brave the consequences.

So much for society generally in the capital of New Zealand. It is only fair to add that on the whole the stranger who cares to enter the *arcana*, and takes the trouble to conform strictly to the regulations, has no very great difficulty in gaining admittance.

Provided a young man is not in trade, at any rate in a retail line, and is careful not to offend Mrs. Wilfer's prejudices, he soon finds the means of entering the inner brotherhood.

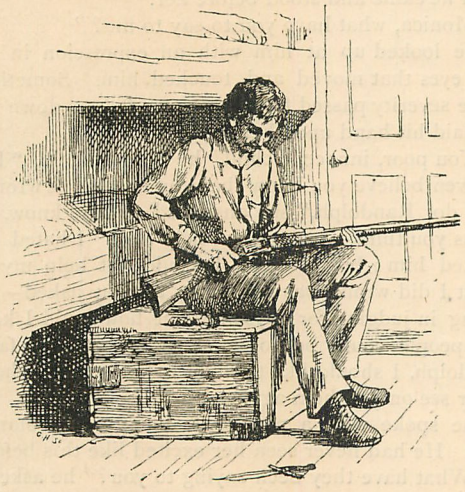
The ladies dress tolerably well as a rule, but with nothing like the lavishness observed in Melbourne. Government House is practically the only opening which a Wellington lady possesses of "showing off" an expensive toilette.

The one great drawback to Wellington as a place of social resort and enjoyment is the paucity of good walks and drives in the neighbourhood.

The city is very picturesquely situated on the shores of a beautiful bay which Lord Normanby, a former Governor, was fond of comparing to that of Naples. The hills which hem it in on every side, although effective as a background, are decided obstacles in the way of locomotion, and hence the Wellingtonian who feels inclined for a drive or a ramble soon finds that there is but a limited choice of routes.

The bay itself grows on the resident immensely. Unfortunately the surrounding hills have been stripped of the native bush, and at first the view may strike the spectator as uninteresting and even ugly. It is only when he becomes acquainted with the ever-changing aspects of the harbour, the strange effects of light and shade, of mist and sunshine, and, above all, the vivid atmospheric hues which light up the waters and the environing heights at sunrise and sunset, that he begins to understand the affection of every true Wellingtonian for this noble harbour.

There is an excellent rowing club which has been in existence for some years, and a promising yachting club more recently established, so that young



"HIS BOWIE-KNIFE, REVOLVER, AND REPEATING RIFLE" (*p.* 224).

Wellington has opportunities not only of cultivating a taste for the beautiful, but developing thew and sinew.

Rowing and football are undoubtedly the two sports in which the young men of Wellington excel, especially the latter. Cricket is not in so flourishing a condition, owing probably to the absence of good practice grounds.

Hitherto I have dwelt on the lighter elements of social life in the New Zealand metropolis. It must not be assumed, however, that it is destitute of intellectual and religious activity.

Lectures, I am afraid, do not go down well in Wellington unless they are delivered by some one who has made a name for himself at home, and then it is to be feared the people go to see the lecturer rather than to hear what he has to say. There is an excellent museum under the charge of Sir James Hector, F.R.S., and a good Athenæum and circulating library. The Philosophical Institute meets regularly at the museum, and learned papers are read on various scientific subjects. When I remark that recent contributions to the "Transactions" include dissertations on "The Anatomy of *Sepioteuthis bilineata*," "The Revision of the recent *Rhachylossate* Mollusca of New Zealand," and "On the New Zealand *Pycnogonida*," it may be imagined that the subjects treated are not of the light and frivolous order. Those who care for the practical study of botany can gratify their taste in the public gardens, the chief attraction of which consists of some beautiful native bush and ferns.

I may add that churches of all denominations are plentiful in Wellington. And if there are no marvels of pulpit eloquence among the preachers, there are men who are good examples of earnest, hard-working Christian ministers. There are also various organisations open to the benevolently disposed to employ as a means of personal usefulness.

Taking it all in all, life at the seat of Government in New Zealand, although not very thrilling in its episodes, is at any rate endurable.

I will go further, and say that a man to whom a good climate is a consideration, and who has a contented mind, will find here the means of interest and enjoyment.

MONICA:

OR, STRONGER THAN DEATH.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Torwood's Trust," "Oliver Langton's Ward," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

RANDOLPH'S STORY.

RANDOLPH led his wife upstairs to the drawing-room, and closed the door behind them. It was nine o'clock, and the room was brightly illuminated. Randolph was in dinner dress, as though he had been some time at home. His face was pale, and wore an expression of stern repression more intense than anything Monica had ever seen there before. She was profoundly agitated—agitated most of all by the feeling that he was near her again: the husband she had pined for without knowing that she pined. Her agitation was due to a kind of tumultuous joy more than to any other feeling, but she hardly knew this herself, and no one else would have credited it from the whiteness of her face, and the strained look it wore. As a matter of fact, she was physically and mentally exhausted. She had gone through much that day; she had eaten little, and that many hours ago; she was a good deal prostrated, though hardly aware of it—a state in which nervous tension made her unusually susceptible of impression, and she trembled and shrank before the displeasure in her husband's proud face. Would he look like that if he really loved her? Ah, no! no! She shrank a little more into herself.

Randolph did not hurry her. He took off his top coat leisurely, and laid his whip down upon the table. He looked once or twice at her as she sat, pale and trembling, in the arm-chair whither he had led her. Then he came and stood before her.

"Monica, what have you to say to me?"

She looked up at him with an expression in her dark eyes that moved and touched him. Something of the severity passed from his face; he sat down too, and laid his hand upon hers.

"You poor, innocent child," he said quietly, "I do not even believe you know that you have done wrong."

"I do, Randolph," she answered. "I do know, but not as you think—I could not help that. I hated it—I hated him; but to-night I could not help myself. What I did wrong was not doing as you asked—persisting in judging for myself. But how could I know that people could be so cruel, so unworthy, so false? Randolph, I should like to-night to know that I should never see one of them again!"

She spoke with a passionate energy that startled him. He had never seen her excited like this before.

"What have they been saying to you?" he asked in surprise.

"Ah! don't ask me. It is too hateful. It was Cecilia. She seemed to think it was amusing—entertaining. Ah! how can people be so unwomanly, so debased!"

She put her hands before her eyes, as if to shut out some hideous image. "Yes, I will tell you, Randolph—I will. I owe it to you, because—because—oh, because there is just enough truth to make it so terribly bitter. She said that people knew it was not an ordinary marriage, ours—she called it a *mariage de convenance*. She said everybody knew we had not fallen in love with one another." Monica's hand was still pressed over her eyes; she could not look at her husband. "She said I showed it plainly, that I let every one see. I never meant to, Randolph, but perhaps I did. I don't know how to pretend. But, oh, she said people thought it was because—I cared—for some one else—that I had married you whilst I loved some one else—and that is all a wicked, wicked lie! You believe that, Randolph, do you not?"

She rose up suddenly and he rose too, and they stood looking into each other's eyes.

"You believe that at least, Randolph?" she asked, and wondered at the stern sorrow visible in every line of his face.

"Yes, Monica, I believe that," he answered very quietly; yet, in spite of all his yearning tenderness, there was still some sternness in his manner, for he was deeply moved, and knew that the time had come when at all costs he must speak out. "I too have heard that false rumour, and have heard—which I hope you have not—the name of the man to whom your heart is supposed to be given. Shall I tell it you? His name is Conrad Fitzgerald."

Monica recoiled as if he had struck her, and put both her hands before her face. Randolph continued speaking in the same concise way.

"Let me tell you my tale now, Monica. I left Scotland early this morning, finishing business twelve hours earlier than I expected. I wired from Durham to you, but you had left the house before my telegram reached. In the train, during the last hour of the journey, some young fellows got in who were amusing themselves by idle repetition of current gossip. I heard my wife's name mentioned more than once, coupled with that of Sir Conrad Fitzgerald, in whose company she had evidently been frequently seen of late. I reached home—Lady Monica was out for the day with Mrs. Bellamy—presumably with Sir Conrad also. I dined at my club, to hear from more than one source that the world is gossiping about my handsome wife and Sir Conrad Fitzgerald. I came home at dusk to find the groom just returned with the news that Sir Conrad is bringing my lady home, that he was dismissed from attendance; and in effect, the man whose acquaintance I repudiate, whose presence in my house is an insult, rides up to my door in attendance upon my wife. Before I say any more, tell me your story. Monica, let me hear what you have been doing whilst I have been away."

Monica, roused to a passionate indignation by what she heard—an indignation that for the moment seemed to include the husband who had uttered such cruel, wounding words—told her story with graphic energy. She was grateful to Randolph for listening so calmly and so patiently. She was vaguely aware that not all men would show such forbearance and self-control. She knew she had wounded him to the quick by her indiscretion and self-will, but he gave her every chance to exculpate herself. When she had told her story, she stood up very straight before him. Let him pronounce sentence upon her; she would bear it patiently if she could.

"I see, Monica," he answered very quietly—"I understand. It is not all your fault. You have only been unguarded. You have been an innocent victim. It is Fitzgerald's own false tongue that has set on foot these idle, baseless rumours. It is just like him."

Monica recoiled again. "Just like him! but, Randolph, he is my friend!"

A stern look settled upon Randolph's face. "Oblige me, Monica, by withdrawing that word. He is *not* your friend; and he is my enemy."

"Your enemy?"

"Yes; and *this* is how he tries to obtain his revenge."

Monica was trembling in every limb. "I do not understand," she said.

"Sit down, then, and I will tell you."

She obeyed, but he did not sit down. He stood with his back against the chimney-piece, the light from the chandelier falling full upon his stern resolute face, with its handsome features and luminous dark eyes.

"You say you know the story of Fitzgerald's past?"

"Yes; he forged a cheque. His sister told me."

Randolph looked at her intently. "Was that *all* she told you?"

"Yes; she said it was all. He deceived a friend and benefactor, and committed a crime. Was not that enough?"

"Not enough for Fitzgerald, it seemed," answered Randolph significantly. "Monica, I am glad you did not know more, since you have met that man as a friend since. Forgiveness is beautiful and noble—but there are limits. I will tell you the whole story, but in brief. The Colonel Hamilton you heard of, perhaps, in connection with the forgery was Fitzgerald's best and kindest friend. He was a friend of my mother's and of mine. I knew him intimately, and saw a good deal of his *protégé* at his house and at Oxford. I did not trust him at any time. It was no very great surprise when, after a carefully concealed course of vulgar dissipation, he ended by disgracing himself in the way you have heard. It cut Hamilton to the quick. 'Why did not the lad come to me if he was in trouble? I would have helped him,' he said. He let me into the secret, for I happened to be staying with him at the time; but it was all hushed up. Fitzgerald was forgiven, and vowed an eternal gratitude, as well as a complete reformation in his life."

"Did he keep his promise?" asked Monica in a whisper.

"You shall hear how," answered Randolph, with a gathering sternness in his tone not lost upon Monica.

"From that moment it seemed to me as if a demon possessed him. I believe—it is the only excuse or explanation to be offered—that there is a taint of insanity in his blood, and that with him it takes, or took, the form of an inexplicable hatred towards the man to whom he owed so much. About this time, Colonel Hamilton, till then a bachelor, married a friendless, beautiful young wife, to whom in his very quiet and undemonstrative way he was deeply and passionately attached, as she was to him. But she was very young and very inexperienced, and when Fitzgerald, with his smooth false tongue, set himself to poison her life by filling her mind with doubts of her husband's love, he succeeded but too well. She spoke no word of what she suffered, but withdrew herself in her morbid, jealous distress. She broke the faithful heart that loved her, and she broke her own too. It sounds a wild and foolish tale, perhaps, to one who does not understand the mysteries of a passionate love like theirs; but it is all too true. I had been absent from England for some time, but came home, all unconscious of what had happened, to find my friend Hamilton in terrible grief. His young wife lay dying—dying of a rapid decline, brought on, it was said, by mental distress; and worse than all, she could not endure her husband's presence in the room, but shrank from him with inconceivable terror and excitement. He was utterly broken down by distress. He begged me to see her, and to learn, if I could, the cause of this miserable alteration. I did see her. I did get her to tell her story. I heard what Conrad Fizgerald had done; and I was able, I am thankful to say, to relieve her mind of its haunting fear, and to bring her husband back to her before the end had come. She died in his arms, happy at the last; but she died; and he, in his broken-hearted misery for her loss and for the treachery of one he had loved almost as a son, did not survive her for long. Within six months, my true, brave friend followed her to the grave.

"I was with him to the end. I need hardly say that Fitzgerald did not attempt to come near. He was plunged in a round of riotous dissipation. On the day following the funeral I chanced to come upon him, surrounded by a select following of his boon companions. Can I bring myself to tell you what he was saying before he knew that I was within earshot? I need not repeat his words, Monica: they are not fit for your ears. Suffice it to say that he was passing brutal jests upon the man who had just been laid in his grave, and upon the young wife whose heart had been broken by his base and cruel slanders. Coupled with these jests were disgraceful boastings, as unmanly and false as the lips that uttered them.

"I had in my hand a heavy riding-whip. I took him by the collar, and I made him recant each one of those cruel slanders he had uttered, and confess himself a liar and a villain. I administered, then and there, such a chastisement as I hope never to have to administer again. No one interposed between us. I think even his chosen companions felt that he was receiving no more than his due. I thrashed him like the miserable hound he was. If I had been able, I would have called him out and shot him like a dog."

Randolph's voice had not risen whilst he was speaking. He was very calm and composed as he told his story; there was no excitement in his manner, and yet his quiet, quivering wrath thrilled Monica more than the fiercest invective could have done.

"My whip broke at last. I flung him from me, and he lay writhing on the floor. But he was not past speech, and he had energy left still to curse me to my face, and to vow upon me a terrible vengeance, that should follow me all my life. He is trying now to keep this vow. History repeats itself, you know. He ruined the happiness of one life, and brought about this tragedy, by poisoning the mind of a wife and setting her against her husband; and I presume he thinks the experiment successful enough to be worth repeating. There, Monica, I have said my say. You have now before you a circumstantial history of the past life of Sir Conrad Fitzgerald—your friend."

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

STORM AND CALM.

MONICA sat with her face buried in her hands, her whole frame quivering with emotion. Those last words of her husband's smote her almost like a blow. She deserved them, no doubt; yet they were cruel, coming upon her then. He could not have spoken so if he loved her. He would not stand coldly aloof whilst she so suffered if he held her really dear. And yet, once he had almost seemed to love her, till she had alienated him by her pride and self-will. It was just, she admitted, yet, oh, it was very hard!

She sat, crushed and confounded, for a time, and it was only by a great effort that she spoke at all.

"I did not know, Randolph; I did not know. You should have told me before."

"I believed that you did know. You told me that you did."

"Not that. Did you think I could know *that* and treat him as a friend? Oh, Randolph! how could you? You ought to have told me before."

"Perhaps I ought," he said. "But remember, Monica, I spoke out very plainly, and still you insisted that he was and should continue to be your friend—your repentant friend."

Monica raised her eyes to her husband's face, full of a sort of mute reproach. She felt that she merited the rebuke—that he might have said much more without being really harsh—and yet it was very hard, in this hour of their re-union, to have to hear, from lips that had never uttered till then anything but words of gentleness and love, these reproofs and strictures on her conduct. She saw that he was moved: that there was a repressed agitation and excitement in his whole manner; but she could not guess how deeply he had been roused and stirred by the careless jests he had heard passed that day, nor how burning an indignation he felt towards the man who had plotted to ruin his happiness.

"You should not have left me, Randolph," said Monica quietly, "if you could not trust me."

He went up to her quietly, and took her hands. She stood up, looking straight into his eyes.

"I did trust you—I do trust you," he answered, with

His face was stern; it wore a look she did not understand.

"I am not sure of that," he answered, speaking with peculiar incisiveness. "It may be best that you *should* speak to him again."

"SHE TURNED AWAY THEN, AND LEFT HIM WITHOUT A WORD" (*p.* 230).

subdued impetuosity. "Can I look into your face and harbour one doubt of your goodness and truth? I trust *you* implicitly; it is your judgment, not your heart, that has been at fault."

She looked up gratefully then, and drew one step nearer.

"And now that you have come back, all will be right again," she said. "Randolph, I will never speak to that man again."

She looked up, bewildered.

"Randolph, why do you say that? Do you think that after all he has repented?"

Randolph's face expressed an unutterable scorn. She read the meaning of that glance, and answered it as if it had been expressed in words.

"Randolph, do you believe for a moment that I would permit any one to speak ill of you to me? Am I not your wife?"

His face softened as he looked at her, but there was a good deal of sadness there, too.

"I do not believe you would deliberately listen to such words from him; but are not poisoned shafts launched sometimes that strike home and rankle? Has no one ever come between you and me since the day you gave yourself to me in marriage?"

He saw her hesitation, and a great sadness came into his eyes. How near she was, and yet how far! His heart ached for her in her loneliness and isolation, and it ached for himself too.

Monica broke the silence first. "Randolph," she said timidly, "no harm has been done to you, has it? He cannot hurt you, can he?"

His face was stern as he answered her. "He will hurt me if he can—through my wife. His threat is still unfulfilled; but he knows where to plant a blow, how to strike in the dark. Yes, Monica, he has hurt me."

She drew back a pace. "How?"

"It hurts me to know that idle gossip connects my wife's name with his—that he has the credit of being a former suitor, rejected only from motives of policy. I know that there is not a syllable of truth in these reports—that they have been set afloat by his malicious tongue. Nevertheless, they hurt me. They hurt me the more because my wife has given some countenance to such rumours by permitting a certain amount of intimacy with a man whom her husband will not receive."

Monica was white to the lips. She understood now, as she had never done before, what Cecilia Bellamy had meant by her flighty speeches a few hours before. They had disgusted and offended her then, now they appeared like absolute insults. Randolph saw the stricken look upon her face, and knew that she was cut to the quick.

"Monica," he said, more gently, "what has been done can be undone by a little patience and self-control. We need not be afraid of a man like that. I have known him and his ways long. He has tried before to injure me without success. He has tried in a more subtle way this time; yet again I say, most emphatically, that he has failed."

But Monica hardly heard. She was torn by the tumult of her shame and distress.

"Randolph!" she exclaimed, stretching out her hands towards him: "Randolph, take me home! oh, take me home, out of this cruel, cruel, wicked world! I cannot live here. It kills me; it stifles the very life out of me! I am so miserable, so desolate here! It is all so hard, and so terrible! Take me home! Ah, I was happy once!"

"I will take you to Trevlyn, Monica, believe me, as soon as ever I can; but it cannot be just yet. Shall I tell you why?"

She recoiled from him once more, putting up her hand with that instinctive gesture of distress.

"You are very cruel to me, Randolph," she said, with the sharpness of keen misery in her voice.

He stood quite still, looking at her, and then continued in the same quiet way—

"Shall I tell you why? I cannot take you away until we have been seen together as before. I shall go with you to some of those houses you have visited without me. We must be seen riding and driving, and going about as if nothing whatever had occurred during my absence. If we meet Fitzgerald, there must be nothing in your manner or in mine to indicate that he is otherwise than absolutely indifferent to us. I dare say he will put himself in your way. He would like to force upon me the part of the jealous, distrustful husband, but it is a *rôle* I decline to play at his bidding. I am not jealous, nor am I distrustful, and he and all the world shall see that this is so. If I take you away now, Monica, I shall give occasion for people to say that I am afraid of Fitzgerald's efforts to sow discord between us. Let us stay where we are, and ignore the foolish rumours which Fitzgerald has circulated, and we shall soon see them drop into deserved oblivion."

"Randolph, I cannot! I cannot!" cried Monica, who was now overwrought and agitated to the verge of exhaustion; "I *cannot* stay here. I cannot go amongst those who have dared to say such things, to believe such things of me. What does it matter what they think when we are far away? Take me back to Trevlyn, and let us forget it all. Let me go, if only for a week. I have never asked you anything before. Ah, Randolph, do not be so hard! Say that you will take me home!"

"If I loved you less, Monica," he answered, in a very low, gentle tone, "I should say yes. As it is, I say no. I cannot take you to Trevlyn yet."

She turned away then, and left him without a word, passing slowly through the brilliantly lighted room, and up the wide staircase. Randolph sat down and rested his head upon his hand, and a long-drawn sigh rose up from the very depths of his heart. This interview had tried him quite as much as it had done Monica—possibly even more.

"Perhaps, after all, Fitzgerald *has* revenged himself," he muttered, "though not in the way he anticipated. Ah, Monica! my fair young wife, why cannot you trust me a little more?"

Monica trusted him far more than he knew. It was not in anger that she had left him. In the depth of her heart she believed that he had judged wisely and well; it was only the wave of home-sickness sweeping over her that had urged her to such passionate pleading. And then his strong, inflexible firmness gave her a curious sense of rest and confidence. She herself was so torn and rent by conflicting emotions, by bewilderment and uncertainty, that his resolute determination and singleness of purpose were as a rock and tower of defence. She had called him cruel in the keen disappointment of the moment, but she knew he was not really so. Home-sick, aching for Trevlyn as she was—irrepressibly as she shrank from the idea of facing those to whom she had given cause to say that she did not love her husband, she felt that his decision was right. It might be hard, but it was necessary, and she would go through her part unflinchingly for his sake. It was the least that she

could do to make amends for the unconscious wrong she had done him.

She felt humbled to the very dust, utterly distrustful of herself, and quite unworthy of the gentleness and forbearance her husband showed towards her. How much he must be disappointed in her! How hard he must feel it to have married her out of kindness, and to be treated thus!

She was very quiet and submissive during the days that followed, doing everything he suggested, studying in all things to please him, and to make up for the past. In society she was more bright and less silent than she had been heretofore. She was determined not to appear unhappy. No one should in future have cause to say that her present life was not congenial to her.

Certainly, if any one took the trouble to watch her now, it would easily be seen that she was no longer indifferent to her husband. Her eyes often followed him about when he was absent from her. She always seemed to know where he was, and to turn to him with a sort of instinctive welcome when he came back to her. It was quite unconscious, this clinging to him: the natural result of her confidence in his strength and protecting care; but it was visible to one pair of keenly jealous eyes, and Conrad Fitzgerald, when he occasionally was in company with Randolph and his wife, watched with a sense of baffled malevolence the failure of his carefully-planned scheme.

People began to talk now of the devotion of Mr. Trevlyn and Lady Monica with as much readiness and carelessness as they had done about their visible estrangement. It takes very little to set idle tongues wagging, and as every one admired the bride and liked the bridegroom, the good opinion of the world was not difficult to regain.

But Monica's peace of mind was less easily recovered. At home she was grave and sad, and he thought her cold; and the full and entire reconciliation—of which, indeed, at that time she would have felt quite unworthy—was not to be yet. Each was conscious of deep love on his or her own side, but could not read the heart of the other, and feared to break the existing calm by any attempt to ruffle the surface of the waters.

They were not very much alone, for Lord Hadden and his sister spent many evenings with them when they were not otherwise engaged, and the intimacy between the two houses increased rapidly.

Monica had never again alluded to the prospective return to Trevlyn—the half-promise made by Randolph of taking her back soon. She did not know what "soon" might mean, and she did not ask. She had grown content now to leave that question in his hands.

Once, when in the after-dinner twilight she had been talking to Beatrice Wentworth of her old home, the latter said, with eager vehemence—

"How you must long to see it again! How you must ache to be out of this tumult, and back with your beloved sea and cliffs and pine-woods! Don't you quite hate our noisy, busy London? Don't you pine to go back?"

Monica was silent, pondering, as it seemed. She was thinking deeply. When she answered out of the fulness of her heart, her words startled even herself.

"I don't think I do. I missed the quiet and rest at first, but, you see, my husband is here; I do not pine when I have him."

Beatrice's eyes grew suddenly wistful. "Ah, no!" she answered. "I can understand that."

And after a long silence she rallied herself and asked—

"But is he not going to take you back? Do you not want to see your father and brother again?"

"Yes, if Randolph is willing to take me; but it will be as he likes."

"He will like what will please you best."

Monica smiled a little. "No; he will like what *is* best, and I shall like it too."

Beatrice studied her face intently.

"Do you know, Monica, that you have changed since I saw you first?"

Monica passed her hand across her brow. What a long time it seemed since that first meeting in the park!

"Have I?"

"Yes. Do you know I used to have a silly fancy that you did not much care for Randolph? It was absurd and impertinent, I know; but Hadden had brought such a strange account of your sudden wedding, called you the 'snow-bride,' and had somehow got an idea that it had all been rather cold and sad—forgetting, of course, that the sadness was on account of your father's health. I suppose I got a preconceived idea; and do you know, when first I knew you I used to think of you as the 'snow-bride,' and fancy you very cold to every one—especially to Randolph; and now that I see more of you and know you better, it is just as plain as possible that you love him with all your heart and soul."

Monica sat quite still in the darkness, turning about the ring upon her finger—the pledge of his wedded love. She was startled at hearing put into plain words the secret thought treasured deep down in her heart, but seldom looked into or analysed. Had it come to that? Did she indeed love him like that? Was that the reason she yielded herself and her future up to him so trustfully and willingly?—the reason that she no longer yearned after Trevlyn as home, so long as he was at her side? Yes, that was surely it. Beatrice had spoken no more than the truth in what she said. She did love her husband heart and soul; but did he love her too? There lay the sting—she had proved unworthy of him: she must know it and feel it. She had been near to winning his heart; but, alas! she had not won it, and now perhaps it was too late. And yet the full truth was like a ray of sunshine to her heart. Might she not yet win his love by the depth and tenderness of her own? Some instinct of her deeper nature told her that the land of promise lay, after all, not so very far away.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

A SUMMONS TO TREVLYN.

"RANDOLPH! Randolph! Why did you not take me home when I begged so hard to go? It was cruel—cruel! And now it is too late!"

This irrepressible cry of anguish burst from Monica in the first moments of a terrible, overmastering grief. An open telegram in Randolph's hand announced the sudden death of Lord Trevlyn. He had just broken to his wife, with as much gentleness as he could, the news of this crushing sorrow. It was hardly unnatural that she should remember in such a moment how eloquently she had pleaded a few weeks back to be taken home to Trevlyn, yet she repented the words before they had passed her lips, for she saw they had hurt her husband. He was very sorry for her, his heart yearned over her, but his words were few.

"Can you be ready to start, Monica, by the noon express?"

She bent her head in a silent assent, and moved away as one who walks in a dream.

"Poor child!" he said softly, "poor child! If only my love could make up to you for what you have lost; but, alas! that is not what you want."

It was a strange, sad, silent journey, almost as strange as the one in which Randolph had brought his bride to London. He was taking her back at last to her childhood's home. Was he any nearer to her innermost self than he had been that day, now nearly three months ago?"

He was hopeful that he had made an advance, and yet this sudden recall to Trevlyn disconcerted him. Apart from the question of the earl's death, there was another trouble, he believed, hanging over Monica's future. Tom Pendrill had been profiting by her absence to "experiment," as she would have called it, upon Arthur, with results that had surprised him, even though he had always believed the case curable if properly treated. Randolph had had nothing to do directly with the matter, but Tom had written lately, asking him to find out the best authorities on spinal injuries, and get "some one or two specialists" to come and have a look at the boy. This Randolph had done at his own expense, and with the result, as he had heard a few days back, that Arthur was to be sent abroad for a year to be under a German doctor, whose cures of similar cases had been bringing him into marked repute.

Monica had been kept in ignorance of everything by Arthur's special wish. He was eagerly anxious, even at the cost of considerable suffering, to submit to the prescribed treatment, feeling how much good he had already received from Tom's more severe remedies; but he knew how Monica shrank from any idea of what could give him pain, how terrible she would consider the idea of parting, how vehemently she would struggle against the proposed plan. So he had begged that she might be kept in ignorance till all was finally settled. Indeed, he had some idea, not entirely discouraged by Tom, of getting himself quietly removed to Germany in her absence, so that she might be spared all the anxiety, misery, and suspense.

Randolph could hardly have been acquitted of participation in the scheme, the whole cost of which was to fall upon him, and he wondered what Monica might think of his share in it. It had been nò doing of his that she had not been told from the first. He had urged upon the others the unfairness of keeping her in the dark; but Arthur's vehement wish for secrecy had won the day, and he had held his peace until he should be permitted to speak.

And now, what would happen? What was likely to be the result upon Monica of the inevitable disclosure? Would it not seem to her as if the first act of her husband on succeeding to the family estate was to banish from it the one being for whom she had so often bespoken his protection and brotherly care? Might she not fancy that he was in some way the originator of the scheme? Might she not be acute enough to see that but for him it never would have been carried out, owing to lack of necessary funds? Her father might have approved it, but he could not have forwarded it as Randolph was able to do. Might it not seem to her that he was trying to rid himself of an unwelcome burden and to isolate his wife from all whom she loved best? He could not forget some of the words she had spoken not very long after their marriage. Practically those words had been rescinded by what had followed, but that could hardly be so in this case. Monica's heart clung round Arthur with a passionate, yearning tenderness, that was one of the main-springs of her existence. What would she say to those who had banded together to take the boy from her?

Randolph's pre-occupation and gravity were not lost upon Monica, but she had no clue to their real cause. She felt that there was something in it of which she was ignorant, and there was a sort of sadness and constraint even in the suspicion of such a thing. She was unnerved and miserable, and, although she well knew she had not merited her husband's full confidence, it hurt her keenly to feel that it was withheld from her.

Evening came on, a wild, melancholy, stormy evening—is there anything more sad and dreary than a midsummer storm? It does not come with the wild, resistless might of a winter tempest, sweeping triumphantly along, carrying all before it in the exuberance of its power. It is a sad, subdued, moaning kind of storm, full of eerie sounds of wailing and regret, not wrapped in darkness, but cloaked in misty twilight, grey and ghostlike—a pale, sorrowful, mysterious thing, that seems to know itself altogether out of place, and is haunted by its own melancholy and dreariness.

It was in the fast-waning light of such a summer's evening that the portals of Trevlyn opened to welcome Monica again.

She was in the old familiar hall that once had been so dear to her—the place whose stern, grim desolation had had such charms for her. Why did she now gaze round her with dilated eyes, a sort of horror growing upon her? Why did she cling to her husband's arm so closely as the frowning suits of mail and black

carved faces stared at her out of the dusky darkness? Why was her first exclamation one of terror and dismay?

"Randolph! Randolph! This is not Trevlyn! It can't be Trevlyn! Take me home! ah, take me home!"

There was a catch in her breath; she was shaken with nervous agitation and exhaustion. It seemed to her that this ghostly place was altogether strange and terrible. She did not know that the change was in herself; she thought it was in her surroundings.

"What have they done to it? What have they done to Trevlyn? This is not my old home!"

Randolph took her in his arms, alarmed by her pale looks and manifest disquietude.

"Not know your own old home, Monica?" he said, half gravely, half playfully. "This is the only Trevlyn I have ever known. It is you that have half forgotten, you have grown used to something so very different."

Monica looked timidly about her, half convinced, yet not relieved of all her haunting fears. What a drear, vast, silent place it was! Voices echoed strangely in it, coming back as it were from remote corners. Footsteps sounded hollow and strange as they came and went along the deserted passages. The staircase stretched upwards into blank darkness, suggesting lurking horrors. All was intensely desolate. Was this truly the home she had loved so well?

But Lady Diana appeared from one direction, and Tom Pendrill from another. Monica dropped her husband's arm and stood up, her calm, quiet self again.

Food was awaiting the travellers, and as they partook, or tried to partake of it, they heard all such particulars of the earl's sudden death as there were to hear. He had been as well as usual; indeed, during the past week he had really appeared to gain in strength and activity. He had been out of doors on all fine days, and only yesterday had sat out for quite a long time upon the terrace. He had gone to bed apparently in his usual health; but when his man had gone to him in the morning he found him dead and cold. Tom Pendrill had come over at once, and had remained all the day, relieving Lady Diana from all trouble in looking after things and thinking what was to be done. It was his opinion that the earl had died in his sleep, without a moment's premonition. It was syncope of the heart, and was most likely almost instantaneous. There had been no struggle and no pain, as was evident from his restful attitude and expression.

The next days passed sadly and heavily, and the earl was laid to rest amongst his forefathers in the family vault. Lady Diana took her departure, glad, after the strain and sorrow of the past days, to escape from surroundings so gloomy, and to solace herself for her long stay at Trevlyn by a retreat to an atmosphere more congenial to her.

Monica was glad to see her go. She shrank from her sharp words and sharper looks. She longed to be alone with her husband, that she might try to win back his heart by her own deep love that she hid away so well.

But it was not easy even then to say what was in her heart. Randolph was busy from morning till night over the necessary business that must ensue upon the death of a landed proprietor. Tom Pendrill, who had been much with the earl of late, remained to assist his successor; and both the men seemed to take it for granted that Monica would gladly be spared all business discussions, and devote herself to Arthur, from whom she had so long been separated.

Monica, very gentle and submissive, accepted the part bestowed upon her, and quietly bided her time. Despite the loss she had just sustained, she was not unhappy. How could she be unhappy when she had her husband? when she felt that every day they were drawing nearer and nearer together? She looked wistfully into his face sometimes, and saw the old proud, tender look shining upon her, thrilling her with wonderful gladness. Some little shadow still hung over them, but it was rolling slowly away—the dawn was breaking in its golden glory—the time was drawing very near when each was to know the heart of the other wholly and entirely won.

She never shrank from hearing the new Lord Trevlyn called by his title; but looked at him proudly and tenderly, feeling how well he bore the dignity, how nobly he would fulfil the duties now devolving upon him. She watched him day by day with quiet, loving solicitude. She saw his care for her in each act or plan, knew that he thought for her still, made her still his first object, although she had disappointed him so grievously once. Her heart throbbed with joy to feel that this was so; the sunshine deepened round her path day by day. Just a little patience—just a little time to show him that the old distrust and insubordination was over, and he would give to her—she felt sure of it now—the love she prized far above all else on earth.

Monica's face might be pale and grave in these days, yet it wore an added sweetness as each day passed by, for her heart was full of strange new joy. She loved her husband—he loved her—their hearts were all but united.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

CHANGES.

"ARTHUR!"

"Aha! my lady! you did not expect that, did you? Now look here!"

Arthur, who was sitting up in an arm-chair—a thing Monica had never seen him do since that terrible fall from the cliffs years ago—now pulled himself slowly into a standing position, and by the help of a stout stick shuffled a few paces to his couch, upon which he sank breathless, yet triumphant, though his drawn brow betrayed that the achievement was made at the risk of some physical pain.

"Arthur, don't! You will kill yourself!"

"On the contrary, I am going to cure myself—or rather, Tom and his scientific friends are going to

cure me," answered Arthur, panting a little with the exertion, but very gay and confident. "Do you know, Monica, that for the last three months I have been at Tom's tender mercies, and you see what I can do at the end of that time. Randolph paid no end of money, I believe, to send down two big swells from London to overhaul me; and now—now what do you think is going to happen?"

"What?"

"The day after to-morrow I am going to start for Germany—for a place where there are mineral springs and things; and I am going to stay there for a year with a doctor who has cured people worse than me. Randolph is going to pay—isn't he just awfully good! And in a year, Monica, I shall come back to you well—cured! What do you think of that?—Haven't we kept our secret well? Why, Monica, don't look like that! Aren't you pleased to think that I shall not be always like this?"

But Monica was too utterly astounded to be able to realise all at once what this meant.

"Arthur, I don't understand," she said at length. "You seeing doctors—you going to Germany! Whose doing is it all?"

"Whose? Randolph's practically, I suppose, since he finds the money for it all."

"Why was not I told?"

"That was my doing. I felt that if you knew you would dissuade me. But you can't now, for in two days I shall be gone!"

"Was Randolph willing to keep a secret from me—about you?" asked Monica slowly.

"No, he didn't like it. He wanted you to be told; but I wouldn't have it, and he gave in. I wanted to tell you myself, when everything was fixed. Can you believe I am really going?"

"No, I can't. Do you want to go, Arthur—to leave Trevlyn?"

"I want to get well," he answered eagerly. "If you had been lying on your back for years, Monica, you would understand."

"I do understand," answered Monica, clasping her hands. "Only—only——"

"Oh! yes, I know all that. It won't be pleasant. But I'd do more for a good chance of getting well. So now it's all settled, and I'm off the day after to-morrow!"

"You've not given me much time for my preparations."

Arthur laughed outright. "Oh, you're not going—did you think you were? Why, you're Lady Trevlyn now—a full-blown countess. It would be too absurd, your tying yourself to me. Besides"—with a touch of manly gravity and purpose—"I wouldn't have you, Monica, not at any price. I can stand things myself, but I can't stand the look in your eyes. Besides, you know, it would be absurd now—quite absurd. You're married, and that changes everything."

Monica's face was hard to read. "I should have thought that, even married, I might have been allowed to see you placed safely in the hands of this new doctor, after having been almost your only nurse all these years."

He stretched out his hand and drew her towards him, making her kneel down beside him, so that he could gaze right into her face.

"You must not look like that, you sweet, sensitive, silly sister," said Arthur caressingly. "You must not think I have changed because I wish to go away, and because I will not have you with me. I love you the same as ever. I know that you love me, and if you want a proof of this you shall have it, for I am going to ask a favour of you—a very great favour."

Monica smoothed his hair with her hand. "A favour, Arthur?—something that I can grant? You know you have only to ask."

"I want you to lend me Randolph," he said, with a little laugh, as if amused at the form of words he had chosen. "I want to know if you can spare him for the journey. Tom is going to take me, but somehow, Tom—well, he is very clever and kind, but he does hurt me, there's no denying, and I don't feel quite resigned to be entirely at his mercy. But Randolph is different. He is so very strong, he moves me twice as easily, and he is so awfully kind and gentle: he stops in a moment if he thinks it hurts. He has been here a good bit with Tom since he got back, and you can't think how different his handling is. I don't like to take him away from you. You must miss him so awfully: he is such a splendid fellow!"

"Have you said anything to Randolph about it?"

"Oh, no. I couldn't till I'd asked you. I do feel horrid to suggest such a thing, but you've made me selfish, you know, by spoiling me. It will take us three days to go; but he could come back much faster. Tom is going to stop on for a bit, to study cures with this old fogey; so I shall have somebody with me. I'd not keep Randolph a day after I get landed there, but I should like him for the journey uncommonly."

Monica stooped and kissed him. "I will arrange that for you," she said quietly, and went away without another word.

She went slowly downstairs to the study, where her husband was generally to be found. She was dazed and confused by the astounding piece of news she had heard: hurt, pleased, hopeful, grieved, anxious, and half indignant all in one. Her indignation was all for Tom Pendrill, whom she had always regarded, where Arthur was concerned, somewhat in the light of a natural foe. For her husband's generosity and goodness she had nothing but the warmest gratitude. He would not be led away by professional enthusiasm, or wish to inflict suffering upon Arthur just for the sake of scientific inquiry. He would not wish to send him from Trevlyn unless he believed that some great benefit would result from that banishment.

She smiled proudly as she thought of Conrad's old prediction fulfilling itself so exactly now. Once she would have felt this deed of his as a crushing blow, aimed at the very foundation of her love and happiness; now she only saw in it a new proof of her husband's

single-minded love and strength. He would do even that which he knew would cause present pain if he felt assured it were best to do so. He had proved his strength like this before, and she knew that he had been in the right. Should she distrust him now? Never again! never again! She had done with distrust for ever. She loved him too truly to feel a shadow of doubt. Whatever he did must be true and right. She would find him now, and thank him for his goodness towards her boy.

She went straight to the study, full of this idea. Her eyes were shining strangely; her face showed that her feelings had been deeply stirred. But when she opened the door she paused with a start expressive of slight discomfiture, for her husband was not alone—Tom Pendrill was with him. They had guide-books and a Continental time-table open before them, and were deep in discussions and plans.

They looked up quickly as Monica appeared, and Randolph, seeing by her face that she knew all, nerved himself to meet displeasure and misunderstanding. Monica could not say now what she had rehearsed on the way. Tom was there, and she was not sure that she quite forgave him, although she believed he acted from motives of kindness; but certainly she could not speak out before him. The words she had come prepared to utter died away on her lips, and her silence and whole attitude looked significant of distress and displeasure.

"You have heard the news, Monica?" said Tom easily.

"Yes, I have heard the news," she answered very quietly. "Is it true that you take him away the day after to-morrow?"

"Quite true," answered Tom, looking very steadily at her. "Do you forgive us, Monica?"

She was silent for a moment; an odd sort of quiver passed over her face.

"I am not quite sure if I forgive *you*," she answered, in a low even tone.

She had not looked at her husband all this time, nor attempted to speak to him. She was labouring visibly under the stress of subdued emotion. Randolph believed he knew only too well the struggle that was going on within her.

"Monica," he said—and his voice sounded almost cold in his effort to keep it thoroughly under control—"I am afraid this has been a shock to you. I am sure you will feel it very much. Will you try to believe that we are acting as we believe for the best as regards Arthur's future, and pardon the mystery that has surrounded our proceedings?"

Monica gave him one quick look—so quick and transient that he could not catch the secret it revealed. She spoke very quietly.

"Everything has been settled, and I must accept the judgment of others. Results alone can quite reconcile me to the idea; but at least I have learned to see that I do not always know best about difficult questions. Arthur wishes to go, and I will not stand in his way. There is only one thing that I want to ask," and she looked straight at her husband.

"What is that, Monica?"

"I want you to go with him, Randolph."

"You want me to go with him?"

"Yes, to settle him in his new quarters, and to come and tell me all about it, and how he has borne the journey. Tom will not be back for weeks—and I don't know if I quite trust Tom's truthfulness. Will you go too, Randolph? I shall be happier if I know he is in your keeping as well."

He looked at her earnestly. Did she wish to get rid of him for a time? Was his presence distasteful to her after this last act of his? He could not tell, but his heart was heavy as he gave the required assent.

"I will do as you wish, Monica. If you do not mind being a few days alone at Trevlyn, I will go with Arthur. It is the least I can do, I suppose, after taking him away from you."

"Thank you, Randolph," she said, with one more of those inexplicable glances. "I need not be alone at Trevlyn. Aunt Elizabeth will come, I am sure, and stay with me;" and she went quietly away without another word.

"I say, Trevlyn, you have tamed my lady pretty considerably," remarked Tom, when the men were alone together. "I expected no end of a shine when she found out, and she yields the point like a lamb. Seems to me you've cast a pretty good spell over her during the short time you've had her in hand."

Randolph pulled thoughtfully at his moustache as he turned again to the papers on the table. He did not reply directly to Tom's remark, but presently observed, rather as if it were the outcome of his own thoughts—

"All the same, I would give a good deal if one of my first acts after coming into the property were not to banish Arthur from Trevlyn for a considerable and indeterminate time."

"Oh, bosh!" ejaculated Tom, taking up the time-table again. "Why, even Monica would never put a construction like that upon this business."

This day and the next flew by as if on wings. There was so much to think of, so much to do, and Monica had Arthur so much upon her mind, that she found no opportunity to say to Randolph what she had purposed doing in the heat of the moment. Speech was still an effort to her; her reserve was too deep to be easily overcome. She was busy and he was pre-occupied. When he returned she would tell him all, and thank him for his generous goodness towards her boy.

"Monica," said Arthur, as she came to bid him good night upon the eve of his journey—he had had a soothing draught administered, and was no longer excited, but quiet and drowsy—"Monica, you will be quite happy, will you not, with only Randolph now? You love him very much, don't you?"

She bent her head and kissed him. "Yes, Arthur," she answered very softly. "I love him with all my heart."

"Just as he loves you," murmured Arthur. "I can see it in his face, in every tone of his voice, especially when he talks of you—which is pretty nearly always—

"'DON'T YOU PINE TO GO BACK?'" (*p.* 231).

we both like it so much. I am so glad you are just the same. I thought you would be. I shall like to think about you so—how happy you will be!"

The next day after Arthur had been placed in the carriage that was to take him away from Trevlyn, and Monica had said her last adieu to him, and had turned away with pale face and quivering lips, she felt her hands taken in her husband's strong warm clasp.

"Monica," he said tenderly, "good-bye. I will take every care of him. You shall hear everything, and shall not regret, if I can help it, trusting him to me."

Monica looked up suddenly into his face, and put her arms about his neck. She did not care at that moment for the presence of Tom or of the servants. Her husband was leaving her—she had only thoughts for him.

"Take care of yourself, Randolph," she said, her voice quivering, and almost breaking. "Take care of yourself, and come back to me as quickly as you can. I shall miss you, oh! so much, till I have you safe home again. Good-bye, my dear husband, good-bye!"

He held her for a moment in his arms. His heart beat tumultuously; for an instant everything seemed to recede, and leave him and his wife alone in the world together; but it was no time now to indulge in raptures. He kissed her brow and lips, and gently unloosed her clasp.

"Good-bye, my wife," he said gently. "God bless and keep you always."

The next moment the carriage was rolling rapidly away along the road, Monica gazing after it, her soul in her eyes.

"Ah, my darling," said Mrs. Pendrill, coming and taking her by the hand, "it is very hard to part with him, but it was kind to Arthur to spare him, and it is only for a few days."

"I know, I know," answered Monica, passing her hand across her eyes. "I would not have kept him back. Arthur wanted him so much—I can understand so well what he felt—it would have been selfish to hold him back. But it feels so lonely and desolate without him; as if everything were changed and different. I can't express it; but oh! I do feel it all so keenly."

Mrs. Pendrill pressed the hand she held. "You love him, then, so very much?"

"Ah, yes," she answered; "how could I help it?"

"It makes me very happy to hear you say that. For I was sometimes rather afraid—you were hurried into marriage before you had learned to know your own heart, I thought."

Monica passed her hand across her brow. "Was I hurried?" she asked dreamily. "It is so hard to remember all that now. It seems as if I had always loved Randolph—as if he had always been the centre of my life."

And Mrs. Pendrill was content. She said no more, asked no more questions.

"You know, Randolph," said Arthur to his kindest of nurses and attendants, as he lay in bed at night, after rather a hard day's travelling, "I don't wonder now that you've so completely cut me out. I shouldn't have believed it possible once, but it seems not only possible, but natural enough, now that I know what kind of a fellow you are."

"What do you mean, my boy?" asked Randolph.

"Mean? Why, what I say, to be sure. I understand now why you've so completely cut me out with Monica. I only hold quite a subordinate place in her affections now. It is quite right, and I shall never be jealous of you, old fellow; only mind you always let me be her brother. I can't give up that. You may have all the rest, though. You deserve it: you've got it too, by her own showing."

Randolph started a little involuntarily. "What do you mean?"

"Mean? why, that she loves you heart and soul, of course. You must know it as well as I, and I had it from her own lips."

* * * * *

"My wife, my wife!" said Randolph, as he paced beneath the starry heavens that night. "Then I was not deceived or mistaken—my wife—my Monica—my very own—God bless you, my darling, and bring me safe home to you and to your love!"

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

RHYMING AND PUNNING.

ORTHOEPY, or the right pronunciation of language, varies in different ages, and in this respect it is somewhat like a political constitution. We may not lawfully do the things that were done in olden times, nor may we speak the things that were spoken; or else, speaking them, we are under a certain obligation to speak them somewhat differently. The worst attack of rheumatism or sciatica, for example, would not drive us to complain, like some of the folk in Shakespeare's plays, that our bones *aiched*, or imitate the people of Pope's day by telling a friend who informed us of an infallible remedy that we were much *obleeged* to him. Neither should we take Dryden for our model of pronunciation in avowing that the fact of our having caught a severe cold was our own *faut*. But how, it may be asked, do we know that *ache*, *oblige*, and *fault* were so spoken in those three several periods? Simply by the rhymes and puns which poetry—whether epic, lyric, or dramatic—has preserved to us.

A fine critic, and finer taster even than critic, Leigh Hunt, has noticed in some verses by Fletcher—it, indeed, they were not Beaumont's—the rhyming of *night* and *sweet*, in which he supposes a harmony more discernible by "the fine ears of our ancestors" than by our modern power of appreciating sound. This might very well be, for we have fallen into a mechanical, engine-turned method of versification, alternately with loose habits of rhythm and rhyme. The poets of old perceived, observes the author of "Rimini," the double *e* which is in the vowel *i*—night = nah-eet. But it may as likely as not have been that night was actually *neet* or *neeght* in the common pronunciation of Beaumont and Fletcher's time, as in some parts of England it is at this day. There is a pretty well-known story of a mixed choir in which Yorkshire and Lancashire voices blended, or did *not* blend, the pronunciation of the words in the Witches' Chorus in *Macbeth* being variously given: "We floy by noight," and "We flee by neet." The arbitrary diphthong sound of *i* is peculiar to the English tongue, and has sometimes to be accommodated; as when the exceptional word *wind* is sounded against some other word regularly formed with the long, hard *i*. Caution is, however, necessary in drawing inferences of pronunciation from the rhymes of any period, inasmuch as it was not always a custom of poets to hold themselves bound hand and foot by rules such as we find

in modern rhyming dictionaries. Quibbles—or puns, as they are now mostly called—even though there be no *point*, and the sound is senseless, are even surer guides than the rhyming ends of lines in verse to the modes of sounding different words at different times. That *ache* was pronounced in Elizabethan days like the letter *h* unattached is evident from the poor punning of clowns, fools, and other personages, whose bandyings of speech we are sometimes apt to wish away from certain plays of that splendid era. A principal phonetic legacy of our present age to future generations of writers and speakers will be a general dispensation regarding the consonant *r*. Vast numbers of folk treat the dog-letter veritably like a dog, turning it out and calling it in, as caprice determines. That odd class of modern dramatic entertainment—burlesque—has entirely repudiated all regard for the ancient rights and privileges of *r*, which is never suffered to stand in the way of a pun or a jingle. It will also be manifest to the twentieth century that we of the nineteenth were so bound by the uniformity of rhymes, according to our own notions of orthoepy, that precisians or "purists" would never recognise variety as an occasional relief. A few years ago lamentations of a ludicrous sort arose on the sad failure of efforts to find a rhyme for *silver*. The difficulty would have been speedily overcome in times when consonants of equal value—such as *v* and *f*, *m* and *n*, *b* and *d*—were deemed interchangeable. No better rhyme than *pilfer* could then have been desired or imagined. Such consonants as those I have just now coupled were equivalent and convertible in the days of Shakespeare.

The hesitation of modern hearers to accept good, though not instantly apparent rhymes, has impoverished the effect of much excellent verse. The reader knows the heartily humorous old ballad of "The Vicar of Bray." It is almost invariably weakened in the singing, merely because a legitimate rhyme is shirked, and the flow of the line foolishly checked and inverted.

> "In good King Charles's golden days,
> When loyalty no harm meant,
> A zealous High Churchman *I was*,
> And so I got preferment."

That is how the song was first printed. Almost every man with a bass voice nowadays sings the third line of the opening verse in this feeble way,

> "A zealous High Churchman *was I*;"

for his ear has not detected any sort of rhyme between *days* and *was*, though the whole ballad is built on the principle of rhyming first and third lines throughout. It is the very essence of commonplace and conventional versifying that inversion shall take the place of directness; wherefore we must have *was I*, instead of the straightforward *I was*, as originally written. This amendment is eminently characteristic of our reformed prosody and our superfine syntax. Prose is made into poetry by the sublimely simple operation of putting a verb in front of its nominative case.

The misprision of *r* in Cockney rhyming was ridiculed by Thackeray with much waste of sly humour. His colleagues and chums continued in the error of their ways, either not seeing the satire kindly meant for their benefit, or not caring to be improved by such friendly means. It is in a sketch entitled "A Night's Pleasure" that we find the rhymes *Leonora* and *before her*, *cross* and *course*, introduced in songs of a sentimental character, and disrespectfully commented upon by a tipsy old scholar, who, "having had the ill-luck to get a fellowship and subsequently a small private fortune, had done nothing afterwards but get drunk and read Greek."

One of the oddest cases relating to *r* that memory affords me, is the confusion of ideas into which a competent musician fell. He was the conductor of a choir of boys and girls, and he trained all these innocents not only to roll and rattle every *r* that came in their way—because, as he said, the Italians do it—but to introduce *r's* when not wanted, as between words ending and beginning with vowels. It is rather curious that this mode of pronunciation is ascribed by some authors to the Irish and Scotch, neither of whom can justly be taxed with any mistake in the matter. A Cockney Irish song rhymes *winder* (for window) with *cinder*, which is just the least likely mispronunciation for an Irishman. If Pat miscalls *window*, it is not in the manner of a London errand-boy—that is, by pronouncing this word with a final *er*. He would more probably say *windy*, shortening the *ow* into a simple vowel-sound.

No higher or surer standard of pronunciation, indicated by verse, can be found anywhere, I am convinced, than in the poetry of Tennyson. His metre and his rhyme have, times out of number, been assailed; but the rashness of the assailants has been its own reward, they having fatuously chosen the strongest points for attack. I am not here speaking of Tennyson as a poet, though mastery of diction and faculty of valuing sound are more than mere adjuncts of poetic genius. Without them, passion, sympathy, insight, feeling—nay, imagination itself—are deficient. But none of the questions of our time—comparing the qualities of Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Morris, Matthew Arnold, his namesake Edwin, and Coventry Patmore as poets—rise in this place. Still, putting aside the high claims of inspiration and emotional power, and regarding these singers for the nonce merely as technical masters of their art, nobody need hesitate, I think, to place Tennyson first, and next to him Patmore, and then Arnold (Matthew), the rest following as they may.

In the common rank of rhymesters there is just now a painfully constrained affectation of exactness—a too conscious ingenuity. Every poetaster makes a virtue, in writing quatrains, of rhyming all his first and third lines, which was by no means an imperative rule of versification with his betters in years gone by. There is nothing to be said against neatness and finish; but some of the engine-turned rhymes of our day are so painfully precise as to leave no room for the least turn of pronunciation. Uniformity, deprived of all variety, becomes monotonous and unnatural. There was just enough closeness in the best rhyming of the past to show how words were spoken. Thus historical orthoepy is greatly helped by studying the rhymes and puns of different periods.

GODFREY TURNER.

THE QUEEN OF PIANISTS.

OF the numerous male players of the pianoforte now before the public, it would perhaps be rash to say who is most deserving of the title of King of Pianists. While Liszt was yet in the zenith of his fame the premier rank was a matter of certainty. Now, however, the difference between quantity and quality of notes among even first-class players is so great, that those who wish to form an opinion are placed in a difficult position; and it is to be feared that the preference is too readily given to the executant who strikes the greatest number of digitals in any given time rather than to the player who aims, not at rapidity, but at beauty of tone. Those who have listened to Charles Hallé have listened to a pianist whose *technique* is subservient to his tone, and whose sweet, supple, and singing style of execution is in reality the very highest development of pianoforte playing.

But if we are in doubt as to who should be awarded the first place among the male players of the pianoforte, we can have no hesitation as to the lady who fills that position. It is now close upon sixty years since Madame Schumann commenced her public career as a pianist. Since her first appearance, in 1832, until now, many players of varying degrees of merit have come before the musical world, yet not one of these has retained the powerful hold upon the public mind that has been gained by Madame Schumann. Coming on the scene only a few years later than Liszt, she still occupies the foremost place among the players of the day; while Liszt, long years before his death, in 1886, had ceased to be an object of delight and astonishment in the musical world.

Every student of Schumann's remarkable life-story knows of his romantic courtship of Clara Wieck, the protracted engagement of the lovers, and finally, in 1840, their marriage. Schumann, like not a few of the other great composers, had been intended by his parents for the law, and it was only through the advice of Wieck, the celebrated teacher of the pianoforte, that the family gave up their opposition. The young man had resolved to become a *virtuoso* of the pianoforte, and the pursuit of this resolve led him a good deal into association with Wieck and his family. Of the teacher's two daughters, Schumann was probably at first attracted to Clara on account of her exceptional abilities as a player. In the autobiography of Moscheles, we find frequent references to meetings with Schumann at the house of the Wiecks, and the playing of Clara is spoken of as "superb, and void of all affectation." Eight years before her marriage, Clara Wieck had made her first appearance in public in the critical town of Leipzig, and the enthusiasm with which she was received must have had no small effect in engendering that affection in the heart of the ambitious young man which culminated in his union with the lady in 1840. By this time Schumann had fully entered on his career as a composer. He had been obliged to give up the idea of becoming a finished player, owing to a weakening of his third finger by means of some mechanical contrivance

MADAME SCHUMANN.

which he had devised for a directly opposite purpose. He may himself have regretted the sacrifice, but we who know the history, know that music gained in a higher walk what it lost in a lower. The player leaves behind him, after all, little more than a memory amongst those who may have heard his performances; the composer of genius is remembered not through the age in which he writes only, but through all time.

The married life of Madame Schumann proved a comparatively short one. That strange mental trouble which seized her husband so weakened his constitution, that the end came when he was only forty-six. The two had lived together not quite fourteen years, for Schumann's mind had become so affected by 1854 that he had to be removed to a private asylum. In

the meantime, Madame Schumann had made her first visit to England, when she appeared at the Philharmonic Society's opening concert of 1856, playing Beethoven's Concerto in E flat, and Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses." She also appeared at the second concert, and at the Musical Union, but had to hurry back to Bonn to receive her husband's dying embraces.

With a feeling of sadness we think of the last days of Schumann. What compositions might he not have given us if he had lived—as in the course of nature he might have done—until now, with intellect unclouded, and with all the accumulated experience of ripening years! In novelty and in decided beauty and ingenuity of effect the pianoforte pieces he has left to us are unrivalled, and when played as they are played by the talented lady who bears his name, the instrument appears in its noblest form.

It must not be supposed that Madame Schumann has espoused with too much ardour the cause of her husband. Indeed, one of the greatest secrets of her success is the attention she has given to the works of men of various styles and degrees of excellence. Madame Schumann was one of the earliest players who took up the music of Chopin; she helped considerably to bring the works of Mendelssohn before the public; and only a few years ago we find her performing for the first time in England one of Brahms' recent and most advanced compositions. For many years after his death, she seldom played her husband's music, and it must be acknowledged that Rubinstein and Hans von Bülow have done quite as much to popularise Schumann's works in England as has been done by his widow. But while her intellect has saved her from becoming a mere partisan, as would have been natural and even excusable, her special sympathy combined with her technical ability has made her at once the most faithful, the most earnest, and the most intelligent interpreter of Schumann's pianoforte compositions we have ever heard. In the words of one of her critics, Madame Schumann is "the acknowledged chief of the classical school, her style being marked by high intellectuality, an utter absence of mere vulgar display, and an unvarying respect for the composer's intentions." So much as this it would hardly be possible to say with truth of more than a very few of the great pianists now before the public.

Madame Schumann's second visit to England was made in 1865. She came again in 1867, and annually from that year until 1877, appearing occasionally since. Her health of late years has not been such as to permit of much travelling; but it has been sufficiently good to allow of her performing the duties of a high-class instructor at Dr. Hoch's Conservatoire at Frankfort. One of her pupils, Miss Fanny Davies, is now well known to the musical public, and others will doubtless yet come forward bearing further evidences of her careful training. After well-nigh sixty years of close professional labour, the veteran pianist might well claim to spend her remaining days in retirement; but let us hope that she may yet visit us for several years to come, and delight us with those interpretations of the works of the great masters which have ever made her so welcome a performer on the platforms of our Metropolitan concert-rooms.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

THE LUCKY BAR OF DUNWOOD MERE.

(THE CHRONICLES OF CARDEWE MANOR.)

BY LUCY FARMER.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE "HAUNTED WOOD."

"GIND the horses!—you'll be run over!" I screamed out as little Charley ran across the road, right in front of a carriage and pair. He gave me a turn, I do assure you.

It was in the road before our own little house. My husband was away in the preserves, and that child was as wild as a hawk, pointing his toy-gun at sparrows, and shooting our hens dead over and over again. He stood in the road and was bagging some sparrows when the carriage turned the corner, and my heart was in my mouth in a second.

The coachman pulled up and let out a few words at Charley, who only pointed his gun at him; but while I was standing on the path, waiting for the boy, who didn't want to be shaken or boxed, some one in the carriage exclaimed—

"Why, it is Mrs. Farmer! How do you do, Mrs. Farmer?"

I looked at the lady, who was nodding very pleasant and smiling; but though I remembered her face I couldn't put a name to it. "Dear me!" I thought, "I wonder who you are. How stupid!"

"I am very well, thank you, ma'am," I said, "and I hope you're the same."

"I see, you do not recollect me, Lucy Farmer; but you will when I tell you I am Mrs. Williamson, of Puddleham. Now do you remember?"

"Miss Mathers that was! Of course I do. Oh, ma'am, wasn't it a mercy you were saved off that horse—out of the horrible pit, as the vicar said? Indeed, and I'm glad to see you so well, Mrs. Williamson. Is the captain quite well, ma'am?"

"Quite well, thank you. This is your house, then? I will come down and see you; we are going to stay at the Manor—Captain Williamson will ride over after parade. Good day, Mrs. Farmer."

"Good day, ma'am," said I. "Charley, come you here, sir. Go in now, I tell you."

When my husband came home I told him about Mrs. Williamson; and then we polished up and dusted the picture-frame and the picture of the "Haunted Wood" that she had given us. But I think if we had guessed where that "Haunted Wood" would have landed us, we'd a rather have hung it in the larder. Of course these things can't be foreseen; if they could, some of us would be different, I'm thinking.

We didn't have any remarkable event for a couple of days. There was a gunning party for pheasants at the Manor, and pop, pop, you could hear the shots nearly all day in the clear air. It was a fine autumn that year, but chilly, and fires were welcome, when one afternoon who should come in but Mrs. Williamson.

"Here I am, you see," said she. "I said I would come. You have to keep your promise now, Mrs. Farmer!"

"My promise, ma'am?" I said, as I dusted an easy-chair by the fire. "Won't you sit down and let me give you a cup of tea?—do now."

"Thank you, I will," she said. "Yes, your promise. Don't you remember the picture—there it is—and the story about the 'Haunted Wood'? I have come to see you and to hear the story."

"Oh! it's only a legend, ma'am; although there is people as do say it is true in foundation. But some day the proof will come if it isn't all superstition."

"But what is the tale?" asked Mrs. Williamson, as she sipped her tea; and beautiful she looked in her fur-lined mantle and linsey dress, with her Balmoral boots laced high over her ankles. Such a figure she has—and a skin as fair as cream. Dear, dear! no wonder Captain Williamson risked his life for her. I believe Charley would, though he *is* married.

"CHARLEY CAME IN WITH A LAMP, AND CALLED OUT—'IS ANY ONE HERE?'" (*p.* 244).

"The story, ma'am, is this if you please. Many years ago an aunt's sister of the Cardewes—ancestor, is it?—well, ancestor of the family was in the habit of fishing in the Dunwood Mere yonder. Day after day he went, not having much to do, and not too much money to do it with. He was, it is said, a kind of chemist; and made liquids and gases and neckspericments in gold and silver, until he had ruined himself—anyway, he was a great man in learning and fishing. One day he noticed the bits of metal with which the old fisherman, whose boat he used on the Mere, fastened it with. He'd let down the bars—and anchor;

but one day, out of curiosity, he scraped the mud off one and rubbed the metal, and said nothing.

"Well, he finishes his fishing, and as he was going away he turns to old Benjamin and says—

"'Ben,' says he, 'sell me that bar of yours. I want a bit of lead up in the house.'

"'At your service, squire,' said Ben; 'I'll trundle it up in the barrow for you.'

"So he did, and got five shillings for it; that made him as pleased as you like: and the squire put the bar under some fire or something, and what do you think? It turned out *gold!*—a big lump of gold; with some other metal mixed of course, but nearly all very valuable.

"Bit by bit the old man disposed of his find, and money came in fast. He repaired the Manor, they say, and, not content with his money, he went for the other bar. But not honest he didn't. No!

"If he'd been straight, all well and good perhaps. But he wasn't. He went out fishing and dropped the other bar, but when alone he made up his mind to have it and hide it in the wood until he could take it home. But evil ways don't prosper long, ma'am, for the old squire dropped the bar into the water as he was pulling it up; the rope broke, being old and worn—and just as he was near land, too!

"It was very aggravating. He searched, and had men diving, and at length he actually went in himself and was drowned, for he never came up again. The place, they say, is bottomless—anyway, a fifty-fathom line all pays out to this day; and now they call the place there the 'Haunted Wood,' because people fancy, or rather the story goes—which is of course nonsense—that the old squire haunts the place, wringing his hands and hunting for the lucky bar.

"That is the story, ma'am. Your beautiful picture gives the very place. Did you never hear the legend before?"

"Never till I came here. You call the bar lucky! Why?"

"Well, if any one picks it up they would be lucky. Their fortune would be made, ma'am."

"Mrs. Farmer, I am rather interested in this. To tell you the truth, Mrs. Cardewe told me the story yesterday, and I am very much inclined to go and have the search made. Mr. Cardewe has given us leave. Now suppose we went, would you and your husband come with us?"

"I'm not so sure about Charley, ma'am, because his hands are full with the pheasants; but I'll go—if you want me, ma'am."

"I am greatly interested; besides, it will be something to do. The gentlemen will be in that direction to-morrow, shooting. We can lunch over there, and after lunch we will fish for the bar."

"I can't come with the ladies, ma'am," said I.

"No, but you can come afterwards to the hut with our tea and join us. Of course we could go by ourselves; but as Mrs. Cardewe wishes you to bring up the tea——"

"I will be there, ma'am, for certain; at four o'clock, in the hut."

When Charley returned I told him. He looked at me for a minute and then walked round me, staring at my shoulders and looking wicked.

"Whatever are you staring at, Charley?"

"Looking to see if your wings have sprouted," said he, with a contemptuous nod of his head upwards.

"I'm not *quite* an angel yet," I said, laughing; "so you won't see them. Wings indeed! all angels don't have them, I'm told; so you needn't mind."

"No," he replied, "all angels don't, but all geese do; and of all the geese that ever lived——"

Then the door banged behind me, and I didn't hear any more except Charley's "guffaw," which is irritating.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE STORM.—WHAT WE HEARD IN THE HUT.

BUT we were not going to be put out of our way because Charley laughed at us; besides, I felt honoured and pleased that Mrs. Williamson should choose me as a companion in confidence. So the arrangement held good, and we went.

I am not superstitious, but the look of the place *was* rather "eerie." There were trees almost down to the water's edge, and rushes along the margin. But the dark deep water looked clear and cool, and reflected the shadows of the trees like a looking-glass. The wood itself was dark with firs and pines and other trees—altogether it was not the kind of place to which I would come by myself.

But I was not by myself, for Mrs. Williamson and the old boatman were there. He had a grapnel all ready to fish up the lucky bar.

"Mrs. Farmer," said Mrs. Williamson, "we are quite determined to go out in the punt with Bucknill. Will you come too?"

Bucknill was the old boat-keeper—a queer old fellow, who did not believe in the bar at all. But I, of course, consented to accompany Mrs. Williamson; and Miss Grey, who was also stopping in the house, said she would come. So we made quite a party.

Old Bucknill let down his grapnel, and pulled the old punt about the lake. It was a kind of ship's boat, wide and strong, not a flat thing which has to be worked with a pole.

"There is no chance, of course," said Miss Grey. "Maggie, do you seriously believe in this lucky bar?"

"I think there may be something in the story," replied Mrs. Williamson. "The puzzle is, how did the old man make his money if not from the gold?"

"Here's a something caught, my lady," said the old boatman suddenly. "I've cotched a load."

"Pull it up!" exclaimed Mrs. Williamson, in an excited manner. "Suppose it's the bar!"

Mrs. Cardewe, who was seated in the fore-part of the boat, laughed gently.

"My dear Maggie," she said, "don't be so foolish!"

"But there *is* something, Gladys. Here it comes. Look, it is something heavy too! Gently, Bucknill, gently."

"Easy, ladies, if you please," said the boatman. "If

you leans all o' one side the boat will founder. Leave me to do it. Let me, I tell ye," he said, rather cross-like; so they let him.

But I watched him—the ladies didn't. Without saying a word he just stooped down and cut the rope with his knife, raggedly.

"It's broke!" he exclaimed. "Gone down again."

"Then there's an end of it," said Mrs. Cardewe. "Pull back, Bucknill, please. It was of no consequence?"

"No, ma'am," he replied.

Mrs. Williamson was greatly disappointed, and so was Miss Grey, as I could see. But I was very much puzzled—why had old Bucknill cut the rope?—so I made up my mind to inquire.

I had no opportunity just then, for we were quickly landed; but when the others had gone up to the hut I said to Bucknill—

"Are you going out again?"

"Yes—I am," he replied, "to pick up my grapnel and the body. Some one has been drowned," he whispered.

Then I waited no longer. I ran off. Ugh! It *was* uncomfortable to think of! No wonder he cut the rope. I made up my mind I would find out all about the case soon. But more important events occurred. I found the ladies at the hut.

"Well, here we are," said Mrs. Williamson. "I like this place; it is nice and 'shuddery;' and after all your story may be—must be—nonsense," she continued, as she seated herself in the little hut, in which, though only four o'clock, I had tea ready.

Mrs. Cardewe then came in and took a cup of tea also. As she stirred it she said—

"I hope you are satisfied now, Maggie. Old Bucknill has found nothing. Where can the guns be?"

"I haven't heard them lately, ma'am," said I; "but there was a grumble just before you came in, which I thought might be thunder."

"Yes, I heard it," replied Mrs. Cardewe, carelessly; "storms do not trouble us much here. However, I wish the gentlemen would come, Maggie; it is getting dark here."

We waited. The ladies chatted together, and I began to wish Charley had come. Some people say if you wish very hard, you will get what you want. Didn't I wish for Charley!—for the grumbling was going on, and I am terrified of thunder.

All of a sudden he appeared at the door.

"Beg your pardon, ma'am," he said, touching his cap to the ladies, "but squire's gone home t'other way, and sent me round to say as you weren't to stop, as a storm was comin' up; and I think we'd best be movin', ma'am."

"Now *isn't* that like a man?" said Mrs. Cardewe, referring to her husband's message. "It is too provoking. Come, Maggie. Lucy, you had better leave the tea-things here and come with us. Farmer will lead the way."

We made as much haste as possible. The old boatman called out to us as we left the hut, and waved his hand, but we couldn't tell what he meant. We hurried on, when just as we were in the thick of the wood a red flash came darting overhead, and the thunder crashed above as if the sky was rattling.

"Too near to be pleasant!" said Mrs. Cardewe. "Come—quick!"

"I think we had better go back to the hut until the rain is over," said Mrs. Williamson. "We shall be drenched in the open."

"It isn't far to the Manor now, ma'am," said Charley, who was covering his gun. "We'd better get along. There's another!"

It *was* another, and I clung to him. "Isn't it awful?—listen! Oh, there's another!"

"I really think we had better return," said Mrs. Cardewe—"eh, Maggie dear?"

"I wouldn't, ma'am," said Charley. "It will be pitch-dark in an hour."

"Oh! let us get back. They will know where we are then," said Mrs. Williamson.

"Very well, ladies," replied Charley—for of course I said nothing; not altogether because I was frightened, either. "But please remember, if the river and the lake rise a bit, the hut will be surrounded very soon. Here's the rain in earnest."

"I'm for the hut," said Mrs. Williamson, as soon as another peal had died away. "Do you and Gwendolin and the keeper go on to the Manor and send assistance. The pony-cart can come up by the lake-path, I suppose. Mrs. Farmer will stay with me. *Au revoir.*"

Mrs. Farmer didn't much like the situation, but she had to, and so we trudged back along the slippery path in all the rain and mud; dazzled by the flashes, half deafened by the thunder, and so draggled by the brambles and grass that we were soaked through and limp in ten minutes.

The hut at last! Well, I thought we would never reach it. I *was* thankful! Then the rain came down in torrents, and at five o'clock the wood was as black as my old stuff petticoat. I never saw such rain.

"The pony will never come here to-night, ma'am," I said to Mrs. Williamson. She said nothing, and so I went to the door.

"Why, the ground is all white-like!" I cried out. "What is it—snow?"

Mrs. Williamson looked over my shoulder, and said with a little scream—

"It's water! The hut is surrounded—the river is overflowing—and the Mere is full!"

"Then there's the swamp, too," said I, "where the wild-fowl lie. I wish I had never come!"

"So do I," said the young lady. "But it is no use lamenting; we must *act*."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, "but how can we act? We can't leave here; and if we did try we should be drowned."

"Hush!" said Mrs. Williamson. "Listen! I can hear voices; keep quiet."

In truth we did hear voices—two gruff voices. So we considered what we should do. Two unprotected females alone in a hut in a wood, on a dark autumn evening, at "the tail end of a storm and the head of a

flood," as Charley said afterwards, was not as nice a company as one would wish to encounter gruff men. Some men are not gruff; but these men's voices were; and they said terrible things.

Why they couldn't speak without irreverence puzzled me—and Charley is very particular. But when they came right into the hut, we sat flat down, as it might be, in the far corner and waited.

There were only two, but I recognised the voice of one man. Yes, I knew him; all like a flash it came into my mind who he was—Mr. Littler, whose real name was Davidson. You remember him, perhaps; he was the young schemer who pretended to be a patient of our Dr. Joliffe,* and was arrested on account of a ring. We listened—we couldn't help it; and I am sorry we had to listen.

"It's easy enough," said Davidson. "I know all the premises. We've only to creep in by the back, and then we can get through the kitchen. If you have the pluck, we can ransack the house."

"Pluck! I have pluck enough. But there are visitors there—army men, I'm told; and I don't so much care about meeting *them*."

"There's plenty of time; we needn't be in the grounds till eleven. If we watch the lights out, we can slip in about one o'clock. If we are seen, I can make it right with Cardewe. Have you the tools?"

"Yes; and the revolvers—loaded."

"Then unload them; because if an accident should happen and we are 'spotted,' it will be all the better. Besides, they can be charged again, if necessary, in half a minute."

Then there was silence. In the midst of the pause I could hear my heart beat—or perhaps it was Mrs. Williamson's heart. But we didn't wait long. Lights were approaching—we could hear voices too; the pony-trap was coming.

The men were on the alert. They waited awhile, conversing in low tones, and Davidson went out splashing into the sopping ground.

"Here's a game," he said. "People are coming with lamps and a carriage. We had better clear out of this for a while. Suppose they have tracked us!"

They went out. We could see their forms quitting the hut, and at the same time people with lanterns came near.

"Mrs. Williamson," I said, "they have gone; let us get away—quick! If they suspect us, the plan will fail."

But Mrs. Williamson made no answer. She had fainted!

What to do I didn't know. If I called to the people, the thieves would hear me; so I waited awhile until Charley came in with a lamp and called out—

"Is any one here?"

"All right, Charley," I said. "But be quiet; Mrs. Williamson is frightened." I could feel she was better, so I told Charley to keep as quiet as he could and let us go out, unseen, by the path.

"Whatever are you up to, Lucy? The pony-trap is waitin' below there."

"Yes, but, Charley, we have heard robbers."

"Robbers! rubbish. Come along, Lucy. Mrs. Williamson, the captain will be here in a minute; he came round the road, thinkin' you would try it, but it's ankle-deep in water."

"Do be quiet, Charley; I'll tell you all in a minute. There, Mrs. Williamson is all right now. This way, ma'am; the captain is coming."

"Let us get away from this horrible place," said she, as she got up stiffly. "Oh, Mrs. Farmer, is it true?"

"True as true, ma'am. But Charley, my husband, won't believe it. This way. There, you can see the lamps. Here's some one."

It was the captain himself who came up; and I must say he needn't have been so cross.

"What nonsense, Maggie!" he said. "Why didn't you return with Mrs. Cardewe and Farmer?"

"It's a good thing she didn't, sir," I made bold to say.

"Hold your tongue, please, Mrs. Farmer. Now, Maggie dear, come. There! Are you there, Farmer? I suppose you can manage."

"Yes, sir. Now, Lucy!"

So we went away in the dark; and as we went I told Charley, as in duty bound, all about the men, and Davidson particularly.

"We will give him a warm welcome if he *does* come,' said my husband. "But he won't, Lucy."

We got into the trap, and in half an hour reached the Manor in safety, wet through and frightened almost to death. So much for the "lucky bar"—and I never expected to have such a night of it, nor yet to find the bar.

"Now, Lucy," said Charley, "we can't go home to-night. It's ten o'clock, and Mr. Cardewe says we must stop here."

"We can't, Charley. Think of the children! We can't leave them—leastways, I can't."

"But Sophie has gone up. Mrs. Jones sent her."

"Oh, then, we may remain until the morning," I said. Sophie was Mrs. Jones's "help," and a good tidy girl. "But suppose the men come, Charley? Won't you sit up?"

"Nonsense!" he said; "you were asleep. There were no men, you'll see."

"So will you, Charley. I'm not going to bed, I can tell you. Why, I might be murdered in my sleep, and in the morning wake up——"

"You'll do," said he. "Go to bed, old lady. So you didn't find the 'lucky bar' after all!"

"No; but it's there—and I shall not sleep a wink to-night. Did you tell Mr. Cardewe?"

"Of course I did. But he laughed at it."

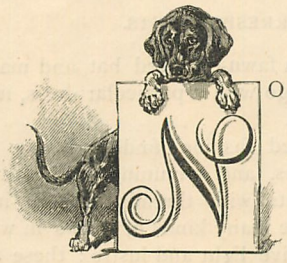
"Let them laugh as wins, Charley. Sleep till after midnight I don't!"

"You always were wide-awake, Lucy; so sit up by all means. I'm going to smoke in the butler's pantry. Good night. I shall sit up awhile."

I made no answer. I knew quite well that Davidson meant mischief, so I made up my mind to watch. But the "lucky bar" had not turned out well, I must say, so far; still, there was a good time coming perhaps.

* See CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, Feb., 1887.

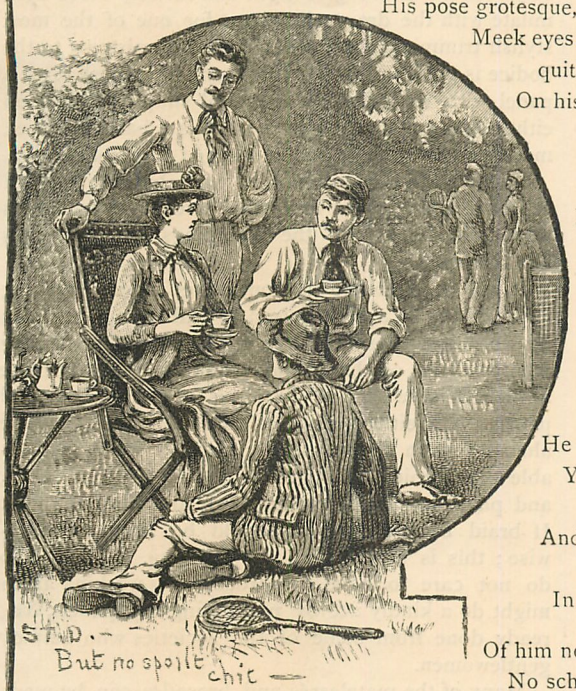
Mr. Smith.



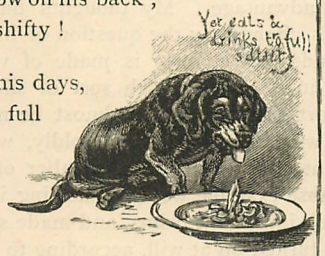
O lineage, and no degree,
No influential kin or kith,
No prestige, no *bon ton* has he—
Our Mr. Smith.

Big ears—big feet—a trifle fat!
His pose grotesque, his walk a waddle!
Meek eyes and lashless! hair
quite flat
On his flat noddle!

He's not a poet nor a wag,
He's not one scientific notion;
But no spoilt chit or wit can brag
Of more devotion.



Oh, Mr. Smith, you're "nuts to crack!"
But money! Is he rich and thrifty?
He's but the coat now on his back;
He's right down shifty!

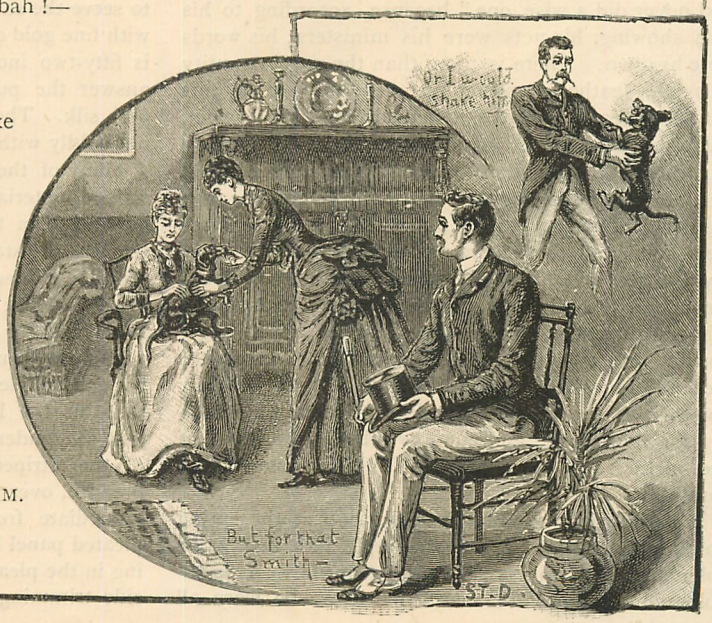


He never worked in all his days,
Yet eats and drinks to full
satiety;
And keeps (ah, me! my
blighted ways!)
In good society.

Of him no rich and kind papa,
No scheming poor mamma afraid is.

He's lots of friends—is loved—yah! bah!—
By two sweet ladies!

By two; and one—yes, either now
(But for that Smith—ill-fortune take
him!)
Might be my bliss, my—oh, their
row!
Or I would shake him!



Eh! oh! my life's a humdrum jog—
Its dream dreamed out—its goal
a myth;
And what recks he—that stub-tailed
dog—
That grovelling Smith?

WILFRED WOOLLAM.

WHAT TO WEAR IN MARCH.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

NO woman ever dresses well unless she thoroughly understands what suits her individually, and no woman is badly dressed who has mastered that subtle knowledge. There are many actually plain women who are considered passably good-looking, because they have realised what to wear and how to wear it; while others, with quite their average of good looks, rarely if ever obtain credit for them, not knowing how to show their best points off to advantage. My thoughts have been directed in this channel by the question of hats. The hat which heads this chapter is made of velvet, but the brim is lined with a rough sort of silk plush, which at a short distance might almost be mistaken for fur. It is wide, and turns up boldly, with almost the defiant dare-devilry of a cavalier of Charles II.'s time, whose example we are following in wearing hats with such important brims, and made so soft that they can be turned up at will, according to the pleasure of the wearer. But the plumes stand up crisp and curling in lieu of the drooping feathers worn in the time of the Merrie Monarch, who "never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one," because, according to his own showing, his acts were his ministers', his words were his own. There is more than the usual quantity of ostrich-feather standing up over the face on this hat, interspersed with a fan-shaped pleating of velvet, and a cross-cut knot. At the back the brim turns up as far as the left side. Now, such a headgear would be eminently becoming to a fresh, fair young face with regular features, or to an older face, if the features were good and there were no lines and wrinkles; but it would give an additional impression of age to a countenance in the slightest degree worn or faded. Such a hat is often seen on the stage, because there rouge, powder, and a clever manipulation of the eye-pencil, hide the ravages of time and worry. There is likely, however, as the season advances to be a fresh feeling for this shape, and for any other that savours of the picturesque, so it behoves Englishwomen to be careful.

Watered ribbon bows appear on most of the spring hats and bonnets, and a deep purple is a distinctive colour, with fawn as second favourite. A fawn-coloured dress has the merit that it can be worn all the year round, and a fawn-coloured hat and mantle, that even if made to go with a particular dress, it can be worn apart from it.

Gold, in a subdued fashion, finds its way into feathers, hats, ribbons, and trimmings. There are felt hats and bonnets with threads of gold interblended, and there are many kinds of straws in which tiny metallic flecks give light and lustre; these assimilate with the dress-trimmings, for one of the most stylish trimmings for a dress-skirt and waistcoat to the bodice is gold braiding. It appears on the skirt as a panel with revers of the material simply stitched on either side, while at the hem there is a band of velvet, merely crossing the panel and edged with gold braid.

Bonnets are certainly not so high, but are pointed in front; gold tissues and thick cream-striped stuffs with gold lines form the trimmings, or sometimes line the front.

It will be a couple of months yet before anything approaching to a demi-saison or real spring dress can be worn, and those who live in the country and have plenty of time on their hands would do well to devote a little leisure to the braiding of waistcoats and panels. On either white or black material they are almost certain to be useful. Cord is more fashionable than braid; fine and thick cord are both used, and plain and fancy makes, with and without tinsel. If braid be preferred, it should be sewn on edgewise; this is newer than flat braiding. Those who do not care to have the trouble of working them might do a kindly act by purchasing the panels, &c., ready done from some of the societies who employ gentlewomen.

Many of the matelassés and brocades can be made to serve the same purpose by outlining their patterns with fine gold cord. The Sicilienne damask silk, which is fifty-two inches wide and not at all costly, would answer the purpose well. It is a mixture of wool and silk. The ground is rep, and the pattern stands out boldly with a silky sheen.

Many of the demi-saison gowns are trimmed with striped material, and the mode of applying it may be gleaned from the dress worn by the figure (in our first illustration) standing beside her friend's chair. This costume is made in black vicuna, trimmed with black velvet and silk stripes. It is a useful dress, for it could be worn in or out of mourning. The jacket borrows something from the Incroyable style, in that it fastens with a double row of six buttons at the waist, and that on the left side the drapery is so arranged that the under-skirt is visible. This is made entirely of the striped material, but it is merely a front breadth, over which the black falls in a point at the immediate front, and is met on the left side by a pleated panel lined with the stripes, the lining showing in the pleats and in the cascade at the side, this side trimming being formed of a half-square. The

velvet cuffs have a revers of the striped material on the outside of the arm, and a cross-cut piece forms the rounded revers on the bodice the collar-band; is also striped. The felt musquetaire hat has feathers in front.

The seated lady wears a new and most useful kind of cloak for the early spring. It is made in beige vicuna, trimmed either with otter-fur or with feathers, and matches the dress, which is simply kilt-pleated at the waist. One distinctive point is the sleeve pleated from the shoulder to the elbow and blending in with the back, which is all pleated. There are short sleeves sewn on to the straight piece from the shoulder. It fits in front and ends at the back in a straight line below the waist. The skirt, however, has a band of fur or feathers carried down the front to match the trimming on the mantle. The style recalls the fashionable redingotes, in which there are many varieties. Most of the mid-season dresses are likely to be made in that style. The skirts grow fuller and fuller, and more and more bouffant at the waist. The bodices are cut with many seams, and for tea-gowns and evening-gowns there are some new ideas with regard to sleeves. Some fall almost to the floor in tea-gowns, with tight ones beneath, recalling the Tudor period; while for morning-gowns many are made of colour and material contrasting with the bodice, an innovation which will be acceptable when dresses have to be renovated.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Frenchwomen are never tired of checks, plaids, and tartans, which either really appertain to a clan, or are of a fancy description emanating from the fertile brain of a clever Frenchwoman who understands the harmony of colour.

The little party in the wood (see our illustration, "First Buds") gives us some practical ideas of what a mother and her children are wearing at this season in France. The mother is dressed in a soft mouse-grey woollen gown, richly braided in fine black cord and beads. The particular trimming used in this toilette has not as yet found its way to England; it is a strip of the dress fabric tacked round on one side and pinked out on the other, and elaborately worked, but with all the special care of French fingers, giving the impression that it is indeed made only for this one dress, being graduated at the waist. The under-skirt is a black and grey check, or seems to be, but the drapery is really mounted on silk with a strip of the check round the hem, half a yard deep, and a breadth laid on the right side. The upper skirt is one long piece without seam, draped with six or seven pleats at the side, so that the front falls in soft easy folds. At the back it is caught up at intervals in such a manner that there appear to be four or five puffings. Given knowledge and skill in draping, it is a most easy skirt to arrange. There are no pleatings nor kiltings at the hem. But the new idea, without which an illustration of passing fashions would not be worth much, is in the original cut of the bodice. As will be seen, the front is all check and close-fitting, with a pure plain material having a revers of velvet crossing it; this piece is cut in one with the front drapery. The back of the bodice is of the plain stuff, and falls as a straight jacket basque; the sleeves match the back, have velvet cuffs, and are embroidered from the shoulder on the outside of the arm, the design diminishing to a point. There is a straight velvet band round the collar.

Many seams are again frequently used in the backs of bodices; the sleeves are put in high on the shoulder, and there is no style of bodice trimming so popular as a cross-drapery hiding the fastening. Full bodices are worn in this sense, but not the all-round belted bodices; if a belt is used, it mostly commences from beneath the arm.

Full vests, so far as adults are concerned, are almost entirely confined to tea-gowns; but for children they

NEW CARPETS.

are introduced into many of their frocks, both for evening and day wear. The child to the right of her mother in the engraving is arrayed in a dark blue Indian cashmere, though this style looks even better in velvet, and in front there is a bag vest of white cashmere, with dark blue silk embroidered spots as large as sixpences. It is quite full, and hangs well over, though this is partially concealed by the reticule she carries. The costume consists of a box-pleated under skirt bordered with a white cashmere galon, embroidered in blue, made sufficiently bouffant at the back by a velvet sash with bows and looped ends. There is only a tunic in front, full and draped in a rounded form, and bordered with grebe, which appears also in the boa tied round the neck. The jacket, with its full front, has a yoke-like trimming of the blue embroidered galon which is carried down the straight sides. The coat-sleeves are edged with grebe.

There is astonishingly little novelty in the cut of girls' frocks, and you may wander from shop to shop and show-room to show-room in Paris without discovering anything decidedly new. The one worn by the second child is, however, a brilliant exception in many points; it is cut on quite a novel principle. The model from which it was taken had a broad pleated under-skirt of mousse-green cashmere, with a chenille check in mousse and a brilliant red, which matched the silk stockings. The back of the bodice and the drapery are made of a bright shade of mousse, almost a grass-green. The mode of draping will be best gleaned from the illustration; the strap which confines it at the side is made of the same green, and is secured by buttons. The back of the bodice and the upper skirt are cut in one, but the front is a vest of the check and the wide turn-back cape about the shoulder. The sleeve has one slashing from the shoulder, through which the tight under-sleeve of check is visible, which appears again from elbow to

FIRST BUDS.

wrist. From the shoulder to the elbow is covered with mousse cashmere, which hangs distinct. The green hat has a red feather. The other child wears a hat which more closely resembles a bonnet, save that there are no strings, the one treads so closely on the heels of the other nowadays.

French workpeople are busy now who devote themselves to women's paraphernalia — I use the term advisedly, for it is derived from a Greek word, *pherne*, signifying "dower," and *para*, "in addition to," meaning the goods which a wife brings her husband besides her dower, though as time has rolled on it has attained wider significance. Their labours are chiefly devoted to the finer kinds of gimps, and gimp ornaments, crochet trimmings, and raised silk work mixed with gems and tinsel. Steel, judging from what one sees, promises to be most fashionable, especially mixed with gold.

For dinner and evening gowns generally, low bodices are worn, with full folds and plastrons of velvet. For example, with a black velvet bodice, full red velvet trimmings ; this is eminently becoming to most skins. Red and black is a combination much favoured ; red velvet bonnets, mantles, and fronts of gowns worked in jet are of pure French origin ; now newer than these are mousse velvet and jet, with a suspicion of pink in many linings.

Frenchwomen are not foolish enough to abjure the use of jewellery as so many Englishwomen do. It may be all very well for young girls and matrons with fair skins and plump necks to forego necklaces, but sallow skins and added years make their abjuration a fatal mistake. So with regard to bracelets, it is permissible on some occasions to go without them, but when the gloves are removed for dinner the arms need them. The last fashion in bracelets worn in Paris is the V-shape, which shows off the form of the arm well. Ruffs are almost universally worn with high dresses, standing up well at the back *à la* Henri Deux, for we fall back now for our fashions on this reign and the Incroyable period in preference to all others.

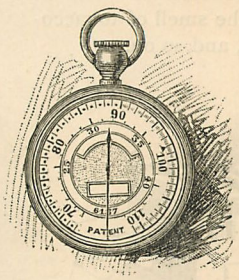
Feather boas of uncurled ostrich-plumes are found to be so light and warm that they have created a perfect furore this early spring, and are being worn in salons with low gowns when the air is chilly, as well as for transit to and fro, and for the daytime.

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Watch Thermometer.



The figure illustrates an ingenious little pocket thermometer in the form of a watch. Its principle consists in the movement of a volute metal tube filled with an expansive liquid. The volute opens or contracts as the temperature rises or falls, and this sympathetic movement is communicated to a pointer moving on the face of a dial as shown. The button at the handle enables the pointer to be fixed at a reading and released again. A flexible handle can also be applied to the instrument, which has the size of our figure.

An Electrical Dragon.

In a recent Chinese procession at San Francisco there was a great dragon in effigy which was manipulated by electricity. On pressing a button, the current caused the huge jaws of the monster to fly open, displaying frightful fangs and forked tongues darting fire. Another series of wires produced frightful contortions, and emitted sheets of fire from the nostrils. Our account is taken from the *Electrical Review* of New York, the leading organ of electrical science in America.

Warming Houses.

Mr. A. E. Fletcher, H.M. Chief Inspector for Scotland under the Alkali, &c., Works Regulation Act, has recently published a plan used by him successfully for warming his house with the avoidance of cold draughts. A large stove is placed in the basement of the house within a brick chamber specially made for it ; and a supply of air is brought to the chamber and allowed to circulate through the passages of the stove, then conveyed by pipes to the hall and rooms on the ground floor. The fresh air is first filtered by passing through a thick woollen cloth. The warm air naturally rises throughout the house above and warms it. The stove adopted is of the American model, coke being fed at the top, but the fire limited to a layer about six inches thick at the bottom ; and the rate of combustion is determined by the amount of air admitted. The stove contains enough coke to last twenty-four hours, and only needs attention once a day. Mr. Fletcher says that fuel to the value of £3 will warm a large house all the winter. The plan ventilates the house with selected air, properly filtered and warmed. For open grates Mr. Fletcher employs asbestos gas fires ; a gas cooking stove replaces the old kitchen range ; and in the

sitting-rooms gas stoves are sometimes lighted in addition to the general warming. The result is that only coke and gas are burnt ; smoke in the ordinary sense is avoided ; work is economised ; comfort is enhanced, and there is less suffering from "colds and passing ailments." The adoption, however, of so expensive a contrivance must obviously confine its benefits to the few.

A New Electric Table-Lamp.

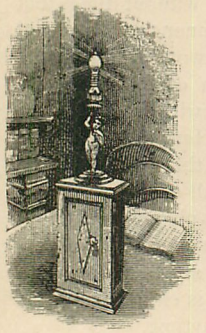


FIG. 1.

M. Schanschieff has brought out a one-liquid voltaic battery, which lends itself admirably to electric lighting. The plates of the battery are of zinc and carbon: the liquid a solution of basic sulphate of mercury specially prepared. It is a clear liquid which gives off no noxious fumes when the battery is at work, and metallic mercury is deposited from it at the bottom of the cell. The battery is well adapted for portable lamps and household purposes, such as driving a punkah or sewing-machine. Our Fig. 1 represents a table-lamp fed by several small cells enclosed in the base. It is said to give a ten-candle light for six or seven hours. The price of such table-lamps is from £3 3s. to £5 5s. According to reports of Sir William Thomson and Mr. Preece, the well-known electricians, a small miner's lamp of a similar sort yields a light of one-candle power for eight hours at the cost of a penny. A miner's lamp costs £1 10s. Schanschieff's battery is also used for more powerful lights ; but for small detached lamps its value is more distinct. Fig. 2 shows a Schanschieff miner's hand-lamp, which is also suitable for watchmen and others. Fig. 3 illustrates a battery intended for use in offices or carriages. It feeds four ten-candle lamps for eight hours, without re-charging with fresh solution. Its price is £6.

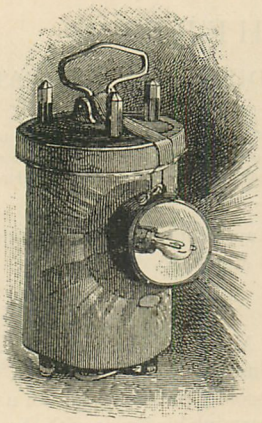


FIG. 2.

Artificial Illumination and the Eye.

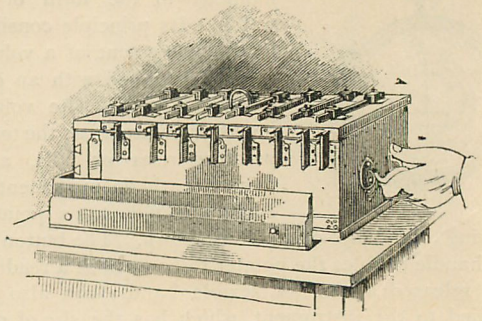
In these days artificial illumination has undoubtedly been brought to a wonderful degree of perfection ; but it is well to bear in mind that the reckless employment of very bright lights of any kind is attended with considerable danger to the human eye. At the general meeting of the American Gaslight Association, held at the close of last year, Dr. Morton, the well-known physicist, sounded a useful note of warning in connection with the use of electric and incandescent gas lights. "There is no doubt," he said, "that the present generation are risking their eyesight by the use of so many brilliant lights." He pointed out that the eye requires a *thoroughly diffused light;* and alluded to the paralysing effect and ultimate injury to the organs of vision produced by frequent exposures to unscreened electric and powerful gas lights. Where it is found convenient or necessary to employ very powerful lamps, they should be placed well above the ordinary visual range, and shaded so as to produce a diffused and equable light.

Birds and Electric Wires.

Mr. R. D. Smillie, an electrical engineer of Dumbarton, has observed that small birds when they alight on a certain bare conductor carrying an electric current of twenty amperes drop off dead. It has been noticed that small birds are sometimes found lying dead under telegraph wires ; but it has been believed that the fatal effect is due to collision with the wire in flying at night. Mr. Smillie's observation would seem to point to an electric shock as the cause of death in the particular cases noticed by him.

Iodine Candles.

It has been found that iodine when combined with salicylic acid can be readily incorporated with fat, wax, or paraffin, and that from lighted candles made in this way iodine and phenol are shed in a gaseous form ; the phenol coming from the decomposition of the salicylic acid. When combustion is rapid the phenol is destroyed ; but not so the iodine, which can be detected by its peculiar odour. It is stated that in cases of "hay" catarrh, asthma, and spasmodic cough relief has been obtained from the iodine vapour thus dispersed. As a deodoriser it is said to be most marked in its action, destroying the smell of tobacco-smoke, the stuffy odour of closets, and so on.



A NEW ELECTRIC TABLE-LAMP—FIG. 3.

The Matrix of the Diamond.

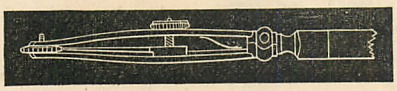
Professor Carvill Lewis has pointed out that our information goes to show that the matrix of the diamond is serpentine in the form of a decomposed eruptive peridotile. In Borneo, New South Wales, the Urals, and America diamonds and serpentine are found to go together. Chromic and titanic iron ore are also found in diamond-bearing sand, and these minerals are constituents of serpentine.

The Temple of Bubastis.

M. Naville has discovered the ruins of the ancient temple of Bubastis in Egypt, which is described by Herodotus, but which was believed to be hopelessly lost sight of. All the back part of the temple appears to be still intact, and much remains to be uncovered; but many interesting palm and lotus columns and inscriptions have already been found. Cartouches of Ozorkon II. and Rameses II. have also been discovered at Tel Basta, the site of the ruins. M. Naville has also made excavations at Tel-el-Yahoodieh, and found many relics identifying this place with the city built by Onias, the Jewish High Priest, who took refuge in Egypt at the time of the conquest of Judæa, as recorded by Josephus.

A New Dotting Pen.

The figure illustrates a new pen for drawing dotted lines. It has an inner nib which just touches the



rowel or toothed wheel, which marks the line. By this plan a uniform supply of ink is given to the rowel, which is able to work for a long time.

A Bottle-making Machine.

A new glass-blowing apparatus has been brought out, which is said to solve the difficult problem of blowing a bottle by machinery in a manner likely to abolish the time-honoured practice of blowing by the mouth. The machine is not the first which has been designed for the purpose, but it appears to be the most successful. In a former GATHERER we described a kind of lathe by which the bulk of electric lamps were made, the air being admitted under pressure through stop-cocks to effect the blowing. Other machines of the kind have also been devised; but that in question is pronounced to be very effective.

A New Fibre.

A new vegetable fibre, called "gamootie," is being imported from Celebes into Holland. It is, however, chiefly used for stuffing furniture and saddlery at present, attempts to manufacture it into cordage not having been successful.

Pumping by Electricity.

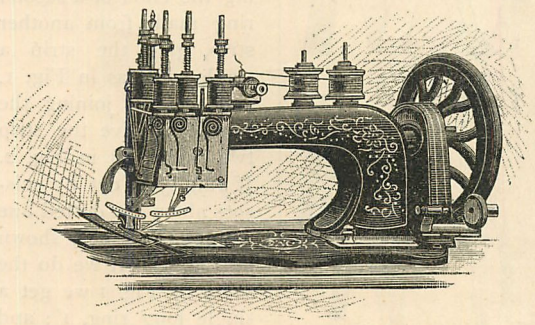
An interesting application of electrical power has recently been made at St. John's Colliery, Normanton, where some nine pumps have been worked by a dynamo driven by a steam-engine. The current from the dynamo was conveyed by copper conductors to an electric motor in the usual way. This motor actuated the pumps, which delivered 39 gallons of water per minute through a "head" of 530 feet. The system has proved so successful that the owners of the colliery have given the makers of the electric apparatus an order for plant to deliver 120 gallons per minute through a head of 900 feet. It is stated that whilst the electric system is initially cheaper than the pneumatic system of pumping, the hydraulic is cheaper than either of these; but the electric is cheapest of all in point of maintenance. It requires an engine, a dynamo, a motor, and the copper connecting wires.

The Sensitiveness of Taste.

Dr. Venables, of the University of North Carolina, U.S., has made some interesting tests on the sensitiveness of the sense of taste in human beings. The flavoured matter used was dissolved in a solvent, and diluted with water; two persons being employed to taste the dilution. The limit of taste was taken as the point of dilution at which the characteristic taste of the substance was not perceptible. In each case one cubic centimetre of solution was tasted. The results are—for sugar $\frac{3}{1,000}$ of a gramme barely tasted; for salt (chloride of sodium) $\frac{1}{1,000}$ of a gramme barely tasted; for tannin $\frac{2}{10,000}$ of a gramme barely tasted; for hydrochloric acid $\frac{1}{10,000}$ of a gramme barely tasted; for strychnine $\frac{5}{10,000,000}$ of a gramme barely tasted; for saccharine, the new sweet stuff, $\frac{5}{1,000,000}$ of a gramme barely tasted.

The Dynamograph.

"Dynamograph" is the name of a new type-writer, actuated by electricity, which has been invented in America. The type-writer resembles those already in use, but is worked by the electric current, and it can, it is stated, be utilised as a sending and receiving telegraph instrument. It is proposed to use it in place of the telephone since it gives a printed message which can be received although no one is present at the time to take it down. The despatches are printed in the form of a letter, and not on the moving tape used in Exchange and Hughes' printing telegraphs. We may add that electricity has also been very recently applied to work an automatic supply box of the kind so common in London. We may also add that Mr. F. Higgins, engineer to the Exchange Telegraph Company, has also invented an electrical type-writer, which can be utilised as a telegraph instrument.



An Embroidering Machine.

The engraving shows a useful little embroidering machine introduced under the name of "Utility" Embroiderer. It has two needles, and the threads are passed through eyes to a pair of reciprocating guides

which move to and fro in front of the needles. As the threads are thus carried backwards and forwards, the needles intercept and fix them, and they are sewn down on the cloth whilst the seam is made. The machine automatically makes the braid and sews it on. A great variety of patterns can be worked; and the principle can be applied to most types of sewing-machines.

Pyrodene.

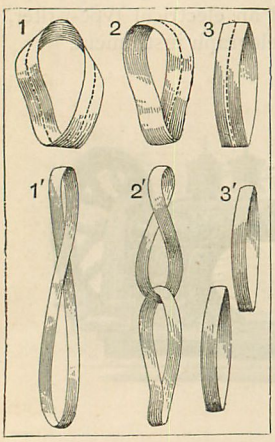
This name has been given to a new liquid which renders wood, textile fabrics, paper, and such inflammable materials fire-proof. The liquid is made of all colours so as to be used as a substitute for paint; and it is said to render houses and other buildings fire-proof. It was used for fire-proofing the wood-work of the recent Jubilee Exhibition at Manchester. Washable water-paints called "aquol" are also produced by the same inventor, Mr. T. Griffiths, F.C.S., and they can be applied direct to metal-work. They contain no oil, and may be washed with water, while on the other hand they do not blister in the heat of the sun. The paint is stated to be not more expensive than ordinary paint.

Freezing Mixture for Microscopic Specimens.

M. Raoul Pictet has invented a new disinfectant, which is said to answer admirably as a freezing mixture for hardening microscopic specimens. Sulphur dioxide and carbon dioxide are mixed, cooled and compressed until they liquefy, the liquid being then stored in syphons. On liberation the mixture rapidly evaporates, with great reduction of temperature. With this agent mercury may be frozen, and animal or vegetable tissues can be rendered solid in a few seconds. The odour is the principal objection to the mixture, which is said to be as easily managed and as effective as ether.

Tricks with Paper Rings.

Take three bands of paper 2 inches wide and from 2 to 5 feet long, and with one form a ring as shown in Fig. 3. Before pasting the ends of a second ring made from another strip, give the strip a single twist as in Fig. 1, and before joining the third ring give the strip two twists as in Fig. 2. If ring 3 is cut by scissors along the dotted line we get two rings, shown in Fig. 3′. If we do the same to Fig. 1 we get a single long ring, 1′; and if we do so with Fig. 2 we get two rings linked as in Fig. 2′.

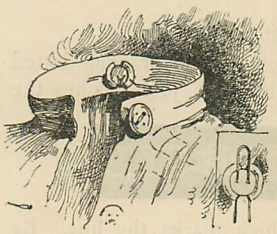


A New Sewing-machine.

A new sewing-machine, the "Köhler," has been introduced, which will sew with all kinds of thread from jute, or hemp twine, to fine silk thread, and at a speed of 2,000 to 2,500 stitches per minute. The stitch can be varied by the operator to any desired length from 40 to 3 stitches per inch. Machines of the kind are constructed for sack-making, and make stitches from an inch long to 25 to the inch. Such a machine can be driven by a gas-engine, and will turn out 4,500 sacks a day. The Köhler machine is based on a new method of forming the stitch, which enables it to be varied in size by a simple mechanism.

A New Button Fastener.

The woodcut shows a convenient method of attaching buttons without the use of needle or thread. It consists of a staple, which is thrust through the holes in the button to be fixed, and held behind as shown. A little plate of vulcanite underneath secures the staple on the under-side of the cloth or leather; our figure shows both front and back view of the plate. The fastener is especially useful for those doing rough work, and it will go through a wringer uninjured.



A Cure for Damp in Libraries.

The latest remedy to save books from the ill effects of damp is quicklime. A small pan of the lime should be placed near the bookcase, the contents being changed every two or three days.

A New Fire Helmet.

A helmet has been introduced into the Berlin Fire Service, which protects the firemen from smoke and also from poisonous vapours. It is the invention of the Berlin Director of Fires, Herr Stude, and Herr Runge, of Bremen. A light mask of copper leaves the eyes, ears, nose, and mouth free, so that the wearer can be heard when he speaks. A constant stream of pure air is supplied to his face through an india-rubber tube, and escapes from the mask by an opening opposite the eyes, thus keeping out the vitiated air. The helmet is fastened by straps to the head, and is otherwise smoke-proof.

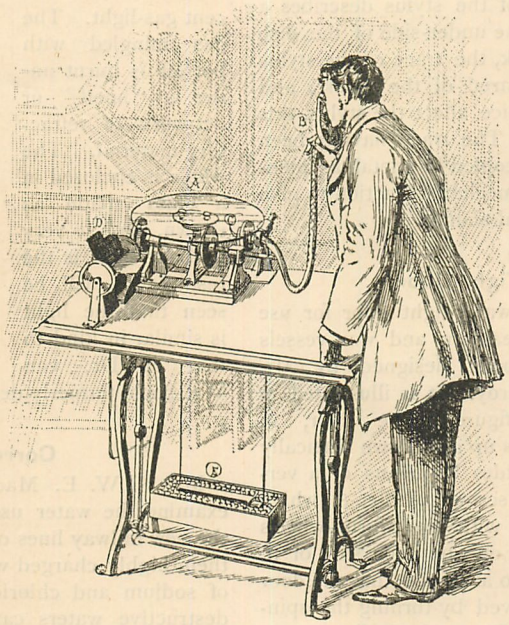
A Test for Butter.

Mr. T. T. P. B. Warren, F.C.S., has found a chemical test for butter which seems to detect any adulterant. Ten grammes of the butter are put into a tarred filter-tube plugged with asbestos, and about 100 cubic centimetres of carbon disulphide are poured gradually over the butter. It filters through, and more disulphide is added until all fatty matter is removed. The filtrate is received in a tarred porcelain basin, and is evaporated over hot water. When every trace of the solvent is removed, it is cooled and weighed. The difference between this and the original weight is due to salt, caseine, water, extractive colouring matter, and other added matters insoluble in disulphide of carbon. The residual fatty matter is then dissolved

in about its own volume of disulphide of carbon, and the same volume of yellow chloride of sulphur diluted with an equal measure of disulphide of carbon added with constant stirring. The disulphide is completely evaporated over hot water. The thickened mass resulting should yield a clear solution with disulphide of carbon. An insoluble residue indicates vegetable oil such as is used in making oleomargarine or butterine. Mr. Warren finds that large amounts of caseine are present in many samples of "good" country butter.

Photographing Projectiles.

An Austrian physicist, Herr Mach of Prague, has succeeded in photographing projectiles, even rifle-bullets, while in motion. He does so by illuminating the bullet with electric light. Projectiles from M. Wernal's and M. Jurde's guns, having an initial velocity of 438 and 530 metres a second, have been photographed in this way, and the result has shown that there is almost a temporary vacuum behind the bullet in its progress. The motion of a body through air appears from these photographs to bear a great resemblance to the motion of a body through water.



THE GRAMOPHONE.—FIG. 1.

A Magnetic Oil Filter.

Oil which has been used for lubricating machines is now cleaned in America, for repeated use, by a special filter. This consists of a vessel narrowed at one part and surrounded there by a coil of insulated wire, through which a current of electricity can be passed. The vessel contains iron filings inside where the coil encircles it, and these becoming magnetised when the electric current circulates in the coil, attract the iron or other magnetic metal particles from the dirty oil. Further filters of felt and sawdust complete the clarification of the oil, which can be used over again for the same purpose.

The "New" Star.

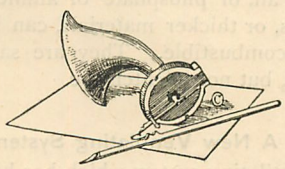
The "new" star, which has been visible for some time past in the south-east, before dawn, and which has been supposed by many to be the "Star of Bethlehem" returned, is in reality our old friend the planet Venus, visible as a morning instead of an evening star. Venus is now travelling away from the earth, and will on July 11th next be behind the sun, instead of in front of it as now. She will emerge from his rays on the east of him, and become again an evening star. In February and March, 1889, she will be a striking object after sunset. About Lady-day of 1889, she will, it is believed, be visible to the eye in daylight. As to the "Star of Bethlehem," some suppose it was a comet, others argue that it may have been Venus, seen as we see her now, that is, as a morning star.

Shooting Underground.

Lieut.-Colonel Haddan, of the Royal West Surrey Volunteer battalion, has recently overcome the drawback of finding suitable ranges for volunteer shooting, by utilising extensive wine-vaults situated in Southwark. These vaults give a range of 200 yards, and fish-tail gas-jets are kept burning at the firing-point and at the target. The noise of the firing is stated to be no inconvenience to the neighbourhood or to the shooters. Colonel Haddan's idea is to supplement open-air target-practice by underground shooting. He contends that subterranean ranges could be constructed at the cost of from £800 to £1,500 for 100 and 200 yards respectively. Volunteers would by their use obtain practice with the rifle without the expense and trouble of going out of town.

The Gramophone.

A permanent record of speech is, it is stated, obtained by the Gramophone, a device of Mr. Emile Berliner of Washington, United States. The vibrations of the speech are first traced on a glass disc coated

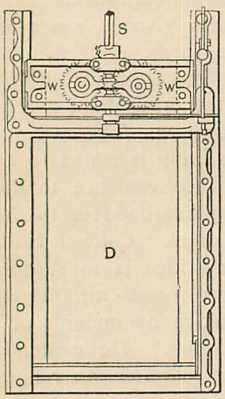


THE GRAMOPHONE.—FIG. 2.

with lamp-black. The smoke-trace is then fixed by varnish and copied in metal by a photographic process. The metal reproduction is next inserted in the phonograph recorder where the glass disc was formerly placed, and the original sounds are imitated as in the case of Edison's phonograph. The undulations of the sound-trace in the metal, as it is moved past the

point of the tracing stylus, cause the latter to vibrate, and as the stylus is fixed to a diaphragm, the diaphragm vibrates in sympathy with it, thus giving out an imitation of the original sounds. In our illustration, A is the glass disc; B is a speaking-tube fitted at its remote end under the disc with a diaphragm and stylus as shown at C, C. An electric motor D, fed by a battery E, under the table, drives the glass disc round, and at the same time gives it a motion of translation, so that as the disc turns the point of the stylus describes a spiral line upon it. When the under-side of the disc is coated with the lamp-black, the trace of the stylus is represented by a line cleared of the black; and when the vibrations of the voice affect the stylus, this line is irregular and wavy. The trace having been thus obtained is fixed and copied in metal as mentioned above, and serves by mechanical action to give out an imitation of the original sounds.

A New Water-Tight Door.



A water-tight door for use in steamers and war vessels has been designed by Mr. McElroy. It is illustrated in our figure. The door, D, moves up and down vertically in guides by means of a vertical screw spindle, S, which gears with two worm-wheels W, W, one on each side of it, and so arranged that the door is moved by turning the spindle. By a "brake" arrangement, which we need not particularly describe, the door can be opened or closed slowly as desired. The inventor holds that the door is always ready for action and does not stick, as those doors controlled by pistons and cylinders, or chains and weights, are sometimes apt to do.

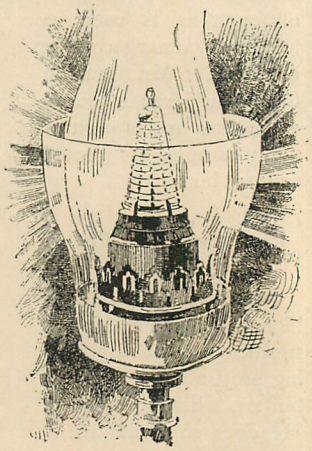
Fireproof Clothing.

Dr. Doremus finds that articles of clothing and other tissues can be rendered non-inflammable by dipping them in solutions of tungstate of soda, borax, and, above all, of phosphate of ammonia, in water. Ladies' veils, or thicker materials, can in this way be rendered incombustible. They are said to blacken under flame, but not to catch fire.

A New Ventilating System.

A new ventilating system which has been introduced into the Royal Courts of Justice, and a number of first-class steamships, is the invention of Mr. D. C. Green, of New York. An air-compressor, driven by a small gas or other engine, supplies air at from 3 lbs. to 5 lbs. pressure on the square inch. This air is conveyed by gas-pipes to nozzles in any part of the building where fresh air is required. The nozzles open into conduits in which a constant air current is induced. The system is such that foul air can also be drawn out of any apartment and ejected. It is to be understood that the primary current in the pipes moves a much larger body of air than itself. The ventilation of any building is thus controlled from one central point.

The Clamond Gas-Light.



The figure shows the latest form of Clamond's incandescent gas-light. The gas mingled with hot air is burnt under a "hood" or net-work of refractory material. The whole is enclosed in a glass shade as shown, and a very brilliant light is the result. It will be seen that the light is similar in kind to that of Dr. von Welsbach, formerly described in the GATHERER.

Corroding Boilers.

Mr. R. W. E. Macivor was recently deputed to examine the water used in the locomotive boilers of the new railway lines of Victoria, Australia. He found them highly charged with salts—for instance, chloride of sodium and chloride of magnesium. The most destructive waters came from the Tung-Tung and other creeks. The boilers of the Colac line, being supplied from a lake, did not suffer so much. The creek-waters in summer do not contain much salt as compared with the quantity in winter, hence the corrosive action on the boilers is insignificant during one part of the year, and rapid in another. Mr. Macivor recommended the addition of soda-ash to the reservoirs in which the waters are stored; and so far, he states, the results have not been unsatisfactory.

Some Novelties for Ladies.

Jet bracelets in which the pieces of jet are strung on elastic have a very bad habit of wearing loose, in which case the pieces of jet are very frequently lost. Some new bracelets have, however, recently been introduced in which the pieces of jet are mounted on metal bands. These bands are hinged like those of gold bracelets, and are fitted with an ingenious little attachment that guards against their being opened too far. When fastened these bracelets are secured by a sunk snap that is very unlikely to be opened accidentally. Ladies find dress-suspenders very necessary in the bad weather which so frequently falls to our lot in this part of the world, but, as a rule, these articles can hardly be called ornamental, and are not always so efficacious as could be desired. A patent has lately been taken out for a new suspender, which seems likely to work satisfactorily. The suspender is hung to a leather waist-belt, and

fitted with a circular buckle of ingenious construction, in which lies the novelty of the invention. To one side of this buckle is chained a neat pin which is just long enough to reach across it. The pin is thrust through the material of the dress, and its point is then secured in a socket at the opposite side of the buckle, while the ring at the other end of the pin is hung on a frog which projects below the chain. The weight of the dress holds this pin in position, and the socket prevents the point from becoming dangerous.

A Self-Extinguishing Candle.

A candle has recently been brought out which extinguishes itself after it has burnt for an hour. This it does by means of a tiny extinguisher of tin which is fastened in the wax by wires, and which effectually performs its task. It is only necessary to remove this diminutive extinguisher when its work is done, and the candle is again ready to burn another hour. The use of such a candle, in schools and nurseries particularly, could hardly fail to prove beneficial.

Liquid Water Colours.

Liquid water colours, that may always be relied upon to produce the same tint, should be useful to architects and engineers in the colouring of their plans. Some new colours of this description, called by their inventor "Photo-stains," have recently been brought out. The colours require no mixing, are permanent and transparent, and may be applied to the colouring of photographs and to illuminating, as well as to maps and plans.

Two Inventions for the Nursery.

All nurses know the importance of giving infants their food of the proper temperature, and the great danger of giving it too hot or too cold. A feeding bottle has been brought out recently, fitted with a thermometer (which is embedded in the glass of the bottle), by means of which the actual temperature of the food may be seen at a glance. All danger from over or under-heating may thus be avoided. Another novelty for use in the nursery consists of a new safety pin, which is provided with a little metal cap that bears against the point when the pin is in use, and so makes it absolutely safe.

Who were the Chaldees?

Chaldæa played an important part in ancient history, and it is only fitting, therefore, that in "The Story of the Nations" series (T. Fisher Unwin), Mr. Z. A. Ragozin should treat its story as an introduction to the study of ancient history. He rebuilds for us the temples and palaces of this old, old world, explains its mythology, and pictures for us its art and literature in a manner that cannot fail both to interest and instruct.

"Sense and Sensibility."

Jane Austen's stories are not so much read now as they deserve to be, and we are glad to see that "Sense and Sensibility" is included in Cassell's "Red Library." It is nearly eighty years since this work was first issued, but it has lost none of its charm, and the girls of to-day will find this story as interesting as did their great-grandmothers in the second decade of the century. In the same series, too, are issued a collection of Bret Harte's inimitable "Tales and Sketches," and Longfellow's interesting "Prose Works." Hood's "Poems, Comic and Serious," also form an attractive volume of this same series.

The Dreams of the Blind.

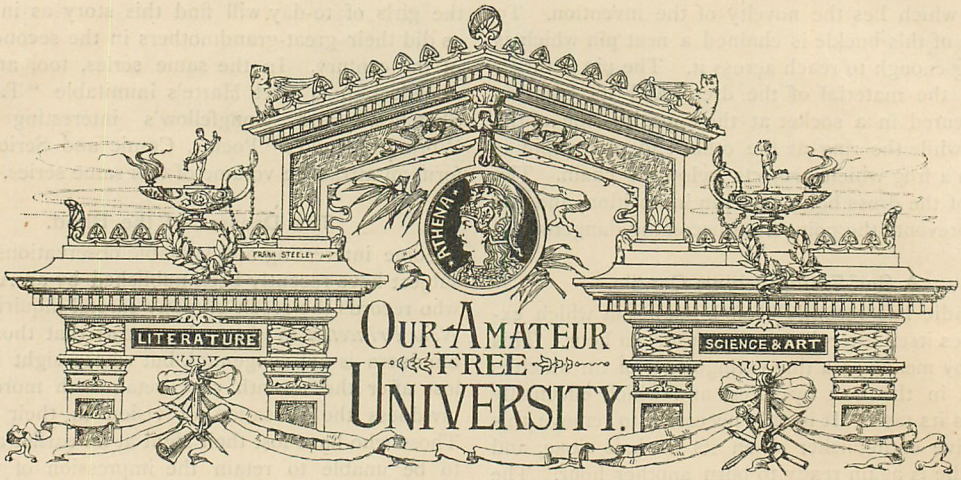
Some interesting and valuable observations on this subject have recently been published by an American, who records the result of many careful inquiries in the *New Princeton Review*. It appears that those whose blindness is not congenital, but whose sight has been lost after the seventh year, retain with more or less vividness the sensation of vision in their dreams. Those who have lost their sight at an earlier age seem to be unable to retain the impression of vision in after-years. Most interesting are the dream experiences of Laura Bridgman, the blind deaf-mute. We note that the *New Princeton Review* is now published in England by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. As a high-class intellectual monthly, it would be difficult to find its superior.

Some Useful Recipes.

The oyster may be proverbially dumb, but, as Mrs. de Salis says, that is no reason why its lovers should be so. And dumb Mrs. de Salis certainly is not in her little work, "Oysters à la Mode" (Longmans), as to methods of cooking and serving these favourite molluscs. It is a moot point whether an oyster should ever be served apart from its own shell, but those who are of opinion that it may, will find in Mrs. de Salis's book more than a hundred different ways of treating it. A companion work is "Soups and Dressed Fish à la Mode," by the same author.

For Students, Young and Old.

No one who has read it can ever forget the touching story of Mr. J. R. Green's last days, and the pathetic efforts he made to complete the last of his historical works. In this he was assisted by his wife, who gave the work to the world after her husband's death. If his life had been spared, Mr. Green always purposed to have revised his now classical "Short History of the English People," and his last charge to his wife was that she should undertake the task. Messrs. Macmillan send us a copy of the work, carefully revised by Mrs. Green in accordance with her husband's wishes, and corrected—where correction was needed—by collation with the historian's later works, which may be said to have been but the outcome of this, his earlier and best-known book. The old familiar form is not lost in this new edition, so that lovers of this work need not be afraid of seeing an altogether "new face" in their shelves when they procure it, as they certainly should. In this connection we may mention that the "Citizen Reader" (Cassell) has now reached its sixtieth thousand. It would be impossible to find a more useful companion for children who are beginning the study of English history.



FIVE hundred and sixty-nine candidates have, up to January 20th last, entered for "matriculation" and other honours in our University. So large a number, we feel free to confess, we did not expect at the beginning; and our examiners are still hard at work upon the papers sent in.

We are, therefore, under the necessity of asking our readers to await for another month the issue of the pass list. This kind of work cannot be hurried over; every paper must receive its due share of attention and consideration.* In the meantime, our candidates need not be idle. There is still plenty of good work to be done, and we would recommend candidates to relieve the tedium of waiting by attacking the following further instalment of our

Literary Course.

Section I.—Write a prose paraphrase of the first ten stanzas of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

Section II.—Write briefly an original description of the character of Henry VIII. in either French, German, Italian, or Spanish; length not to be less than 200 words, and not to exceed 300 words.

Section III.—Compose an original Pianoforte piece, in the style of "Songs without Words," and of the usual length.

The above work must be submitted in accordance with the General Rules, published in December, 1887, and must reach the Editor not later than the first post on April 10th, 1888. Candidates may take their choice of any one or all of the above sections.

A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best paraphrase under Section I.; a Prize of One Guinea for the best description under Section II.; and a Prize of Three Guineas for the best Pianoforte piece under Section III.

Domestic Course.

We promised a further development of this useful Faculty in an early number. We now fulfil our promise by offering a Prize of One Guinea for the best specimen of

Home-Made Bread.

Each specimen should be of 2 lbs. weight (or "half-quartern"), and must be carefully packed and addressed to the Editor on the 19th March, 1888, so as to reach him not later than the 21st, when the examination will take place. The declaration required by the rules should be enclosed in an envelope sent separately per post, so as to advise the Editor of the despatch of the specimen; and the envelope should also contain a brief description of the ingredients and proportions used, and the time consumed in (1) making and (2) baking. All approved loaves thus received will, after the adjudication of the award, be distributed to such of our deserving charitable institutions as the Editor may select. Professed Cooks or Bakers will not be eligible to take part in this competition; with this exception the section is open to every reader, subject to the General Rules as published in our issue of December last. Diplomas of Honour and Certificates of Merit will be respectively awarded to all those candidates whose specimens are approved by the Examiners.

* At the moment of going to press we are enabled to announce the award of the Prize in Section I. (English Composition) of the Literary Course (December), to the Rev. Michael T. Eastwood, 68, Copenhagen Road, New Brompton, Kent. The Class Lists will be arranged in time to appear in our next issue.

MONICA:

OR, STRONGER THAN DEATH.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Torwood's Trust," "Oliver Langton's Ward," &c.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

UNITED.

URING the days that followed Monica lived as in one long, happy dream. The clouds all seemed to have rolled away, letting in the sunshine to the innermost recesses of her heart.

Why was she so calmly and serenely happy, despite the sorrow hanging over her in the recent death of a tenderly loved father? Why did even the loss of the brother, to whom she had vowed such changeless devotion, give her no special pang? She had felt his going much, yet it did not weigh her down with any load of sorrow. She well knew why these changes were. The old love had not changed nor waned, but it had been eclipsed in the light of the deep, wonderful happiness that had grown up in her heart since she had come to know how well and faithfully she loved Randolph, and to believe at last in his love for her.

Yes, she no longer doubted that now. Something in the very perfectness of her own love drove away the haunting doubts and fears that had troubled her for so long. He had her heart, and she had his, and when once she had him home again the last shadow would have vanished away. How her heart beat as she pictured that meeting! How she counted the hours till she had him home again!

Only once was she disturbed in her quiet, dreamy time of waiting.

Once as she was riding through the loneliest part of the lovely pine-wood, Conrad Fitzgerald suddenly stood in her path, gazing earnestly at her with a look she could not fathom.

Her faced flushed and paled. She regarded him with a glance of haughty scorn.

"Let me pass, Sir Conrad."

He did not move; he was still fixedly regarding her.

"I told you how it would be, Monica," he said. "I told you Arthur would be sent away."

She smiled a smile he did not understand.

"Let me pass," she said again.

His eyes began to glow dangerously. Her beauty and her scorn drove him to a sort of fury.

"Is this the way you keep your promise? Is this how you treat a man you have promised to call your friend?"

"My friend!" Monica repeated the words very slowly, with an inflection, the meaning of which could not be misunderstood; nor did he affect to misunderstand her.

"Lady Monica," he said, "you have heard some lying story, I perceive, trumped up by that scoundrel you call your husband."

He was forced to spring on one side then, for Monica had urged her horse forward, regardless of his presence, and the flash in her eye was like nothing he had ever seen there before; but he was wild with rage, and sprang at her horse, catching him by the bridle.

"You shall hear me!" he cried. "You shall, I say! You have heard his story, now hear mine. He has brought false reports. I know him of old. He is my enemy. He has poisoned others against me before now. Lady Monica, upon my word of honour——"

"*Your honour!*"

That was all. Indeed, there was no need for more to be said. Even Conrad felt that, and his grasp upon the reins relaxed. Monica was not in the least afraid of him. She looked him steadily over as she moved quietly onward, without the least haste or flurry. Her quiet courage, her lofty scorn of him, stung him to madness.

"Very good, Lady Monica—I beg your pardon—Lady Trevlyn, I should say now. Very good. We understand each other excellently well. You have made a promise, only to break it—I will show you how faith can be kept. I, too, have made a vow in my time. I make another now. I have vowed to ruin the happiness and prosperity of Randolph Trevlyn's life; now I will do more. I will destroy your peace and happiness also!"

He was following Monica as he spoke, and there was a deep, steady malevolence in every tone of his voice, and in each word that he uttered, which gave something of sinister significance to threats that might well have been mere idle bravado. Monica paid not the slightest heed. She rode on as if she did not even hear; but she wished she had her husband beside her. She was not afraid for herself, only for him; and in his absence it was easy to be haunted by vague fancies and fears.

But days sped by: news from Germany was good. Randolph's task was accomplished, and he was on his way home; nay, he would be there almost as soon as the letter that announced him. He did not specify exactly how he would come, but he bade her look for him about dusk that very day.

How her heart throbbed with joy! She could not

strenuously combat Mrs. Pendrill's determination to return home at once, so that husband and wife should be to themselves upon his return. She wanted Randolph all to herself. She hungered for him; she hardly knew how to wait for the slowly-crawling hours to pass.

She drove Mrs. Pendrill to St. Maws, and on her return wandered aimlessly about the great lonely house, saying to herself, in a sort of ceaseless cadence—

"He is coming. He is coming. He is coming."

Dusk was falling in the dim house. The shadows were growing black in the gloomy hall where Monica was restlessly pacing. The last flickering gleam of sunlight flickered and faded as she watched and waited with intense expectancy.

A man's firm step upon the terrace without—a man's tall shadow across the threshold. Monica sprang forward with a low cry.

"Randolph!"

"Not exactly that, Lady Trevlyn!"

She stopped short, and threw up her head like some beautiful wild creature at bay.

"Sir Conrad—*you!* Leave my husband's house! Do you *dare* to cross his threshold? Do you wish him to find you here? Do you wish a second chastisement at his hands?"

Conrad's face flushed crimson, darkening with the intensity of his rage, as he heard those last words.

He had been drinking deeply; his usual caution and cowardice were merged in a passionate desire for revenge at all costs. And what better revenge could he enjoy at that moment than to be surprised by the master of the house upon his return in company with his wife? Monica had asked him if he wished Randolph to find him there—it was just that wish that had brought him.

"Monica!" he cried passionately, "you shall hear me. I will be heard! You shall not judge me till I can plead my own cause. The veriest criminal is heard in his own defence."

He advanced a step nearer, but she recoiled before him, and pointed to the door.

"Go, Sir Conrad, unless you wish to be expelled by my servants. I will listen to nothing."

She moved as if to summon assistance, but he sprang forward and seized her hand, holding her wrist in so fierce a grasp that she could neither free herself nor reach the bell. She was a prisoner at his mercy.

But Monica was a true Trevlyn, and a stranger to mere physical fear. The madness in his gleaming eyes, the ferocity of his whole aspect, were sufficiently alarming. She knew in that vast place that it would be in vain to call for help, no one would hear her voice; but she faced her enemy with cool, inflexible courage, trusting to her own strong will and the inherent cowardice of a man who could thus insult a woman in her husband's house in his absence.

"Loose me, Sir Conrad!" she said.

"Not until you have heard me."

"I will not hear you. I know as much of your story as there is any need I should. Loose me, I say! Do you know that my husband will be here immediately? Do you wish *him* to expel you from his house?"

Conrad laughed wildly, a sort of demoniac laugh, that made her shudder in spite of herself. Was he mad? Yes, mad with drink and with fury—not irresponsible, yet so blind, so crazed, so possessed with thoughts of vengeance, that he was almost more dangerous than a raving maniac would have been. His eyes glowed with sullen fire. His voice was hoarse and strained.

"Do I wish him to find me here? Yes, I do—I do!" he laughed wildly. "Give me your word, Monica, that you will be my friend again! There is yet time—show him you are not his slave—show him how you assert yourself in his absence."

Monica recoiled with a cry of horror; but the strength of madness was upon him. He held her fast by the wrist. It was unspeakably hideous to be alone in that dim place with this terrible madman.

"Monica, I claim you—you shall—you must be my friend!" Was that another step without? It was—it was! Thank Heaven he had come!

"Randolph! Randolph! Randolph!"

Monica's voice rang out with that sudden piercing clearness that bespeaks terror and distress.

The next moment Conrad was hurled backwards with a force that sent him staggering against the wall, breathless and powerless. Before he could recover himself he was lifted bodily off his feet, shaken like a rat, and literally thrown down the terrace steps, rolling over and over in the descent, till he lay at the foot stunned, bruised, and shaken. He picked himself slowly up, muttering curses as he limped away. Little were his curses heeded by the two he had left behind.

Monica, white, trembling, unnerved by all she had gone through during the past minutes, held out her arms to her husband.

"Randolph! Oh, Randolph!"

He clasped her close to his heart, and held her there as if he never meant to let her go. He bent his head over her, and she felt his kisses on her cheek. He did not doubt—he did not distrust her! His strong arms pressed her even closer and closer. She lay against his breast, feeling no wish ever to leave that shelter. Oh, he was so true and noble—her own loving, faithful husband! How she loved him she had never known until that supreme moment. At last she stirred in his arms and lifted her face to his.

"Randolph, you must never leave me again," she said. "I cannot bear it—I cannot."

"I will not, my dear wife," he answered. "Never again shall aught but death part thee and me."

She clung to him, half shuddering.

"Ah! do not talk of death, Randolph. I cannot bear it—I cannot listen."

He pressed a kiss upon her trembling lips.

"Does my wife love me now?" he asked, very gravely and tenderly. "Let me hear it from your own sweet lips, my Monica."

"Ah, Randolph, I love you—I love you!" she lifted her eyes to his as she spoke. There was something almost solemn in their deep, earnest gaze. "Randolph, I do not think any one but your wife could know such a love as mine."

"Not your husband?" he asked, returning her look with one equally full of meaning. "Monica, you may love as well, but I think you cannot love more than I do."

She laid her head down again. It was unspeakably sweet to hear him say so, to feel his arms about her, to know that they were united at last, and that nothing could part them now.

"Not even death," said Monica to herself; "for love like ours is stronger than death."

"How came that scoundrel here?" asked Randolph, somewhat later, as they stood together on the terrace, watching the moonlight on the sea.

"I think he came to frighten me—perhaps to try and hurt us once more by his wicked words and deeds. Randolph, is he mad? He looked dreadful to-day. He was not the old Conrad I once knew. It was terrible—till you came."

"I believe at times he is mad, with a sort of madness that is not actual insanity, though somewhat akin to it. It is the madness of ungovernable passion and hatred that rises up in him from time to time against certain individuals, and becomes, as it seems, a sort of monomania with him. It was so with his friend and benefactor, Colonel Hamilton, when once he knew himself found out. Ever since the chastisement I administered to him, I believe he has felt vindictively towards me. Our paths led us wide apart for several years, but as soon as we met again the old enmity rose up once more. He tried to hurt me through my wife." Randolph looked down at her with a proud smile upon his handsome face. "I need not say how utterly and miserably he has failed."

Monica glanced up at him, a world of living confidence in her eyes; yet the clinging clasp of her hands tightened upon his arm. He fancied she trembled a little.

"What is it, my Monica?"

She pressed a little more closely towards him.

"Randolph, do you think he will try to hurt you now—try to hurt you, yourself?"

The husband smiled re-assuringly at her.

"Hurt me? How, Monica?"

"Oh, I don't know; but he has spoken such cruel, wicked words. He said he had vowed to ruin our happiness—he looked as if he meant it—so vindictive, so terrible!" She shivered a little.

Randolph took her hands, and held them in his warm, strong clasp.

"Are you afraid of what that bad man says, Monica—a man who is a coward and a scoundrel of the deepest dye? Are you afraid of idle threats from his lips? How could he ruin our happiness now?"

She looked up at him, still with a sort of undefined trouble in her eyes. "He might hurt you, Randolph," she half whispered. "What hurts you, hurts me. If—if—he were to take you away from me——"

Randolph laid his hand smilingly upon her lips.

"My darling, you are unnerved by the fright he gave you. When was Monica troubled by idle fears before?"

"I don't know what I fear, Randolph; but I have feelings sometimes—premonitions, presentiments, and I cannot shake them off. Ever since Conrad came, I felt a kind of horror of him, even though I tried to call him friend. Sometimes I think it must mean something."

"No doubt it does," answered Randolph. "It is the natural shrinking of your pure soul from his evil, vicious nature. I can well understand it. It could hardly be otherwise. He could not deceive you long."

She looked gravely out before her.

"No, I do not think he really deceived me long—not my innermost self of all. But I was very foolish. I wanted to judge for myself, and I could not judge him rightly. I believed him. I did not want to be unjust—and he deceived me."

Randolph smiled and laid his hand caressingly upon her shoulder. She looked up with a smile.

"That is right, Monica. You must put away these sad, wistful looks. We must not let this evening's happiness be marred by any doubts and fears. You have your husband again. Is not that enough?"

She turned and laid her head against his shoulder. His arm was fast about her in a moment. She drew a long breath, almost like a sigh.

"Randolph, I think that moments like this must be a foretaste of heaven."

He kissed her, and she added, low and dreamily—

"Only *there* will be no fear of parting. Death could not part us there."

"Death could not sunder our hearts even here, my Monica," said Randolph. "Some love is for eternity."

"Yes," she answered, looking out over the wide sea with a deep smile, that seemed as if it were reading the future in the vast, heaving expanse of moon-lit water. "Our love is like that—not for time alone, but for eternity."

He caught the gravity of her mood. Some subtle sympathy drew them ever closer and more close together.

"And so," he added gravely and tenderly, "we need fear nothing; for nothing can alter that one great thing. Nothing can change our love. We belong to one another always—always."

She stood very still and quiet. "Yes," she said, "for ever and ever. Randolph, if we could both die to-night, I think it would be a happy thing for us."

"Why?"

"Because there would then be no parting to fear."

"And now?"

"Now I do fear it. I fear it without knowing why. *He* will part us if he can."

Randolph strained his wife close to his heart.

"*If* he can! Monica, look up; put away these idle fears, my love. Can I not take care of you and of myself? Let us put him for ever out of our lives."

"Ah! if only we could!" breathed Monica.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

A SHADOW.

THE days that followed were very full of happiness and peace for Monica and her husband. They were alone together in the dim old castle, far away from the busy whirl of life they had so gladly left behind, free to be with each other every moment of the flying hours, learning to know and to love one another with a more perfect comprehending love with each succeeding day.

Not one tiny cloud of reserve or distrust dimmed the sunshine of their horizon. Monica had laid before Randolph that unlucky letter of Lady Diana's, had listened with a sort of mingling of delight and indignation to his comments on the composition—delight to hear even that he had always loved her from the first, that in gratifying her father's desire he had been gratifying the dearest desire of his own heart—indignation towards the mischief-making relative who had tried to deceive and humiliate her, who had told her one half of the story and concealed the other.

But indignation was only a momentary feeling. Monica was too happy to cherish resentment. Her anger was but a passing spark.

"I should like to speak my mind to Lady Diana," remarked Randolph, as he tore the paper into small fragments and tossed them over the cliff. "I always distrusted her wisdom, but I did not look for deliberate mischief-making like that. Why did you not show me that letter when it came, Monica, and let me see what I had to say to it?"

She looked up with a smile. "Because I was so foolish and distrustful in those days. I did long to do so once, but then came the thought—Suppose it should be true?"

And then they both smiled. There was a charm and sweetness in thus discussing the past with the light of the happy present shining upon it.

"But she meant to be your friend, Randolph. We must not forget that. I suppose she thought that *you* would tell me of your love, but that she ought to inform me of your generosity. Poor Aunt Diana! we should get on better now. In those days, Randolph, I think I was very *difficile*—very wilful and unapproachable. I used to think it would kill me ever to leave Trevlyn. I think now that it would have been the ruin of me to stay. It is not good to grow up in one narrow groove, and to get no knowledge of anything beyond."

"That is quite true, Monica. Does that mean that you will be willing to leave Trevlyn by-and-by?"

"I shall be willing to do anything that you wish, Randolph. You know I would go anywhere with you. Do you want to take me away again?"

"Presently I think I do. I should like to take you to Scotland in August, to stay a month or two at my little shooting-box. You would like the free, roving life you could lead there, all amongst the world of heather. And then there are things to be done at Trevlyn. Monica, will you be able to reconcile yourself to changes here?"

"Changes?"

"Yes. I should like to see Trevlyn restored to what it must have been a century ago. The glory has departed of late years, but you have only to look round to see what it must have been once. I want to restore that faded glory—not to introduce glaring changes, but to make it once more what it must have been when our ancestors lived there long years ago. Would you like that, Monica? It would not go against you, would it, to see Trevlyn restored? I want it to be worthy of the mistress who will preside over it. It is a wish that has haunted me ever since I entered its precincts and met you there."

Monica was glad to enter into any plan proposed by her husband. She was willing he should restore Trevlyn in any way that he wished; but she preferred that he should make his own arrangements about it, and let her only judge by the result. She could not yet enter with any sense of realisation into projects for making the castle other than she had known it all her life; but she trusted Randolph's taste and judgment, and let him plan and settle everything as he would.

She was ready too to leave home whenever he wished it, the more so that Conrad Fitzgerald still occupied a suite of rooms in his half-dismantled house, and hung about the neighbourhood in an odd, aimless sort of fashion.

How he spent his time no one seemed to know, but he must have developed roving tendencies, for Monica was constantly seeing him in unexpected places, down by the rocky shore, wandering over the trackless downs, or crouching in the heather or behind a tree, as she and her husband passed along in their daily walks or rides.

He never met them face to face. He appeared to endeavour always to keep out of sight. Randolph, as a matter of fact, seldom saw him, and paid no heed, when he did, to the vindictive scowl upon the yet beautiful face. But Monica seemed haunted by this persistent watching and waiting. She was ever on the look-out for the crouching figure in some place of concealment, for the glitter of the fierce blue eyes, and the cruel sneer of the pale lips. She felt oddly nervous and timid beneath that sense of *espionage;* and she was glad when August had come, and she was to leave Trevlyn and its spectre behind.

Accounts from Germany were very good. Arthur wrote little pencil notes every week, informing Monica that he was getting on "like a house on fire," and singing the praises of Tom, who had stayed so long with him, "like the good fellow he was," and would have remained longer, only it really wasn't worth while.

"I'm afraid I've been very unjust to Tom," said Monica. "I want to tell him so when he comes back. May we wait till he does? I want to hear all about Arthur at first hand, as I may not go to see him yet."

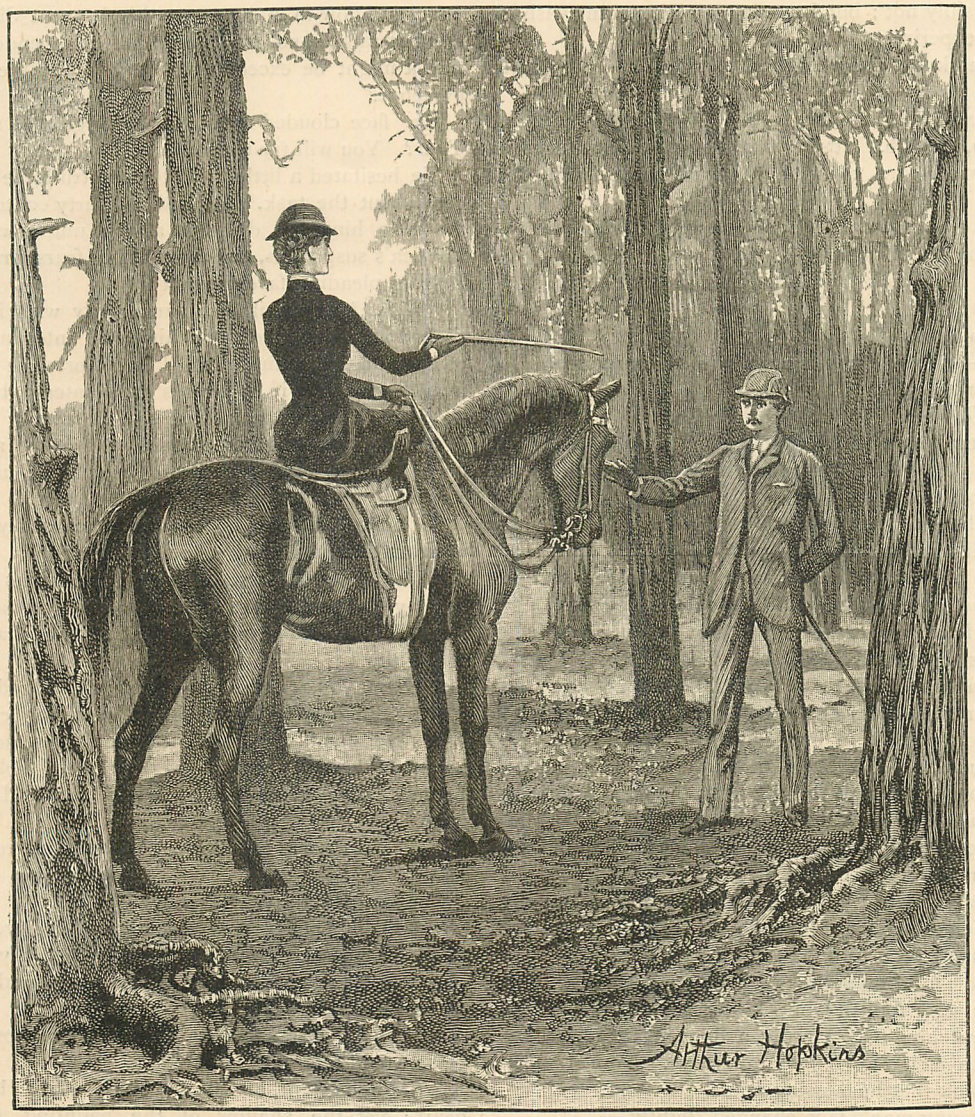
So they waited for the return of the traveller.

Monica did sincerely wish to hear about Arthur, but she had something else to say to Tom as well. She had the greatest confidence in his acuteness and penetration, and could sometimes say to him what she would have despaired of communicating intelligibly to any one else.

There was no difficulty in securing a private inter-

view when once he had returned. Every one knew how anxious Monica would be to hear every detail of Arthur's present life, and Tom resigned himself, and told his tale with all possible fulness and accuracy.

"I believe you did," assented Monica, smiling in turn; "which made things a little trying for me. Tom, I believe you have always been my friend, even when we have seemed most bitterly opposed."



"'LET ME PASS, SIR CONRAD'" (*p.* 257).

Monica listened with an absorbed look upon her face. When he had told all, she said simply—

"Thank you, Tom, for all your goodness to him. I am very sorry I ever misunderstood you, and said such hard things of and to you. You have got the best of it in the end, by heaping coals of fire upon me."

He smiled slightly.

"My dear Monica, you don't suppose I troubled my head over your ladyship's righteous wrath? I found it very amusing, I assure you."

The sudden earnestness of her manner made him glance at her keenly, and he spoke without his usual half-mocking intonation.

"I hope so, Monica. I wish to have the right to call myself your friend."

He looked steadily at her, knowing there was more to follow. She was silent for a time, and then came a sudden and most unexpected question, apparently, too, most irrelevant.

"Do you know Sir Conrad Fitzgerald?"

"I used to know him when he was a child. I knew him slightly at Oxford. He has made no attempt to renew the acquaintance since he has been down here; and, judging by what I have heard, I should not be inclined to encourage him if he did."

"But there would be nothing very extraordinary in your making an advance?"

"Possibly not; but I cannot say I have any wish to try the experiment."

"You know his history, perhaps? — the dark stain."

"I heard of it at the time it happened—not from Trevlyn, though. It's a sort of story that doesn't make one yearn to renew acquaintance with the hero."

For a few moments Monica sat very still and silent. Then she asked quietly—

"Do you think he is the kind of man to be dangerous?"

"Dangerous?"

"Yes—when he has taken a vow of vengeance. Do you think——"

"Well, what?"

"Think he would try very hard to accomplish such a vow? Do people never in these days try to do an injury to a man they hate?"

Tom began to understand her now.

"Well, one cannot lay down hard and fast lines; but it is not customary for a man to attempt the sort of vengeance now that he would have done a century or so back. He tries in these days to hurt his foe morally or stain his reputation; and then I think no one need stand in much awe of Fitzgerald, least of all a man like your husband. It is necessary to have a sort of reputation oneself to undermine that of others with much success. Fitzgerald certainly has a reputation of his own, but not the kind that makes him dangerous as an enemy."

Monica heard this dictum in silence. She did not appear much relieved, and he saw it.

"Now you anticipate," he continued, quite quietly and unemotionally, "that he will make a regular attack upon Trevlyn one of these days?"

"I am afraid sometimes," answered Monica. "It may be very foolish; but I am afraid. He always seems watching us. Hardly a day goes by but I see him, with such an evil look in his eye. Tom, I sometimes think that he is going mad."

The young man's face changed slightly.

"That, of course, would put a new colour on the matter. Have you any reasons upon which to base your suspicions?"

"Nothing that you would perhaps call reasons, but they make me suspicious. Randolph spoke of a touch of insanity that he fancied lurked in his constitution. At least, when he hates he seems to hate with a ferocity that suggests the idea of madness. Tom, if you were to see him, should you know?"

Tom mused a little. "I might be able to hazard a shrewd guess, perhaps. Why do you want so much to know?"

Without answering, Monica propounded another question. "If he were mad, he would be much more dangerous, would he not?"

"Yes; and if really dangerous, could be placed under proper control."

A look of relief crossed Monica's face. "Could that be done?"

"Certainly, if absolute madness could be proved. But you know in many cases this is most difficult to demonstrate; and in Fitzgerald's independent position it might be exceedingly hard to get the needful evidence."

Her face clouded again. "But you will see him, Tom? You will try to find out?"

He hesitated a little. To tell the truth, he did not care about the task. He had a hearty contempt for the man himself; did not attach much weight to Monica's suspicions, and thought her fears far-fetched. But her pleading face prevailed.

"Well, Monica, if you particularly wish it, I will endeavour to chance upon him, and enter into a sort of speaking acquaintance. I don't promise to force myself upon him if he avoids me pointedly, but I will do what I can in a casual sort of way to find out something about him. But it is not at all likely he will prove mad enough to be placed under restraint."

"I believe he drinks," said Monica softly. "He used not to, but I believe he does now."

"Well, if he has a screw loose and drinks as well, he may make an end of himself in time. At any rate, if it will relieve your mind, I will find out what I can about him."

"Thank you, Tom; I am very much obliged to you; and if you cannot do much, at least you can keep your eye upon him, and let me know how long he stays here. I—I—it may be very foolish, but I don't want Randolph to come back till he has gone."

Tom's eyebrows went up. "Then you really are afraid?"

She smiled faintly. "I believe I am!"

"Well, it sounds very absurd, but I have a sort of faith in your premonitions. Anyway, I will keep your words in mind, and do what I can; and we will try and get him off the field before you are ready to return to it. I should not think the attractions of the place would hold him long."

So Monica went off to Scotland with a lightened heart; yet the shadow of the haunting fear did not vanish entirely even in the sunshine of her great happiness.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

IN SCOTLAND.

"AN empty sky and a world of heather." Such was the scene that met Monica's eye as she stepped out into the clear morning sunshine, and gazed out over the wide expanse of moorland that lay in a kind of purple glory all around her.

Randolph's shooting-box was situated in a very lonely, yet wonderfully picturesque spot. It seemed

as if it had just been dropped down upon its little craggy eminence amid this rolling sea of billowy heather, and had anchored itself there without more ado. There was no attempt at park or garden, or enclosed ground of any kind. The moor itself was park and garden in one, and the heather and gorse grew right up to the wide terrace-walk upon which the south windows of the little house opened. A plantation of pine and fir behind gave protection from the winter winds, and shade from the summer sun; but save for this little wood—a dark oasis in a blooming desert—the moor stretched away in its wild freedom on every hand, the white road alone, glimpses of which could be seen here and there, seeming to connect it with the great world beyond.

Trevlyn was lonely and isolated enough, but it almost seemed to Monica, as she gazed over the sunny moorland that glorious summer morning, as if she had never been so utterly remote from the abode of man as she was to-day.

There was a step behind her, and a hand was laid upon her shoulder.

"Well, Monica?"

She turned to him with lips that quivered as they smiled.

"It is all so exquisite, Randolph—so perfect. You did not tell me half."

"You like it, my Monica?"

"Like it! It seems as if you and I were just alone in the world together."

He bent his head and touched her brow with his lips. "And that contents you, Monica?"

She looked up with eloquent eyes. "Need you ask that question now?"

His smile expressed an unspeakable happiness; he put his arm about her, saying softly—

"There are some questions one never tires of hearing answered, sweet wife. Ah, Monica! when I think of the past I feel as if it was almost necessary to have lived through that to know what such happiness as ours can be. It is the former doubt that makes the present certainty so unutterably sweet. Do you ever feel that yourself, my darling?"

He spoke gravely and gently, as they stood together in the golden sunshine. She gazed up into his face with deep love and reverence, yet he felt her slight form quiver in his clasp. He looked at her smilingly.

"What is it, Monica?"

"Nothing—only a strange feeling I have sometimes. I know what you mean, Randolph. You are quite, quite right—only do not let us to-day think of the sorrow that went before. Let us be happy with one another."

"We will, my Monica. You are quite right. This is our bridal holiday, of which circumstances cheated us at the outset, and as such we will enjoy it. Come in to breakfast now; and then we will have the horses, and you and I will explore our new world together, and forget there is any other before or behind us."

The shadow fled from Monica's brow, the happy light came back to her eyes, came back and took up its abode there as if never to depart again. What happy, happy days were those that followed! No one invaded the solitude which was such bliss to the two who had sought it; no foot crossed the threshold of the peaceful home that Randolph had made ready with such care for the reception of his bride.

And yet, as everything must end at last, pleasure as well as pain, joy as well as sorrow, a day came at last when it was needful to leave this happy seclusion, and mingle once again with the busier stream of life that flowed onwards, ever onwards, outside the walls of their retreat.

Engagements had been made before, pledges given to various friends that visits should be paid during that period so dear to the heart of man, "the shooting season." Little enough did Randolph care for sport in his present mood; far rather would he have spent a longer time alone with his wife in happy isolation; but his friends became urgent, letters persecuted them with increased vehemence, and Monica, casting away her first reluctance, roused herself to say at last that she thought they ought to go.

"We shall be together still, Randolph," she said, with a little laugh. "It is not as if we should not have one another. No one can separate us now, and we ought to be able to be happy anywhere together."

And yet, when the time came it was very hard to go. Randolph came upon Monica the last evening at sunset watching the glorious pageantry of the sky, with something of the old wistfulness upon her face.

"You are sorry to be going, then, Monica?"

She started, and turned to him almost as if for protection.

"Yes, I am sorry. We have been so very, very happy here. Randolph, is it very foolish? Sometimes I feel as if such happiness were too great for this world—as if it *could* not go on always so. It seems almost too beautiful, too perfect. Do you ever feel the same?"

"I know what you mean, sweet wife. Yet I am not afraid of our happiness or of the future. It is love that brings the brightness with it, and I think nothing now can change our love."

"Ah, no, no!" she cried impetuously; "nothing can change that. You always understand. Randolph, you are so strong, so good, so patient. Ah! what should I do without you now?"

"You have not got to do without me, Monica. A husband cannot be set aside by any one or anything. You must not let nervous fears get the better of you. Tell me, is anything troubling you to-night?"

"No, no; only that the old feeling will sometimes come back. It is foolish, I know; but I cannot quite rid myself of it."

"The old feeling?"

"Yes, that some trouble is coming upon me—upon us. I cannot explain; but I feel it sometimes—I feel as if it were coming nearer."

He did not laugh at her fears. He only said very gently and tenderly—

"I pray God, my sweet wife, that trouble may be very far away from you; yet if it comes, I know it will

"SHE GLANCED AT HIM, AND THEN AWAY OVER THE PURPLE MOORLANDS AND INTO THE GLORIOUS WESTERN SKY."

be bravely, nobly borne, and that the furnace of sorrow will only bring out the gold more bright and pure than ever."

She glanced at him, and then away over the purple moorlands and into the glorious western sky. A look of deep settled purpose shone out of her eyes, and her face grew calm and resolute. She thought of that moment often in days to come, and of her husband's words. It was a recollection always fraught with much of strengthening comfort.

The round of inevitable visits to be paid proved less irksome than Monica had anticipated.

Randolph's friends were pleasant, well-bred people, with whom it was easy to get on; and to make things still more easy for Monica, Beatrice Wentworth and her brother were not unfrequently numbered among the house-party they were invited to meet.

Both the young earl and his sister were devoted to Monica, and their friendship added much to her enjoyment of the different visits they paid together. Lord Hadden was her constant attendant whenever her husband could not be with her, and his frank, boyish homage was accepted in the spirit in which it was offered. Monica, though much admired and liked, was not "popular" in the ordinary sense of the term. She did not attract round her a crowd of amused admirers, as Beatrice did, and most young men, however much they might admire her stately beauty, found her somewhat difficult to get on with. With elderly people she was more at ease, and a great favourite from her

gentleness and peculiar refinement of manner ; but for the most part during the gay doings of the day she was left to the attendance of Randolph or Hadden, and no arrangement could have been more to her own liking.

Yet one trifling incident occurred to disturb her peace of mind, although she thought she possibly dwelt upon it more than there was need.

She was at a large luncheon party, to which her hostess and guests had alike been invited to meet several other parties from surrounding houses.

A grand *battue* in the park had drawn off most of the sportsmen, and the ladies went in to lunch first almost by themselves. Monica's surprise was somewhat great to find as her right-hand neighbour none other than Cecilia Bellamy, with whom her last interview had been anything but agreeable.

Mrs. Bellamy, however, seemed to have forgotten all about that.

"It is really you, Monica? I hoped I should meet you somewhere ; I heard you were staying about ; I know I've behaved badly. I ought to have written to you when your father died. I was awfully sorry, I was indeed. We were always fond of the earl, Conrad and I. He was so good to us when we were children. It was horrid of me not to write, but I never do know how to write a letter of condolence. I hope you're not very angry with me."

"Indeed, no," answered Monica. "In fact, I never thought about it."

"I know you wouldn't have cared to hear from me," pursued the lively little woman. "I didn't behave nicely to you, Monica, and I'm sorry now I listened to Conrad's persuasions ; but I'm so easy-going, and thought it all fun. I'm sorry now. I really am, for I've got shaken in my confidence in Master Conrad. I believe he'll go to the dogs still, for all his professions. By-the-by, did you ever see him after you got back to Trevlyn?"

"Once or twice. I believe he was living in his house down there."

"That dreadful old barn ! I can't think how he can exist there. He will take to drink, and go mad, I do believe, if he stays six months in such a place. Monica, I don't want to frighten you—I may be silly to think such a thing, but I can't believe he's after any good there."

Monica shivered a little, instinctively. "What do you mean?"

"I don't quite know what I do mean. If you weren't such an old friend, of course I couldn't say a word ; but you know perhaps that there's something rather odd sometimes about Conrad."

"Odd?"

"Yes—I know he's bad enough, but it's when he has his odd fits on that he's worse. I don't believe he is always altogether responsible. He's given way, and now he can't always help himself, I do think. He isn't mad, of course, but he can be very wild at times."

"Why do you say all this to me?" asked Monica, with something of apprehension.

Mrs. Bellamy laughed a little at that. "Why, can't you see? Don't you know how he hates your husband?"

Monica's face blanched a little. "But you don't mean——"

"No, no, of course not," with a short laugh that had little of mirth in it. "I don't mean anything—only I think if ever Conrad is lurking about in his wild moods that Lord Trevlyn had better keep a sharp look-out. Your woods and cliffs are nasty lonely places, and it's always well to be on the safe side."

Monica sat pale and silent ; Mrs. Bellamy laughed again in that half-uneasy way.

"Now, don't look like that, and keep your own counsel. I'm a silly woman, as you know, and nobody minds what I say, but I can't be quite comfortable without just warning you. For mischief is sometimes done in a moment between two angry men that never can be undone so long as the world lasts. Now don't go and get frightened, Monica—it may be all a ridiculous fancy ; but just keep your eyes open."

"Thank you, Cecilia," said Monica quietly. "I will."

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

A VISIT TO ARTHUR.

"ARE you getting tired of this sort of thing, Monica?" asked Randolph, about three days later.

He had fancied he detected traces of weariness at times—weariness or anxiety : he could hardly have told which—in the lines of her face ; and he thought that possibly some trouble was resting upon her. He was very quick to note the least change in one he loved so well.

Her smile, however, was very re-assuring.

"I think I should never be really tired of any life you shared, Randolph ; but I liked the being alone together best."

"I, too," he responded, with great sincerity—"Monica, as we have done our duty by society now, shall we indulge ourselves once more, and leave the world to wag on its own way, and forget it again for a few more happy weeks?"

Her face was bright and eager. "Go back to the moorland shooting-box, Randolph?" she questioned.

"No ; not that quite. The season is getting a little late for remaining up in the North. I have a better plan in my head than that."

"Are we going to Trevlyn, then?"

"Trevlyn is not ready for us ; it will be some time before it is. Can you think of nothing else you would like to do?—nobody you want to see?"

A flush rose suddenly into Monica's face : her eyes shone with happiness.

"Oh, Randolph ! are you going to take me to see Arthur?"

"You would like to go?"

"Above everything."

"Then the thing is done. We will start next week. I talked about it to the doctor when I took him, and he advised three months of entire quiet and seclusion

to let him settle down to the new life. After that, he believed there would be no reason at all against his seeing friends from home. I wrote again last week to put the question definitely, and the answer is entirely satisfactory. If you want to go, Monica, the whole matter is settled."

She came close up to him, clasping her hands upon his shoulder, and looking up with loving gratitude and delight.

"You think of everything, Randolph. You are so good to me. It is just the one thing to make my happiness complete: to see my boy again, and make sure with my own eyes that he is well cared for and content with his life. I want to be able to picture him where he is. I want to hear him say that he is happy: that he does not pine after Trevlyn."

"I think you will have your wish then, Monica, for, from what I can gather, he is very well pleased with his quarters, and improved health makes life pleasant and full of zest. He has the natural love of change that you never shared, and your inherited love for your old home is not really shared by him to any great extent now that he has tried another life. Trevlyn is not woven into the very fibres of his heart as into yours. I think the home-sickness passed off quickly with him."

"Yes, I dare say. I believe I was foolish myself about Trevlyn, and taught him to be foolish too. Why is it that the younger we are and the less we know, the more we are convinced we are always right? I have made so many, many mistakes. Once I thought you did not love me, Randolph."

It was sweet to him still to hear her speak thus, with that intonation that always thrilled him through —with the look upon her face so much more eloquent than any words. It was sweet to feel her loving confidence and dependence. Again and again he vowed deep down in his heart that she should never know a trouble from which he could save her.

The journey was approved by both. It would take them away once again from the round of social duties and pleasures—of which for the time being they had had enough—and leave them practically alone together, to be all in all to one another, as was now their greatest happiness.

"It is too bad of you to run away, Monica," Beatrice grumbled, when she heard the news. "Your brother can't want you more than we do here. And if you go, you'll vanish no one knows for how long, as you did before, and then you will go and bury yourselves in your enchanted castle right away by the sea, and nobody will hear of you any more. I call it too bad: just as we were getting friends and learning to know you!"

Monica smiled at the imputation of vanishing so entirely as that.

"You shall hear of us sometimes, I promise you," she answered. "If you and your brother will not find the 'enchanted castle' too dull, I hope you will come and see us there when we go back in the autumn. There are not a great many attractions, I am afraid, but there is some shooting and hunting. I should like to show you Trevlyn some day, Beatrice, though I believe it will be a good deal changed from the place I have sometimes described to you."

"It is sure to be perfect, whatever it is like," was the quick response. "I should think we would come —Hadden and I—if ever we get an invitation. I always did long to see Trevlyn, and I am sure he does the same, though he is no hand at pretty speeches, poor old boy!"

Hadden smiled, and coloured a little; but answered frankly enough—

"Lady Trevlyn does not want pretty speeches, as you call it, made to her, Beatrice. She knows quite well what a pleasure it would be to visit her and Randolph at Trevlyn."

"I should like my husband's oldest friends to see the place," she answered, smiling. "So we will call that matter settled when we really do get home; though I do not quite know when that will be."

Next day Randolph and Monica said good-bye to Scotland, and began their journey southward. They were in no great haste, and travelled by easy stages. Arthur was to be told nothing of the prospective visit, which was to be kept as a surprise till the last moment. Monica was never a very good correspondent, even where Arthur was concerned, and if she posted a letter to him the last thing before leaving England, he would not be surprised at a silence of a fortnight or more, by which time, at latest, she would be with him.

So they took their time over their journey, and the strangeness of all she saw possessed a curious charm for Monica, when viewed beneath her husband's protecting care, and in his constant company. He took her to a few quaint Norman towns, with their fine old churches and picturesque streets and market-places; then to Paris, where a few days were passed in seeing the sights, and watching the vivid, hurrying, glittering life of that gay capital.

Steering an erratic course, turning this way and that to visit any place of interest or any romantic spot that Randolph thought would please his wife, they approached their destination, and presently reached the pretty, picturesque little town, hardly more than a village, which was only just rising to importance, on account of the value of its mineral springs lately discovered.

One good-sized hotel and the doctor's establishment, both of which stood at the same end of the village and a little distance from it, testified to the rising importance of the place. Randolph had secured comfortable rooms in the former, where they arrived late one evening.

Monica liked the place; it was not in the least like what she had pictured, far more pretty, more primitive, and more country-like. Wooded hills surrounded the valley in which it lay. A broad, rapid stream ran through it, spanned by more than one grey stone bridge, and the irregular village was quite a picture in its way, with its quaintly-built houses, with their carved gables and little wooden balconies, and the spire of its church rising above the surrounding trees. Viewed by moonlight, as she saw it first, it was

a charming little place ; and the charm did not vanish with the more prosaic light of day.

The interview with the doctor was most satisfactory. He was a kindly, simple-minded man, much interested in his patient from a professional stand-point, and fond of the lad for his own sake. Monica's beauty and sweetness were evidently not lost upon him. He had heard much of her from the young Herr, he explained, and could understand well the feelings he had so often heard expressed.

No, Arthur had not been told of the expected arrival. He did not know but that Lord and Lady Trevlyn were in England. Did the noble lady wish to go to him ? He would honour himself by leading the way.

Monica followed him with a beating heart. They went up a wide carpetless staircase, and on the first landing her guide paused, and indicated a certain door.

" He is up ; madame can go straight in. A joyful surprise will but do him good."

Monica turned the handle, and entered as quietly and calmly as if it had been the daily visit to the old room at Trevlyn. Arthur was lying with his back to the door. He was reading, and did not turn his head, fancying it was the servant entering, as he heard the rustle of a dress.

Monica came and stood behind him, laying her hand upon his head.

" Arthur ! " she said softly.

Then he started as if he had been shot. He sat up with an energy that showed a decided increase of strength, holding out his hands in eager welcome.

" Monica ! Monica ! " he cried, in a sort of rapturous excitement. " It is Monica herself ! "

She bent over him and kissed him again and again, and would have bidden him lie down again ; but he was too excited to obey.

" Monica ! My own Monica ! When did you come ? What does it all mean ? Oh, this is too splendid ! Where's Randolph ? "

" Here," answered that familiar voice, just within the door. " Well, my boy, how are you getting on ? Like a house on fire, eh ? Monica and I are on our wedding-trip, you know. We thought we would finish it off by coming to have a look at you. Well, you look pretty comfortable up here, and have made fine progress, I hear, since I saw you last. Like everything as much as you make out in your letters, eh ? "

" Oh ! I'm all right enough. Never mind me. Tell me about yourselves. Whose idea was this ? I call it just splendid ! "

" Randolph's idea," answered Monica. " All the good ideas are his now, Arthur. We have come to stay a whole fortnight with you ; and when I have seen everything with my own eyes, and am quite convinced that everybody is treating you well, I shall go home content to Trevlyn, to wait till you can join us there."

" I mustn't think of that just yet," answered Arthur cheerfully. " My old doctor says it will be a year—perhaps two—before I shall really be on my legs again ; but he is quite sure he is going to cure me, which is all that matters. I am awfully comfortable here, and there are some jolly little children of his, who come and amuse me by the hour together. Oh, yes ! I have capital times. I couldn't be more comfortable anywhere ; and if you and Randolph come sometimes to see me, I shall have nothing left to wish for."

Certainly Arthur was surrounded by every luxury that wealth could bestow. There was none of the foreign bareness about his rooms that characterised its other apartments. Randolph had ordered everything that could possibly add to his comfort, and make things home-like for him, even to the open fire-place, with its cheerful fire of logs, although the stove still retained its place, and in cold weather did valuable service in keeping an even temperature in the room.

Quickly and happily the days slipped by, and the pleasant visit drew to its close. It lengthened out into nearly three weeks ; but at last the news came that Trevlyn was ready for its master and mistress, and Arthur bade a brave farewell to those who had done so much for him, and settled himself with cheerful readiness to his winter with his new friends. A visit next spring and summer was confidently promised, and he saw Monica go with an unselfish brightness that was in no way assumed.

Monica was quite happy about him now, and, though the parting was a little hard, she was as brave as he. She turned her face homewards with a light heart. Only one little cloud of anxiety lay upon her heart. What was Conrad Fitzgerald doing ? Was he still lurking about Trevlyn ?

Even that question was destined to be answered in a satisfactory manner before many days had passed.

They travelled more rapidly homewards, as the season was advancing, and they were anxious to be once more at home.

They were in a train, and had stopped at some station, when another express from an opposite direction steamed up, and also stopped. Monica, leaning back in her corner seat, noticed nothing for a time, but was roused to the consciousness that she was being intently regarded by a passenger in the opposite train, whose face was pressed close against the glass.

For some seconds she resisted the impulse to look ; but as she felt the glance withdrawn, she presently turned her eyes in the direction of the gazer, and then she started violently.

Conrad Fitzgerald, his face pale and sharp, wearing a frightfully malevolent expression, was looking, or rather glaring, at her husband, with eyes like those of a wild beast, in their fiery, hungry hate.

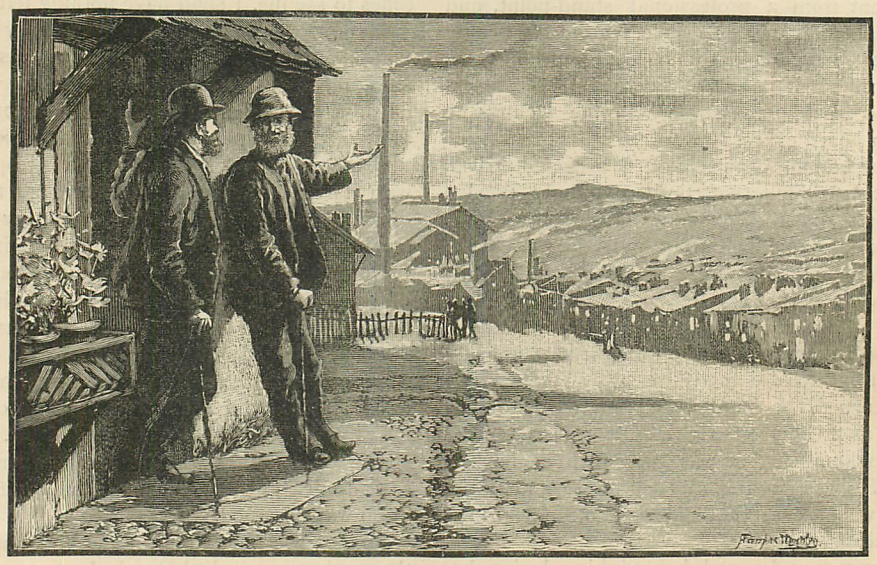
Randolph, seated opposite her, reading the paper, was perfectly unconscious of the proximity of his foe ; but Monica recoiled with a feeling of horror she could hardly have explained.

The next moment the train had moved on. At least, it was some comfort to know that they were being rapidly carried in opposite directions. Yet it was long before she could forget the vindictive hatred of the gaze she had seen directed towards her husband.

Would Conrad Fitzgerald ever do him some deadly injury, as he had vowed ?

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

JOHN SMITH'S ALLOTMENT.



"HE HAD GAINED A GOOD DEAL OF INFORMATION" (*p.* 269).

IT was on a dull and drizzly February evening that a couple of chatty neighbours in the now over-grown and straggling town of Spreadingham, in Berkshire, dropped in for an hour's talk with old John Smith, who followed the appropriate calling of a smith, and withal was looked upon by his friends as somewhat of a sage. Spreadingham, from being ten or twenty years ago little more than a village on a large scale, had of late years suddenly taken it into its head to develop itself in a most surprising manner. The establishment of one or two large factories in the neighbourhood had attracted an influx of population which had hopes of employment, and, as is not infrequently the case on such occasions, the supply of hands had become almost greater than the demand. Indeed, whole streets of respectable-looking cottages and dwellings had seemed to have sprung up almost as quickly as the grass which formerly occupied their site.

"'I'M A-GOING TO 'PLY, I AM; TRUST ME'" (*p.* 269).

But times had been, and still were more or less, bad: some of the new inhabitants were only getting on *pretty well*, while the faces of a good many looked pinched and care-worn — such, at least, was very much the state of things when, on the evening alluded to, Bob Jones and Tom Robinson dropped in upon old Johnnie. Not that Johnnie was so *very* old, for he was still well on the right side of sixty; but, as the neighbours used to say, there was a sort of way about him and everything he said which inspired confidence and a belief in his decisions, so that he came to be recognised as a village final court of appeal. Plenty of work, too, was there in old Johnnie yet; for he was hale and brawny, and very shy of the "Red Lion" in the next street; while his half a dozen sons and daughters had all been reared to work, and knew now almost as well as himself how to go about it.

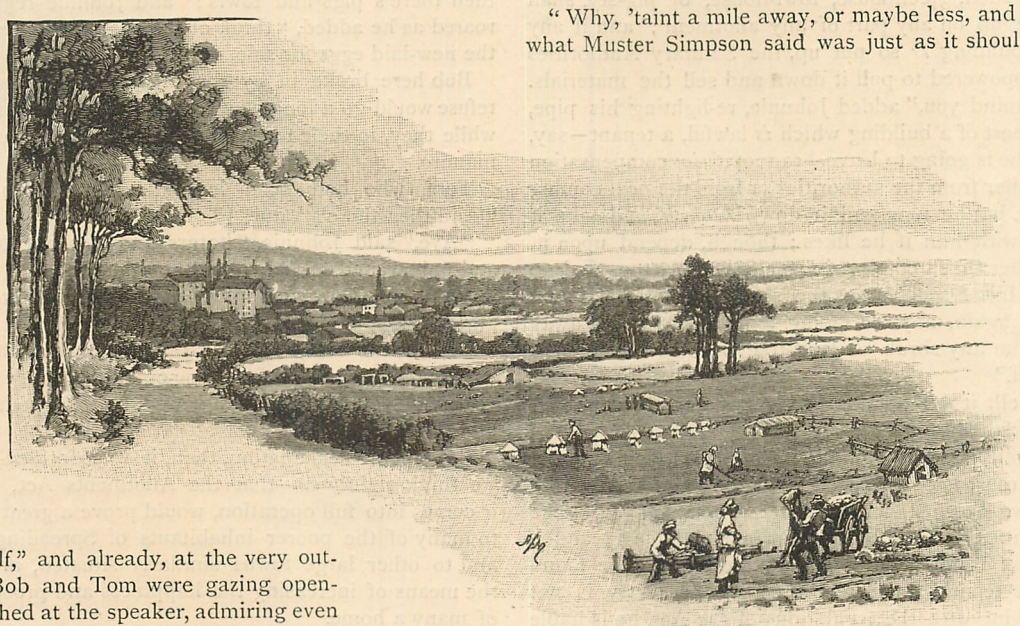
The forge-fire had been slack some time, and old Johnnie was in his little back-parlour, seated in his judicial oak chair, pipe in hand, and gazing at the glowing embers, on which was

bubbling mother's supper saucepan—a mystery which old Johnnie never presumed to inquire into until the contents were afterwards dealt out, when he certainly did justice to his share. Quite recently Johnnie had sat on a jury, and as he always, besides, took an interest and dabbled in parish matters, he was, when Bob and Tom looked round that evening, in what they called "great force."

The two neighbours had "lit up," and the sulphury end of Tom's match had tickled Johnnie's nose with its fumes, and made him sneeze.

"Took cold, Johnnie?" said Tom.

"Not I," said Johnnie, "I always takes care of myself," and already, at the very outset, Bob and Tom were gazing open-mouthed at the speaker, admiring even the way in which he took care of himself, though he hadn't told them *how*.



THE ALLOTMENTS IN USE.

Then there was a silence, which the saucepan had all to itself; broken, however, suddenly by Bob, who exclaimed, "What's that 'bout this 'lotment business, Johnnie?"

"Ah!" said Johnnie directly, "I'm a-going to 'ply, *I* am; trust *me*."

Bob and Tom hereupon opened their mouths so wide that it was fortunate for them they had the precaution to take out their pipes first, or they would certainly have swallowed them. Their ideas with regard to the terms of the Allotments Act, which they were evidently about to discuss, were certainly hazy; but it so happened that Johnnie had that very morning early stumbled across one of the churchwardens of the parish, a talkative man, from whom he had gained a great deal of information on the subject in question, which in his own way he now retailed to his wondering and attentive companions.

"You see," said Johnnie, giving his iron-grey head a knowing wag, and blowing away a cloud before he began, "it's pretty nigh settled a-ready; we've got the land and——" Bob and Tom here simultaneously half rose from their seats, evidently under the conviction that they had each of them come in for a nice little estate, for which they were then and there prepared to give thanks to old Johnnie, with three cheers into the bargain. With a slight gesture of impatience at the interruption, however, Johnnie continued, "What I was a-going to say, if you'll let me, is, our parish folk—Sanitary Authorities, Muster Simpson called 'em this morning, when I met him 'cross the park—has been a-negotiating for some sixty or eighty acres o' land, just off the Camford Road after you pass Farmer Jobson's."

"Yes, yes," said Bob and Tom together, again suspecting that the squire's park was shortly to be transferred to them.

"Why, 'taint a mile away, or maybe less, and that's what Muster Simpson said was just as it should be; but, bless you, I'd better tell you word for word, as fur as I can, what he told me this morning."

"Aye, aye," said the two together, still a little puzzled, and quite as expectant and interested.

"Last year, says he, the Houses o' Parliament passed what's called the Allotments Act——"

"'Taint got nothing, I s'pose, to do with the Jubilee?" said Tom, wishing to hazard an observation, as if he knew *something* about it at all events.

"Jubilee! no," said Johnnie in a way which effectually silenced all further interruption. "Well," he continued, "the Sanitary Authorities, if they can purchase land—and this, by the way, is what our people up here has just been able to do at a very fair price, so I've heard—the Sanitary 'Thorities may let to its labouring population plots of land, of not more than an acre in extent, to any applicant——"

"Maybe, then, half a acre, or three-quarters perhaps," said Bob.

"Aye," said Johnnie pleasantly, seeing now that his

audience was beginning to follow him ; "but the tenant mayn't sub-let it, though. And even if the authorities think that any rent for a plot of land ought to be paid in advance, they can't ask for more than a quarter's rent in advance. But, bless you, the rents will be sure to be cheap enough, for land in most places is cheap now, and the authorities ain't a-doing this sort o' thing as a speculation for their own benefit. Then, again, the expenses of draining and fencing, as well of course as that of dividing the land, of making roads and approaches to it, and of maintaining the allotments in a proper condition, all falls on the authorities. One thing, Muster Simpson said, we ought to remember: the Act o' Parliament says, 'No building but a tool-house, shed, greenhouse, fowl-house, or pig-sty, shall be put up on any part of any allotment;' and if any other building *is* so put up, the Sanitary Authorities are empowered to pull it down and sell the materials. And, mind you," added Johnnie, re-lighting his pipe, "any sort of a building which *is* lawful, a tenant—say, when he is going to leave—cannot *claim* compensation for, either from the authorities or from the next coming tenant, but he may pull it down *himself*, and take it away with him if he likes ; though, depend upon it, the feller that's coming in would be only too glad to give a bit of a price for the shed or whatever it was. Then, again, any out-going tenant may take away with him any shrub or fruit-tree that he has planted himself."

"Well, it all sounds pretty fair and reasonable," remarked Bob.

"So it is," said Johnnie ; "but then, you know, a fellow must take care what he's about, and keep within the law. For instance, the rent can be recovered by the authorities, just as by any ordinary landlord ; and if the rent is forty days behindhand, or if it be found that a tenant three months after his entry is not complying with the regulations of the Act, he is liable to be served with a notice to quit in a month ; nor must the tenant live more than a mile out of the district or parish for which the allotments are provided. Now it seems to me," continued Johnnie, as he was about to make a few comments on the nature of the Act, "that the House o' Commons, while taking so much pains to tell us what we *mayn't* do, have gone and let right out what we *may* do!"

Bob and Tom here exchanged a knowing wink, as much as to say they saw at a glance that "the House o' Commons had been and gone and made regular fools o' themselves."

"Why, bless you," added Johnnie, raising his voice, and rising from his chair, "do you think I shan't make my 'lotment pay, when it's all settled? Why, of course I shall ; why, here we may put up a shed, and I may do anything I like inside that, carpentering or what not. I certainly shan't go in for a greenhouse, though young Holmes says he shall try his hand at something o' the sort, 'cause he's a-going in for the flowers and the horticultooral line ; but I mean to knock up a bit of a pit or frame to help me in a bit o' gardening. And then there's pigs and fowls;" and Johnnie regularly roared as he added, "think o' the young porkers and the new-laid eggs for sale, and——"

Bob here broke in by suggesting that the garden refuse would go a long way to keep the pigs and fowls, while they, in their turn, would half keep the land in manure.

Tom, who had been long silent, quietly added, "And then there's 'taturs!"

"Aye," said Johnnie, "'taturs and lots o' cabbage, and onions, and celery. And then the House o' Commons never said a word agin bees, nor yet rabbits, nor pigeons."

"As for the bees," rejoined Bob, "there's a many of the gentry as makes a fine thing out of the honey every year, and you ought easy to get 9d. or 1s. a pound for honey any day."

By general acclamation, then, it was decided—and we think rightly so—that the Allotments Act, when it comes into full operation, would prove a great boon to many of the poorer inhabitants of Spreadingham, and to other large towns similarly situated, and be the means of increasing the happiness and prosperity of many a home.

"It might, very likely," said Johnnie, "just be a turning-point with lots of us, and help to make both ends meet easily, where before it was hardly possible."

Walking home that night, Bob said to Tom, on their way, "Johnnie's a rare 'un at talk, *he* is."

"Aye," replied Tom, who could think of nothing better to add before the final "good night."

A FAMILY OF BOYS, AND HOW THEY WERE STARTED IN LIFE.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

SECOND PAPER.

THE month before Fred started for town was a very busy one with the lad's mother, if not with his father and himself. She had a deal to prepare and—let it be whispered—not a deal to prepare it with. However, doing things for Fred was really a labour of love, so, as in "The Cotter's Saturday Night"—

"The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed flew
* * * * * *
Anticipation forward points the view,
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars * auld claes † look amaist as weel 's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due."

* Gars—makes.
† Claes—clothes.

I do not mean to say they were quite as poor as cotters at Wilton Grange, but, compared with their former life, they were just straitened enough. The big rooms had been shut up. Squire Marshfield did not like to look on their naked walls, and I could not blame him. Yet he did not let down his heart about things. He had too much genuine English pride and pluck for that. And I shall never forget one remark I heard him make, simple though the words were. They were all together—save the absent St. Clair—in their favourite little room. The lamp was lit, the fire burning brightly, the squire in his easy chair, his wife plying her needle, and the children reading round the table. I suppose he had been thinking about busy bygone times, when he looked up cheerily, and said—

"After all, doctor, it is surprising how little it takes to make a man happy."

Stephen fretted more than the other boys about Fred's going away. They both occupied one room, and often, I fear, talked and planned till far into the night.

"I'll tell you what, Fred," said Stephen one night before they turned in. "I'm not so 'uppish' in my notions as you. I would like to be a druggist pure and simple, and I would like to have a big shop on the sea front. Quite an elegant affair it should be, mind you, like some of those Ethie and I saw at Brighton, with tall, elegant-coloured bottles in the windows, not bulgy, squat things, like Smith's in the village, and a floor laid with tiles, and a beautiful counter, and an assistant or two behind it, with an air of learned mystery about them. Oh! you needn't laugh. You wouldn't laugh if you saw me on a summer's evening, driving along the Hove in a neat trap with a long-bodied pony, and the little physic-boy in buttons, to hold the reins when I drove up to my own door. You just tell me how you get on in town, and if you can get me anywhere as apprentice, I will come like a shot if it is a place where I can learn to dispense without poisoning anybody."

Fred arrived in the great world of London on a dull, foggy evening in November, and his first impression of things was anything but stimulating. Everything was so strange and mean. Yes, *mean*. That is how Fred looked at it. His employer had taken a bed-room for him not far from his place of business, at a coffee-house, and he was to take his meals there. Meals? Why, poor, hungry Fred could have eaten double what was put before him. "Portions" of vegetables, "portions" of meat, and a pat, a solitary pat of butter, which made the lad really laugh when he looked at it. Where was the joint? Where the generously filled butter-cooler? Ah! Fred realised now, for the first time in his life, that the silken cord was broken that had bound him to his good, old-fashioned home.

You might have seen Fred next morning seated half-dressed on the edge of his bed; the window of the room commanded a beautiful view of chimney-pots and blue-slated roofs, with a mud-coloured sky overhead. Was Fred depressed? Not he. He had slept like the traditional top, and felt like a giant refreshed. Only he was doing a sum in arithmetic mentally.

"My father allows me *this*, and I'll have *that*;" so ran his thoughts. "Dinner I'll continue to take in the coffee-room, a dinner of 'portions' and a 'pat.' But for breakfast I'll have portions and pats of my own."

So he did. There was a cupboard with a key to it in his room; he bought a small kettle and spirit lamp—methylated spirit, of course—and therewith made his tea or coffee every morning. His tea was thus of the best, and there was no stint in milk, sugar, bread, butter, or eggs either. He had his tea in the evening in the same way, and if hungry when out for an evening walk, there were scores of places where he could obtain a comfortable snack.

He was engaged at a small, very small salary at a wholesale chemist's. His employers were not slave-drivers, and they soon found out his worth. What was his worth? Why, his knowledge, ever on the increase, of laboratory work, and his willingness to do well. His hours were not long, and he soon found that by saving a little from his allowance and his salary, he could see his way to attend evening lectures.

The more he knew of London, the more he liked it. He quickly discovered it afforded incalculable means of either doing well or going wrong. He did not go wrong. Not that he lived like a hermit. No; for he often treated himself to an evening at a good concert-hall, or elsewhere. And this was very wise for his health's sake.

At the end of a year Fred had a rise in his salary. It was not so much as he had expected; it was not so much, he thought, as he deserved.

Then he counted his savings, and put on his considering cap, so to speak. The fact of the matter was this: Fred was not content, and he was not happy. He objected to live in a fool's paradise, and Micawber-like wait for something to turn up; he had the courage to look things straight in the face. He *was* ambitious. To be an assistant chemist in a wholesale house, or analytical man, would be a means of subsistence, but no career. His employers *might* some day take him into partnership. He had read of such things in story-books. Yes, and he had read somewhere else about pigs flying. Besides, laboratory work was hard and toilsome, and required a large amount of thought and care. Why, better for him to be a clerk. He would always have clean hands, and a decent suit of clothes, and no pungent odours about him, nor dyed fingers.

He would go and see Hood. Hood was a clerk. Well, he found Hood in his rooms, reading. Studying? No, for Hood left all his cares where he left his office coat.

"Sit down, old man. What's up, Marshfield? You look about as happy as a badger in a tub."

"I've been thinking."

"The more fool you. Discontented?"

"Yes. I came to London with high hopes, and I don't see the ghost of a chance of their ever being realised. I've a mind to try for a clerkship."

"Take my advice: don't."

"*You* look jolly enough. You have nice rooms. You——"

"Hold on, my boy. Listen. My rooms are nice enough, and my prospects are good. *But* let me tell you now that I'm a pupil clerk, not a salaried clerk. My father came down with the needful to the tune of nearly £400. Will yours? You wouldn't ask him? Proper pride. But look you here, like most young men perhaps you think that all you need in order to get an appointment as junior clerk is to have a semi-genteel appearance, long fingers, a good English education, and an ability to write well from dictation. Good qualities all, perhaps; well, you come to town and look round, and it would be all right if about five hundred more of the same calibre didn't come on the same day. You see a few advertisements for clerkships and you apply. So do the others. Suppose you are the lucky one, you'll find your 'screw' at the commencement a precious small one. You'll find office hours long, and holidays short. You may rise by degrees, do you say? Yes, from forty or fifty pounds, to maybe two hundred or more when your wig is turning grey, *if*—think of that ugly wee word—*if* you keep your health, and *if* your house doesn't go smash. Perhaps when you get two hundred a year, you think you see your way to marry. Ah! then your luck will need to be extra good, for if children arrive, you won't have all the comforts you were used to before, and if your health breaks now, or you are laid up for even a few months, then there's an end to all your bright dreams. For if you once get out of a good house you will find it a hard job to get into another. You have in a manner to begin the world over again. No, my boy, trade itself is a thousand times better than this."

"That is a black picture, Hood."

"True to life, lad. You told me once you had an eye to electricity. It is a new profession. Oh! don't cock your ears. There is no royal road to fame in this direction either, but for you it offers more chance than anything I know. By the way, when are you going down to Wilton Grange?"

"Next week."

"Take me? Thanks, very much. I'm awfully fond of fishing."

Next week found the friends at Wilton Grange sure enough. Nothing appeared changed, and Squire Marshfield was as happy and hopeful of good times coming as ever.

The squire took to Hood. He had such a matter-of-fact, man-of-the-world way of looking at things.

"Why don't you make your son Fred an electrical engineer?" he said one evening when the two were alone. "He wants to be."

"The expense."

"Pah! It'll pay. Will you come up to town with us, and I'll introduce you to a really good man, and a thoroughly practical one—will you? That's settled."

Sure enough, in ten days' time, Squire Marshfield was closeted with Mr. Walsh, a practical electrician, a man who knew all about the business, and who, though formed to command others, could shame his best assistants by his own manual agility.

Hood had introduced the squire, and the latter broached the subject, in a very lame way, too, it must be confessed.

"From all you say," remarked Mr. Walsh, "your son is energetic and willing to work his way. Age you say is about eighteen. Good knowledge of practical chemistry; that won't have been thrown away. Well, the expense needn't terrify you, if you treat the matter thoughtfully. The lad will need good brains, and almost better physique, and with these and your assistance, why, he can make his living whether it ends in a fortune or not.

"Now," he continued, "my duty is to tell you what to *avoid*, quite as much as what to do. Two pits, at all events, you must steer clear of. First, you may come across firms advertising vacancies for pupils, to pay a premium—as big a one as they can get. Well, if properly investigated, you will generally find that these firms consist of about two men and a boy, with, perhaps, branch establishments in the South and North of England, and perhaps in Scotland or Ireland. Such firms are best left alone, for in them your boy would learn little else, perhaps, but electric bell-hanging. But the premiums paid help to keep such firms afloat. You see? Well, avoid also those practical schools of engineering that advertise for sons of gentlemen to be qualified for lucrative appointments in any branch of science. *Verbum sap.* Schools and colleges where a boy can learn anything or everything are also useless. No, sir, your son must feel from the commencement that he has begun to learn his profession, and to climb the ladder that must lead him to a competency. *Your* duty is to help him on to the first rungs of that ladder.

"The lad ought to attend lectures for a time, say at the South Kensington School, on Natural Philosophy, Physics, and especially on Electricity. But suppose you set him to work for a year in some engineering establishment, say a factory where engines for the driving of electro machines are made. He will there, if he has quickness and judgment, pick up a knowledge of general engineering, and get an insight into electrician's work, that will be thorough and practical.

"He will then be in a better position to profit by attendance on classes connected, say, with King's College or the City Guilds, the lectures to be on engineering and electricity, with plenty of laboratory work. This for, say, a year and a half.

"Well, your boy should next enter as improver at some purely electro-engineering works. All the rest should follow in due course; he ought soon to be sub-assistant, and by the age of twenty-one, or a little over, be earning a good living. What becomes of him after that, or rather what he becomes, will depend on his own skill, tact, and push."

So the articled clerk Hood was one of Fred's best friends after all. It is only necessary to add that his father took the good advice offered him, and that at this moment Fred Marshfield is a very successful man

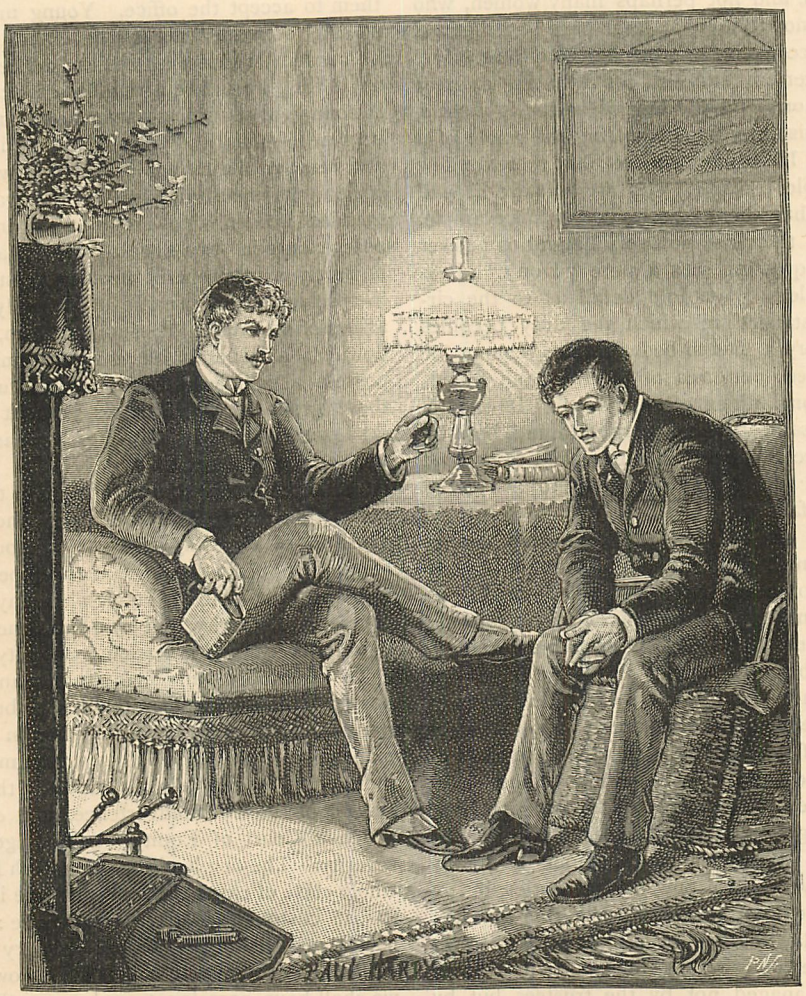
of business, although of course his life is not all a bed of roses: beds of roses being rare in business.

* * * * *

Having so many heroes to my story, I cannot drive them all abreast, so having stabled one steed, I have to go back and pick up Stephen.

He had not been idle during the time his brother was with this wholesale chemist. He too had gone in for chemistry, and was, after six months in London, in a position to pass the first examination of the Pharmaceutical Society. He, like Fred, got employment in a wholesale place; but this did not quite suit, for they were soap-makers in a private way, and kept Stephen at this. However, he changed for the better, and got a fair salary in a good shop. His hours were not long, and he, although little better than a tradesman for the time being, stuck steadily to work. Stephen had plenty of tact, and fair energy. In good time he passed his examinations, and was then in a position to take a shop. But woe is me! he had not saved enough. He had, however, made the acquaintance of a wholesale firm, the principals of which had taken to the young man. They, in fact, saw in him the nucleus of a good man of business.

Stephen often spent his evenings at the houses of one or other of these, so one day, all by themselves, these men put their heads together and "saw their way" to give him a start in life independently of any help from his father.



"'TAKE MY ADVICE: DON'T'" (*p.* 271).

Well, it was business on their part as well as regard for Stephen. Anyhow, much to the joy of the latter he found himself in just such a sea-parade shop as he had pictured to Fred that night in the bed-room.

To pay his rent and live for a year or two was hard uphill work. But he did it. And in good time the two learned-looking and severely-genteel assistants came also. *And* the long-bodied pony.

SHALL I BE A TRUSTEE?

BY A BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

PUNCH'S advice to those about to marry might well be applied to those who are in doubt whether or no to become trustees. But in the present state of society trusts are a necessary evil, and there are few men, and not perhaps many women, who are not obliged, at least once in a lifetime, to accept this onerous and thankless office. A certain eminent conveyancer, a great authority on the law of trusts, it is true, consistently refused during the whole of a long life to be a trustee; but there are few people, probably, who are so hard-headed and hard-hearted as to imitate his example. It is therefore not very helpful to answer this question with a mere "Don't." It is needless to go into detail as to the circumstances in which the duty becomes almost obligatory. Death-bed requests cannot be heedlessly refused, and ties of kindred and friendship have responsibilities of their own. It should, however, at the same time be borne in mind, both by those who require and those who are asked to become trustees, that it would be impossible to ask or to confer a greater favour.

If the task is one which, from its nature, cannot be lightly declined, still less should it be lightly undertaken. Common sense would, it might be thought, sufficiently inculcate this obvious truism; but common sense, it must be admitted, is often conspicuously absent in trust transactions of the highest importance to all concerned. The history of trusts is one huge monument of human folly. Trustees often complain of the hardships they have to endure; but if these are examined, they will be found to be due, in nearly every case, to their own stupidity and their own negligence. It is scarcely conceivable, for example, that trustees should commonly be totally ignorant, not only of their powers and duties, but of the details of the trust property. Yet this is a fact which is every day finding fresh illustration. Cases by hundreds have come before the Courts in which a trust has been managed, not by the trustees, but by their solicitors or agents, with results which might have been foretold.

At the outset, then, we may warn all those who are, or who may be, trustees, that unless they are prepared to understand and to discharge the duties of the office, they would do far better to refuse to undertake it altogether.

Any man or woman may be a trustee, and any man or woman may, therefore, have to ask themselves the question which stands at the head of the present article. The law now imposes practically no inability upon any class of subjects. Even married women and "infants"—*i.e.*, persons under full age—can be trustees. It is true that the Court will appoint another trustee to act in behalf of a minor in a trust of real property during his minority; but nevertheless it is, broadly speaking, true that even infants are capable of being trustees. It may, however, be added that it is in all cases most improper for them to accept the office. Young unmarried women should, too, under no circumstances either be asked or consent to become trustees. They cannot behave as if they were free agents in a matter of this kind. A change of condition—always, of course, more or less imminent—may, and probably will, bring with it duties and responsibilities not compatible with those which attach to trusteeship. In the same way, there are few married women who are justified in accepting the post, except in very special circumstances. Widows, however, may properly become trustees if they feel themselves to be capable of properly managing the affairs of the trust. To sum up, then, it may be laid down as a general rule that the only persons who possess a sufficient sanction for refusing to act on these grounds, in all cases without exception, are (1) legal infants of both sexes, (2) unmarried women, and (3) married women.

As to the qualities desirable in a trustee we need say nothing. We are not now concerned with the question of choosing trustees or founding trusts—often, if not always, a matter of peculiar difficulty and intricacy; it is enough to say that next, of course, to integrity, the one fundamental characteristic to be desired is business capacity.

To be candid—any man or woman who does not possess a general acquaintance with business transactions would do a very foolish thing in undertaking to manage trust property. They would, moreover, expose themselves to very serious risk, for they might, from sheer ignorance or inadvertence, omit or commit acts which a Court of Equity would judge with extreme severity. The one leading rule which has governed a whole class of cases is that "a trustee is only required to use customary care and diligence: that which is usually exercised by men of ordinary prudence and vigilance in the management of their own affairs." As we shall have occasion to point out, there are sundry qualifications of this rule. It is commonly said that "a trustee is liable only for gross negligence." But in many matters the Court requires extreme circumspection. This is, however, seldom expected to be greater than a prudent man would devote to the care of his own property, and this leads to the obvious truism that a trustee should be a "prudent man." Those who are engaged in speculation in any form, or those whose avocations expose them to risk of sudden changes of position, do not, of course, come within this category. We have no desire to impute wholesale a want of integrity to this, it is to be feared, very numerous class; but neither their habits nor their rules of conduct fit them to act as trustees.

Trustees may naturally be divided into two great classes: that is, (1) trustees of realty, and (2) trustees of personalty. Of these, the former have by far the more onerous duty to discharge. The trustee of "realty"—*i.e.*, lands or house property—is required, without fee or reward, unless this is specially authorised by the instrument creating the trust, to manage them as a careful owner would be expected to do. Every detail connected with the property has to come under his personal care, and it is only within limits which are very narrow and strict that he can delegate any of his duties to agents.

It is needless to particularise as to the ruling of the Courts in this respect. It is enough to say that, unless expressly empowered to do so, no trustee has any authority to charge the trust income with agency expenses. There is a well-known decision of the House of Lords which has, within the last few years, extended this principle, and laid it down distinctly that trustees are bound to transact personally many parts of the routine business of the trust, and are, as we have said, not to be allowed to employ solicitors or agents to do this for them. In consequence of this decision, large amounts of expenses have been disallowed on taxation, and these would, of course, be payable by the trustees personally. In some cases, it is true, there is no difficulty, the will or deed creating the trust vesting the discretion as to the manner in which the business is to be done absolutely in the trustees. But it is, nevertheless, important that the point should be borne in mind. In a case which happened quite recently, for example, it was decided that trustees could not give authority to solicitors to receive the purchase-money of an estate sold in the ordinary course, but should have either attended in person to receive the money, or have had it paid into a bank to the trust account. From this it will be seen that the position of a trustee of a large estate may be intolerably irksome and arduous. It is no exaggeration to say that he may have to devote almost the whole of his time to its management. It is superfluous to add that these considerations are well worthy the attention of any one who has occasion to ask himself the question, "Shall I be a Trustee?"

The position of a trustee of lands in other respects depends very much upon the nature of the property, and the terms of the trust. If there is a tenant for life, it is, of course, much lighter than where the trustee is in possession, since it is then practically limited to the duty of seeing that the timber is not cut down and sold, that the mansion house is kept in a proper state of repair, and, in short, that the life-tenant does not commit "waste." But in all other cases a trustee has to manage the property exactly as if he were a careful owner, and nowadays that is a sufficiently arduous task.

There is another matter which should be mentioned here, although it is a detail. It is imperative that the trustee should keep all the title-deeds in his own possession, or lodged in a bank in his name. It is most improper for these to be in the control of any third person, and this practice, which is still far too common, has been the cause of much real hardship. The Courts almost invariably hold trustees responsible for the acts of their agents, and it is not sufficient to show that due care has been shown in appointing these. If the agents commit any fraudulent act, the trustees themselves are personally liable, except in some few cases, such as brokers and bankers employed in the ordinary course.

The same rules apply, of course, to the management of personal property. The trustee must look after it himself, and not be content to leave its administration to others. As to the degree of care which he is required to exercise, much depends upon the circumstances of each particular case: broadly speaking, where the investments are specified he has little to do but to receive and distribute the interest or dividend. But it is not always enough for him to do this. Sundry classes of property are regarded by the Courts as wasting property, and, except under special circumstances, it is the duty of a trustee to dispose of these before they deteriorate in value. Indeed, unless due diligence be shown in this respect, the Court would certainly declare him to be personally liable for any loss that may have been occasioned. We cannot, of course, attempt to enumerate the different classes of property which come within this dangerous category, and it would be unsafe to generalise. A couple of illustrations must suffice.

Mortgages and shares in companies are always risky investments, and it may at any moment be the duty of trustees to sell. Again, as an eminent judge once declared, it ought to be "rung in the ears of every trustee" that he must not invest on personal security, and indeed even when expressly empowered to do so, it is often hazardous.

There are however, fortunately, sundry classes of investments which are always safe, and these are known as "Trustees' Securities." Their scope is constantly being widened either by statute or the practice of the Courts. We may name some of them. Three per Cent. Consolidated or Reduced or New Bank Annuities, Bank of England or Ireland Stock, East India Stock, Exchequer Bills, Metropolitan Board of Works Consolidated Stock, mortgage of freeholds or copyholds (which must not exceed more than two-thirds of the value in the case of agricultural property, nor more than one-half of the value of house property, disregarding, of course, all fortuitous circumstances), are all Trustees' Securities. The terms of the instrument creating the trust of course affect these investments as well as others, but where these are in general terms trustees must act with great circumspection. It is thus one of the many curious incidents of trusts that trustees who seem to possess a very wide discretion are more strictly limited as regards investments than in cases where the investments are more or less expressly specified. In the same way, trustees cannot rely upon the terms of their instrument exonerating them from liability. Even an indemnity clause declaring that they shall not be liable for the insufficiency of any security will not protect them if the security is palpably inadequate. It cannot, moreover, be too carefully borne in mind that where there are two or more trustees it is

the duty of each to see that the property is duly secured and rightly applied. If by the act, direction, agreement, or consent of one of them the trust fund is paid over to the other who wastes or misapplies it, each is responsible for the whole. This proposition might be qualified, but it is safer to state it bluntly.

It is a common practice for trustees to agree that one shall have the exclusive management of one part of the trust property, and the other trustee of the other part; but although this is often a proper and almost a necessary arrangement, it should be remembered that each will be liable for any loss which may happen in either part. The reason for this rule of equity is that the party not acting was in default in giving the other the power and exposing him to the temptation to commit a breach of trust, instead of exercising that control over the property which it was his duty to exercise.

A detail which affords a useful illustration of the wise policy of Courts of Equity in guarding against a breach of trust by prohibiting all acts which may unnecessarily place the trustee in a situation of temptation, is the regulation requiring a trustee who places money in the hands of a banker to take care to keep it separate from his own money. Indeed, if he were to mix it in a common account, he would be deemed to have treated the whole as his own, and would be charged with interest, and held liable for any loss sustained by the banker's insolvency. This is obviously a wholesome proviso. Any looseness in transactions of this kind might lead to loss of trust property even without any design to commit a breach of trust. But within certain limits it may be taken as a general rule that all trustees who act as a careful and prudent owner would act, and according to the common usage of mankind, will not be made answerable for losses.

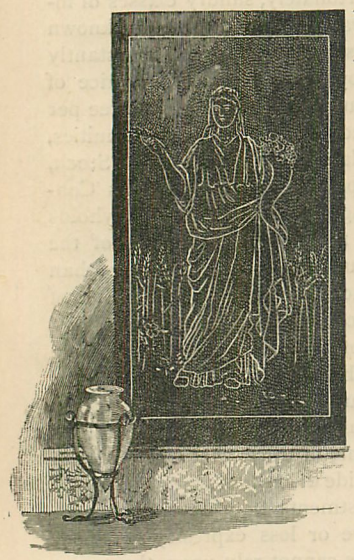
Trusteeship often brings with it, as a necessary consequence, guardianship, with its manifold anxieties, and it is obviously desirable that all these contingencies should be taken into account before the office is accepted. It may, however, be added that the direction of the Court can now be very cheaply and expeditiously obtained upon any doubtful point, and in this way the position of a trustee has, by recent changes in procedure, been made much less anxious. Still, as we have shown, trusteeship is, and must always be, a very onerous duty, and there is much in the project of establishing a Public Trustee which deserves the support of the public.

In the meantime, however, it is to be feared that many people will find themselves reluctantly obliged to return an affirmative answer to the question, "Shall I be a Trustee?" and to such these few observations may be useful.

OUR NEW HOUSE AND ITS PLENISHINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW I FURNISHED FOR ONE HUNDRED POUNDS," ETC.

PART I.



SUGGESTION FOR AN EMBROIDERED PANEL—GOLD ON BLUE.

IT is wonderful to think how quickly the time has flown since the days when we began life in our little villa home and spent our precious hundred pounds in decorating and furnishing it. My readers will perhaps remember the account of our adventures at that time. I don't think I can ever take such pride in any house as I did in that one! You see, it was the first; I had never had a place of my own before. There was a novelty about it, and a rosy light shone upon those home-made tables and chairs which will never be seen upon any others, however beautiful they may be. No other house can have the same associations; but it grew crowded after a time, and noisy too, and so, as our income had increased, we felt that the time had come to move; and now we are actually settled in a new house, and once again have been absorbed in the complicated questions of papering and painting. It is a fascinating occupation—a fascination which is perhaps exaggerated by comparison with the dreary round of house-hunting which has so lately been our lot. Oh, that house-hunting! how hopeless it was, how full of regrets and of unpleasant surprises! I have come to the conclusion that ignorance on sanitary matters is bliss while knowledge seems fraught with woe. Of course it was right to refuse it, but my heart still yearns over that old-fashioned red-brick mansion with its walled gardens, and long low rooms with broad window-seats, and high-panelled hall, and black oak staircase. I would have taken it without a question had we not engaged an architect to survey all the houses for us. He was considered very clever, and was certainly most matter-of-fact.

I believe he had a private spite against all the artistic houses. His report of that one was brief but very dreadful. I give it in his own words, as it may tell others what to avoid in taking a house.

"Waste-pipe of bath untrapped and passing into soil-pipe. House-drain under floor of two rooms, and joints being uncemented are leaking. Drain laid

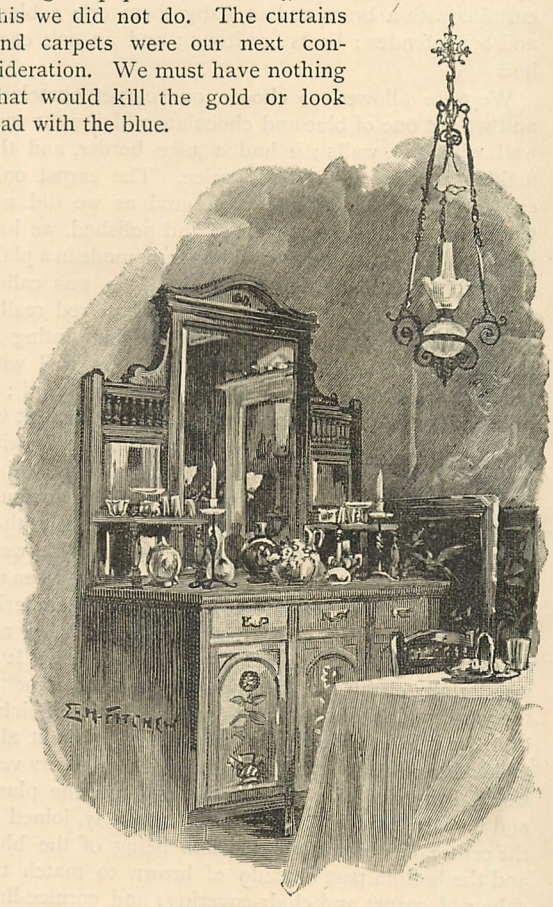
without proper fall. The rain-water tank is under floor with overflow into drain."

I am afraid to say how many times that man saved our lives. In one house he found that the joists of the floor were built straight into the flues, and would in time certainly catch fire. In another the lead soil-pipes were all joined with putty instead of solder, the joints had cracked, and bad air had escaped all over the house ; while the cistern which filled the kitchen boiler had what they call an overflow-pipe which was carried straight into a drain without even the scant protection of a trap. The impure air came by that means into the kitchen, and poisoned the water of the boiler, and as servants very often save themselves trouble by filling the kettle from the boiler, poison would have been the immediate result.

What we should have done without Mr. Joseph Evans I cannot think ! As it was, we began to fear we should never find a healthy house, and should have to take to a hut on the roadside. Just then this house became vacant. And *as* Mr. Evans thought we should "have our health" in it, I need not say that its arrangements are perfect. Like other worthy objects it is not particularly pretty. It is a long straight house, with large, very lofty rooms, and a light hall and wide staircase. After our little villa we find it very large, and our furniture was quite lost in it. We had no idea how old it had got till we saw it all standing in the front garden, looking so shabby in the full glare of the sun. My poor furniture, of which I had been so proud ! I wondered if I looked as old and worn as it did.

There are so many sitting-rooms in this house that we required a great deal of new furniture. We have a drawing-room, dining-room, library, school-room and nursery, and a little painting-room or boudoir. As all the rooms have been re-painted and papered it would perhaps be best to describe each separately. I must not take the credit for all the ideas in this house ; many are my husband's, and some are borrowed from other people. Long, long ago, when I was full of ideas of my own, and used to build castles in the air so high that I could not touch the top of them, and so beautiful that I was almost afraid to look at them, I always planned that the "He," whenever he came and whoever he was, should never be a man of taste, or a man who considered himself one, which is much worse. I laugh when I think of the poor meek creature that my fancy painted. He was to have nothing to do with the house except being clever at carpentering, which my "He" certainly is not. Except the hammer, "He" never takes up a tool, and could not use it to any purpose if he did, but he has a great deal of taste and knows exactly how things should be done, and which pictures should hang near each other and which should hang quite alone, a subject I can never understand. I believe he took the idea of our dining-room walls from the studio of an artist friend, but introducing the gold with it was his own plan ; and it is a great improvement.

The dining-room is a light sunny room, too light if anything, and we wanted to tone it down. We were tired of paint and paper, so we tried tapestry, but our tapestry was home-made. As most of our furniture had come from London, we had by us a great quantity of a fine sacking in which it had been packed. It is the same material which is used for making box coverings, and is sold at from twopence three-farthings to fourpence a yard, but is cheaper by the piece. We used what we had, and bought some more, and when we had sufficient we sent it to be dyed—we chose a dull peacock-blue shade, and it took the colour very well. Then I got a well-drawn pattern of groups of figures, and worked four panels on the blue in thick gold thread. We bought some gold Japanese leather paper, and had it fastened as a frieze below the cornice. It was about two and a half feet in depth ; below this the blue tapestry was fastened by nails, and was carried down to the bottom of the wall, arranged so that the four worked panels should come at equal distances from each other. Care should be taken to prevent the heads of the nails showing ; if it cannot be avoided, they should be painted the same shade as the hangings. The narrow wainscot, door, and shutters were all covered with the gold paper, which had a raised pattern of willow-leaves upon it, and the ceiling was papered with the same. Between the ceiling and the frieze a strip of narrow chocolate-brown Lincrusta Walton had been fastened ; it made a good division. I have seen it used in cross-bars over gold paper on a ceiling, but this we did not do. The curtains and carpets were our next consideration. We must have nothing that would kill the gold or look bad with the blue.



SIDEBOARD AND HANGING LAMP.

But here I must digress, and talk about furniture, because we were through that bound to certain carpets and curtains.

Our first dining-room had given us a great deal of trouble, and, including paint and paper, had cost about twenty-eight pounds. It was a much smaller room than this one, and we were much poorer in those days, though we were still obliged to be careful, with so many rooms to furnish. So, after a good deal of thought, we sold our old sideboard, put the chairs into the hall, and the rest of the furniture into the school-room, and bought everything new for the dining-room. I have always had a strong prejudice against buying furniture by the suite, but in this house I have found it so much the most inexpensive way that I have gone in for it, and so far have had no cause to repent. We bought all our things at a large London shop which we knew very well. Going in one day to look for a sideboard we were shown our present furniture, which we bought at once, as we saw it would do more than furnish one room ; we paid twenty-seven guineas, and got a pretty sideboard with a looking-glass and shelves at the back, and drawers and cupboards; two easy chairs and six others covered in dark brown leather, a nice couch in the same; an extending table ; a brown wood overmantel fitted with a looking-glass and shelves ; a Brussels carpet for the centre of the room, ten feet six by nine feet ; an Indian rug ; a pair of tapestry curtains with a brass rod to hang them on ; a black and brass fender ; brass fire-irons ; and an oak coal-box.

We were allowed to choose our carpet ourselves, and we got one of blue and chocolate which went very well with the walls ; it had a nice border, and the making was included in the price. The carpet only covered the middle of the room, and as we did not want to have the boards stained and polished, we had linoleum laid down. It was a linoleum made in a plain art colour : a beautiful material. This was called "Pompeiian" red, more terra-cotta than red really, and yet with a depth of colour which is wanting in terra-cotta. It is just the colour that does well with blue. It is two-and-sevenpence the square yard ; it gives no trouble, and wears well ; when we clean it we wash it with soap and tepid water, scrubbing it with a hard brush, we then wipe it carefully, and nothing more is required. The curtains sold with the furniture were of rich tapestry, very thick and warm ; they would do well for one of the other rooms. We were going to buy some serge for the dining-room, when we came upon a material quite new to me, called Imperial plush. It is much thicker than plush, and does not require lining, for it has a kind of serge back. It is wonderfully cheap, for it cost only two-and-sixpence the yard, and is fifteen inches wide. I am rejoicing in it, for it is just the thing for curtains, while it also makes beautiful coverings for furniture, and wears very well. I matched the blue of the walls in the plush, and had the curtains made in the new way, joined in the centre, or about three-quarters being of the blue, and the bottom part or dado of brown to match the colour of carpet and chair-coverings and cornice-line. They were not tied back by any band, but hung straight, which is the most artistic way of arranging heavy curtains. We only kept one of the arm-chairs in the dining-room, and sent the other to the smoking-room—one was a lady's arm-chair, while the other was large. We bought six more of the ordinary chairs, so that we had twelve. The mantelpiece was of white marble, and as the effect is much better if the overmantel matches the under part, we saved that belonging to our set for the drawing-room, and had a white enamel one made for the dining-room. It was not expensive, and as the effect was very good I will describe it. The carpenter cut a large square of deal of the same length as the mantelpiece, only with a painted top. He cut out a square in the centre, and inserted a looking-glass. He fastened a straight shelf below the glass, and sent it home. I then bought a few yards of Lincrusta Walton bordering, about two inches wide, and nailed it with little tacks round the glass and round all the outer part of the wood-work, the painted top, and the edge of the shelf, taking great care to fit the corners perfectly.

When this was done, everything, except the glass, had three coats of white enamel. This ought to be put on with a soft and rather small brush, to prevent any appearance of lines on the surface when dry.

As the white enamel is rather expensive, it is a good plan to let the first two coats be of ordinary white paint, and the last of enamel. It looks just as well, and is much cheaper.

A less expensive overmantel can be made by—instead of inserting the looking-glass—having a nail driven into the centre and simply hanging it on. The effect is hardly so good.

Ours looked beautiful on the blue background. And having once begun to paint, I painted a little shelf to correspond : it had a painted back, and was hung over the door to give it height. Had I been going to have pictures in the room I should have painted their frames, but pictures would not look well with our worked panels, which are pictures in themselves. The room was lighted by a hanging lamp and two gas brackets, all made of the lovely "Whitefriars" work of hammered iron and white milky glass, just the thing for our room. The lamp hangs just over the dinner-table, and is most beautiful. A great vase of the same lovely glass stands in one corner filled with grasses and dried leaves, and two iron and glass candlesticks decorate the sideboard. These only cost us seven-and-sixpence each, and their shape is perfect.

We bought one extra piece of furniture, a dinner-waggon, which matched well with the furniture, and cost about four pounds. With that purchase we completed the dining-room.

When we have done our best, how often we feel disappointed and discontented ; things look so different from what we expected ; but I have none of those feelings about this room. I find it perfectly charming. The dull gold, the blue and Pompeiian red, set off with brown and relieved with white, make a fascinating combination of colour, and one which I can truthfully recommend.

"WILD GRAPES."

BY JEAN MIDDLEMASS.

"YOU had better come in, Michael; it is nearly four, and you know papa said he particularly wished none of us to miss to-day's lecture on evolution."

"Well then, Lucilla, you may tell him, with my compliments, that I am not coming in. I am tired of evolution and every other 'tion,' excepting adoration."

"Oh, Michael! how can you talk so?"

"How can you be so priggish and blue, you mean? If you were a nice, good little sister, as most fellows have, you would make some rattling good excuse for me and get me off evolution this lovely afternoon, without the dad being compelled to elevate his eyebrows and stigmatise me as 'Wild Grapes.'"

"But it would be so wrong, Michael. Papa takes such pains to tend the fruit of his vine, and make us all such clever——"

"Prigs," interrupted Michael. "I hate prigs, and no one will induce me to be a prig myself."

"Do you mean to say that papa is a prig?"

"No; I will give him his due, he is a real scholar; but I don't think there is much of the real thing about any of us, and if he would leave us alone and not try to cultivate us to death, we should be much better specimens of men and women."

"Speak for yourself," said Miss Lucilla Faulkner testily. "*I* am charmed with the course of instruction our dear father bestows on us."

Lucilla Faulkner could construe Latin and Greek with perfect ease, but she could not have darned a stocking to save her life.

"Oh, there is no fear of my coming to grief in the learned line!" answered Michael. "I should not care if I never opened another book in all my life—unless it were a treatise on love, and on that subject, as on most others, I would rather go in for practical demonstration than mere reading."

"Michael!"

"You need not be horrified, little sister; just look round you at this beautiful July afternoon—the sun shining high in the heavens, the birds chirping in the trees, everything gladsome and bright—is it not more natural that I should be glad with all creation, and go and meet pretty little Susie Scott down near the stile by the old church, than spend the remainder of the day in a fusty library listening to a lecture of which I do not wish to understand a word?"

"No wonder papa calls you 'Wild Grapes.' You are like a mere herdsman, ignorant and uncultivated; he wishes the fruit of his vineyard to be of the rarest."

"Bosh!" cried Michael. "As long as I am an honest man, I don't care twopence if I am a herdsman; anyway, I should then be able to worship nature and nature's God. I am sick, I tell you, of dogmas and treatises, and analyses and arguments. You and Lancelot, and Ellen and the governor may gloat over them henceforth in a happy quartette, for I mean to chuck."

"'Chuck!' Good gracious, Michael, what a word! I do not believe its derivation could be found."

"Oh, yes, it could! It is pure Saxon. Anyway, it is expressive of my meaning. You will not see me at any more of these learned conclaves—look for me, when you want me, under the greenwood tree."

Sir Hector Faulkner was an extremely erudite old man, who lived in an ivy-covered, dilapidated manor house in one of the Midland counties. The grounds around it were a beautiful wilderness, in strange contrast with the high pressure at which mental culture was constantly kept.

Nor was the dilapidated state of his domicile, and the uncultivated state of the grounds, attributable to poverty. Sir Hector was rich in this world's goods, but he regarded money and possessions as things of no value, and, burrowing among his dusty, musty folios, forgot that aught else existed that was worth the having.

His wife had died when his four children were very young, and since that time his delight had been to (what he euphoniously called) "tend the fruit of his vineyard"—in plain English, make the youngsters, if possible, as scholarly and fond of old tomes as he was himself.

With his two plainish daughters, Ellen and Lucilla—especially with Lucilla—he had succeeded to his heart's desire; also with his younger son, Lancelot, who was always devouring pages, and never seemed to know there was a world beyond his book; but Michael, the elder, notwithstanding all the old man's care, was even as a bunch of wild grapes before his eyes, and troubled him sadly.

Yet at twenty-two, instead of being buoyant and brave, Michael, as he stood at the outset of life, was irritable, disagreeable, and most rebellious against the fate that had made him what he was.

Just, however, when matters were at the worst with him, an unexpected change came over him, brought about by a very mundane angel in the person of Susie Scott. He fell in love.

Away with irritability, dejection, and disappointment; the world had suddenly become beautiful in his eyes—the trees were green, the sky was blue, the birds sang their glad carols above his head, and in gazing on nature he felt he beheld a picture of happiness and beauty and peace blended together in harmonious colouring. None of this had Michael Faulkner ever seen before when he wandered moodily about the grounds of the wilderness that surrounded his home; it was his own inner self he was contemplating, not the beauties that lay around him. What books could not do for him, that had love effected.

And Susie Scott, the angel who had come to minister

to his "mind diseased," was fair to see, a striking contrast to his own bony, plain-faced sisters.

When Michael first met her, in one of his rambles, he thought he had never seen any one half so beautiful before.

And he was right—the gift of beauty that Susie Scott possessed is bestowed on mortals only at rare intervals.

And—happy Michael, to have met such a maid!—she was as good as she was beautiful.

Susie Scott was the daughter of a half-pay officer who lived in a small cottage in Hurlstone village, about three miles from the manor house.

She had only just returned from France, where she had been living for three years with an aunt, when Michael, one summer's evening, guided by his good star, strolled down to Hurlstone, and stood for awhile looking over a low paling at the lawn tennis that was being played on Captain Scott's tiny lawn.

He was wondering why they never played lawn tennis up at the manor; if pleasure could be found in a game like this, why should he and his be deprived of the enjoyment?

Even as these thoughts were passing through his mind the effulgence of a great light seemed to burst upon him; his face grew suddenly scarlet, his pulses throbbed, his heart seemed to bound and then to stand still, and he became momentarily so faint that he was compelled to clutch the nearest object in order to steady himself.

"Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love."

No need to tell Michael Faulkner. As in a flash he had learnt the whole secret. He had seen Susie Scott, and was her slave for ever.

For some little time he stood by that paling as one entranced; then Captain Scott, who had a bowing acquaintance with Sir Hector, and knew all the family well by sight, observed him, and in his cheery, seafaring fashion called to him to come in and have a game.

Michael accepted the invitation to come in with very little *gaucherie*, considering the secluded life he had led.

He bowed to the young lady when her father introduced them, and revelled in the glorious new sensation the sight of her had awakened within him.

And Susie Scott, what was her feeling on first beholding Michael Faulkner?

Surprise that one of the book-worms should be so presentable.

Nor was she in the least displeased when she discovered that Michael's eyes followed her wherever she went.

The tennis meeting over, Captain Scott told Michael that he would always find a welcome whenever he chose to come to Beech Cottage.

The next day Michael found it was impossible not to go that way—and the next—and the next—and so on, *ad infinitum*, and Susie always received him with a smile.

It was in the merry May time when the lovers—for lovers they soon unmistakably were—had first met, not till July that Sir Hector, informed by Ellen and Lucilla, discovered what was going on.

"In love—thinking of marriage, his eldest son?—the thing was preposterous—unheard of!" and the old man quivered with emotion. He evidently had intended Michael to be a sort of learned abbot, to found a monastery for literary recluses.

Decidedly, on the subject of learning Sir Hector was crazy—a regular bibliomaniac.

If any man had been presumptuous enough to demand one of his daughters in marriage, he would have met with a stern rebuff—not that it was at all likely such an individual would be found; and to think of one of his sons marrying was even worse.

Miss Susie Scott was doubtless a charming young lady and came of a very good family, but she should never darken his doors, and if Michael persisted in an acquaintance with her, he would have him turned out of his house, never to come into it again.

This Ellen and Lucilla might communicate to him on the first available occasion; for his own part, he was too deeply engrossed in abstruse researches to wish to have any farther communication on the subject.

The two sisters, who were desperate "blues," playing the part of "learned ladies" every hour of their lives, and professing to have a sovereign contempt for everything in connection with love and marriage, were only too delighted to have the opportunity of pouring the vials of Sir Hector's wrath upon their unfortunate brother's head.

And truly Michael was more upset by the paternal decree than, judging from the independence of his character, might reasonably have been expected.

Money, as usual, was at the root of the evil. If Sir Hector would not give him the allowance which, as eldest son, he had every right to expect, how could he marry pretty Susie Scott?

It was the day after Michael's shirking of the lecture on evolution that the fact of his being in love had been suggested to his father as his reason for absenting himself from all sensible discussions.

When, an hour after the answer had been given to him, he went down to Beech Cottage, it was with a very heavy heart.

Susie was standing by the gate waiting for him, as she always was now at the hour she expected him to arrive. She saw at once that something was wrong.

"What is it, Michael—what is it?" she cried. "You look so worried, dearest; ten years seem to be added to your life."

"I have come to say good-bye," he answered despondingly.

"Good-bye! Why? Where are you going?"

"I am going nowhere, unless to drown myself in the nearest pond. My father will not hear of our marriage, and will not give me a sixpence."

"I never expected that he would," she answered gaily. "It seems I knew Sir Hector better than you did."

"Ah! and you can laugh and look happy when such a decree has gone forth. You do not love as I love, Susie, or you would be utterly miserable, as I am."

"Not a bit of it. Nothing that other people can do or say will make me miserable. I shall only become so if you fail me."

"I do not understand."

"Well, Michael, you must have known all along that your father would object to anything that took you out of his 'vineyard,' and that he would not include me among his vines. Has it never occurred to you that you must strike out a line of your own?"

"What can I do?—what can I do? I have been well educated, you will say; but I am a mere machine, I am not in the least clever."

"You do not estimate yourself very highly," she said, laughing; "but surely at two-and-twenty, with your education, we need not despair; besides——"

"I will not live on Captain Scott's bounty."

"Nobody asked you, my young friend," said that gentleman himself, appearing round a corner, and having heard the last sentence. "I should not care to have Michael Faulkner for a son-in-law if I thought he would live on my bounty. You must push along for yourself, my young fellow—push along for yourself."

"But how, since my earthly possessions at this moment are about five pounds, and my father will not give me another sixpence?"

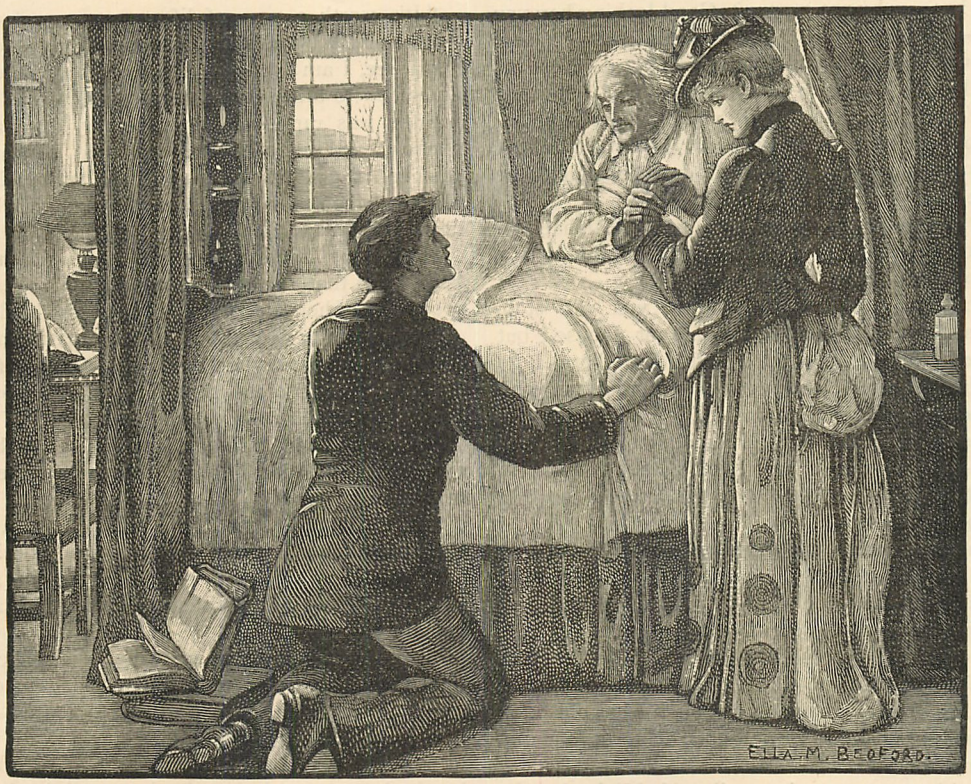
"Have you no relation who will give you a helping hand?"

"No one, unless it is Aunt Tabitha."

"'Aunt Tabitha!' Does she live at Boulogne? and is she a funny-looking little old woman who wears blue glasses?" asked Susie.

"The same. How odd that you should know her."

"I not only know her, but love her. And so she is your aunt? I am sure she will help you."



"MICHAEL KNELT DOWN BESIDE HIS FATHER'S BED" (*p.* 283).

"She is my mother's aunt. I do not remember ever to have seen her; she certainly has never been at the Manor, but every Christmas she has sent us some kindly remembrance."

"No, I do not think Sir Hector's vineyard would suit Aunt Tabitha," said Susie, laughing. "'Wild grapes' are far more in her line."

"Shall I write to her," asked Michael very seriously, "and tell her that my father has turned me out?"

"No—no—no!" cried both father and daughter in chorus. "Go over and see her."

The idea at first rather appalled Michael, but he soon grew accustomed to it, and, without saying a word to any of his family at the Manor House, he packed up the few possessions he considered absolutely his own—carefully leaving every book behind—and started for Boulogne.

In a close, small street near the Quai, dwelling up in the fourth storey, he found the old lady of whom he was in search, nor had he any difficulty in so doing, since every one in Boulogne knew Aunt Tabitha, or Mademoiselle Merle, as she was called there.

A French *bonne* opened the door to Michael, and took the card he gave her in to her mistress, who immediately herself came out of an adjoining room.

She held her hand out to Michael; nay, more: she drew him towards her and kissed him on both cheeks.

"I thought you would come," she said. "You're 'Wild Grapes'—wild flowers and hedge-berries always turn up here—why not grapes? Good-looking boy you are, too—'Wild Grapes,'" and she chuckled. "Queer man, your father—mad, of course—vineyard—bless his vineyard! I'd cut down every vine in it, if I had my way. You've cut yourself off your stem, I suppose, since you are here, and quite right too; you wouldn't be your mother's son if you allowed yourself to be cultivated any more."

Thus the old lady rattled on, giving Michael no opportunity to speak; but since the reception was a favourable one, he was in no hurry.

"Since you are here, of course you will stop. Accommodation is not like the Manor House; but Anastase will make you up a bed. But there, I go on talking as usual, and you haven't told me why you've come. Whose idea was it?"

"Susie Scott's," answered Michael simply.

"Bless my heart! Susie Scott's, and you are in love with her?"

He nodded his head.

"Come to my arms, my dearest nephew!" and this time the old lady literally hugged Michael, chattering on meantime.

"If ever there was a dear, sweet, delightful girl, it is Susie Scott. Of course she knew I was the very person for you to come to. I delight in a love affair. Your father objects, I suppose; though what objection he can possibly have to Susie Scott, it is beyond my old brains to discover."

"He objects to matrimony," said Michael; "he thinks one can do higher work as a celibate."

"Foolish old man! He won't give you any money, that's why you've come to me—think I'll bully him into it; but I won't. I won't have anything to do with him; I consigned him to his own vineyard years ago, when my poor niece died."

Michael's countenance fell. Was the assistance on which he had begun to count going to fail him after all?

"Well, you needn't look so woe-begone," she went on, laughing. "I didn't say I would not help you. I must see what stuff you are made of, though; Tabitha Merle never works in the dark."

Through the evening the newly-acquainted relations chatted: that is, Miss Tabitha talked and Michael occasionally answered a question. By this means she thought she was gaining a deep insight into her nephew's character, and discovering whether he was worthy of her little pet, Susie Scott.

And certainly the old lady did find out more about him than most people would under similar circumstances, for she was a keen-sighted physiognomist.

The result of her observations was that, the first thing on the following morning, she telegraphed to Captain Scott, and invited him and his daughter to Boulogne on a visit.

Never was Michael more astonished in all his life when, towards the evening of the following day, the old lady having asked him to go for a walk with her on to the pier, he saw the English steamer come in, and Captain Scott and his beloved Susie standing on the deck.

"It's worth a year of life to see your face," cried Aunt Tabitha, when she beheld its beaming expression. "You see, I am not such a bad old party after all. I know how to bring young people together."

Susie was rapturously received by both aunt and nephew, and she at once saw that her advice to Michael to go and see Aunt Tabitha would not fail to bring about the happiness of which Michael had despaired.

How Aunt Tabitha was going to work it no one knew; but that she saw her way through those blue spectacles of hers was not any longer doubted.

The quartette proceeded to her apartment, where Anastase surpassed herself in a *diner fin*, for Aunt Tabitha, parsimonious though from her appearance people judged her to be, loved good cheer.

But it was not till dinner was done and the coffee appeared that Aunt Tabitha approached the subject near to every heart.

"Well, Captain Scott," she said, all on a sudden, "what are you going to do for your daughter?"

"I think it is Michael's place to speak first, and say what he is going to do," answered the straightforward captain.

"He is not going to do anything," she replied; "but if you wish to know what I am going to do, I am going to put him in a position to marry—that is, I will do what his father fails in—I will put him in a position to help himself. I'll allow him three hundred a year, and since he hates all books except the book of Nature, he shall go and see what sort of a mess he'll make of farming. There is an unlet farm of mine, not twenty miles from Hurlstone. Michael and Susie can go and live there. Now, then, captain Scott, what have you to say?"

The first response to her most generous proposal was a chorus of thanks; then Captain Scott said that, "though a man of slender resources, he was prepared to allow his daughter two hundred a year, and if the young people could not manage to begin life on these means, all he could say was, he was very sorry for them, though he must add he was as curious as Miss Tabitha Merle was to see what sort of a muddle Michael would make of farming."

But our story must be moving. In October Michael and Susie were married and proceeded to take up their residence at Aunt Tabitha's farm.

Susie, arranging everything and planning how money might be made out of the venture, was as

"WITH ME SHE LEFT THE SOUND AND LIGHT,
A NOBLE SQUIRE WAS AT HER SIDE."

"*FADED*" (*p* 283).

happy as the day was long; but a cloud lay athwart Michael's happiness. In his loving, gentle disposition he could not do otherwise than ever regret his alienation from his home. He had written several letters, but received not a word or sign since the July day when he left the Manor.

So the winter passed. That success would not attend any of his schemes till a reconciliation had taken place with the inmates of the Manor House, he felt each day more and more convinced, till the idea became a sort of craze.

As spring advanced and the howling east wind scoured hill and dale, the news came, through Captain Scott, that Sir Hector was very ill.

"Very ill—perhaps die, and his eldest son not with him."

Michael wrote another letter, begging to be allowed to come and see his father—still no answer.

Seeing how unhappy he was making himself, Susie suggested that they should go and stay with her father for awhile, so as to be near the Manor.

This they did, but, as far as Michael could see, with no advantage, since not a single message ever came from the house.

When, however, they had been there three or four days, Susie invited her husband to come out with her for a walk.

To his surprise she went straight to the Manor House grounds—up the avenue to the front door, marching even into the hall without knocking.

She passed Sir Hector's study, and opened the door of a room behind it; there, propped up by pillows, lay, or rather sat up in his bed, the dying baronet. He held out his hand when he saw Susie.

"My daughter, my darling child," he said feebly—then, perceiving Michael, the left hand was extended to him.

"I thank you—thank you, my boy, for having given me this angel to nurse my last days."

Michael knelt down beside his father's bed, and a sob escaped him. Then, recovering himself somewhat, he looked round the room.

"Where are Lancelot, and Ellen, and Lucilla?"

Up-stairs among the folios. What did they know of sickness and death?

Susie had heard that the old man was literally passing away uncared for and untended, not so much, perhaps, through want of affection as want of knowledge.

Without saying a word to Michael, she had gone and nursed him; and for awhile no one had interfered with her, till Michael's eldest sister had informed Sir Hector that this was Michael's wife.

Instead, however, of Susie being turned out of the house, as Miss Lucilla Faulkner had expected, Sir Hector extended his arms to her.

In illness he had learnt to appreciate the kindly nursing that his own daughters were incapable of bestowing. If this was Michael's wife, his son—for whom, to say the truth, he had been pining—should no longer be condemned to exile.

Too late he admitted to himself that, if he would have possessed a truly fruitful vineyard, no vine should have been excluded; that Michael, in his way, though no scholar, was as useful—nay, perchance, even more so than his learned brother and sisters.

In less than a month Sir Hector died, and Sir Michael reigned in his stead.

"Turn them all out—turn out all the vines," was Aunt Tabitha's advice.

"She had no patience with the others; 'Wild Grapes' was the only Faulkner she could abide," she said.

But Michael would show no vindictiveness. His brother and sisters should have a home till they could arrange one for themselves. And finally they took Miss Tabitha's farm, paying her a rent for the same.

Only, however, on one condition would she let it—that Michael should superintend, and not allow her land to be wasted and rendered valueless.

FADED.

THIS night a year ago I lay
Within the wreath which crowned her hair;
The hall with lute and lamp was gay,
And she was fairest of the fair

With me she left the sound and light,
A noble squire was at her side,
They lingered 'neath the dark cool night,
"And will you be," quoth he, "my bride?"

I saw their lips together meet,
I felt his fingers round my stem—
"Behold, I snatch this token, sweet,
A rose-bud from thy diadem."

Yet here to-night again I lie
Beside my lady where she grieves:
The quick tear from her brimming eye
Falls brightly on my tattered leaves.

No blushing sweets I now disclose,
Long since have colour and fragrance fled,
And ah! the love that snatched a rose,
Ev'n as the rose is dry and dead.

Shall glory to the bud return,
Though drench'd with heaven's sweetest rain?
Or can the hottest tears that burn
Bid withered passion bloom again?

L. J. G.

Words by ELIZA COOK. *Music by* T. R. G. JOZÉ, Mus. D.

Andante.

♩=88.

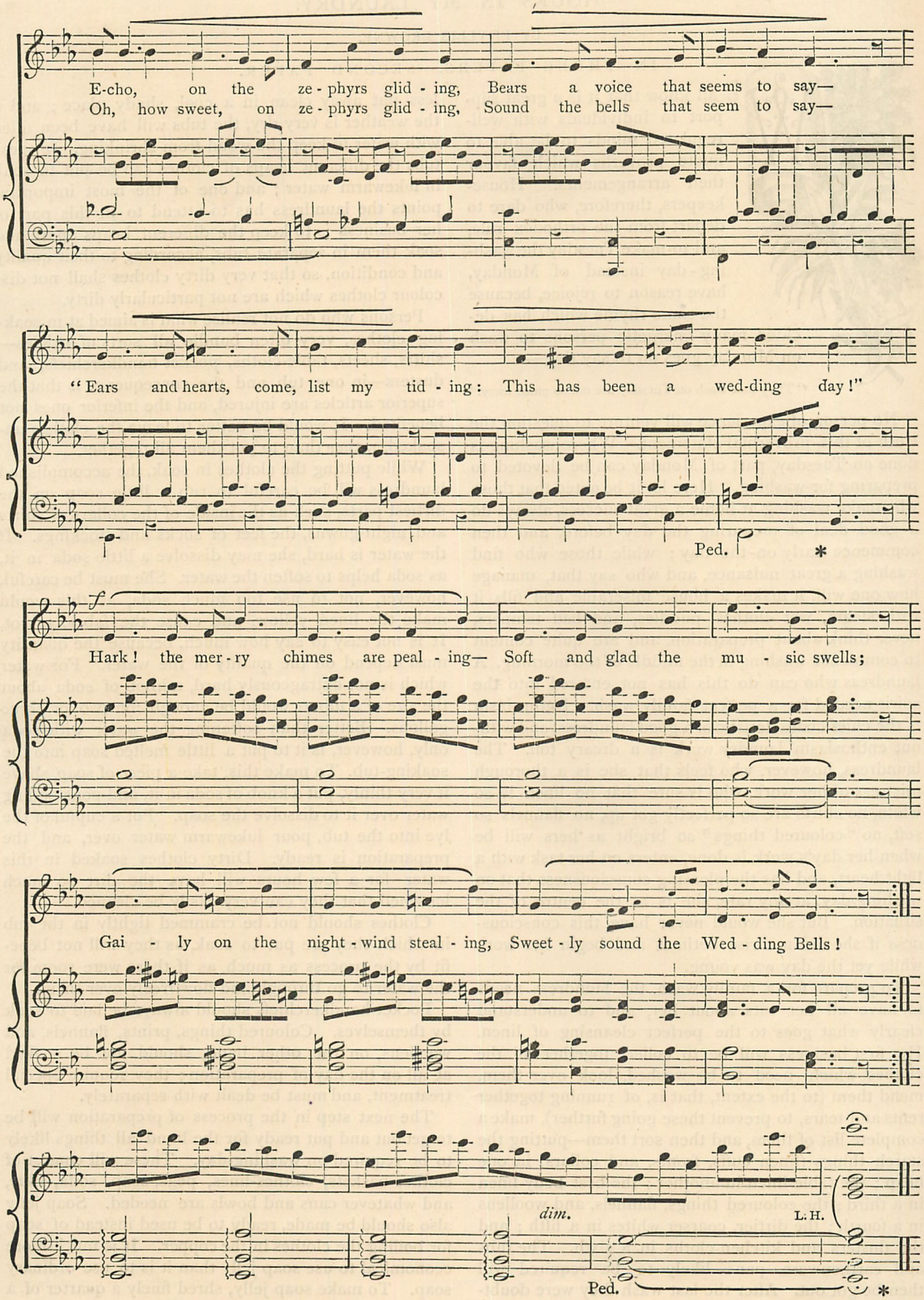
PIANO. *f dim - - - in - - - u - - - en - - - do.*

Ped. *

mf

1. Twi - light shade is calm - iy fall - ing Round a - bout the dew- robed flow'rs;
2. Ev - 'ry sim - ple breast re - joi - ces, Laugh - ter rides up - on the gale;

Phil - o - mel's lone song is call - ing Lov - ers to their fai - ry bow'rs;
Hap-py hearts and hap-py voi - ces Dwell with - in the low - ly vale:


E-cho, on the ze - phyrs glid - ing, Bears a voice that seems to say—
Oh, how sweet, on ze - phyrs glid - ing, Sound the bells that seem to say—
"Ears and hearts, come, list my tid - ing: This has been a wed-ding day!"
Ped.
*
Hark! the mer - ry chimes are peal - ing— Soft and glad the mu - sic swells;
Gai - ly on the night - wind steal - ing, Sweet - ly sound the Wed - ding Bells!
dim.
L. H.
Ped.
*

HOURS IN MY LAUNDRY.

BY PHYLLIS BROWNE.

IN THREE PAPERS.—SECOND PAPER.

E all know that it is a great support to individuals with well-regulated minds to be able to quote proverbs which favour their arrangements. Housekeepers, therefore, who dare to depart from the orthodox rule, and to make Tuesday the washing-day instead of Monday, have reason to rejoice, because the same rhyme which has decided many energetic persons to wash on Monday goes on to say that—

"They that wash on Tuesday are not so much awry."

No person of experience will venture to question the truth of this proverbial statement. Where washing is done on Tuesday, part of Monday can be devoted to preparing for washing. Here let it be noted that those who make washing at home a great success, always do a good deal of preparing the day before, and then commence early on the day; while those who find washing a great nuisance, and who say that, manage how one will, it makes a house miserable and fills it with steam, wet clothes, puddles, and bad tempers, never think about preparation, and are quite content to commence washing in the middle of the morning. A laundress who can do this has not entered into the spirit needed for a perfect family wash. Enthusiasm is the chief characteristic of a good laundress, and without enthusiasm laundry work is a dreary toil. The laundress, however, who feels that she is a thorough mistress of her work, who is sure that no linen is so white, no shirts are so perfectly got up, no flannels so soft, no "coloured things" so bright as hers will be when her day's work is done, enters on her task with a light heart, and has the pleasing consciousness that on washing-day, at any rate, she is at the centre of the situation. But she would never have this consciousness if she did not rise betimes and begin her work while yet the day was young.

To prepare for a family wash, the laundress needs to have all her wits about her, and to understand clearly what goes to the perfect cleansing of linen. Her first business will be to collect together all the clothes which need to be washed, look over them, mend them (to the extent, that is, of running together rents and tears, to prevent these going further), make a complete list of them, and then sort them—putting the starch things (linen cuffs, fronts, and collars) in one heap; the table-linen in another; the best body-linen in a third; the coloured things, flannels, and woollens in a fourth; the dirtier, coarser whites in a fifth; and the dusters and kitchen-cloths in a sixth. The tubs and earthenware pans likely to be required will then be got out. After the last wash they were doubtless put away clean in a cool, shady place; and if the weather is very dry, the tubs will have been filled with water to keep the wood from shrinking. In these tubs the different heaps of clothes can be put to soak in lukewarm water; and one of the most important points the laundress has to attend to in this part of her business is to keep the different heaps apart and soak them in separate tubs, according to their quality and condition, so that very dirty clothes shall not discolour clothes which are not particularly dirty.

Persons who do not realise what is aimed at in soaking clothes, very often bundle all sorts of articles—shirts, sheets, table-cloths, pocket-handkerchiefs, and dusters—in one tub, and the consequence is that the superior articles are injured, and the inferior ones not benefited. It would be better to leave the clothes unsoaked, rather than to put them all together.

While putting the clothes in soak, the accomplished laundress will be careful to rub a little soap on the dirtiest parts, such as the inside of the collars of shirts and night-gowns, the feet of socks and stockings. If the water is hard, she may dissolve a little soda in it, as soda helps to soften the water. She must be careful, however, not to use too much soda, as this would make the linen yellow, and cause the fabric to rot. It is not easy to say how much, because the quantity must depend on the quality of the water. For water which is not outrageously hard, a knob of soda about the size of a filbert would be enough for two or three gallons. Better than softening the water with soda only, however, is it to put a little melted soap into the soaking-tub. To make this, take a piece of soap, shave it very thinly, put a knob of soda in it, and pour boiling water over it to dissolve the soap. Put a cupful of the lye into the tub, pour lukewarm water over, and the preparation is ready. Dirty clothes soaked in this water for a few hours will have the dirt so much loosened that they can very easily be cleaned.

Clothes should not be crammed tightly in the tub in which they are put to soak, as they will not benefit by the process as much as if there were room for the water to go through and flow freely over them.

Pocket-handkerchiefs should always be laid to soak by themselves. Coloured things, prints, flannels, and woollens, on the other hand, should not be soaked at all on the day of preparation; they require special treatment, and must be dealt with separately.

The next step in the process of preparation will be to get out and put ready for the hand all things likely to be required on washing-day. These will consist of clothes-baskets, clothes-lines, pegs, soap, soda, blue, and whatever cans and bowls are needed. Soap jelly also should be made, ready to be used instead of soap for boiling the clothes in the copper. It is much more economical to use soap jelly than it is to use ordinary soap. To make soap jelly, shred finely a quarter of a

pound of soap and boil it till melted in five times its bulk of water; when melted, add a little soda, also dissolved; mix thoroughly, and pour into a bowl till firm. The quantity of soda used must depend upon the hardness of the water. An average allowance would be half a pound of soap and six ounces of soda to three quarts of water. Half a pint of the jelly would be sufficient for a good-sized copperful of water. Ready-made soap jelly is a very useful article to have at hand on the washing-day; it comes in useful at almost every turn, is not so expensive as soap, and does the work better.

The management of a copper is a very important detail connected with washing-day. A copper which is well set and draws well, and which has always been kept dry when out of use, so that there is no rust about it to stain the clothes, is a great source of satisfaction. But a copper that smokes and will not draw, and that has something wrong with it, so that it stains the clothes, is a trial to any one's patience and temper. Until the housekeeper is quite sure that her copper is in working order, she should never entertain the idea of washing at home. If it is out of order, she should send for a competent person to put it right before she takes another step. After it is put right, her great aim should be to keep it so.

The secret of keeping a copper in good order, is to have the flue swept every time after it has been used, with one of those flue-brushes with a long, flexible wire handle, which are sold specially for this purpose. There is no occasion to send for the sweep to do this business. The laundress may herself put the brush into the flue and work it round; and as very little soot will have accumulated in one day, there will be very little trouble in removing it. A copper smokes when the flue is choked up with soot. If a sweep is sent for to remedy this evil, he will at once proceed to take the copper out, and after it is out he will announce that it is not his work to put it back again. A sweep who can accomplish this feat is a happy man. The laundress, however, who finds her copper unset, and who does not exactly know how to have it made right again, will not sympathise with this happiness. If, however, she could be induced to invest in a long flue-brush, and to arrange that the flue should be swept every time the copper is used, she might go on for years without needing to let the sweep touch it. The chimney with which the flue communicates would of course have to be swept, but the flue itself would be kept clear. What this would mean in the way of comfort, expedition, cleanliness, and good temper to every one engaged in washing, only those laundresses know who have tried to maintain a sweet reasonableness on a washing-day with a copper-fire which would not draw because the flue was choked with soot. To have to wash in the midst of steam and smoke is more than ordinary mortals can endure.

Many laundresses would dispose speedily of the difficulty with the copper-flue by adopting the common domestic remedy of clearing it with gunpowder. The first objection to this method is that it is exceedingly dangerous; the second is that it only remedies the evil for a short time. It is most unsafe to allow irresponsible persons to use gunpowder, and the consequences of such a step might be most serious. We have all read Tom Hood's amusing poem called a "Report from Below," which tells of a certain washerwoman, named Mrs. Round, who, in order to make a copper-fire draw, put a pound of gunpowder into the grate. As might have been expected, the effect of this proceeding was that the copper flew up like a squib, Mrs. Round was thrown on her back, and—

> "There she fainted dead away, and might have been cut shorter,
> But Providence was kind, and brought her to with scalding water."

Mrs. Round on this occasion escaped, but laundresses generally cannot be advised to adopt her method. In their case a supply of scalding water might not be at hand.

It is a great advantage in washing clothes to have plenty of clean water. Some laundresses seem to be quite afraid of changing the water. They will pass three or four sets of clothes through the same water, and evidently think they are good managers to do this. They make a great mistake. It is impossible that clothes should be sweet and clean unless plenty of clean water is allowed for them. Of course we can understand that in order to save soap it is most undesirable to throw a good lather out before it has been made the most of, and therefore it is quite allowable to wash best whites for the first time—after they have been wrung out of the soak—in the water in which flannels have been rinsed, and to "first" coarse articles in the same water in which fine things have been "seconded." Yet even the routine of a simple arrangement like this must be determined by common sense, and the laundress who takes pride in the colour of her linen will be quite uneasy if there is a danger that they should be passed through dirty water.

According to the plan of procedure usually adopted in laundries where special machines do not call for special methods, all linen which is to be washed is, after being wrung out of the water in which it was soaked, passed through two waters, or in technical language, "firsted" and "seconded," firsted on one side and seconded on the other. To get rid of the dirt, the clothes must be either rubbed or brushed, and in these days there is no doubt that brushing is the favourite process. Certainly it is effectual, and where clothes are badly soiled it can scarcely be dispensed with. At the same time, it wears the fabric, and for superior, slightly-soiled articles rubbing is much to be preferred. Yet there is quite a knack in rubbing clothes properly. It is of no use to rub the soap upon the fabric, and then plunge it at once into the hot water, and so get rid of it as soon as possible. Instead of doing this, the worker should aim at using the soap. She should plunge the portion of the fabric to be cleansed into the water, soap it, and then rub it to get it clean, remembering all the time that what she has to do is not to rub her hand, but to rub one portion of the linen steadily against the other, giving a little squeeze or pressure with every downward movement, to squeeze out the dirt. Amateur laun-

dresses, who have not acquired the right knack of the thing, generally rub the skin off their hands, and consequently feel the effects of washing-day two or three days after it is past. There is no occasion for this. There is a right way of doing everything, even of rubbing clothes, and five minutes of the right way will do more to make the fabric clean than ten minutes of the wrong way. When clothes have been soaked, and when the right way of rubbing is adopted, it is wonderful how little rubbing will make them clean.

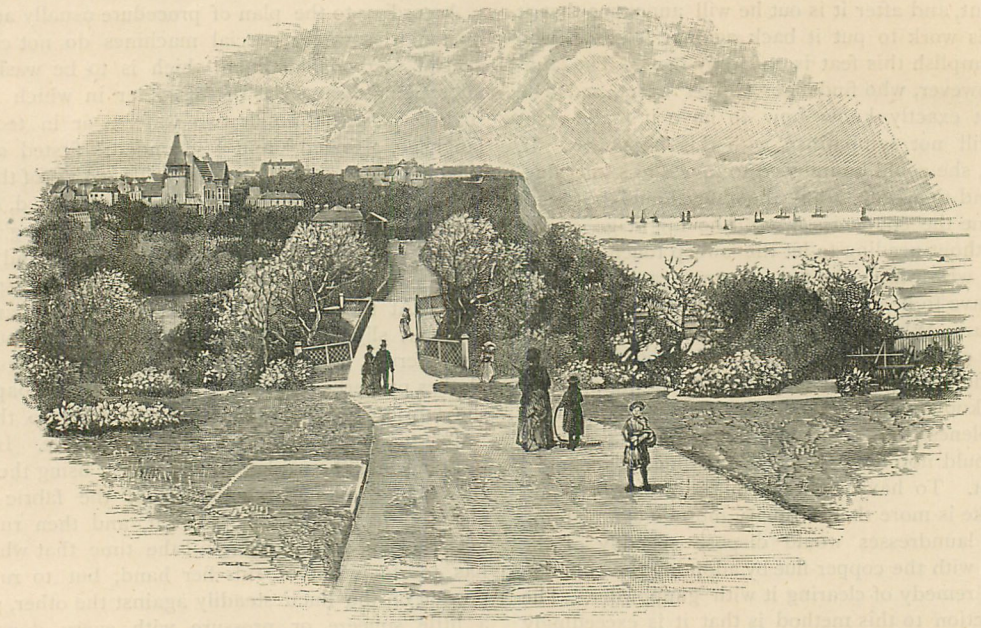
After washing, clothes must be boiled in water in which some of the soap jelly already mentioned has been dissolved. This water must on no account be boiling when the linen is put in. Boiling water would fix any stains there might be. The water must be lukewarm, and twenty minutes' boiling will be quite long enough to get rid of the dirt, and the clothes must be pressed well under the water while this is going on.

Even in the copper it is important that distinctions of quality should be respected. Fine linen will never be a good colour if coarse articles or stained articles are boiled with them at the same time.

After having been boiled, linen should be rinsed in cold water and blued, and if it is very superior it should be rinsed in one water and blued in another. To blue clothes properly is a very delicate process. Again and again it has happened that clothes which have been excellently washed have been spoilt in the blueing. When clothes are streaked or spotted with blue we may be almost sure either that the blue rinse has been carelessly made, or that too many articles have been put into it at once. The blue ought to be very gradually squeezed into the water through a thick flannel bag, and it ought to be mixed well in. Also not more than one article should be dealt with at once, and this should be dipped in once or twice, and then wrung out and shaken. Also clothes should never be allowed to lie in blue-water, and the water should be only slightly tinged with blue. There is nothing more vulgar than to have clothes too deeply blued, and we are justified in suspecting that laundresses who are partial to too much blue have a reason for their peculiar taste. At the same time, a little blue must be employed, or the linen will look yellow.

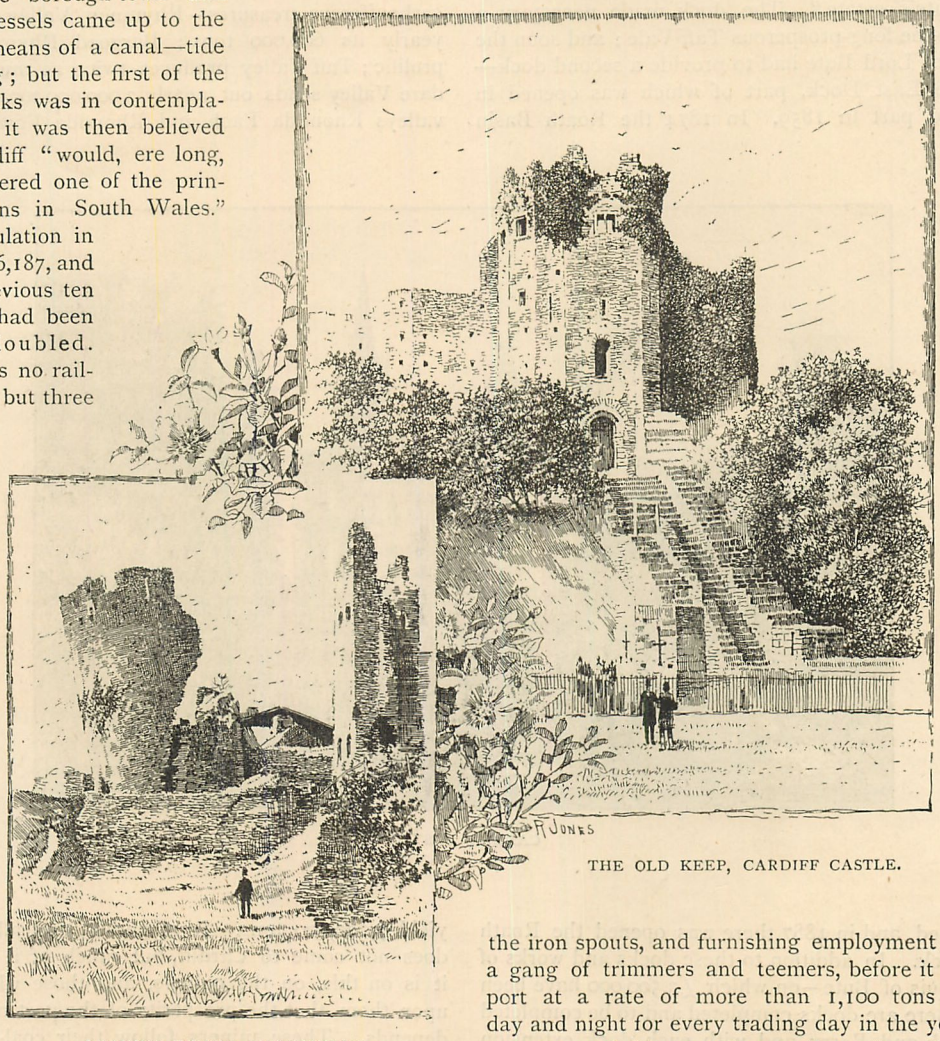
A RISING WELSH TOWN.

CARDIFF is rapidly becoming the metropolis of coal. It is the chief of the great ports of the Bristol Channel, and through its docks much of the fuel sent from this country finds its way abroad. It has claims to notice other than these. There are historical associations of interest attaching to its castle; it has been peopled by British, Roman, Saxon, and Norman tribes; its growth has been wonderfully rapid in this century; and it furnishes a field almost unequalled for the study of the character of the many nationalities. Its coal-field is young beside that of Newcastle, but it encloses no small share now of the available fuel of our country; its river is small and of less note than the Tyne; yet



PENARTH GARDENS.

it is rapidly gaining on the great Northern port in the coal trade. Away back from the town are the collieries which furnish so much of our fuel, and Cardiff does not give the beholder the idea of a coal port that some others do, possibly because its chief railway stations are distant from its docks. It is to the latter that the town owes its prosperity. Fifty years ago it was described as "an ancient and respectable borough-town and port"; vessels came up to the town by means of a canal—tide permitting; but the first of the Bute Docks was in contemplation, and it was then believed that Cardiff "would, ere long, be considered one of the principal towns in South Wales." The population in 1831 was 6,187, and in the previous ten years it had been nearly doubled. There was no railway then, but three coaches ran through it, and there was one "steam packet daily, the *Nautilus*," as well as three sailing vessels. Now its roads are the haven for vessels of every nationality; four docks are within its bounds, and others beyond it; many railways serve it; and its population may be roundly put this year at 120,000—a busy, pushing, bustling people. Few places show more the variety of their life; the rough jostle towards the docks, the quiet of the road towards the new Roath Park, the business life in the heart of the town, the serenity as that "smallest city," Llandaff, is approached—these contrast vividly with each other.



THE OLD KEEP, CARDIFF CASTLE.

LEANING TOWER, CAERPHILLY.

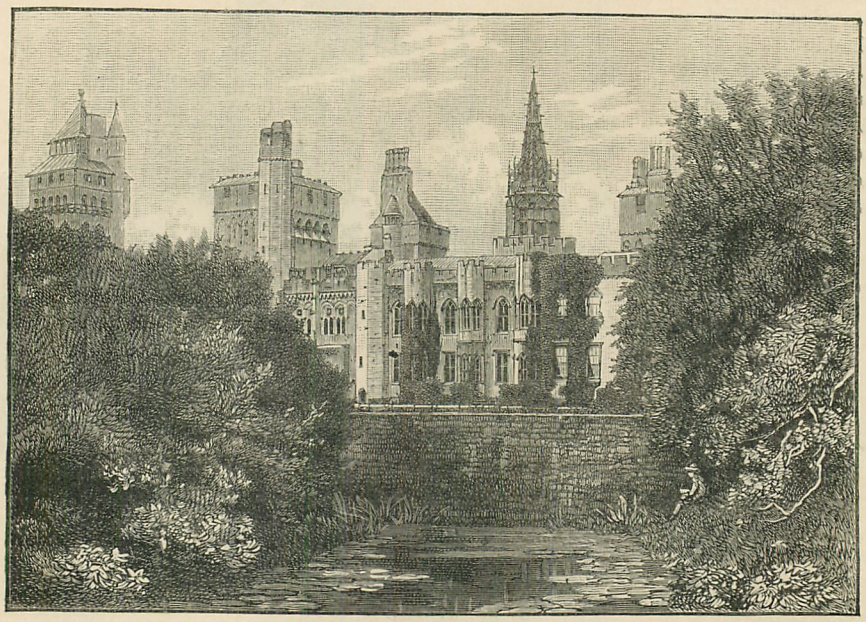
Down at the docks of Cardiff, coal predominates. You may see piles of pit-props and of timber; there are engineering works, which have a hankering after North-country names; there is a suspicion of patent fuel, and an indication of imports of food, but these are all subsidiary to the coal that is filling the railway sidings, impinging in trucks on the quays, rattling in the iron spouts, and furnishing employment for many a gang of trimmers and teemers, before it leaves the port at a rate of more than 1,100 tons per hour day and night for every trading day in the year! Glamorgan and Monmouth contribute from their many collieries to the vast export of coal from the chief port of South Wales, and the rich Rhondda Valley finds many of its pits work to give the coal for the thousands of steamers which visit Cardiff for it. It has not the iron wealth that Newport has, nor the fame for copper which Swansea possesses; but it is rich in coal, and that carboniferous treasure gives it a potentiality beyond the dreams of avarice. Its position gives it value: it is on the edge of what may be perhaps called our richest coal-field; it is in the way of the great ocean traffic of the world from east to west; the transfer of the ocean carriage from the sailing vessel to the steamship has many times multiplied the consumption of coal; and Cardiff, and the men who have

moulded its trade, have seized their opportunity, and they supply now the largest portion of the fuel that the marine steam-engine calls for.

The late Marquis of Bute was perhaps the first to perceive the true needs of the district, and especially to see the need for an outlet for the coal which is behind the Welsh coast. He projected a dock, and it was opened in 1839, its cost being "£220,000 in hard cash, and £130,000 in limestone and timber from Lord Bute's estate." The dock made necessary a railway—the long-prosperous Taff Vale; and soon the trustees of Lord Bute had to provide a second dock—the Bute East Dock, part of which was opened in 1855, and part in 1859. In 1874 the Roath Basin was opened, and in 1887 there was opened the Roath New Dock. In addition to these docks and works of the Marquis of Bute—on which £3,500,000 have been spent—there are docks completed and to be completed at Penarth and Barry, and with each dock extension the town and the trade of Cardiff have prospered greatly. And whilst the coal shipments in 1840 were only 165,880 tons, in 1854 they were 1,040,757 tons; in 1864 they were 2,316,000 tons; in 1874 they rose to 3,379,000 tons; and by 1885 they were 8,219,000 tons.

Cardiff, with a growing population, has had this century to provide largely for their spiritual, mental, and material wants. It possesses over eighty-two churches and chapels of various denominations. It has erected a noble "University College" for male and female students; its School Board has about a dozen schools, and there are private seminaries of many grades. There are free libraries, convalescent homes, seamen's hospitals, dispensaries, industrial schools, sisterhoods, and other attempts to fit for the world, or to mitigate suffering. Finally, the Marchioness of Bute cut, in August last, the first sod of a magnificent park, which will afford that recreative exercise which is essential in great communities.

We have said that the prosperity of Cardiff is built up on coal. The valleys near it overflow with the carboniferous treasures—Rhymney Valley sends out yearly its 600,000 tons; Bargoed Rhymney is as prolific; Taff Valley produces twice as much; Aberdare Valley sends out nearly 3,000,000 tons; and the valleys Rhondda Fach and Rhondda Fawr together yield 7,000,000 tons. It is evident that all this coal does not come to Cardiff, but much of it does, and it is on this, on the colliers, and those who depend upon them, that the prosperity of the port of the Taff depends. These miners follow their coal—on business occasionally, and on pleasure oft; they stream down to the town at the mouth of the Taff, and add to the thousands who crowd its streets, and give to it the spice of Welsh life, with all its characteristics of vivacity, earnestness, and oddness of dialect to the Saxon.

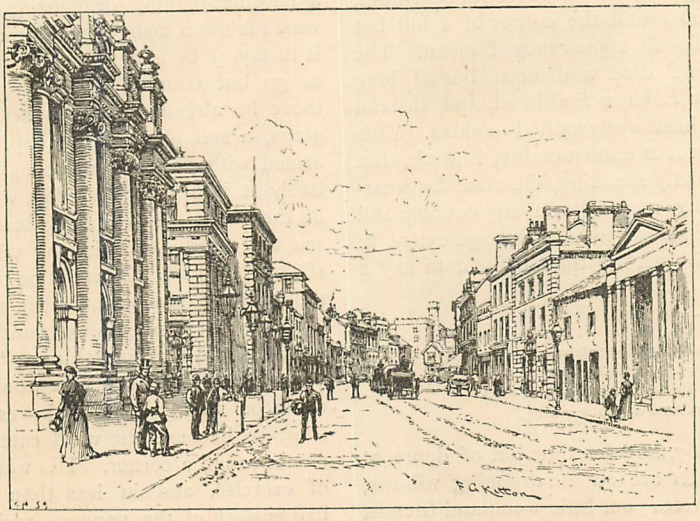


CARDIFF CASTLE.

Much more is to tell of Cardiff and its district. There is Penarth near it—a village half a century ago, now a prosperous little town. Caerphilly, Swansea, Neath, Ogmore, and other places near, have their castles, with more or less of "decay's effacing finger" effects visible thereon; but Cardiff Castle is restored and kept with reverent care by its owner. The Roman station at the mouth of the Taff repelled long the

invaders; the castle, more than seven centuries ago, was the scene of the imprisonment and the death of Robert, Duke of Normandy; it was nearly destroyed by Owen Glendwr in 1404; and gradually it sank in importance as peaceable times came near; but in the hands of the Bute family it has become a restored residence, and chief of the few historical buildings Cardiff possesses.

The late Marquis of Bute, the trustees who succeeded him, and the present Marquis, have spent on the docks and the estates many millions sterling, but they have derived a golden recompense. They have surrounded themselves with singularly capable men; but, following the custom of the day, the Bute Docks Company has recently taken the place of the nobleman who is still the chairman of the Board of Directors. With the "inexhaustible resources" of the Welsh valleys behind it; with the "capital and enterprise" of which it boasts; with the wealth of the Butes, their earnestness, and the skill of their associates to back it; and with the colliers of that "Land of my fathers" of which "Mabon, M.P.," delights to speak and sing, to give it the backbone of labour, Cardiff should prosper in the future, as in the past.



HIGH STREET, CARDIFF.

(*Drawn in Pen and Ink from a Photograph by Messrs.* Catherall & Pritchard.)

*** The illustrations to this paper (except where otherwise stated) are engraved from photographs by Messrs. Poulton & Sons, Lee.

"WHEN THE WIND IS FROM THE EAST."

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THERE was a little old woman once lived in a hut on the edge of a stunted pine-wood, and close by a bleak and dreary moorland, in Aberdeenshire. She was, of course, reputed to be "no canny," if not exactly a witch, and when we boys went bird-nesting, we used to give her cottage a wide berth. If we did happen to come suddenly upon her, breaking the lichen-clad boughs of withered larch-trees to light her fire, it gave us quite a turn. She was very, very old, over ninety they said, and probably very faded, though not much of her face was visible even on Sundays, when she crawled to church and squatted on the pulpit-stairs. At some remote period of her life she may have had a Christian name and surname, but now, in her old age, she was universally called "Sod-head." A "sod," in the north of Scotland, is not simply a turf, it is a turf cut in a moss or from a hill, and is covered with rank tall heather. When I say, then, that this old lady's idea of comfort, out-doors and in, was to wear half a dozen flannel caps and flannel bandages, and surmount the whole with an old woollen under garment, you will admit that the sobriquet, Sod-head, was deservedly applied. A little soldier in a shako looks odd; Sod-head's oddity was of the same stamp,

only ten times more so. She must have had an insane horror of sitting in a draught, or at one time she may have been a martyr to neuralgia.

Well, years flew by, and I grew up, and one day a turn of the kaleidoscope of my chequered career brought me to a village of savages on the shores of Baffin's Bay. I was returning from an unsuccessful bear-hunt, when who should pop round the corner of a hut but Sod-head herself. To all appearance, I mean. The original Sod-head had died and been buried long before. This was an Eskimo Sod-head, and, instead of flannels, her aged head was swathed in skins. This was strange, and it proves unmistakably, I think, that Sod-headism, or, broadly speaking, the craze for wearing over-much clothing, may exist in any country and in any climate. It does so to a very large extent in England, and this is just the time of year to say a word or two about it.

Spring has come—

> "Now fades the last long streak of snow,
> By ashen roots the violets blow;
> Now rings the woodland loud and long,
> The lark becomes a sightless song."

Yes, spring is a happy, hopeful time out of doors, at all events; downy buds are on the drooping willows, and burgeons on the trees; our little woodland friends, the hedgehog and dormouse, who crept wearily away when the cold winds of last autumn swept over the stubble, peep out again now, and the wild flowers come forth once more to talk to us.

"Can trouble live with April days?" sings the bard. Ah, yes, we answer, it can; and it is morbidly dreaded too by many. I cannot at this season take a stroll down the street without meeting dozens of gentlemen, as well as ladies, who are sadly over-dressed, woefully over-weighted with clothing. To say that the universal error lies in the belief that quality of clothing is sacrificed to quantity, is to get at the root of the evil at once. People heavily dressed may feel warm, but it is not always a protective warmth; it is a heat generated at the expense of muscle and nerve, and one that could be got up quite as easily, though perhaps not so elegantly, by carrying a creel full of stones on the back, as a certain Scotch millionnaire used to do in order to save fire.

Here is an example or two of the folly of over-clothing, and the insane fear of fresh air. Mr. D—— is an elderly bachelor whom I meet occasionally when I run down to T—— to look at the salt water. He suffers from dyspepsia and attacks of colds, and I do not marvel at it. The following are his habits: he does not get much more than his nose uncovered in spring until the bed-room fire has not only been lit but is burning brightly, and until he has swallowed a cup of tea or coffee. I ought to say, parenthetically, that a cup of tea or cocoatina if drunk hot while dressing—assuredly not in bed—may do good, by cleansing and clearing the stomach, and soothing and opening the system. Well, Mr. D—— dresses leisurely, very much so; and, considering the small amount of oxygen in the room, he could not well do otherwise. He would not even dream of a cold bath —if he did it would be a nightmare. But he dresses leisurely for another reason: he has so much to put on, and everything is heavy. He gets down-stairs at last, and smiles to see a roaring fire in the grate, but glances uneasily towards the window, lest the sand-bag may have been taken off the top of the lower sash, and a mischief-making draught got in. After breakfast, which is not a hearty meal, he dresses to go out—that is to say, *if* he is to venture out at all. His dressing to go out consists in heaping extra garments over those he already wears: a thick, tight top-coat, leggings, a soft fear-nothing cap, and goloshes. Then, armed with a huge umbrella, he sallies forth. Probably it is a delightful day, with sunshine sparkling on the waves, and a bracing breeze sweeping free over sea and land, and blowing white clouds across the sky's bright blue. There is no poetry about Mr. D—— though; the sea-gulls, that in the very exuberance of their joy wheel screaming round the rocks, are simply sea-gulls and "yelling things;" he looks suspiciously at the clouds, and thinks it would be just his luck if it came on to rain, and believes himself very hardly dealt by because the wind catches him sharply as he comes round a corner. His walk is a very solemn bit of exercise, and in less than half an hour he has had enough of the penance and returns to the house peevish and disappointed. Catch him going out again, he grunts; fools can go. There is a fire in this gentleman's bed-room—I would not object to that, because he has used himself to it—but every nook and cranny by which a cubic inch of fresh air might enter is carefully stopped. Now, how could such a person be otherwise than dyspeptic, bilious, and subject to colds?

Here, again, is Mrs. P—— whom I meet sometimes on sunny spring forenoons, leading her black-and-tan doggie along the esplanade. I pity the dog, though I believe it is for his sake she indulges in this piece of solemnity called by courtesy a constitutional. Seen from a distance, Mrs. P—— looks positively portly; but when you come close to her, her thin wan face tells you at a glance that she is mostly clothes. Now, Mrs. P—— is not a patient of mine, and I do not know what her domestic habits are; but I can tell you that Mr. D—— sleeps at night under a weight of clothes that would give the strongest man in the world general debility in a fortnight.

In spring-time it is the custom in this country to blame all trifling ailments, depression of spirits, temporary colds, and aches, and biliousness, on the east wind, if it dares to blow at all. Now, I do not allege that exposure for a long time to the wind will not give colds and other troubles; but it is a very much-belied wind, nevertheless, and if people would only eat in reason, and clothe rationally, the east wind would have a better time of it during its visit to these islands than it has.

In spring, if we would be well, we can hardly take too much exercise, especially long walks, and we ought to dress lightly but warmly. The clogging, cumbersome top-coat, the india-rubber mantle, the mackintosh, the heavy muffler, and deadly golosh,

should all be left in-doors when we go out to walk. Gloves should be worn, warm thick stockings, and easy soft shoes ; a light silk scarf may be taken—and put on if required—and also an umbrella ; but these are all the arms which one should carry against the weather if he or she values health.

Verily, prevention is better than cure. But if we cuddle ourselves up in-doors in badly-ventilated, over-heated rooms, and take our exercise abroad, laden to the earth with extra clothing, we cannot be well either in body or in mind. We shall be peevish all day, destitute of spirit and ambition ; we shall have wretched appetites, sluggish livers, and restless nights.

In a previous paper I spoke of some of the ailments incidental to the cold spring months; I will here mention one or two more which, pray mark this, are *preventible* by means hinted at above.

Here is one troublesome complaint of the season —relaxed sore throat. There may be more or less huskiness with it, and a nasty, hacking cough. There is relaxation of the uvula and a swelling of the tonsils ; and the worst of it is that it hangs about one for weeks, threatening many kinds of mischief, and making the sufferer frightened and uneasy.

Now we must not imagine that we are going to cure this trouble by medicine or local applications alone. Though there be no disturbance of the general health attached to it, it is constitutional nevertheless. The real cure for it is not to be found in bed, nor at the fire-side. Change of air or climate would do good, but every one cannot get it. Exercise *must* be taken, and good, easily-digested food. Iron in some form should also be taken if the gums and face be pale. The dialysed iron of the shops, or simply the tincture of iron, is excellent. The latter is apt to bind, so some Cascara extract should be taken now and then. Wine is recommended by some, but I take leave to doubt its efficacy. Milk is invaluable, and change in diet should be constant.

The best local applications are a mixture of glycerine and tincture of iron, two parts of the former to one of the latter, painted quite all over the inside of the throat and elongated uvula thrice a day by means of a big camel's-hair brush ; or tannate of glycerine used in the same way and the last thing at night.

If the cough is very bad, something more serious *might* be brewing, therefore you had better consult a physician.

I mention *neuralgia* only to remind the reader that this is also as often as not a constitutional complaint. It is easily brought on—face-ache I mean—in those whose teeth are bad, and it is a pity that so little care is taken to conserve the teeth in this country. I do not refer entirely to the dentist's art in conservation ; this is very good, but those persons whose teeth are constitutionally prone to decay, should be more than ordinarily careful to live by rule.

Beware of the existing causes of neuralgia, such as exposure to high winds, sitting in draughts, and cold or damp feet. Take time by the forelock as regards hollowing teeth. I say "hollowing" advisedly, for most people wait till the tooth is a positive shell before thinking of a visit to the dentist. Remember you cannot lose a better friend than a tooth. Without good sound teeth, good sound digestion is an impossibility.

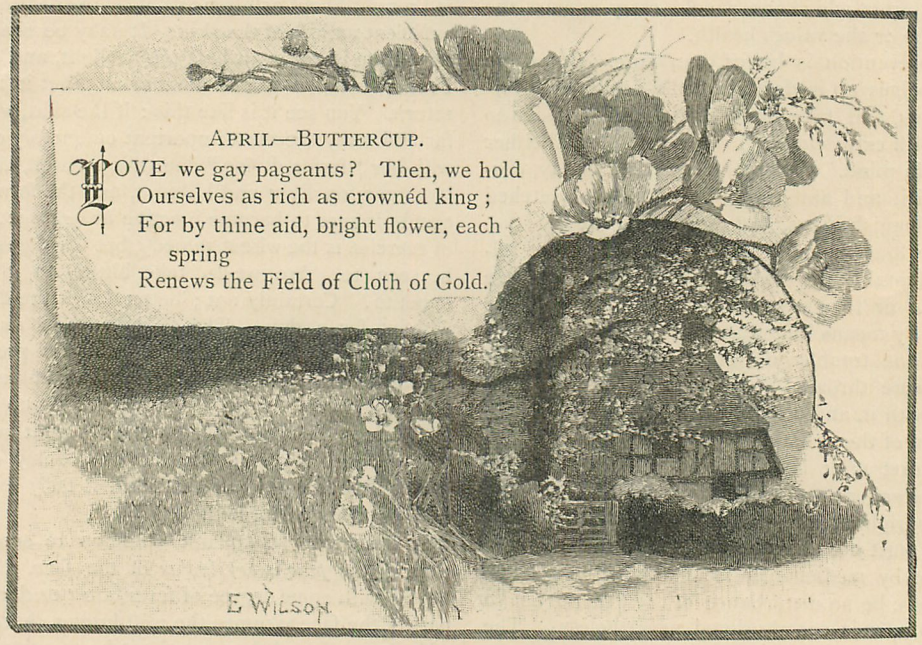
Biliousness is a very common spring complaint. It is brought about as often as not by over-eating, and insufficient action of the skin. It may be scared away for a time by taking a blue pill at night, and a dose of Frederickshall water in the morning, but it is sure to return. You see it is like this : if the skin, which is by far and away the most important emunctory connected with our "forms divine," does not act well, extra work is thrown on liver and kidneys, and the former at all events is sure to become inactive or engorged. Plenty of exercise is the wisest remedy, but the digestion must be seen to. Are we to take bitters to give us an appetite? Certainly not ; better lower the diet, or go without for a day. The flesh-brush or rough towel after a cold or tepid bath is an excellent preventative of liver troubles, and creates almost an immunity from colds. Exercise is only good when kept up regularly for weeks. The country squire takes what he calls "a pipe-opener" by galloping across country on horse-back. Pipe-opening of this kind is truly excellent *if* it is regularly performed.

A distressing complaint common to some at this time of the year is *erysipelas* of the face. It usually begins with some degree of fever, after or during which part of the face assumes the well-known characteristics of "the rose," and these need not be mentioned.

Now in all cases of erysipelas of any severity a medical man should be consulted ; but the treatment of milder cases may be undertaken at home, and it is both internal and external. The strength should be kept up by easily-digested nutritious food. The patient must keep in-doors in a warm, well-ventilated, but not hot room. The best medicine—looked upon by some as a specific—is the tincture of iron, in large doses, and reduced to ten or fifteen drops when the local inflammation abates. The face may be dusted with flour, or, better, covered with light warm cotton-wool. Collodion is sometimes used, and so is a solution of nitrate of silver, but this your own doctor would have to apply. Those who are subject to erysipelas should beware of eating anything indigestible—*e.g.*, salt meat, and some kinds of shell-fish. They must keep their strength at all times well up to the mark, and avoid exposure and sudden changes, as in going from a hot room into cold air. Gout may bring on an attack, so guard against biliousness or acidity of the blood. Exercise and the bath are really preventatives not only against "the rose," but every other complaint that is said to be borne along on the wings of the east wind.

The proprietor of a patent medicine called Meuphrosine requests us to state that it was not the remedy alluded to by our contributor in our February issue. Our contributor confirms this, and states that he knows nothing whatever of the medicine in question, and cannot therefore express any opinion regarding it.

FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS.



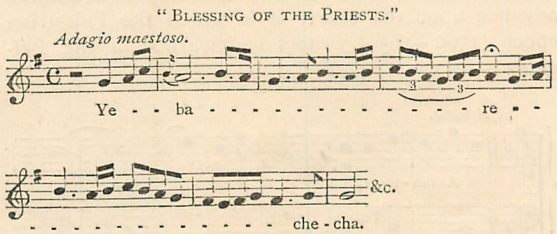
PEERING INTO SONG-WORLDS.

NO realm of art has wider range than the world of song. One may compass the history of most forms of musical art, and discover the origin of a musical instrument, even if dependence be placed upon mythic stories like that of the inquiring ancient, strolling Nile's banks, and discovering the first lyre in a sun-dried shell, as plucked by the thrice-illustrious Hermes. But song takes us back periods of time. It begins with Nature's first voice, when Sound broke out in its thousand shades and colourings, from the gentle monotone of bees to the terrific roar of monster ocean. All that was before may have been an indescribable stillness or a very madness of noise, but it is this world of sound—Nature's great diapason—which we draw upon when moulding into shape the nursery lullaby, or the more ambitious song or aria which commands the admiration of plebeian and patrician alike.

Man and beast have one characteristic in common: they both can sound monophonic tones; and with primitive man, just as in the savage of to-day, this power would be first employed in the natural cravings of everyday life and existence, and in the imitation of sounds of life around him. Thus the Kamtschatkadales get this succession of tones:—

not from any musical system, but by imitating the tones of the wild duck, and which are only the arpeggio'd forms of our chords $\frac{5}{3}$, $\frac{6}{4}$. The moanings of beasts and the cries of bird and man—these would be imitated for funeral chants, and would account for the scales and tones of savage tribes partaking of the quality of the minor modes. Such would have been the origin of the Egyptian Maneros, which the Greeks called Linos (*Αἶνος*)—a primitive lament which has been traced to Phœnicia, and is the oldest song in the world. The development of man's vocal and imitative capacity would be natural enough. In order to give expression to the wants the voice would be raised or depressed, and in this way recitative, and subsequently melody, had its origin; for after all melody itself is only a species of finished and sustained recitative. A remarkable feature of primitive vocal efforts, seen in all the songs of savages, is their small compass—confined generally to a few notes, and seldom extending

beyond the fifth The Gregorian tones are pitched within this moderate compass; and in Hebrew music, some of it by tradition from the Temple itself, much the same characteristic presents itself:—



The Melos (μελος) of the Greeks introduces tune, or song, for the first time to some rightful, though not pre-eminent, place and value. The Greeks had the tetrachord, which they probably borrowed from the Egyptians; but this compass was insufficient to express even their limited use for melody, so they doubled the tetrachord and gave future musical worlds the eight-note scale.

Slow as had been the growth of melodic succession from primitive man to the Greek age, even this classic people regarded tune as a mere accessory in their mathematically considered system, and it was not until Northern Europe took possession of it that music became a new art—with a great element in its melody—far surpassing in breadth, beauty, and realism anything that any one of the nations of antiquity conceived.

The Church stood the first sheltering-place for tune and melody. The Roman scourge destroyed all art-sympathy, and, save as a trumpet-call, melody slept, if we except the old Greek modes and ancient Hebrew airs which the early Christians kept alive. Meanwhile, Northern Europe broke out into harmony, and from Flanders spread the new art of polyphonous music—noble harmonies on which alone flowing melodies could be based, adequately to fulfil the no longer soul-less mission of melody which was opened out to it with the advent of the broadening spirit of the Middle Ages. Ancient melody (homophony) now dropped out for ever. Yet many Netherlanders whose names shine brightly amid the dim light of early musical life—many such came and went before melody soared on silvern wings. It was not till the latter half of the eleventh century that it began to be largely used by the Provençal and other bards, who improvised airs to their mother-tongue, and under the names of troubadours, *jongleurs*, *giullari*, &c., travelled from court to court, receiving food, money, clothes, and arms in reward for their captivating music. Generally of a simple and fascinating character, such improvisations were adapted to poems of religious and historical interest, and afforded such pleasure that not only were minstrels encouraged, but the law gave them an excellent *locus standi*, and kings, as with our own Alfred, did not disdain to be of their company; for, as Schiller perceived:—

> "Singers with kings may wander hand in hand,
> Equal on highest mortal heights they stand."

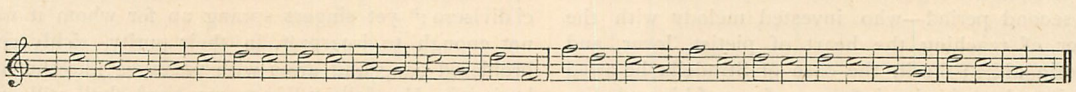
Taillefer, Norman soldier and minstrel, who enjoyed the front rank of the Conqueror's army at Hastings, and whose song was the "Chanson de Roland," was the father of all such *jongleurs*:—

> "Before the Duke he sang the strain
> Of Roland and of Carlemaine."

Blondel's song, which was instrumental in restoring to England its Richard; another, "L'Autrier per la Matinée," by the troubadour-king of Navarre—a song which graceful Mario used sometimes to sing; these, with the famous satirical song, "Malbrough," in which, as in many others, the French, because they could not kill the great head of the house of Churchill, endeavoured to sing him to death—these all have historical interest, and are the precursors of the national and political ballad which every country boasts.

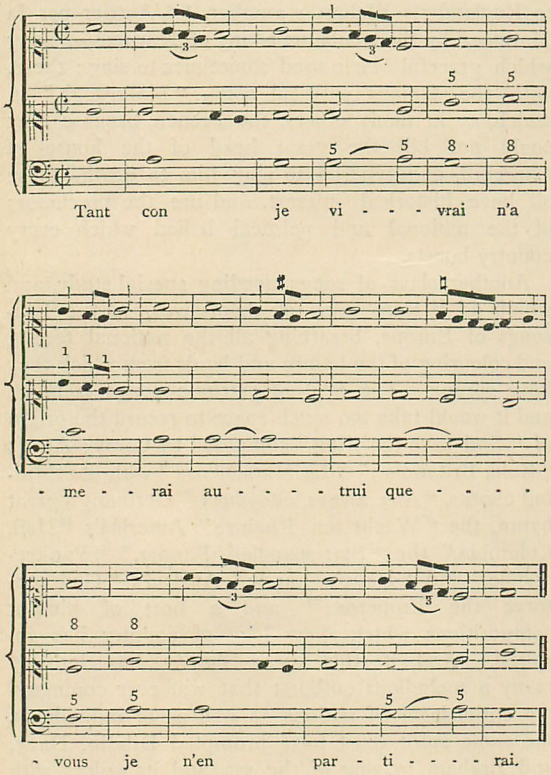
Another class of songs needing special study, and which as it were grew of themselves, is the folk-songs of Europe, breathing all the national feeling and colouring of the homes and lands from which they have sprung. The field of patriotic songs is large, and it would take too much space to record the origin of "God save the King," composed by Carey; Arne's "Rule, Britannia;" "La Marseillaise" with its thrilling chorus, "Aux armes, citoyens;" Germany's great hymn, the "Wacht am Rheim;" America's "Hail, Columbia," the "Star-spangled Banner," "Yankee-doodle," and "Dixie's Land;" Austria's "God preserve the Emperor;" and a host of similar compositions which sheer love of country has inspired. And if this *amor patriæ* has induced many a melodious outburst that will ever command the enthusiasm of nations as well as of individuals, the same spirit must have prompted Dibdin, Davy, and Braham to sing of the sea and its sailors with the pathos felt in "The Bay of Biscay," "The Anchor's Weighed," and "Tom Bowling;" nor can we value less the tender sentiment and emotion which have led to the expression of such affecting strains as "She wore a Wreath of Roses," "My Mother bids me bind my Hair," "I know a Bank," and many others, appealing to us, as they do irresistibly, from their affinity with some unforgotten circumstance, association, or custom.

Without entering deeply into the growth of song, we look upon the period of the early contrapuntists as the first epoch in modern melodic art. Those Netherlanders, Dufay, Ockenheim, Josquin des Près, Willaert,

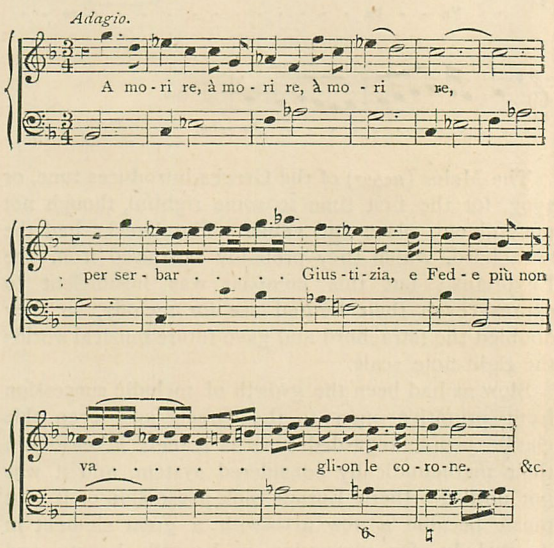


ANCIENT CHINESE MELODY IN PRAISE OF THE DEAD, NOT EXCEEDING THE FIVE TONES OF THE OLD CHINESE SCALE: F, THE PATRIARCH OF ALL CHINESE TONES, FORMING THE BEGINNING, MIDDLE, AND END OF THE MELODY.

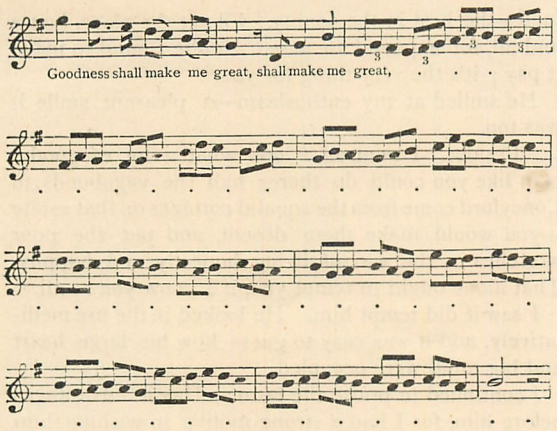
and others, flourished from 1300 to 1500, and their aid consisted in adding voice parts to a principal melody (*Cantus firmus*), which the tenor voice sustained—until Palestrina (1514—94) gave it to the soprano. The old French Chanson, composed by Adam de la Hale, who lived at the courts of the Counts of Provence about 1280, illustrates not so much this method of early composition as a kind which preceded it, called *discantus*—a name given to the performances of singers who clothed with extempore harmony the theme or plain song set before them. The example shows the remarkable gift of melody possessed by this early labourer in the art :—



It was with the burst of music's life in Italy that melody and song spread. The Netherlanders had gone into Italy (1480—1520) and taught its sons all that their hearts held of consonances and dissonances; and ere long the contrapuntal art of the Belgians, comparatively unmelodious, had to yield to the beautiful style of the Italians, which began to reach perfection at the coming in of the seventeenth century. Palestrina, Gabrieli, Monteverde — each should be remembered for the part rendered in beautifying melody ; but it was Carissimi, Scarlatti, Stradella, and Pergolesi of the early Italian school—our second period—who invested melody with the power of reaching the heart of pietist, lover, and assassin alike ; for in the case of Stradella he owed his life to the softening influence of one of his melodies upon the hearts of some desperadoes who had been sent to kill him. In Carissimi the subsequent warmth and grace peculiar to his country's art are perceptible enough. The following air, extracted from a beautiful cantata on Mary Queen of Scots, is simple and pathetic in the extreme, and shows a marked advance upon the severe style which the Palestrina epoch (1500—1650) writers had learned of the Belgians :—



A third period in melodic development came of the singer's caprice. Italy had discovered its soil to be peculiar to a truly indigenous fruit—a perfect singer and method of singing. This element transplanted itself in France, Germany, and Italy, bearing all the traditions of its perfect style, and impregnating song-forms especially with its flowing grace and polished turn and expression. It was not that a great race of composers came and wrote scenas and airs unparalleled for their beauty, brilliancy, and florid detail ; but rather that the singing art, having burst into life, proved an agent which the great masters of Italy and Germany were glad to recognise. Thus came a new order of florid song, seen to perfection in the sacred and secular works of Handel, as well as in the magnificent operatic creations of Spontini, Rossini, Mercadante, Donizetti, Bellini, and Verdi. But there came an evil. At the budding of the singing-art, the vocalist rendered what was written for him ; but art and nature broke this bond and improved upon the composer ! At this epoch (1650—1800) the world was enriched by a chain of master-minds—the Titans of music—who, recognising in the trained human voice the medium of highest thought and expression, wrote accordingly. Mozart and Mercadante penned lovely and lavish melodies like "Il mio tesoro intanto," and "In Terra ci divisero ;" yet singers sprang up for whom it was not enough to interpret, in their purity, richly embroidered song and arias with passages like the following in Handel's "Virtue my Soul shall still embrace" :—



—rather a "pumper," seventy-six notes to one vowel —which the redoubtable master himself would have needed a "breath" to accomplish! The singer would do more! Rossini was among others to combat this, and he adopted the plan of writing such florid airs that to interlard them with additional ornament became almost impossible. Thus was reached the *bravura* air, seen to perfection in Rossini's "Songs for All Voices," as well as in the writings of other modern Italian masters. Such vocal pieces constitute the highest summit of solo song—a height better suited to display the singer than to aid the cause of art.

Modern song lies low of the eminence to which the masters of music carried this form. It is essentially, and too often deliberately, an ephemeral production, appealing only for the popularity of the hour. When the story of the Victorian era is written this blot will be seen to have marred our musical-art progress. With few exceptions the tendency has been to cater for the momentary taste of the public, and this is to be deplored. Here and there is a song of noble sentiment and valubale artistic merit, but speaking generally, the song has been tempered to the age, and this leans, so far as music is concerned, towards a sickly and maudlin sentimentality which over-rides the better musical feeling. Where is the successor to the lofty style and fluent archness of Bishop's "Should he upbraid," "Tell me, my Heart," or "Lo! here the gentle Lark," or the grace of "I've been roaming" (Horn), or "Cherry Ripe," or the purity of Shield's "The Thorn"? These are songs breathing the national character as pointedly and as honestly as a nation's songs can, and it is to be regretted that during the past thirty or forty years they have given place among composers to a style of ballad meagre as music, and unworthy the culture of the age. It is not that we have had no musicians. The bane has been the grasping spirit of the times, culminating in the royalty-fiend, fatal in its effect upon any art-work, of any age or country.

Frederick J. Crowest.

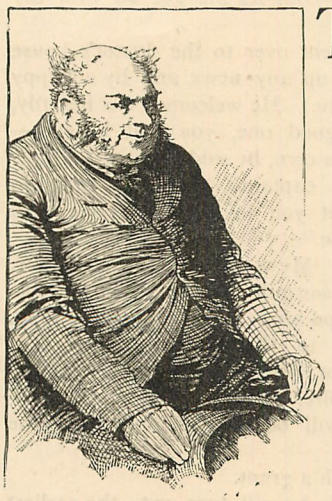
BY MISADVENTURE.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "Harlowe's Helpmate," "Hidden Gold," "The Great Hesper," &c.

"Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils."—Milton.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

DR. AWDREY PERSEVERES.



THERE is a wire blind to the window of my office facing the street, so that as I sit at my table I can see what is going on out of doors. This is very convenient to a country lawyer, who sees his clients pull up at his door, and is thus prepared to meet them.

The morning after my last visit to Flexmore House I heard the crunching of wheels in the ice of the gutter, and, glancing through the aforesaid blind, I caught sight of Dr. Awdrey. The old gig had been mended, and he had bought a new nag of the same sober sort as the last. "Ha, ha!" thought I; "he's come to settle about the two thousand a year that Nurse Gertrude is to receive."

It must be remembered that the particulars of the interview between Lynn Yeames and Miss Dalrympie, which I have set down in the last chapter, had not then come to my knowledge.

Dr. Awdrey came in clapping his hands, for, I remember, it was bitterly cold; and, pulling off one of his knitted gloves, he gave me his hand. His nose was red, but his fine kindly eyes sparkled brightly; and he had in his face that expression of virile energy, and vigour, and triumph, which one may see on a man when he has broken the ice to take his morning plunge. But there are difficulties to overcome in carrying out a healthy moral principle, that call for just as much nerve and courage as diving through half an inch of ice; and it has often struck me that if one braved as much personal inconvenience and discomfort in the service of humanity as he will endure for the mere sake of self-glorification, it would be infinitely better for oneself and one's fellow-creatures.

It was a moral plunge of this kind that animated and beautified the doctor's face that morning, I felt sure.

He sat down before the fire warming his hands and talking about the weather for some minutes; then, after a pause, he said—

"Are there any farms to let about here, Keene, do you know?"

"Yes," said I; "you may take your pick of them for ten miles round."

"Is that a fact? Do you mean what you say?"

"Certainly. There's not a farmer who would not give up if he could find any one to take the land off his hands."

"How's that?"

"They're losing money."

"Why? Is the rent too high?"

"Land was never so cheap before. Rents have gone down fifty per cent."

"Then why don't farming pay?"

"I'll tell you," said I; "it's because your farmer is too genteel to work, and has to pay another for doing what he ought to do himself—that's one reason."

"If a man were not too genteel to work, if he put his heart and soul into it, if he went into it as a man goes into battle, setting his heart and soul on winning, how then?"

"He would make it pay—I'd stake my reputation on it!" I exclaimed. "You know nothing about farming, doctor; but with your dogged perseverance and a certain amount of intelligence that you would bring to bear on it, even you might make it pay; and I'll guarantee that you would make more by it than by your medical practice."

"I am very glad to hear you think so," said he cheerfully.

"Why? Do you think of taking a farm?" I asked hopefully.

He nodded. I was never better pleased in my life, and I told him so.

"It will make a new man of you," said I. "It will give you new life. You'll see that there's something better than physic—though I suppose if any one with the toothache sends for you in the middle of the night, you'll turn out."

"I dare say I shall," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye that perplexed me. However, I was too pleased just then to trouble myself with speculations.

"Now, there's Thibald's farm," said I. "You could get that at fifteen shillings an acre, I know."

"Too far off. How about Captain Ranger's farm—do you think he wants to give up?"

"I know he does. He must. Can't go on losing eight hundred a year."

"Eight hundred a year? That's a good deal to lose," he said, drawing a long face.

"Why does he lose it? Because he never goes out of the house except to hunt or shoot; because he is lounging about his billiard-room instead of looking after his accounts when he's at home; because his wife keeps four servants; because he pays Evans three hundred a year for robbing him; and because he's no more a farmer than you are a lawyer. It's famous land—the best in the county. I'll get the place, house and all, for a pound an acre. You're bound to make it pay; it's the very thing for you."

He smiled at my enthusiasm—a pleasant smile it was too.

"Besides," I went on, "look what a lot of good a man like you could do there; half the vagabonds in Coneyford come from the squalid cottages on that estate—you would make them decent, and put the poor wretches in the way of living honestly and happily. That alone ought to tempt you, if I know you at all."

I saw it did tempt him. He looked in the fire meditatively, and it was easy to guess how his large heart and big mind were occupied.

I continued to praise the farm and lay its advantages before him, for I had a strong motive in wishing him to take it. It adjoined the Dingle; from the windows of the farmhouse he would look over the pleasant meadows to Miss Dalrymple's cottage.

"Well," said he, rising, "I shall go over and look at the farm this afternoon perhaps. Do you know if Captain Ranger is at home?"

"He is, and will be only too glad to see you. I'll send a note up to him this morning. Leave all the negotiations to me. I shall manage that better than you could."

We shook hands and parted; but as soon as he was gone a misgiving seized me. That misgiving was verified when I caught sight of him in the afternoon jogging along in the gig towards Captain Ranger's, with Lynn Yeames on the seat beside him.

It was for Lynn, not for himself, he wanted the farm. I saw now why he had pitched upon that particular one; he also was aware that it was side by side with the Dingle. If anything could promote the union of Lynn Yeames and Miss Dalrymple, it was this propinquity; for here, he must have reflected, the young man would be urged to do his best, that she might see he had the good qualities—the energy, the resolution which he pretended to, and she——But let me get on with my narrative.

In the evening I went over to the doctor's house to see if I could pick up any news, and by a happy chance he was at home. He welcomed me heartily, gave me a cigar—a good one, you may be sure—and when he had lit his own, he said—

"I have seen the captain's farm. It will do admirably. I will get you to arrange terms with him as early as possible."

I nodded gloomily. My want of enthusiasm now, contrasting with my warmth in the morning, was too noticeable to escape him. Like all good fellows, he was keenly alive to the humorous aspect of things, and I saw that twinkle in his eye again as he turned to poke the fire.

"I suppose there will be no difficulty about the money?" he said.

"No," I replied, with a grunt.

"When do you think he will turn out—the earliest date?"

"March the twenty-fourth."

"Not before?"

"No," I said; "and a good job too," I added, speaking to myself.

"You don't seem so eager about it as you were, Keene," he said, with a smile.

"No; I was fool enough to think you were going to take it for yourself."

If you were not so terribly prejudiced, I would look to you for help in the matter."

Nothing annoys me so much as to be accused of prejudice. It's bad enough to be told of the faults one has; but to be fathered with the very vice you pride yourself on being free from is exasperating. I dashed my cigar in the fire, and half turned my back on the doctor.

"I CLIMBED OVER THE FENCE THAT SEPARATED IT FROM THE DINGLE PADDOCK" (*p.* 301).

"And you have found out that the future tenant is to be——"

"Lynn Yeames! It's too good for him," said I angrily.

"We shall see."

"Yes, we shall see him lose money—that's a comfort."

"He can't lose more than eight hundred a year."

"I'm not so sure about that. Who's to pay his losses?"

"I am."

"I thought so," I growled.

"I see no better way of executing Flexmore's wishes.

"I'm not clever at this kind of thing—I'm clumsy," said he, taking no notice of my irritation; "I feel the need of counsel."

"Well, let me hear what you've got to say," said I, turning round, with a resolve to be as impartial in my dealings with Yeames as if he were unknown to me.

"I have no right to any of this money virtually," he said.

"I won't admit that, to begin with," I replied. "Flexmore willed the money to you, and signed his will when he was in health, and had the ability to reason the matter out: the will he did not sign was

decided upon when he was sick and unable to reason upon it."

"You will admit that in either case he intended this money to go to the man Miss Dalrymple should marry." I assented to this proposition, and he continued: "It is no longer a question whether I shall marry her—that is settled for ever."

"But it is a question whether Lynn will marry her, and that is not settled for ever."

"They will marry," he said emphatically; "the only thing that separates them is this miserable question of money. I thought it might be arranged by giving the money to Miss Dalrymple; but, from what she said yesterday to Lynn, it is doubtful if she will accept it."

"I don't believe she will accept it, and, come to that, I don't see why she should. Her feelings are just as fine as yours, and she has no more right to the money than—according to your own notions—you have."

"That is the mistake I made, and it has increased the difficulty. Lynn firmly admits that he has behaved badly to Miss Dalrymple under the irritation of this wretched money question, and declares that he can never dare to stand in her presence until he has redeemed his character."

I was heartily glad to hear this, and I said so.

"It struck me in the night," he continued, "that Lynn with his love of out-door exercise, and his physical strength and vigour, could do something with a farm. I feel sure that he only needs occupation to develop his better qualities and make a capital good fellow of him. It would steady him, Keene; he has told me over and over again that he needs an object in life to strive for. We all must have that, or live a trivial and contemptible existence. And striving to attain that object will just give him that steadfastness of character that he seems to lack at present—and no wonder. As you pointed out this morning, there are lots of capabilities for an earnest and sharp fellow in the captain's farm, and I sincerely believe that as he works on he will rise in his own esteem, until he feels that he may once more address himself to Miss Dalrymple. And do you think she will refuse him when she sees how he has strengthened his character by working heart and soul for her sake?"

"Well, if he will only work heart and soul for his own sake, it's as much as I can expect of him. Let him begin with that; we shall see about the rest. You have spoken to him on this subject?"

"Yes: we went together to look at the farm this afternoon. He is delighted with it, is confident of success, and eager to begin."

I was not surprised to hear this. Every one thinks he has the wit to make a farm pay by just riding about on a cob and giving orders; and to be a "gentleman farmer" is the desire of a good many lazy young gentlemen — especially when there's good shooting in the neighbourhood, and a comfortable house, with an excellent billiard-table in it.

"Is he sufficiently confident in himself to work it on his own responsibility, or will he work it at your risk?" I asked.

"Oh, of course I shall take the risk—he has no money—he is in debt indeed."

"You did not promise any given sum?"

"No; I left that to be arranged with you. That is the subject on which I want advice. I did not wish to make a second muddle."

I smiled at the possibility of Lynn refusing the money if it had been offered him, but said nothing. It was a difficult question how to dispose of the money in dealing with a rascal on the one hand, and two people with such particularly sensitive and fine feelings on the other; however, after turning it over in my mind for some minutes, I began to see my way to a safe arrangement.

"If you are still resolved on parting with your money, I think I see how it may be done without too much risk," said I. "We will start with the idea that when Flexmore House is sold, the Dingle Cottage paid for, and everything squared up, you have two thousand a year to dispose of for nine years from this date. Half of that must be put away as a reserve fund. Out of the other half you must pay Miss Dalrymple's salary and the expenses of Laure and the Cottage—say, roughly, four hundred a year. That leaves six hundred to meet the losses on the farm and pay interest on the capital invested on going in. If Yeames makes farming pay, so much the better for him; he can pocket the profit, and the six hundred can be added to the reserve fund."

"And what is to be done with the reserve fund?"

"I'm coming to that. At the end of nine years, when Miss Dalrymple ceases to be Laure's guardian, the reserve sum shall be drawn out and paid over in a lump to Miss Dalrymple if she is single (whether she likes it or not—she will be older and wiser then, I dare say), or to her husband if she is married. Here is an inducement for Yeames to develop his fine qualities, to work hard and win Miss Dalrymple, for then he will come in for the whole amount arising from the bequest. Now, there's an arrangement advantageous enough for Yeames in all conscience. It does not benefit you one penny-piece, and so ought to be acceptable; and it carries out Flexmore's last wishes to a tittle."

"That seems a capital arrangement," said Awdrey cheerfully. "I should think Yeames would be pleased with it."

"He ought to be," said I.

But I was very doubtful whether he would be; for a greedy man will not be satisfied with ten thousand a year, if he thinks he may by hook or by crook get twenty.

However, he had the grace to express entire satisfaction with the arrangement when Awdrey explained it to him, and the doctor bade me conclude negotiations with Captain Ranger as quickly as possible.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

ANOTHER SPOKE IN MR. YEAMES'S WHEEL.

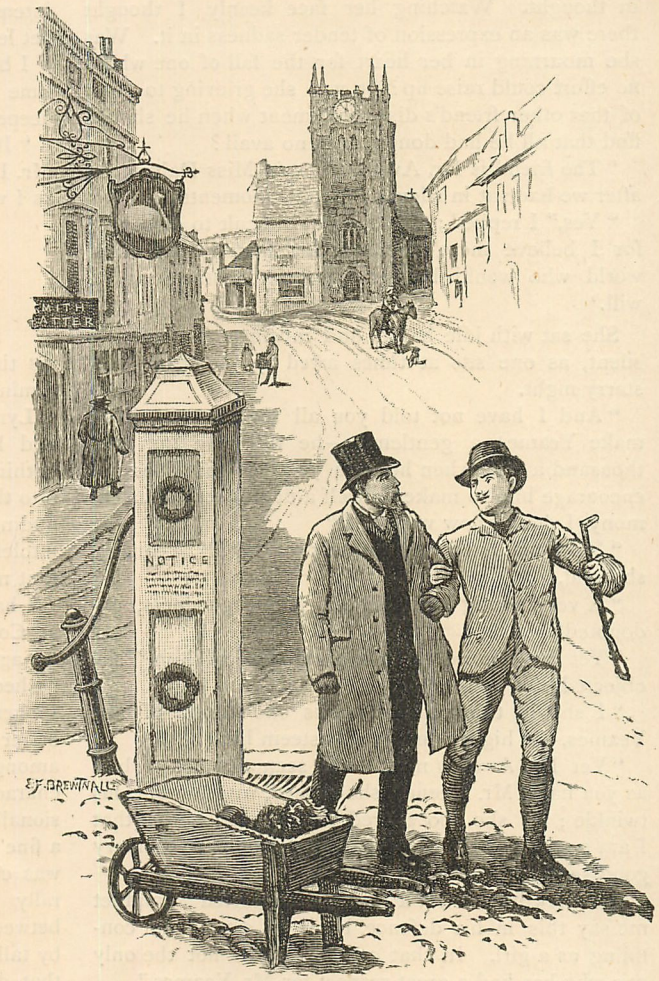
THE following week Miss Dalrymple moved into her new home with all her household; and one morning

when I had been to settle affairs with Captain Ranger, I walked across the meadow, climbed over the fence that separated it from the Dingle paddock, and made my way to the Cottage. I found everything in its place, and the whole house as neat and comfortable as if the tenants had been there a year.

It seemed to me that I had never seen Nurse Gertrude to such advantage. Black was certainly becoming to her, and her dress was, to my eyes, the perfection of grace and elegance, giving fulness to her figure which, as I have said before, was, in my opinion, a trifle too slight. Her carriage was never wanting in dignity, but I thought she bore herself with the air of one conscious of being mistress of the house. Yet there was no stiffness or formality in her manner; little Laure herself did not welcome me with sweeter smiles.

Bright fires were burning, and a cat and a dog shared the hearth-rug amicably; the sun streamed through on to the new carpet; there were flowers and berries here and there, an open work-table, besides many signs of modern taste and refinement, which, though rather out of keeping with an old-fashioned bachelor's notions, nevertheless impressed me favourably. We old ones have had our day; the young must have theirs; and though we cling to the things of our youth we must submit to their being pushed aside, for every change is in the direction of the higher and better, though we may fail to see it.

"Yes," said I, looking about me, "everything is bright and charming. It is prettier than the old house. That was comfortable for old folks, but this is in harmony with your young faces."



"I SAW THEM GOING ALONG THE HIGH STREET TOGETHER" (*p.* 305).

Then I sat down by the fire and we fell to talking about the neighbours. I learnt that they had already received visitors, though it was scarcely time to expect them, and I was glad to hear this, not only because it would be good for Laure to find companions of her own age, but for Miss Dalrymple's sake also. Mixing among people who must appreciate her excellent qualities, it was ten to one that some decent young fellow would fall in love with her, and good might come of it. One thing I had made up my mind upon: if Dr. Awdrey wouldn't have her, Mr. Lynn Yeames shouldn't. Although the running at present looked favourable for Lynn, the race was not won yet by many a length, and I had a strong belief that he would be found nowhere when the marriage-bell rang.

"And who else has called upon you, Miss Dalrymple?" I asked, when Laure left the room. "Has Mr. Yeames paid you another visit since we last met?"

I wondered whether the little frown with which she replied in the negative implied that she was hurt by his neglect, or vexed at the thought of his calling upon her again.

"I was told that he intends to redeem his character before he again presents himself," said I.

"I am very glad to hear it," she replied, taking up her work.

"However, you will be able to see him, for he is to be a near neighbour." I fancied that she did not look particularly pleased at this intimation. "He is going to live in the house over there, and from this window you will be able to see him, if you get up early, mowing his fields, following his team, throwing heart and soul and money into the noble endeavour to become a worthy member of society and a model farmer."

She laid her work in her lap, and, looking at me incredulously, said—

"But I understood that Mr. Yeames was in difficulties."

"What does that matter? He has found a friend who's a bigger fool than he in some respects, willing to pay his debts, and spend a thousand a year besides to make a worthy gentleman of him. Do you think he will succeed?"

She did not reply to my question, but sat absorbed

in thought. Watching her face keenly, I thought there was an expression of tender sadness in it. Was she mourning in her heart for the fall of one whom no effort could raise up? or was she grieving to think of that other friend's disappointment when he should find that all he had done was of no avail?

"The friend is Dr. Awdrey?" said Miss Dalrymple, after we had sat in silence for some moments.

"Yes," I replied; "that is not difficult to discover; for I believe there's not another man in the whole world who would beggar himself for others as he will."

She sat with idle hands and musing eyes, still and silent, as one sits at times awed by the beauty of a starry night.

"And I have not told you all that he will do to make Yeames a gentleman—he will give him two thousand a year when he wins you. If that does not encourage him to make himself a fit subject for matrimony, I don't know what will."

"He must have a great respect for Mr. Yeames," she said.

"A very strong belief in his latent goodness, undoubtedly," I said.

"Yet he has not seen a great deal of him," she objected.

"I should think that the less one knows of Mr. Yeames, the higher one would esteem him."

"Yet Dr. Awdrey must have seen as much of him as you have, Mr. Keene," she replied, with a malicious twinkle; for she too shared the common notion that I am a man subject to prejudice, despite her ordinary good sense.

"Dr. Awdrey is not a lawyer," I retorted; "and let me say this in his defence, he is as simple and confiding as a girl. In that category he is not the only one who has had a great respect for Mr. Yeames."

"How am I to reply to that thrust?" she asked, with a smile.

"By telling me that if Dr. Awdrey had as intimate an acquaintance with Mr. Yeames as you have, his respect would have evaporated."

"But still his faith in latent good qualities might exist," said she.

"I know *his* love would remain unaltered; and while he thinks Yeames capable of goodness, and you capable of loving him, he will endeavour to bring about your marriage."

"*His* love?" she repeated questioningly, with a little emphasis.

"His love," I said again; "'and greater love hath no man than this—that he lay down his life for his friend.'"

"Do you think he loves Mr. Yeames to such an extent as that?"

"I was not thinking of Mr. Yeames," said I; "he is not the only friend concerned: it is a friend better known, more highly prized in his heart, for whom that brave man would lay down his life."

The malicious smile provoked by our little passage of arms faded from her lips, the colour left her cheek, her dark eyes deepened as she looked at me with intense earnestness, to read in my face what I had yet left untold.

I believe she realised at that moment for the first time that Dr. Awdrey loved her with a love that is deeper than friendship.

"If I have not put a considerable long spoke in Mr. Lynn's wheel, I'm a Dutchman," said I to myself, as I went away from Dingle Cottage.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

THE FIRST CHARGE AGAINST DR. AWDREY.

As time went on, however, my faith in that spoke diminished.

Lynn Yeames had the sagacity to leave Coneyford, and keep out of sight, knowing that he could do nothing to re-establish his character until he had got into the farm where he was to work such wonders, or finding the bad weather that succeeded the frost intolerable, or society dull, or for some other reason that may be clearer later on.

I have said that he had made himself very popular at Coneyford with his charities, his reckless riding, his agreeable manners (to those he liked, or those he wished to like him), and his assumption of bluff, outspoken honesty. People were inclined to think even better of him in his absence than when he was amongst them, remembering the pleasant side of his character, and forgetting the little slips which occasionally awakened suspicion. He was spoken of as a fine type of muscular Christianity. Miss Dalrymple was constantly with these people, and as it was generally understood that a tacit engagement existed between her and Yeames, they thought to please her by talking about him, and sounding his praises. Then that dear, stupid old doctor, whenever he got a letter from Lynn, must needs show it to her and dilate on the fine prospect extending before a young fellow with such manly feeling and high aim. I was at Dingle Cottage several times when he called, and it seemed to me he only came there to talk about Lynn, or discuss the things he might do when he took possession of Captain Ranger's farm—evidently seeking to interest her in the improvements that might be made on the estate with a view to her sharing in Lynn's occupation when they should be near neighbours. Miss Dalrymple could not listen to all these direct or indirect praises of Lynn without being influenced in his favour. But how could I undo the mischief? What was the good of my firing shot after shot at a wary enemy who kept just out of range? No one supported me—not a soul! I stood there alone in my dislike and mistrust. People laughed in my face if I said anything against him, and behind my back declared I was a spiteful, venomous, rancorous, prejudiced old man; I know they did.

It seemed to me that all the world was mad; the only evidence of sanity that I could discover was a dawning appreciation of Dr. Awdrey's merit.

You may be sure that I did not hide his light under a bushel: I let every one know the disposition he was making of the money that was legally his. People

signified that it was no more than right, considering that it was by the merest accident (culpable delay on my part some hinted) that the second will giving the trust money to Yeames was not signed; but they admitted that Awdrey had behaved well in the matter. His professional services were called for by several of the good families, and indeed, it looked as if his luck were turning at last, and he might before long get a decent living out of his practice.

But this did not reconcile me to the course of events. few hundreds a year more or less could make no difference to his happiness; but the impending blow that threatened to shatter his peace of mind for ever looked day by day more likely to fall. Lynn would undoubtedly work well at his farm at the beginning—the very novelty and romance of the thing would please him; and then, with everybody holding up hands in wonder and astonishment at his prodigious virtue and "manliness," what was to save poor Miss Dalrymple from falling into the trap and marrying him? What avail would be my single protest, now become a subject of public ridicule? Nothing. They would marry: in six months he would tire of her, and of farming; in nine months he would neglect her; in a year she would break her heart, and the doctor would be the most miserable man on the face of the earth.

It was the end of the second week in March, and people were speculating on the day when Lynn Yeames would make his appearance—for he was to take possession of the farm on quarter day—when something occurred which upset everything; it was nothing less than a moral cataclysm altering the entire aspect of affairs.

Coming home that particular afternoon, I found a visitor in my office who had been waiting there three parts of an hour to see me.

He was a little pudgy man, with a short throat, a puffy face, and eyes as like a pig's as ever I saw. He breathed with difficulty, and gasped before each sentence, and in the middle also if it was a long one. He had not much hair; what there was of it had a dirty, sandy tint; his whiskers were hardly distinguishable, they were so thinly planted, and like his complexion. He was dressed in a tightly-buttoned frock coat that formed deep ridges in his waist, and seemed to increase the difficulty of breathing. In one hand he held his hat, in the other a pair of gloves, and both rested on his knees, which, by reason of their shortness and pudginess, were widely separated.

"Afternoon, Mr. Keene; afternoon, sir," he gasped, turning his little blue eyes in the corner before he could screw himself up on his legs to face me. "Come to talk with you on a matter of business. My name's Bax—Smithson Bax;" with this he sank down on his chair and gasped again.

"Not the pleasure of knowing you, Mr. Bax," said I, sitting down in front of him.

"Thought you might have heard of me from Lynn Yeames, or (gasp) mother, Mrs. Yeames. I am—friend of the family."

"A professional friend?" I asked, for I detected the look of a pettifogger in him.

"You may call me—professional friend if you like—not a lawyer exactly—know something about it." He gave me a glance that was not to be mistaken, and continued: "To begin with, you must understand that I—acting on behalf of the family—Lynn Yeames nothing at all to do with it—better keep out of it."

"He does not wish to take the responsibility of anything you do?"

"That's it. Too generous—too careless of his own interests—altogether too——" he gasped and filled up the break with a wave of his gloves.

"I understand his character perfectly, Mr. Bax; let us come to the point."

"We'll go straight at it—begin in the middle—save breath. Dr. Awdrey is a scoundrel."

Lawyer as I am, this fairly took me back.

"Dr. Awdrey," he continued, "is nothing more nor less"——here a gasp and a short wave of his hat over his knee to fill up the break—"biggest hypocrite, scoundrel, and rascal that ever imposed—credulous humanity!"

"Be good enough to show me how you arrive at this conclusion," said I.

"I will. Flexmore's will. He knew of the conditions in the first one."

"He did."

"He knew also the conditions in the second."

"He did."

"He knew that if that were not signed, he would come into two thousand a year."

"He did."

"Good. Tell me, please, Mr. Keene, why that second will was not signed."

"I failed to deliver it in time," said I. He nodded.

"Why did you fail—deliver in time?"

"I was thrown out of a trap: that and the fog——"

He waved his gloves, interrupting me, and, with a look intended to pierce, gasped—

"Thrown out of trap. How? Answer me that, if you please."

"By a rope stretched from one side of the road to the other."

"Good. I can produce a witness to prove that he was engaged by Dr. Awdrey to stretch that rope and throw you over!"

With that he dashed his gloves inside his hat, planted his open hand on his knee, bunched up his big lips, and looked at me out of his little blue eyes, as much as to say, "There you are: what do you think of that?"

To tell the truth, I felt as if the floor had suddenly sunk away from under my feet: but I was too old to let it be seen, and said as calmly as I could—

"Well, sir, go on. You have not come here simply to make that statement, I presume."

"That's one charge; but mark me!" he said, pausing to put his finger to the side of his fat nose, where he kept it as he continued—"Mark me! it isn't the only one—more than one witness to be produced. There's another charge—charge more serious than stretching rope cross road—upsetting you."

"And pray what charge is that, Mr. Bax?" I asked, with pretended indifference.

"A criminal charge. We reserve it—respect for Mr. Lynn Yeames' feelings."

"A charge of this kind is likely to do him more injury than any one else," said I.

"Quite right to take the high horse, Mr. Keene. We know all about that;" he closed one of his little eyes, and looked exceedingly deep as he said this. "However, here's the fact—we can throw will into Chancery, and ruin Dr. Awdrey, if we make facts public. Lynn Yeames does not wish to proceed; Mrs. Yeames does. So do I. To meet Lynn's wishes we will abandon proceedings"—once more he laid his stubby finger on his stubby nose—"*on condition*."

"Tell me straight out what you mean by that," I said.

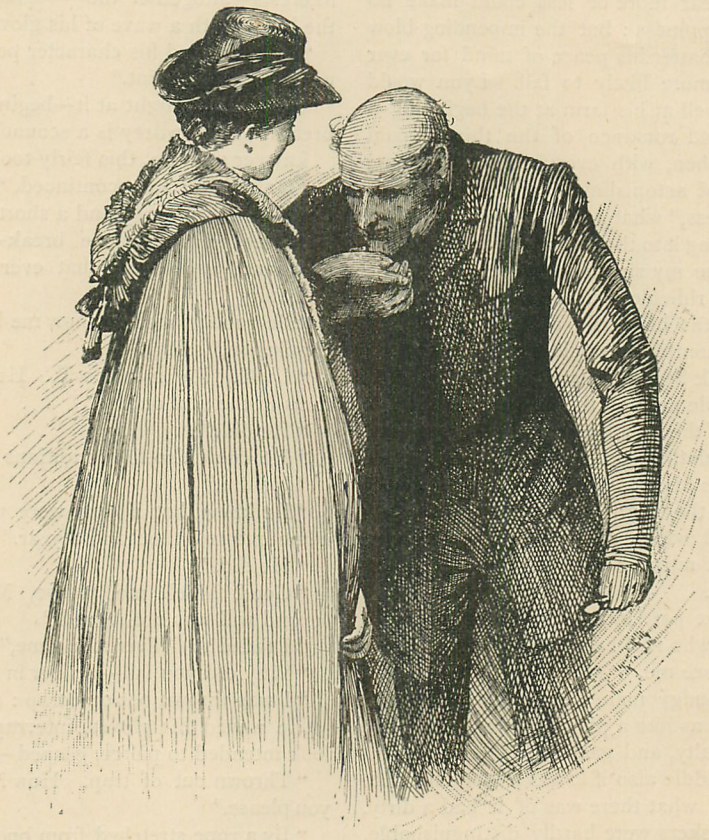
"I mean—our side abandons proceedings—written guarantee and all that sort of thing; you on your side pay over interest on money left in trust for Miss Flexmore. Awdrey professes he has no right to money—give it up to Lynn, who has. Loses nothing—avoids scandal—saves reputation. There you are."

"Have you anything more to add to this proposition?" I asked.

"Nothing except this—stay proceedings for a week—time for you to arrange with Awdrey, and give us decision. One week from to-day—you understand?"

"Perfectly well; there is no necessity to keep you waiting a week for a decision; you shall have it at once. On behalf of my client and myself, I refuse to have anything more to say to you. Let me say in conclusion, you confounded, pettifogging rascal," said I, rising and giving free vent to my anger, "that if you could prove your criminal charge against Dr. Awdrey, I am the last person in the world who would compound a felony, but the first who would take measures to punish the man who did. Get out of my house!"

He got up on his little legs, gasping and stammering, dropped his gloves out of his hat, got purple in the face in picking them up, gasped and stammered again; but quickly made his way through the open door with his small blue eyes in the corner, for all the world like a pig bolting past a driver. Mrs. Yeames's description of me, or her son's, for I had no faith in his standing out, had evidently been not flattering, and he had thought to find in me a shuffling scoundrel of his own stamp.



"I CAUGHT HOLD OF HER HAND AND KISSED IT" (*p.* 306).

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

WHICH IS THE JUDAS?

This event gave me no little anxiety at first, but it wore off when I came to consider it calmly. I could not believe in the man's statement respecting a criminal charge in reserve. It was not likely he would keep back the stronger inducement in leading to a compromise. As for his witness to prove that Awdrey had been instrumental to my delay, that was nothing; he could get as many witnesses of that kind as he chose at a pound a head. No: it seemed to me nothing but a mere attempt at extortion, got up, probably, by Yeames, his mother, and Bax, who thought, very likely, that I should be rascal enough to stand in with them. It was easily understandable that Mr. Lynn Yeames would prefer the money all in his own hands in preference to taking a possible six hundred a year out of it, with a not too probable addition should he succeed in marrying Miss Dalrymple. But he was not fool enough to put all his eggs in one basket; he was cunning enough to disclaim any hand in the conspiracy, in order to profit by Awdrey's generosity, should the attempt fail. But only think, what a heartless, thankless, worthless vagabond he must have been to join in a plot against the man who was sacrificing everything to make him happy!

I flattered myself that I had shown Bax the folly of his "proceedings," and that I should neither see nor hear any more of him or his criminal charges. And this belief was strengthened when two days later Lynn Yeames appeared in Coneyford, and his mother returned to her cottage.

He went the very morning of his arrival to Dr. Awdrey, and in the afternoon I saw them going along the High Street together, Lynn with his arm linked in Awdrey's. They were going towards the farm to see about the alterations and improvements that had occurred to the doctor in the other's absence. I felt sure then that the intimidation scheme was abandoned.

I had said nothing about it to Awdrey, knowing that he would take it only as another evidence of Lynn's loyalty that he did not share in his mother's virulence.

But the next day I was alarmed to hear that Bax was staying with Mrs. Yeames!

I began then to fear that all was not so well as I had imagined, but it perplexed me to decide what his next move was to be.

It was evident that Lynn was silent about Bax and his mother; every day he was to be seen with Dr. Awdrey, who showed no sign of discomfort.

Nothing occurred for several days; but on Friday, the 20th of March, Miss Dalrymple called upon me. She was as pale as a ghost. Her hand trembled in mine.

"Oh, Mr. Keene!" she exclaimed, "what is the meaning of these rumours?"

"Sit down, my dear," said I, guessing what she meant. "Sit down; now tell me what it is you have heard."

She was greatly agitated. "I don't know how to tell you," she said hurriedly; "it is so impossible—so dreadful."

"Tell me the worst. Don't hurry. Now then, what is it?"

"They say that Dr. Awdrey prevented you from arriving at the house in time for Mr. Flexmore to sign his will. A man has confessed to being employed by him."

"I have heard something about that. Have you heard anything else?"

"Oh, yes, yes! They say that the medicine he gave me to administer to Mr. Flexmore was"—she hesitated a moment, and dropping her voice so that it was scarcely audible, said—"poisoned!"

I started. This, then, was the criminal charge Bax had hinted at.

"Who told you this?" I asked, when I had overcome the first dash of astonishment.

"Mrs. Caseby came to tell me. She thought that I ought to know."

There never was a bad piece of news that some kind friend did not feel she ought to let you know it.

"Everybody is talking about it, she says. What can be done?"

"My dear," said I, "no one can attach any blame to you in the matter."

"Oh, I am not thinking about myself!" she exclaimed, "but poor Dr. Awdrey. Of course it is untrue; but how is he to disprove it?"

"By taking no notice of it. That is the course I should advise."

She shook her head. "It is not enough to treat such a charge with contempt," said she. "It must be made quite clear that he is innocent. People are against him; they must be made to see that they wrong him."

"He will not see the necessity," said I. "No doubt every one is against him. They will say that his endeavour to make Lynn Yeames a decent member of society was simply a blind—a means of making a friend of the man he fears—a bribe to stay him from making a public exposure of incriminating facts——"

"They *do* say that. Mrs. Caseby herself urged the very same argument."

"No doubt; and her opinion will be shared by all the rest of our small society. They will signify that he can send in his bill and discontinue his attendance—these people who have just begun to take him up."

"They have. The Langdons, Heathereys—all who were loud in his praise yesterday are against him to-day. All, all!" she said, clasping her hands.

"Good," said I; "and Dr. Awdrey won't care *that*" (snapping my finger) "for them or their opinion. He has too much pride to accept so mean a challenge. He has done without these fine folks, and he can do without them. Conscious of his own innocence, he will see no necessity to study the opinions of people who doubt him; and, to tell you the truth, I see no necessity either."

"But I do," she said, with a vigour that impressed and pleased me at the same time.

"Will you tell me why?" I asked.

She looked me straight in the face without flinching, and replied—

"Yes. Because with public opinion against him—" she paused an instant, and then with yet greater firmness pursued—"he will never ask me to be his wife."

I caught hold of her hand and kissed it; I should have done the same thing had she been queen or beggar-maid, for a nature like that commands homage.

"That is enough, you dear, good, clear-sighted young woman," said I. "Awdrey's innocence shall be proved as sure as I'm a lawyer."

The colour had mounted now into her face, she bent her head, she moved her lips as if to speak, then checked herself. I interrupted these signs of girlish modesty.

"I know what is in your mind," said I. "You do not wish Awdrey to know what you have told me. Be under no apprehension: a lawyer knows how to keep a secret when it suits him. Leave the matter in my hands, and by to-morrow morning you shall have news of some kind—good news, I feel pretty sure."

I lost no time in seeing Dr. Awdrey; on my way to his house I settled how to act.

"Well, Awdrey," said I when we met, "how is the world using you?"

"Pretty much the same as usual—only more so," he said with a laugh; and then in a tone of perplexity he continued—"I can't quite make it out. I have received three letters to-day asking for my account, and all three have employed me only about a month. I suppose it's a polite way of telling me that I am not wanted any more."

"That's it," said I, "and the reason is that you are accused of throwing me out of a gig, and poisoning poor old Flexmore."

"What!" he exclaimed, knitting his brows in astonishment.

"It's a fact. The rumour is circulating. You'll have none but your paupers to doctor at the end of the week."

"I'm glad of it," said he, "if the rest will listen to such nonsense as that."

"We shall have to take measures to disprove the charge, doctor," said I.

He laughed boisterously. "Not I," said he—"not though all the world believes this."

"Yes, you will, my dear fellow," I said quietly. "All the world believes you poisoned the drug Miss Dalrymple had to administer."

"That's another thing," said he, with sudden earnestness. "You must take the necessary steps at once for having an autopsy."

"A post-mortem examination: that will settle the question at once."

"Then don't lose any time about it," said he. "Poor Nurse Gertrude!" he added tenderly, thinking doubtless of the affront he had received being offered to her. Then in a tone of vexation he asked, "How long have you known this, Keene?"

"Well, I heard something about it more than a week ago."

"Why didn't you tell me at once?"

"Because I thought it merely a scheme to extort money. A man named Bax spoke about it. Have you heard the name?"

"No. Who is he?"

"A rascal who made the modest demand for two thousand a year to hush up the matter. You have not heard his name?"

"No—how should I?"

"Through Lynn Yeames. Bax tells me he is a friend of the family."

"Lynn is no friend of his, I am certain," said the doctor stoutly.

"Well, Bax is acting with the mother, and he has been staying at the cottage with the pair of 'em. How's that?"

"I will go and see Lynn at once. I am sure he is not party to this plot."

And he went off at once to find Lynn. And not long afterwards I caught sight of the pair in the High Street, Lynn with his arm linked in the doctor's, and a look in his face that seemed to bid people observe that he still believed in Awdrey's innocence.

While I was looking after them, a colleague clapped me on the shoulder, and said in a low voice, nodding towards the two—

"Which is the Judas?"

"There can be no doubt about that," I replied, "unless Judas be too good a name for Lynn Yeames."

"I am not so sure about that, Keene. I don't like Awdrey's quiet, long-suffering, martyrish manner. He's a clever man—ten times cleverer than Yeames—clever enough to make a big venture. If I had to judge without evidence, I should acquit Yeames and hang Awdrey. And I believe if you would only clear your mind of prejudice——"

I would not wait to hear more of such fustian. I had no patience.

In due course I made a formal application for the post-mortem examination of Flexmore's remains. To my astonishment I learnt that the inquiry had been already demanded and accorded: the examination was to be made at once.

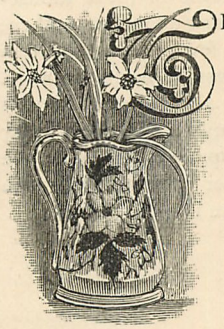
"Lynn assures me, and I believe him," said Dr. Awdrey when we next met, "that he has been opposed to his mother's action from the very beginning. He could not with any delicacy tell me of her proceedings. He himself insisted on Bax quitting his mother's house."

I have no time or patience to dwell on these trifles: I must now give all my attention to the fact that utterly unmanned me when I heard it.

END OF CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

UPON A RAINY DAY.

A PAPER FOR MOTHERS.



THERE are few people who can contemplate with equanimity the prospect of a rainy day. The pleasure-seeker finds his plans frustrated, the idler gloomily wonders how he shall kill time, the worker conjures up visions of wet walks, damp clothing, possible coughs and colds, and the attendant doctor's bill; and however much mankind may agree as to the necessity and utility of rain, there are few who can bear without grumbling the discomfort which it entails. Perhaps, however, there is no one who has more reason to dread a steady downpour than the mother with her family of little ones around her. Too well she knows what the day's experience will be like. Debarred from their usual out-door enjoyments—depressed as children readily are by a gloomy day—they soon become tired of their toys and each other's society, and countless are the demands made upon the mother's skill and patience. With a hundred household duties calling for attention, she must yet find time to bind up a cut finger, to kiss a bumped forehead, to check the inclination to quarrel, to guide mischievous fingers into legitimate channels of employment, and to devise countless amusements to make the time pass pleasantly. Eye, ear, and voice must be ever on the alert until the tired eyelids close; and the mother with a thankful heart tucks her little ones snugly into bed, and hopes for a brighter morrow.

Many of these much-tried mothers would doubtless be glad to hear of pleasant employments for little fingers, which will beguile the tedium of a rainy day and preserve peace and harmony. Those amusements, of which I propose writing, are familiar to every infant-school teacher, who finds in them a great resource for cold, dull days; but in private houses they are little known. Every mother knows that the prospect of being useful is always pleasing to a child, and therefore the proposal to make a cushion for mother's chair, or a pillow to be given to some poor person, will be hailed with delight.

To make the cushion, provide the children with scraps from the rag-bag—small pieces of cloth, snippings from dresses—anything that is soft, in fact, and that cannot be applied to any other purpose—and let them cut them up into tiny pieces until there are enough for the purpose. Fingers will move busily over this work, the gloomy weather will be forgotten, and great will be the fun in seeing who can get the largest pile. If children have not been taught to use scissors, and mothers are fearful that they should hurt themselves, a safer occupation may be found in making a paper pillow.

Divide a newspaper into small portions, and give each child a piece to tear into fragments. It will take a long time to get a sufficient quantity, and will find employment for many a rainy day.

Although to those accustomed to cushions of down these home-made ones may seem uninviting, still they are by no means to be despised, and in many a poor home would be gladly welcomed; while children may thus be early taught the pleasure of working for others. Perhaps some one will say that all this snipping and tearing will make a dreadful mess, and will add to instead of lessen the mother's work. There is no necessity for this, however, if the mother will insist upon every scrap being picked up and everything put away into its proper place. A wise mother will always make it a rule for children to put away their own toys, thereby not only saving herself trouble, but teaching her little ones habits of tidiness and thoughtfulness for others.

Another amusement much liked by children is that of making necklaces. Large beads of different colours may be bought very cheaply, and will give delight for many hours. Indeed, children never seem to weary of threading and unthreading them. Pretty necklaces may also be made with small pieces of straw and coloured paper. The straw may be bought in bundles from a stationer's or fancy repository, and after being soaked in water, is cut into pieces about an inch long. The coloured paper is cut into tiny squares, and is threaded, by the aid of a needle and cotton, alternately with the straw. I should advise that the cotton be tied into the needle, as young children readily get their needles unthreaded. Some of the Kindergarten occupations might also be employed with advantage, especially those of pricking and embroidering. In pricking, a few simple drawing copies are necessary. One of these is placed on the top of a plain piece of cardboard and pricked at regular intervals. On removing the drawing the design will be found to be pricked out on the plain card. This may afterwards be embroidered with coloured wools.

Another source of infinite amusement may be found in making a scrap-book. Old Christmas and New Year's cards, birthday cards, coloured advertisements, cuttings from pictorial papers, may all be used for this purpose. The book will be more durable if made of holland, and will be sure to give more lasting delight than the costliest picture-book the shops could furnish. Little girls often find pleasure in learning to turn down a hem. The white border of a newspaper is useful for beginners; and, when one can be turned down readily on this, pieces of calico may be given.

It would gratify a child's ambition to be able to make a ball for baby, so I will give directions how this should be done. Cut two round pieces of cardboard about four inches in diameter; and, from the centre of each, cut out a circle about two inches across.

Take the two larger pieces and lay one on the top of the other, with a strong piece of string between. Now take any scraps of coloured wool and thread them through the hole in the centre until it is filled up. Then with a sharp pair of scissors cut through all the wool on the outside edge, and tie the string securely in the middle. The cardboard will then fall out. Trim the ball evenly with a sharp pair of scissors, and you will have a safe and delightful plaything for baby.

I have often wondered why mothers do not teach their children more rhymes and songs. So many books are published now, containing pretty songs with music for children, that it would not be difficult to make a selection; and when the little ones are tired of play, and the mother is busy at her sewing, it would be found a pleasant task to let them repeat the words of some pretty song until it is learned by heart.

Perhaps the preparations for some of these amusements may entail a little extra work upon the mother; but no wise parent will grudge a few minutes spent in this way if it insures the happiness of her little ones. She will know that idleness is always productive of mischief, quarrelling, and ill-temper; and she will try by the means of pleasant occupations to make the time pass smoothly, and help her children "to make sunshine in the house, when there is none without."

THE GARDEN IN APRIL.

AFTER a long and dreary cold and darkness, the month of April may fairly be called the opening of the transformation scene from winter to summer. By this, though, we do not mean to advocate the immediate bedding-out of our greenhouse stock merely because a few sunny and almost warm days have suddenly burst upon us. The temptation to discard an overcoat on a bright April morning is certainly a great one, but we know what that proceeding often — not necessarily *always* — involves. A cautious man, however, will put on a light overcoat by way of a compromise, and thus give himself a partial protection, and, to carry out our parallel, this is precisely the course we should advocate in our garden. To a good many, then, of our advancing flowers we give a light covering in the shape of litter, peas haulm, &c., while over the bulk of our bedding-out stock and other flowers we still have the shelter of the substantial great-coat of the green-house. Only the "April fools" will begin their bedding-out on the first of the month; but on the 30th things certainly begin to wear a different aspect, for we may in a favourable season, and in warm and sunny situations, begin hardening off some of the strongest of our plants, such, for example, as our calceolarias and many of our geraniums; the latter might be placed upon a board against a wall or shed having a south or warm frontage, and a little matting or covering of some sort given them at night-fall. If our calceolarias have been stowed away in the green-house all the winter, we should advocate serving them now just as we do the hardiest of the geraniums; but, on the other hand, if our calceolarias have only had the shelter of a cold and discarded cucumber-frame at the end of our kitchen garden during the winter months, which is very often all they require to keep them in life and health, they would by the end of April stand bedding-out very well, provided the season were a moderate and a genial one, and this merely because they have been subject for the last few months to a hardier process of preservation, and have shown that they are well able to hold out without the enervating luxury of a fire in the bed-room. And this mention of a fire reminds us that the occasion for a fire in the green-house, assuming that we have merely our bedding-out stock inside, is hardly necessary after this time. Thus, the process of hardening off can in an average season really begin without the removal of our plants from the green-house at all. It is a very fortunate thing that at this transition stage of the year we generally start our cucumber and melon frames, for to these frames, if any collection of delicate plants that we may wish to rear is only on a limited scale, we can transfer our less hardy and more sensitive plants; or we can certainly force on more quickly in our frames than in our green-house a pot or two of celery, vegetable-marrow, seed tomatoes, &c., which later on we take out and prick off into their respective borders. And these tomatoes, by the way we may remark, like a good blazing sun and a warm aspect, or they will not properly ripen with us. Every one must have remarked last summer how fine and plentiful they were: this was probably owing to the fact of our long and warm season, when many tomatoes were probably ripened in the open where on another occasion they would have mouldered away. Most of our green-houses are nearly empty, at least with many of us, in the summer months, and it is therefore an admirable plan to force on here our tomatoes: a few of these should be set out in some large-sized flower-pots.

To get back, however, to our flowers. In the rose garden, some of us may like to retard the blooming of a *few* of the roses for the sake of keeping up a

succession: to do this, cut them back well. The main pruning of our roses was of course done last month, but, on the whole, we incline to the belief that a very pleasant and practical method of keeping roses in bloom for long together is not to be niggardly in hand-picking them for house and table decoration. Or, next, perhaps we may be growing some tender annuals in pots, such as some balsams, cocks'-combs, &c.; these may require shifting from the pots they were first pricked into to those of the next size: this should be done when you find that the roots have reached to the edge of your pot, and they will still require heat. And then, too, we must not pass by our climbing plants, our China roses, passion-flower, and bignonia: these, and many of our roses just named, will very shortly be liable to be troubled with the green fly; the best thing under these circumstances is to give them a good syringing with soft soap and water, or with a little lime-water, first of all, followed by a syringing with clean water afterwards. The buds of the roses themselves, too, will all want a little examination just now for the purpose of destroying the grub that will eat the heart of the bud itself, and almost totally destroy the flower.

And a large amount of routine work will have to be got through in the kitchen garden; the successional fortnightly pea-sowing must go on certainly from this

time, so as to avoid being overstocked at one time and altogether without green peas at another. For your turnip-sowing choose a showery April day, and let the round-leaf spinach now be sown; onions also may be sown again. Our orchard should be glorious in almost bridal attire, but we take care to notice what trees are gayest and what weakest in bloom.

OUR AMATEUR FREE UNIVERSITY.

AT last the work of examining the first month's papers is completed, and we are enabled to give the goodly list of Undergraduates which follows these notes. We are grateful to our readers for the patience with which they have waited for the issue of this first class-list, and congratulate them heartily on the good work to which its crowded columns are such eloquent testimony.

In order to secure a Certificate of Graduation, our readers will remember, the winners of Prizes must secure in addition at least one Certificate of Honour; winners of Certificates of Honour, one in each of the two other sections; and winners of Certificates of Merit, five others, or their equivalents. A Prize is counted as two Certificates of Honour, and a Certificate of Honour as equivalent to two Certificates of Merit.

Our Undergraduates will be anxious to add to their standing in the University, so we will give them another month's work in the

LITERARY COURSE.

Section I.—Write an Abstract, not to exceed 1,000 words in length, of Lord Macaulay's "Essay on Francis Bacon."

Section II.—Write in either French, German, Italian, or Spanish, an original Cradle-song, or "Lullaby," of three stanzas of four lines each.

Section III.—Draw, either in line or in tint, a Design for a Certificate for the Amateur Free University. Size and shape to be at the discretion of the candidate.

The above work must be submitted in accordance with the General Rules, published in December, 1887, and must reach the Editor not later than the first post on May 10th, 1888. Candidates may enter any one or all of the above sections.

A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best Abstract under Section I.; a Prize of One Guinea for the best Poem under Section II.; and a Prize of Two Guineas for the best Design under Section III.

PASS LISTS:—LITERARY COURSE (DECEMBER PORTION).

The successful candidates may have their Certificates posted to them on their sending to the Editor a fully-addressed label, together with Two Penny Postage Stamps, to defray cost of postage and roller. The Editor cannot be responsible for loss or damage to Certificates in the Post.

SECTION I.—ESSAY.

The Prize of Three Guineas, as was announced in our last issue, has been awarded to the Rev. MICHAEL T. EASTWOOD, 68, Copenhagen Road, New Brompton, Kent.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR.

Name.	*Address.*	*Marks.*
Brockman, L. J. D.	Sandgate	80
Clarke, G. H. ..	Devizes, Wilts ...	78
Cudmore, Daniel...	Dublin	75
Drew, D. W. ...	Westbury, Wilts ...	76
Dron, T. M. ...	Dorchester, Dorset...	80
Drummond, C. A.	Irvine, N.B.	77
Hall, Annabelle ...	Stoke Newington ...	75
Harper, Janey ...	Belfast	86
Huish, Alice M. ...	Bath	75
Irwin, John T. ...	Higher Crumpsall ...	75
Jones, H. L. ..	Anerley	75
Morrison, Grace B.	Burntisland, Fife ...	76
Ogle, John J. ...	Bootle, Lancashire...	75
Richards, S. J. ...	Peckham	80
Scott, John ...	Islay, N.B.	76
Wilson, Thomas E.	Wetheral, Carlisle ...	75

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

Name.	*Address.*
Bell, Evelyn ...	Norfolk.
Benn, William R.	Crowthorne, Berks.
Berridge, A. Mills	Oundle, N'thamptonshire.
Black, James ...	Holloway, N.
Bloom, H. E. ...	Kew Green, S.W.
Bond, F. J. ...	Hull.
Boodle, Adelaide A.	Bournemouth.
Bowker, A. P. C.	Swinton, Manchester.
Brant, E. M. ...	Ilkeston, Notts.
Brunsdon, A. M.	Southernbank, Hereford.
Bryer, Mary A. ...	Lewisham, S.E.
Cameron, John ...	Fishponds, Bristol.
Carr, Ada M. ...	Edgbaston, Birmingham.
Chalmers, Frank...	Kirkcaldy, Fife.
Coghill, D. ...	Thurso, N.B.
Cook, Emma ...	Hadley, Barnet.
Daniel, M. N. ...	Glasson, W. Meath.
Darley, F.... ...	Roscrea, Ireland.
Davis, B. C. ...	Ealing, W.
Eddy, Kate Mary	Merchiston, Edinburgh.
Elder, J.	Glasgow.
Elsner, Leily ...	Maida Hill, W.
Fearn, J. E. ...	Uttoxeter, Staffs.
Fleming, John J....	Carrick-on-Suir, Ireland.
Fleming, Jane A.	Leeds.
Fletcher, Evelyn...	Upper Norwood, S.E.
Freeman, F. W. ...	Lewisham High Rd., S.E.
Gill, Alfred ...	South Devon.
Gordon, A. J. ...	Kirkcudbright, N.B.
Harris, J. Howard	Helston, Cornwall.
Harris, J. Newton	Lewes.
Hastings, Alice L.	Stratford-on-Avon.
Heap, W.	Ilkley, Yorks.
Hebblethwaite, I.	Boston Spa, nr. Tadcaster.
Hill, Annie ...	Worcestershire.
Hunter, Stanley ...	Lower Broughton.
Hunter, William...	Gt. Ayton, Northallerton.
King, E. M. ...	E. Haddon, N'thampton.
Lacey, A. L. ...	Canonbury, N.
Lewinton, Henry E.	W. Hampstead, N.W.
Lewis, J. G. ...	Thanington, Canterbury.
Lloyd, Rev. D. C.	Wansford, Northants.
Macfarlane, M. ...	Bridge of Allan, N.B.
Macintyre, Robert	Crosshill, Glasgow.
Madams, Herbert	Victoria Park, E.
Mate, C. H. ...	Bournemouth.
Mitchell, C. ...	Islington, N.
Oppell, Baroness von	Dresden.
Peck, William ...	Woodlesford, Leeds.
Phillimore, C. M.	Chiswick.
Polson, Alexander	Caithness, N.B.
Porter, C. A. ...	Ripon, Yorkshire.
Roberts, R. W. B.	Kirkdale, Liverpool.
Rogers, H. H. ...	Winslow, Bucks.
Row, Sarah Ann ..	Axminster, Devon.
Sharpe, M. Cecilia	Spilsby, Lincolnshire.
Tekusch, Emily ...	Fitzroy Square, W.
Thomas, John W.	Appledore, Devon.
Thornham, Clara...	The Park, Hull.
Walkington, L. A.	Belfast.
Whitaker, Robert	Bradford, Yorkshire.
Wilson, Marion ...	Manchester.
Wintle, Emma ...	Warwick Square, S.W.
Woods, Leonard W.	North Shields.
Young, Ernest ...	Dudley, Worcester.

SECTION II.—TRANSLATION.

The Prize of One Guinea is awarded to DANIEL CUDMORE, 112, Leinster Road, Dublin.

Proxime Accessit—

ELEANOR HOLMES, 4, Villa Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR.

Name.	*Address.*
Batchelor, S. ...	Gosport.
Brigstocke, Giulias	Homburg, Germany.
Bryant, J.... ...	Higher Broughton.
Coetlogan, Eva H. de	Fetsworth, Oxon.
Christie, Jessie ...	Ipswich.
Drake-Brockman, Mrs. L. J. ...	Sandgate, Kent.
Gruchy, Lilie ...	Cirencester.
Harding, Minnie	Staffordshire.
Harper, Lucy ...	Belfast.
Harris, J. Howard	Helston, Cornwall.
Harrison, Mildred	Sunderland-on-Wear.
Hicks, Lilian ...	Streatham Hill, S.W.
Hill, Annie ...	Shipton-on-Stour.
Just, Ada M. ...	Colchester.
Just, Alice G. ...	Clacton-on-Sea.
Kinkead, M. W....	Armagh, Ireland.
Milne, A. H. ...	Aberdeenshire, N.B.
Odell, Kate ...	Liverpool.
Paddison, Annie M.	Lincoln.
Paterson, J. ...	Bo'ness, Scotland.
Prindiville, Mary I.	Dublin.
Samson, Jane A....	Dorchester, Dorset.
Sheffield, Eliz. M.	Anerley Park, S.E.
Sutcliffe, Edith ...	Manchester.
Tanner, T. S. ...	Bristol.
Turnill, Fannie ...	Sawtry, Peterborough.
Winham, Alice ...	Brighton.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

Name.	*Address.*
Abbot, Fannie J. E.	Horrabridge, S. Devon.
Aldrich, Alice E....	Norfolk.
Anderson, Bessie...	Coventry.
Anderson, Lizzie...	Shetland.
Armes, Ethel ...	King's Lynn, Norfolk.
Astbury, K. E. ...	Upper Tooting, S.W.
Austey, Florence A.	Bath.
Austey, Lillie M.	Bath.
Austin, Fannie ...	Birmingham.
Bain, K. C. ...	Edinburgh.
Barchard, Ada E.	Uckfield, Sussex.
Barchard, El. E....	Uckfield, Sussex.
Barnett, A. H. ...	Wormwood Street, E.C.
Barton, Lizzie ...	Ipswich.
Basford de Wilson, C. A.	Oxford.
Bassett, Jessie M.	Shipton-under-Wyebard.
Beedham, Lucy E.	Cambridge.
Beer, Edith M. ...	Catford, Kent,
Bell, A. S. B. ...	Edinburgh.
Bell, H F. E. ...	Swaffham, Norfolk.
Bell, Kate... ...	Doncaster, Yorks.
Bennett, G. E. ...	Oxford.
Bennett, J. B. ...	Glasgow.
Bergh, Alice J. ...	Corriero-de-Almada, Portugal.
Bergh, Mary E. ...	Cacilhas, Portugal.
Berridge, Agnes M.	Oundle, N'thamptonshire.
Biggs, Catherine...	Brussels.
Bigwood, Jessie ...	Brussels.
Bird, Charlotte ...	Peterborough.
Black, M. B. ...	Boyle, Ireland.
Bolton, John ...	Cockermouth.
Boodle, Adelaide A.	Bournemouth.
Booth, Annie ...	Essex.
Brady, Harriette...	Norwich.
Breton, Edith M.	Queenstown, co. Cork.
Breton, Gertrude K.	Queenstown, co. Cork.
Briggs, Lily ...	Manchester.
Briscoe, N. ...	Cambridgeshire.
Brock, Margaret M.	Tredegar.
Brown, Ella ...	Hull.
Brown, M. Fanny	Clacton-on-Sea.
Brown, G. H. ...	Stoke Newington, N.
Browning, G. ...	Finisterre, France.
Brunsdon, A. M....	Hereford.
Bryant, Emily S.	Manchester.
Bryer, Mary A. ...	Lewisham, S.E.
Burch, Florence ..	Canterbury.
Carmichael, Mary	Alloa, N.B.
Chamney, Isabella	Bellingham, Ireland.

Name.	*Address.*
Charlton, Alice M.	Durham.
Chavasse, Nellie...	Walsall.
Clarke, Agnes ...	Glasgow.
Clarke, Constance	Richmond, Surrey.
Clarke, G. E. ...	Chalbris, Cambridgeshire.
Cleaver, Eleanor E.	Leytonstone, Essex.
Clements, Lottie..	St. Helen's, Lancashire.
Clitherall, Helen...	Liverpool.
Cooke, Helena ...	Upper Norwood, S.E.
Cotton, Ada H. ...	Bayswater.
Cousens, Mary R.	Newcastle, Staffs.
Crockett, R. L. ...	Kentish Town.
Croft, M. R. ...	Portman Square.
Crofton, Dorcas ...	Dublin.
Daniel, Margherita	Westmeath, Ireland.
Darney, Mary ...	Fife, N.B.
Darwell, Helen ...	Dover.
Davies, Jennie ...	Rhyl, North Wales.
Davies, Marg. H.	Rhyl, North Wales.
Davey, Annette L.	Abergavenny, Mon.
Daw, E. M. ...	Llanelly.
Dawson, Ethel ...	Deutz, Germany.
Denham, J. A. ...	Preston.
Dickin, Louisa ...	Northampton.
Dowley, Barbara...	Tipperary.
Dowson, Julia A...	Brentwood, Essex.
Drew, D. W. ...	Westbury, Wilts.
Drummond, Catherine A.	Irvine, N.B.
Dyer, Marion S. ...	Twickenham.
Eady, Kate M. ...	Edinburgh.
Elder, S.	Glasgow.
Elenor, H. F. ...	Gibraltar.
Elsner, Leily ...	Maida Hill, W.
Evans, Alice ...	Sharrow, Sheffield.
Evans, W. ...	Coventry.
Everitt, Jessie ...	Wells, Norfolk.
Everitt, Lilian ...	Wells, Norfolk.
Exten, John ...	Southampton.
Eyre, John ...	New Cross, S.E.
Fairweather, S. A.	Fulham, S.W.
Fearon, Henrietta J.	Hull.
Fleming, John J.	Carrick-on-Suir, Ireland.
Fowler, Mabel ...	Clevedon, Somerset.
Freeman, Lucy I.	Norwich.
Gibbs, Alice E. ...	Newbury.
Gibson, Edith ...	Moseley, nr. Birmingham.
Gipps, W. H. ...	Whitehaven.
Grant, Beatrice ...	Sussex.
Gras, Mlle. ...	Le Vigare, Gard.
Gray, Albert ...	Hants.
Griffin, Emma ...	Blackheath, S.E.
Griffiths, L. ...	Campden, Glo'stershire.
Gruchy, W. J. ...	Cirencester.
Hall, Annabelle ...	Stoke Newington, N.
Hall, Kate ...	Kegworth, near Derby.
Hallett, Mabel ...	Weymouth.
Hamilton, H. G. K.	Canton de Vaud, Switzerland.
Harper, J. ...	Belfast.
Hart, Alice E. ...	E. Moulsey, Surrey.
Hart, Jessie ...	Putney.
Hay, Ethel ...	Stamford.
Hay, Lilian ...	Stamford.
Hay, Louisa ...	Stamford.
Hazel, A. E. W. ...	
Heatley, A. J. ...	Banbury, Oxon.
Hebblethwaite, C.	Yorkshire.
Hebblethwaite, I.	Tadcaster.
Hellyer, E. M. ...	Totnes, Devon.
Henderson, A. M.	Northumberland.
Harwood, Elizabeth	Brackley, Northamptonshire.
Hodges, Edith M.	Dublin, Ireland.
Hodsman, Mary ...	Warwick.
Holdsworth, Florence	Hull.
Hughes, Alice M.	Ballina, co. Mayo.
Hughes, Edith A.	Oxford.
Hunter, William...	Northallerton.
Ivery, Rosa ...	Eltham, Kent.
Jamieson, Jessie...	Belfast.
Jeffrey, Amy L. ...	Cheltenham.
Jenkinson, L. ...	Crouch Hill, N.
Johnson, M. M. ...	Birmingham.
Jones, Annie ...	Middlesborough-on-Tees.
Jones, Ethel G. ...	Sutherland Avenue, W.
Jones, Henry L....	Brentwood, Essex.
Jones, Henry M. B.	Brentwood, Essex.
Jones, Kate E. ...	Penarth, South Wales.
Keene, Dora ...	Jersey.
Keene, H. A. D....	Jersey.
Kimpton, Eliza A.	Lee, S.E.
Kirman, George ...	Manchester.
Knowles, E. D. ...	Plymouth.
Knowles, Frances	Plymouth.
Köhler, E. ...	Camden Road, N.
Lacey, Annie L....	Canonbury, N.
Lang-Smith, L. ...	Stamford Hill, N.
Leader, Lilian T.	Moor End, Sheffield.
Lewis, J. G. ...	Canterbury.
Lindsey, Mabel ...	Plymouth.
Linsell, Amy ...	Southampton.
Linsell, Katherine	Southampton.
Litchfield, Mary ..	Sydenham, S.E.
Macfie, J. A. ...	Bolton.
Main, Ellen E. ...	Aberdeen.
Mallett, E. S. ...	Nottingham.
Mayne, E. F. C....	Portadown, Armagh, Ireland.
Martin, Ellen S....	Teddington.
McWilliam, E. A.	Jersey.
Meggison, L. F. J.	Derbyshire.
Melton, A. C. ...	Holloway, N.
Miller, Amy ...	Barrow-in-Furness.
Miller, E. T. ...	Kingston-on-Thames.
Mills, Alfred H. ...	Cheshire.
Mitchell, J. R. D.	Germany.
Morris, Lily ...	Camberwell, S.E.
Morrison, Grace B.	Burntisland.
Murphy, Anna F.	Bristol.
Murphy, Francis ...	Higham Ferrers.
Nace, Alice M. ...	Hampstead, N.W.
Niblett, Jessie ...	Hyde Park, W.
Nicholson, Blanche	Banbury.
Nuth, Mary ...	Somerset Road, N.W.
Oakley, Ellen S....	Ipswich.
Officer, Constance	Hull.
Ogden, Mary ...	Yorks.
Ogle, John J. ...	Bootle, Lancashire.
O'Meara, E. B. ...	Chalerai, Belgium.
O'Ryan, Katie ...	Jersey.
Parsons, Lilian ...	Thrapston.
Patton, Georgina T.	Taunton.
Pearce, Annie ...	Gray's Inn Road, W.C.
Perry, Florence F.	Stroud Green, N.
Perry, Helen F. ...	Eaton Square, S.W.
Phillimore, Cordelia M.... ...	Chiswick.
Phillimore, El. L.	Bedford Park, W.
Pickering, E. M....	Torquay.
Pickering, M. E....	Torquay.
Platt, Emily C. ...	Cheltenham.
Plumtot, Pauline M.	Chester.
Porter, Lucy ...	Cadogan Bay, N. Wales.
Prentice, Edith ...	Wimbledon, S.W.
Price, Cicely B. ...	Lampeter, Cardiganshire.
Pridgeon, Kate ...	Norfolk.
Prowse, Rose M. ...	Horrabridge, S. Devon.
Putron, Maud M. de	Bexley, Kent.
Ragg, R. E. ...	Wallsend-on-Tyne.
Reid, Elizabeth ...	Belfast.
Reid, Elizabeth ...	Belfast.
Rennard, D. S. ...	Guiseley, near Leeds.
Ridley, Bessie ...	Ipswich.
Roberts, E. ...	Bridgwater.
Rogers, L. M. A.	Oxford.
Rowcroft, A. E. ...	Maidstone, Kent.
Rowland, C. H. ...	Stamford.
Rowlette, Isabella	Sligo, Ireland.
Rowlette, R. J. H.	Sligo, Ireland.
Ruxton, Helen ...	Ellon, Aberd., N.B.
Sanders, Clara ...	Peckham, S.E.
Scarth, S. K. M....	Skelton, Yorksh're.
Sharpe, Mary C....	Spilsby, Lincolnshire.
Sheffield, Mary ...	Anerley, S.E.
Shore, Janet D. ...	Bristol.
Simmons, Lucy M.	Essex.
Sizer, Kate T. ...	Colchester.
Southwell, E. B....	Norwich.
Southwell, Ellen R.	Corsica, France.
Sterling, E. A. ...	Cardiff.
St. George, H. I...	Pimlico, S.W.
Stroud, Louise ...	Deal, Kent.
Stuart, Elizabeth	Sandy, Beds.
Stuart, Mary ...	Sandy, Beds.
Sturges, Gertrude	Bolton, Lancashire.
Tallant, Louisa ...	Northampton.
Tarrant, Ada ...	Bournemouth.
Taylor, C.... ...	Godalming, Surrey.
Thompson, M. J....	Liverpool.
Thornham, Clara...	Hull.
Tindall, W. J. ...	Halifax.
Tredgold, Dora E.	Portsmouth.
Vant, J. E. ...	Ripon, Yorkshire.
Vaugham, Mary A.	Earl's Court, S.W.
Wade, George A....	Leeds.
Walker, Marion S.	Bradford, Yorks.
Walton, John ...	Salop.
Wardle, Mildred A.	Leek, Staffordshire.
Watson, Robert ...	Stratford.
Waugh, Mabel ...	Oxford.
Webb, Amy J. ...	Southsea, Hants.
Wellington, E. M.	Charlton, Kent.
Wenger, Jeanne ...	Berne.
Whitehead, Amy...	Batheaston, Bath.
Wickham, Annie ..	Burrough, Bideford.
Wigley, Fanny ...	Derby.
Williams, J. R. ...	Carnarvon.
Willes, Alice M. ...	Brockley, S.E.
Wilson, Const. H.	Liverpool.
Wingrave, M. ...	Southampton Row, W.C.
Wise, Mary L. ...	Ripon.
Woodman, H. W.	Bolton.
Woollett, A. ...	Ashford.
Woods, L. W. ...	North Shields.
Yates, Albert ...	Brixton, S.W.

SECTION III.—LETTER.

The Prize of One Guinea is awarded to FRANCIS M. REYNOLDS, M.B., C.M., Mill Street, Ottery St. Mary, Devon.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR.

Name.	*Address.*	*Marks.*
Chalmers, Frank...	Kirkcaldy, Fife ...	80
Heritage, Alice E.	Wakefield	75
Scott, John ...	Port Ellen, Islay ...	75
Wade, George Alfred	Leeds	75
Woollett, A. ...	Ashford, Kent ...	76

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

Name.	*Address.*
Adams, James ...	Londonderry.
Addison, William...	Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Bale, Louisa ...	Enniscarthy.
Baxter, K. ...	Alcester, Warwickshire
Beck, William A...	Camberwell, S.E.
Beckitt, F. J. ...	Chester.
Boodle, Adel. A....	Bournemouth.
Brock, Marg. M.	Tredegar, Monmouth.
Budden, M. G. ...	Winchester.
Cooper, E. T. ...	Colchester.
Crabtree, Carrie ...	Oxenhope, nr. Keighley.
Cruikshank, R. F.	Leeds.
Elsner, Leily ...	Maida Hill, W.
Fletcher, Evelyn...	Upper Norwood, S.E.
Freeman, Julia ...	West Dulwich, S.E.
Gipps, W. H. ...	Whitehaven.
Guest, Arthur ...	Southport.
Hall, Annabelle ...	Stoke Newington, N.
Hawking, Ellen ...	Truro.
Heatley, Arthur J.	Bloxham, near Banbury.
Hoyle, Kenyon R.	Blackburn.
Hudson, John C....	Stony Stratford, Bucks.
Jackson, Arthur ...	Westbourne Park, W.
Jenkinson, Louisa	Finsbury Park, N.
Jodeell, E. L. S....	Norwich.
King, S.	E. Haddon, Northampton
Kirman, George, jun.	Manchester.
Knibb, Florence...	Northampton.
Lewinton, Henry Edward	West Hampstead, N.W.
Lewis, William ...	Ebbw Vale, Monmouth.
Litchfield, May ...	Sydenham, S.E.
Odell, Kate ...	Liverpool.
Papworth, F. W....	Upper Holloway, N.
Pearce, Annie ...	Gray's Inn Road, W.C.
Pickering, M. E.	Torquay.
Prindiville, Mary I.	Leeson, Dublin.
Prowse, Rose M....	Horrabridge, S. Devon.
Putron, Maud M. de...	Bexley, Kent.
Radcliffe, L. E. ...	Staplecross, Hawkhurst.
Shepherd, D. G. ...	Bournemouth.
Steel, Alfred ...	Greenwich.
Storey, E. M. ...	Halifax, Yorkshire.
Sutterby, Edith ...	Peckham, S.E.
Symons, George ...	High Barn, Ulverston.
Tarrant, Ada ...	Bournemouth.
Tasker, Ada Elizabeth	Wellingborough.
Thomas, John W.	Appledore, Devon.
Thomas, Rebecca Catherine ...	Eaton Place, Brighton.
Tope, W. H. ...	Hayle, Cornwall.
Walker, H. Arthur	Radford, Nottingham.
Wallice, J. G. ...	Stoke, Devonport.
Watson, Robert ...	Stony Stratford.
Webb, Amy Jane	Southsea, Hants.
Whitehead, Amy...	Batheaston, Bath.
Whitehead, F. N.	Morecombe.
Whitshead, Charlotte E.	Worcestershire.
Williams, Charlotte	Croydon.
Wilson, Thomas E.	Carlisle.

N.B.—We regret that it is quite impossible to reply to any inquiries respecting unsuccessful MSS.—ED.

WHAT TO WEAR IN APRIL.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

WHATEVER may be the fault of present fashions, they do not err on the score of lack of picturesqueness. They originate in the inspiration of old pictures and old modes, and are varied to our modern requirements.

Hats carry off the palm, now-a-days, in being true copies of those seen in old pictures, not in one picture of the period, but several periods and several paintings combined in such a way that the good points of each are apparent. Our initial letter shows one modern point added to the side brim and high crown of the past, viz., the introduction of the trimming on to the very top of the crown. This gives extraordinary height which, as the season advances, will be maintained by posy bouquets of blooms, which are to be set up beside the crown, as though the wearer had tied them together carelessly, and pinned them on just as she had gathered them. Straws will be worn well on to the summer: they are of many kinds, dull and fine, coarse and glistening, but always dyed to exactly match the dress. Brims widen in front, and diminish at the back, but wide brims, shading the eyes, are not becoming to all faces, and when they do not suit they are so caught up at the side as to entirely alter their influence on the countenance of the wearer. An all-round brim would seem to be a thing of the past, and the untrimmed hats show no uniformity. Either the back or front or the sides differ in height, and turn up as the milliner chooses to make them. As the season advances, summer millinery will be notable for the lavish use of artificial blooms, velvet and linen being combined in the same flower.

Parasols are to be the rivals of hats and bonnets in this liberal use of nature's treasures. There is quite a revolution in these shades from the sun, which, though they increase in size, do not grow in usefulness, for some of the most fashionable kinds are transparent lace edged with a flounce of the same, supplemented by a floral fringe, the handle at the top springing from a huge rose as large as a soup-plate. Every kind of flower is introduced on these new parasols. The "sun-flower" is carried out with a brown silk cover, a yellow silk sun-flower at the top, and a fringe of brown and orange silk leaflets at the edge. Water-lilies, primroses, fuchsias, and snowdrops have been utilised, sometimes in bands and fringes, simply serving as trimmings on silk, lace, velvet, and muslin, for all these materials are to be used, and sometimes the flower itself constitutes the parasol.

The make of dresses varies a good deal. Our first illustration shows a style in many points novel. It is made of tan-coloured woollen stuff, or plain poult

THE LAST NEW PICTURE.

de soie trimmed with velvet, which forms a band round the skirt quite a quarter of a yard deep. This skirt consists of an under and upper one, the latter at the left side describing a point by doubling the material, and lacing the edges together with interknotted ribbon velvet. Study this arrangement well; it is the key-note to many others, and is original and uncommon. The back drapery hangs from the right side, and falls naturally, being made slightly bouffant at the top. The bodice comes down well on the hips, describing a point back and front, the point in front having three large brown velvet buttons, the only visible fastening; the rest is hooked at the side of the plain vestlet, edged with tapering velvet revers, which are joined to an oblong piece falling on the outside of the arm, and matching the cuffs and the straight all-round collar, as well as the trimming to the felt hat, the brim of which forms a point on the left side, surmounted by ostrich-plumes and loops of velvet.

A very useful material for spring wear is the Nun's Veiling, with a woven border of a distinct colour, such as brown on reseda, a favourite combination of tones. We hear on all sides of many new colourings, but, as yet, the dresses made up seem mostly to be brown or grey.

Beaver is such a becoming tone that though we have worn it all the winter, we are likely to continue to do so all the spring, even if not all the summer. Lie de Vin is often blended with it.

Ribbons are used as trimmings, and play a most important part both in millinery and dressmaking. Stripes are the particular fashion of the year; not to the total abandonment of brocades and checks, but casting them quite into the shade as far as public favour is concerned. Ribbon and stripes are in unison, and some of the most fashionable silks and satins have stripes with picot edges, which look exactly as if a ribbon had been run down on to the material. Shaded ribbons and striped ribbons are employed on moire, which is well established in public favour, only it has been improved by being watered on a shot ground. We have, for a long time, had much to admire in the perfection of our tones of colour. Now they have an added charm in the Chameleon silks, which divulge a fresh beauty in every light.

Mantles for married women cover the figure well, as in the example illustrated, which is a mixture of thick ribbed poplin and velvet. The poplin is apparently united to the velvet by one of those fine appliqué trimmings in tinsel thread, which combine so much Oriental magnificence with pure good taste in their colouring. Pleats of velvet are introduced in the back and front, and the passementerie forms a pointed epaulette on the shoulder. The shape is so good and so generally becoming that it might equally well be carried out in some more serviceable woollen stuff, and be trimmed with woollen gimp.

"SHALL WE SAY, YES?"

Tailors are busy just now, for the materials they employ exactly meet the requirements of a spring day, which may be balmy as summer, or cold as winter. They are bringing out a new coat—the Norfolk—built on the lines of a Norfolk jacket, but ample in the basque.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

The French capital has surpassed itself, this season, in the beauty of its silks. A number of gowns worn at some of the many entertainments which Mons. and Madame Carnot's advent has originated, have been interthreaded with gold and silver on a moire ground, while others were a perfect glitter of gold; conventional daisies and marguerites being set close together, so that there is hardly room for a pin's point between the blooms. Wool has been deftly mingled with silk in such a way that, while greatly reducing the cost of the material, it has not diminished its beauty of appearance; indeed, it has rendered it more suitable for draping, falling as it does in softer folds. Wool is no

adulteration like cotton, for it does not spoil the wear. Moires are the materials for grand toilettes, and serve as trimmings for less ambitious gowns. The quality has improved greatly; the watering is new and more varied. Some specimens recall the knots in a wooden beam, others are like braiding. An interwoven basket stripe of equal width with the moire is new, so is the shot ground which, in some colourings, recalls the pigeon's wing and mother-of-pearl. The French speak of the moires as Chameleon, or Étincellant, a word that expresses some of their shimmering beauty. Moires, like all other materials, are striped in many fashions, and in some the colours are combined in the stripes; such, for instance, as sky and rose, steel and old rose, &c. Chiné flowers are thrown on to a few of the moire grounds also.

But there is nothing more fashionable or more beautiful than the brocades, faithfully copied from the periods of Louis XV. and XVI., with wreaths and bouquets of subdued colourings, thrown on striped brocades which almost stand by themselves.

Glacé silks are the fashion in Paris, and many pretty gowns are made of them; but they are not much exported across the Channel, for we do not as yet show any liking for them in England.

Morning dresses and evening dresses, for great occasions, are being made of the new peau de soie, the leather-silk that found such warm approval when first brought out plain, because of its tenacity and consequent splendid wear. Now, however, it has been improved upon, first of all when a brocade was thrown upon it, and it was known as façonné, and then by the introduction of a shot ground. It is the very best of all materials for bodices and mantles.

Satins are employed fashionably only in the richest make of satin duchesse, but though this is certainly the most suitable material for bridal gowns, it has yielded the palm to moire, rich silk, and, still newer, white cloth. Very young brides wear even muslin and soft Oriental silk, and nearly every wedding-dress now is copied from an old picture, the Pompadour and Watteau styles giving the key-note.

The embroideries in tinsel and beads are most elaborate, and as often as not are now worked on the dress itself, and not on bands subsequently employed. Our model shows a rich poult de soie, with velvet interblended, and an Etruscan design embroidered down the side of the panels, and on the sleeve and front. The bodice is cut in a fashion which, if properly planned, can be utilised both as a high and a low bodice; the trimming makes it a stylish low bodice, while the portion which reaches to the throat might be simply filled in, and the long sleeve tacked in when needed, or easily removed. A black dress, worked in jet, might be so arranged without much difficulty, and with every hope of success. The bodice and skirt are cut in one, and the former fastens beneath the trimming on the left side, and at the back. The shoulder-piece of velvet, and the puff to the sleeve, are eminently becoming, while the trimming on the skirt shows to the best advantage over the blue, which appears to be an entire under-skirt, but is, in fact, a mere bordering. The edges of the bodice and skirt are bordered with ball fringe, which is introduced on many bodices, or is replaced by beaded cord.

Some gowns have a yoke-shaped trimming, embroidered on the bodice, attached to heavy bead epaulettes, which give all the squareness to the figure, hitherto monopolised by naval officers in full dress.

Our other illustration is one of those simply-made girl's dresses for which the best French dressmakers are celebrated. It is so cut as to display to the very best advantage the little slender figure. It comes down well on the hips. In front the short drapery is cut in one with the front of the bodice; at the back the train-piece is gathered to the basque in large prominent gathers. A full looped bow of velvet is attached to the side, of the same dark tone as the revers, cuffs, and collar on the bodice. The revers on each side are quite different, as is always the case now with a really fashionable dress. A pleated chemisette is introduced at the throat, but it is made movable, and can be replaced by a plain piece of the material. The petticoat is striped, and the stockings match the lighter shade which, in the original model, is a combination of grey and sapphire, a good one when, as in the present instance, exactly the right shades are chosen.

French women now wear the hair very high, and the collars very high also; combs are introduced among the tresses, which add to the apparent stature. They are much petticoated, and have large dress-improvers, which really throw the dress out at the back. They do not allow the skirts to cling below the steels, for they are well lined up, either with wadding or crinoline.

As the season advances, women will find that the plain skirts, which are coming in, will not be so great a boon; for, unless the fabric is very thick, a sheet of wadding is nearly always introduced between the lining and the outside. It gives a roundness to the folds, and has its advantages, which are not lightness nor coolness; but women of fashion apparently bear the burdens it imposes, smilingly.

Narrow ribbons play an important part in millinery and dressmaking. Clustered together, they are used as a fringe-like bordering to the collars and cuffs, and they form the centre of tucks which appear on the crowns and fronts of drawn bonnets. The width is about the eighth of an inch, and they are generally satin.

Dandelions are the blooms which, just for the moment, are most esteemed, and these are introduced in bead and flower, and on velvet and tulle coiffures alike.

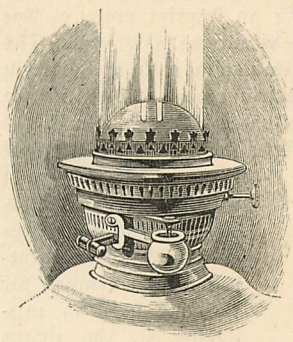
Strings are worn narrow. On some of the bonnets they are mere threads, but they are too unbecoming to be lasting, and are only suited to a fresh and young face; and those who spend most money, and are the best patrons of modistes and millinery, are, as a rule, not young!

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Safety Paraffin Lamp.



An ingenious lamp, which automatically extinguishes itself, has been invented by Mr. Snelgrove, C.E. Our illustration shows the burner and the simple device used to effect the extinction. A lever is held by a trigger or detent, which is set free by a slight oscillation of a ball, which hangs within a ring on the end of the trigger. A jar to the ball, such as would be given by a shock, or the upsetting of the lamp, brings this suspended ball against the ring, actuates the trigger, and frees the lever. This has the effect of shutting up the metal passages of the wicks, and completely extinguishing the flame. The result is that a lamp is extinguished in the act of upsetting, and before it falls ; so that there is no danger of its causing fire. The lamp has been very favourably reported on by scientific experts. It is a duplex lamp, with two flat wicks, giving a splendid flame ; and it can be lighted without removing the globe or chimney, or cleaned without taking away the lever lift arrangement. Moreover, to add to its convenience, the ball and trigger device enables it to be put out at will by simply tapping the ball with the finger. The usual screw is fitted for regulating the power of the flame.

An Electric Chess Recorder.

Some leading electricians are constructing an electric recorder of the moves in games of chess, which has been devised by Dr. Würstzemburger, of Zurich. It consists of a chess-board which is similar to an ordinary one, except that the pieces fit into round holes by means of feet. The insertion of a piece into its hole completes an electric circuit, and the move is recorded on a tape of travelling paper by an electro-magnetic arrangement, which we need not particularly describe, as it contains nothing novel or very interesting in itself.

A Race of Pigmies.

At a recent meeting of the Anthropological Institute, Professor Flower described two skeletons of a pigmy race of negroes, found in Central Africa. The remains have been sent to the British Museum by Emin Pasha. The people in question are probably the "pigmies" of the old Greek writers. They were discovered in the Monbutto country, west of Albert Nyanza, by Schweinfurth, in 1870, but their affinities have not been known till now. The skeletons of these "Akkas," as they are called, are not longer than four feet ; well-shaped ; and the skull rounder than other negroes'. A similar small people have been noticed scattered amongst other Central African tribes, and are called "Negrillos." It is now believed the pigmy people are of the same stock as the "Negrillos," who appear to be a distinct branch of the negro race, corresponding to the "Negritos" of the Indian Archipelago, as compared with the larger Melanesians or Oceanic blacks of that region.

A Remarkable Fossil.

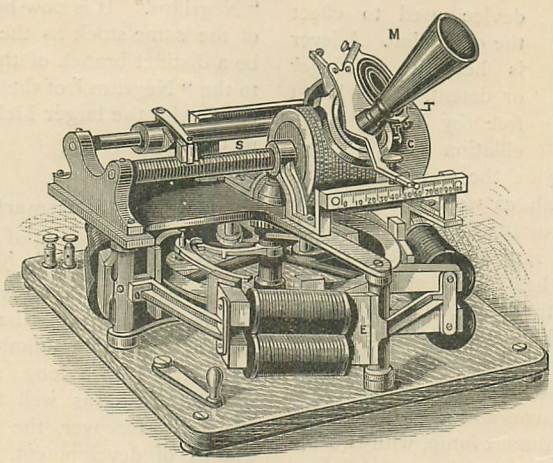
At a recent meeting of the Geological Section of the British Association, at Manchester, Professor H. G. Seeley exhibited a remarkable fossil which showed the development of the *plesiosaurus*. It was, in fact, a series of mummies of young *plesiosauri*, less than five inches long, and showing the substance of their flesh, as well as the bones under it, very plainly. Moreover, the specimens were of different grades of development. The external form of the animals is to be seen even to the circle of the eye. We may add that at the same meeting Dr. H. Woodward, the president, described a fossil cockroach larva which had been found in the Kilmaurs coal measures of Ayrshire, and which he had named *Etoblattina Peachii*.

The New Phonograph.

Ten years ago Mr. Edison announced his invention of a machine for the storage and reproduction of speech, and the announcement was received at the time with a good deal of incredulity, notwithstanding the partial success of Faber and others in devising mechanical articulators. The simplicity of Edison's invention when it was seen and heard elicited much admiration ; and though the novelty as then constructed did not answer all the expectations which a sanguine inventor had raised concerning it, it was nevertheless regarded as a remarkable instrument and the germ of something better. If the words spoken into the instrument were heard in the first place, the likeness of the reproduction was found to be unmistakable. Indeed, so close was the replica of sounds that a member of the French Academy of Sciences declined to believe there was no ventriloquism or other trickery in connection with it. It was evident, however, that

before the phonograph could become the practical instrument it was claimed to be, further improvements in the nicety of its articulation were required. The introduction of the electric light diverted Mr. Edison's energies from the task of improving it, although he does not seem to have lost faith in his pet invention. During the past ten years he has accumulated a colossal fortune, and been the means of introducing both electric light and power to the world at large. Quite recently, however, he returned to his earlier love, and has at length, it appears, succeeded in perfecting it so as to redeem his past promises and fulfil his hopes regarding it.

The old instrument consisted, as is well known, of a vibrating tympan or drum, from the centre of which projected a steel point or stylus, in such a manner that on speaking to the tympan its vibrations would urge the stylus to dig into a sheet of tinfoil moving past its point. The foil was supported on a grooved barrel, so that the hollow of the groove behind it permitted the foil to give under the point of the stylus and cause it, instead of penetrating the foil, to indent it more or less according to the force of the vibrations of the tympan. The result was that along the spiral groove of the barrel the tinfoil was deformed with undulations corresponding to the vibrations of the speech. Thus recorded on a yielding but somewhat stiff material, these undulations could be preserved and at a future time made to deflect the point of a similar stylus, and set a corresponding diaphragm or tympan into vibration, so as to give out the original sounds, or an imitation of them.



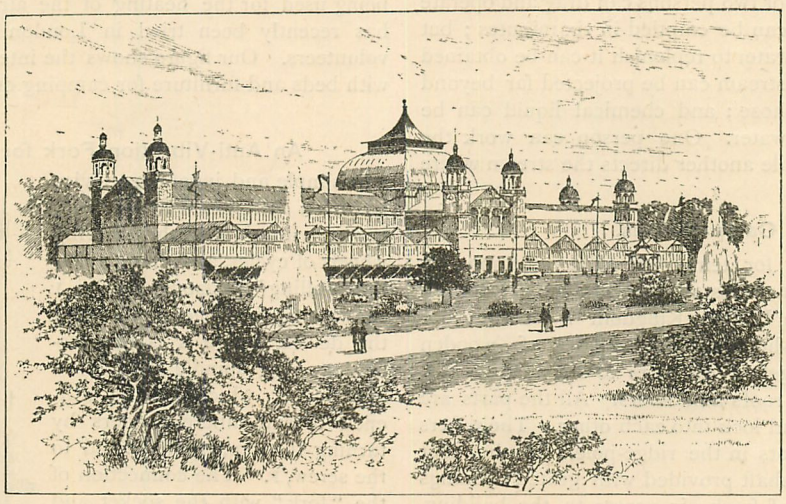
THE NEW PHONOGRAPH.

Tinfoil, however, is not a very satisfactory material on which to receive the vibrations in the first place. It does not precisely respond to the movements of the marking stylus in taking the impression, and does not guide the receiving stylus sufficiently well in reproducing sounds. Mr. Edison, like Professor Bell, has therefore adopted wax in the new phonograph ; and instead of tinfoil spread on a grooved support, he now employs a cylinder of wax to take the print of the vibrations. Moreover, he no longer uses the same kind of diaphragm to print and receive the sounds, but employs a more delicate one for receiving. The marking cylinder is now kept in motion by an electric motor, instead of by hand-turning as in the earlier instrument.

The new phonograph of Edison is about the size of an ordinary sewing machine and is of exquisite workmanship ; the performance depending to a great extent on the perfection and fitness of the mechanism. It consists of a horizontal spindle, S, carrying at one end the wax cylinder C, on which the sonorous vibrations are to be imprinted. Over the cylinder is supported a diaphragm or tympan, T, provided with a conical mouthpiece, M, for speaking into. Under the tympan there is a delicate needle or stylus, with its point projecting from the centre of the tympan downwards to the surface of the wax cylinder, so that when a person speaks into the mouthpiece, the voice vibrates the tympan and drives the point of the stylus down into the wax, making an imprint more or less deep in accordance with the vibrations of the voice. The cylinder is kept revolving in a spiral path, at a uniform speed, by means of an electric motor, E, fitted with a sensitive regulator and situated at the base of the machine. The result is that a delicate and ridgy trace is cut in the surface of wax along a spiral line. This is the sound record, and by substituting a finer tympan for the one used in producing it, the ridges and inequalities of the trace can be made to agitate a light stylus resting on them, and cause it to set the delicate tympan into vibrations corresponding very accurately to those of the original sounds. The tympan employed for receiving is made of gold-beater's skin—having a stud at its centre and a springy pointer of steel wire. The sounds emitted by this device are almost a whisper as compared to the original ones, but they are faithful in articulation, which is the main object, and they are conveyed to the ear by means of flexible hearing-tubes.

These tympans are interchangeable at will, and the arm which carries them is also provided with a turning tool for smoothing the wax cylinder prior to its receiving the print. The cylinders are made of different sizes, from 1 to 8 inches long and 4 inches in diameter. The former has a storage capacity of 200 words. The next in size has twice that, or 400 words, and so on. Mr. Edison states that four of the large 8-inch cylinders can record all "Nicholas Nickleby," which could therefore be automatically read to a private invalid or to a number of patients in a hospital simultaneously, by means of a bunch of hearing-tubes. The cylinders can be readily posted like letters, and made to deliver their contents *vivâ voce* in a duplicate phonograph, every tone and expression of the writer being rendered with more or less fidelity. In addition to facilitating correspondence by dictation, Mr. Edison hopes that the new instrument will be useful in matters of law and the interests of justice ; for example, in the

detective service, as the photographic camera is now. It lends itself to type-setting by the reproduction of a dictated article in the ear of the compositor ; and it may also be employed to copy music and to render it again. In fact, numerous applications of the instrument can be suggested, from recording animal sounds, foreign languages, and decaying dialects, to the preservation of oratorical and vocal specimens of great singers, orators, and statesmen, or the accents of friendly voices which will one day be stilled. It should be added that the electric motor, E, which drives the machine is actuated by two or three Leclanché cells, and that a special factory has been set apart by Edison for the manufacture of the apparatus.



THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION BUILDING.

A New Auger.

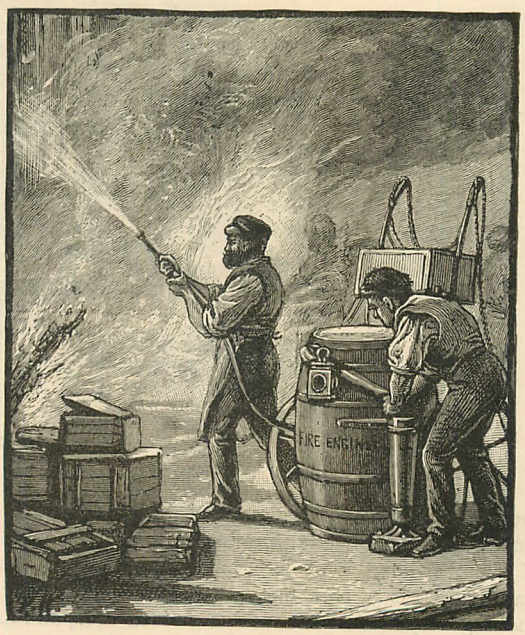
A new twist auger for boring holes has been introduced by a Staffordshire firm. The point is unbreakable, owing to the screw forming a closed end with two holes, to allow of the passage of the severed wood. The auger is also said to prevent splitting of the timber, and the enlargement of the bore-hole. Owing to its durable qualities, also, this auger will prove serviceable, especially in the colonies.

The Brussels Exhibition.

The forthcoming international exhibition is expected to be a very fine one. The whole space allotted to it is about 316,000 square metres, and of this 20,000 square metres has been reserved for a "British Empire Section," which is to be a speciality of the show. The English Commissioner for this part of the exhibition is Mr. S. Lee Bapty, of Manchester, a gentleman who has had considerable experience in the work, having managed the late successful exhibition at Manchester. Our illustration shows the building intended for the British Empire Section. It is designed by a Manchester firm, and some idea of its size may be gained from the fact that the nave is 500 metres long. The exhibition will be opened in May, and will form an interesting prelude to the greater display of Paris, in 1889. We may add that the Italian Exhibition, to be opened in May in London, will be enlivened by representations of the old Roman games. It should be noted that the Society of Telegraph Engineers (which is about to become the "Institution of Electrical Engineers") has undertaken to cooperate with intending British exhibitors of electrical apparatus at the Paris Exhibition of 1889.

A Water-bearing Fire-Engine.

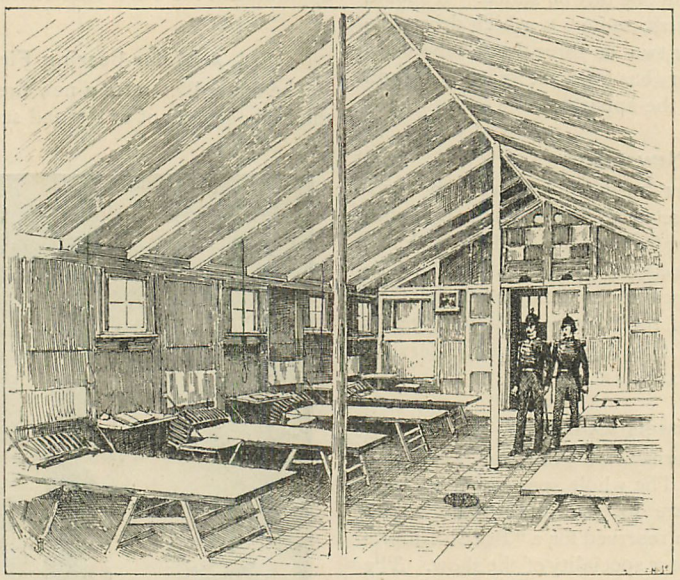
The figure illustrates a new fire-engine which carries thirty-six gallons of water and several hundred feet of



hose. This arrangement enables the engine to proceed to work at once on reaching the fire ; no time being lost in joining on to the street hydrants while the fire is burning. The engine consists of an oak reservoir for the water, a gun-metal pump, and a carriage of wrought-iron on which the pump and reservoir swing in travelling. One or two persons can drag and operate it. The reservoir can be emptied in six minutes ; but in that time fresh water to replenish it can be obtained on the spot. The stream can be projected far beyond the nozzle of the hose ; and chemical liquid can be used in place of water. One person can work the pump by hand, while another directs the stream where most required.

Camp-Houses.

Portable houses for temporary villages, camps, or annexes to permanent establishments have been introduced into the United Kingdom from America. Ducker's "camp-houses" are made of wooden panels hinged together in pairs to form the walls, and singly for the roofs and floors. All the parts are interchangeable and lock into each other. The rafters are keyed into slots in the ridge-pole. In the floor there is a central shaft provided with grated openings to allow a supply of fresh air access to the building, and there are ventilators in the roof. This air may be warmed if necessary by a stove in the porch of the house. The floor is raised eight inches above the ground on feet which are adjustable to inequalities of the ground. There are six glazed windows on each side, and two in each gable. These are protected by shutters. The panels are made of wood framing covered with a kind of "leather-board" of jute and leather-pulp. The standard size is 35 feet long by 18 feet wide, and weighs about 4,000 pounds. It contains a dozen beds, and the same number of tables and chairs. Two horses and an ordinary waggon are sufficient for its transport. It can be erected in a place by twelve men in an hour, and taken down in about half that time, without the use of nails, screws, or tools of any sort. In addition to the main building, there is an annexe at each end ; one being used for the heating of the air. The building has recently been tried in London by a party of volunteers. Our figure shows the interior as arranged with beds and furniture for camping out.



A CAMP-HOUSE.

An Anti-Vibration Fork for Cycles.

A simple and ingenious device has been introduced for destroying the vibration of the steering wheels of cycles, and diminishing the "rolling" resistance. Fig. 1 shows a vertical section through the device, where A is the vertical steering spindle attached to a spring, K, which can be stiffened to suit different riders by turning the cap, H, connected to the screw, F. The connection of the "fork" with the socket and the direction of the steering is maintained by circular grooves cut in the collar, B B, into which steel balls are made to slide. These balls are held in position and revolve in cups formed on the end of set pins, C C, the slightest movement of which is sufficient to give adjustment from time to time. All the wearing surfaces are of tempered steel. Fig. 2 shows the device as mounted on the cycle. While upon this subject we

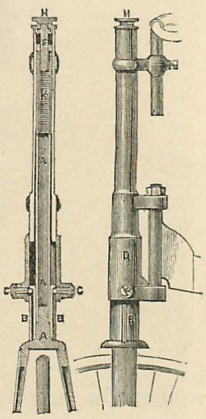
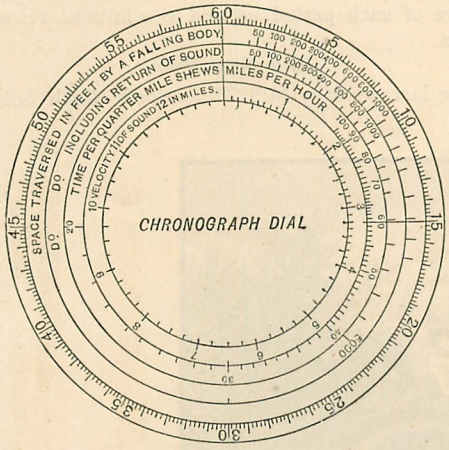


FIG. 1. FIG. 2.

may also mention a new underguard which is designed to reduce the discomfort of cycling to a minimum. It is longer than the guard at present in use, and is jointed at its lower end, a spring attachment allowing it to return to its place after passing over any obstacle, thus making it safer than the ordinary guards, which are liable to be bent or broken by stones on the road.



A Chronograph Dial for Watches.

The annexed illustration shows an ingenious dial devised for use on stop-watches. It can tell the distance traversed by a falling body, if the time between its start and stoppage be observed. The distances are read off on the second and third circles of the dial. The outermost circle gives seconds, as in the usual chronograph dial. The second and third circles are marked to the depth a falling body travels in eight or nine seconds. For greater distances the resistance of the air disturbs the result, and as this depends on the shape and character of the body, it could not be told by the dial, which has only been marked for 1,000 feet at farthest. The fourth circle shows miles per hour when the second hand is started on entering upon, and stopped on completing, a quarter of a mile. The fifth, or innermost circle, shows the distance in miles corresponding to the interval which elapses between the flash of a gun and the arrival of the sound.

Blotting-Paper for Copying.

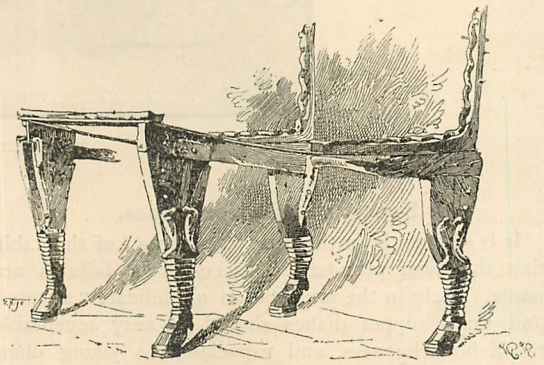
A German journal gives the following process for making blotting-paper able to give copies of letters :— Soak 4 parts of the best clear glue in a mixture of 5 parts of pure water and 3 parts of ammonia liquor, until the glue is thoroughly softened. Warm it till the glue is dissolved, and add 3 parts of granulated sugar and 8 parts of glycerine, stirring the whole well, and letting it come to the boiling-point. While the mixture is hot, paint it with a broad brush on clean white blotting-paper until the latter is thoroughly soaked and a thin coating remains on the surface. Let it dry for two or three days, and it will be ready for use. The writing or sketch to be copied is done with the usual aniline ink on writing-paper. Before transferring it to the blotting-paper, wet the latter with a sponge or brush and clean water, and allow it to stand for one or two minutes. Place the written side on the blotting-paper, and press out air bubbles. After a few moments of gentle pressure remove the written paper. A number of copies can then be made after the manner of the "graph" processes from the blotting-paper. When the impressions grow faint, damp the surface of the blotting-paper again.

A Remedy for Sea-Sickness.

Mr. Watson Smith, F.C.S., has pointed out that the new artificial alkaloid, antipyrine, discovered in 1883 by Herr Knoer, of Erlangen, and made from coal-tar, is an excellent remedy for sea-sickness. In most cases a dose of 1½ grammes is sufficient, and the effect is felt in about ten minutes. In other cases this dose has to be repeated. In rare instances it is sometimes necessary to administer it in the form of a subcutaneous injection of 1 gramme of the antipyrine. It is manufactured by a German firm of chemical makers. Some correspondents, however, have complained of the after-effects of this remedy.

The Chair of Queen Hatsu.

A recent addition to the British Museum is the royal chair of an Egyptian queen, believed to be Hatsu or Hatasu, who reigned some 1,600 years before our era,

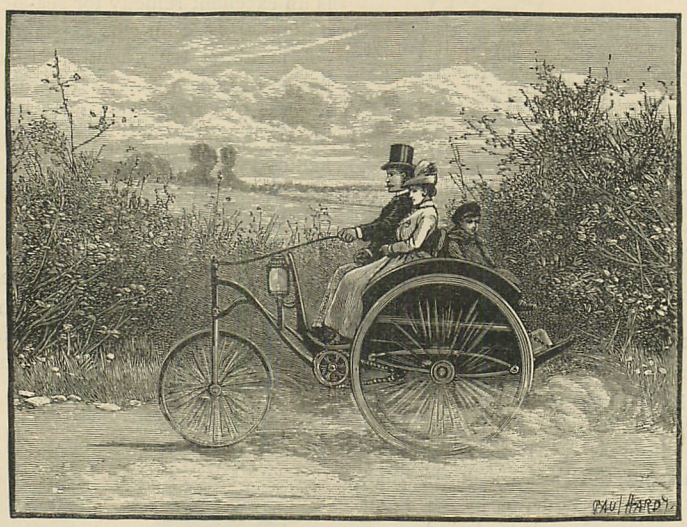


and twenty-nine years before the time of Moses. The throne, if throne it be, is a graceful chair of a dark wood, resembling lignum vitæ, or the cocus wood of the Bahamas. It is overlaid at parts with thin plates of beaten gold, and at other parts countersunk with little rings of silver on the bodies of the asps or snakes shown round the legs of the chair. The snake was, as is well known, a symbol of royalty in ancient Egypt, and figured in the head-dress of its queens. This interesting relic is one of the oldest pieces of furniture in the world, and although dilapidated, exhibits in its elegant form a high degree of taste.

An Electric Dog-Cart.

Mr. Magnus Volk, the electrician of the Brighton electric railway, has applied electricity to propel a dog-cart. Our illustration shows the vehicle in question. The current is provided by sixteen "E. P. S." (Electrical Power Storage Company's) accumulators

capable of keeping up a supply for six hours. The accumulators are stowed under the seats in the body of the cart. The current works an Immisch electric motor of ½-horse-power, which is supported by hangers under the body of the cart, and drives a countershaft in front by a steel link chain. The right-hand wheel of the cart has a number of blocks on the inner side of its rim, and a second steel chain, passing round these blocks from the countershaft, turns the wheel and propels the cart. The cart travels nine miles an hour on asphalte; and with a load of two persons a grade of 1 in 30 can be surmounted.



AN ELECTRIC DOG-CART.

Sweets and Supper Dishes.

It is frequently in the little "etceteras" of the table that the most pronounced successes or failures are made. Help in the preparation of delicate "sweets" and tasty supper dishes should be very acceptable to all housekeepers, and especially to young ones. Mrs. de Salis gives another little volume of her series of "*À la mode*" cookery books, dealing specially with "Sweets and Supper Dishes" (Longmans). It is enough to whet one's appetite, only to read of some of these dainty dishes, but we fear that housekeepers who are to try many of them will need long purses.

A Memorial of the Jubilee.

It is well for nations, as for individuals, to look back now and again, and "take stock" of their position, and such an event as Her Majesty's Jubilee affords a most suitable vantage-point for such a purpose. In nothing can we see more clearly than in re-reading our history, how our liberties have grown and broadened, and how almost immeasurable our advance has been. Messrs. Cassell have taken advantage of the Jubilee to issue a Jubilee edition of their popular "History of England." The first volume is now before us, and carries the history from the Roman Invasion to the Wars of the Roses. The illustrations form a prominent feature of this edition, and the figure subjects, by Mr. Blair Leighton and the brothers Paget, are singularly striking and instructive. Mr. Railton's architectural drawings, too, deserve more than a passing word of praise. Any one who wants a really good, well-illustrated history of our country, could not do better than procure this one, which presents to the ordinary reader a very complete picture of each period, as well as a faithful record of events.

In a New Vein.

The last work by Mrs. Molesworth which fell into our hands was that charming child-story, "Little Miss Peggy," to which we referred in January last; and now this same writer comes before us again with a volume of ghost stories! "Four Ghost Stories" (Macmillan) is its title, and though we are free to confess that, for our part, we prefer Mrs. Molesworth as the delineator of winsome maidens, like "Miss Peggy," there is considerable interest about these tales. Perhaps the most interesting of the four is the second, entitled "Witnessed by Two." But we should be glad to hear that ghost stories, of a kind to encourage superstition, were altogether things of the past.

Poet and Novelist.

The story of Sir Walter Scott's chequered career has often been told, even since Lockhart's great work appeared. But the tale will bear repeating, and Mr. Charles Duke Yonge makes it very interesting in his contribution to the "Great Writers" series, published by Sir Walter's namesake, Mr. Walter Scott. Some of Mr. Yonge's analyses of the leading characters in the stories are very clever, though we should not always feel disposed to agree with him. We note that Professor Blackie has written a life of Robert Burns for this same series.

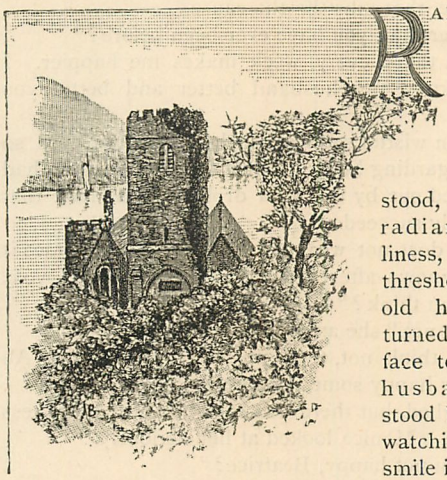
MONICA:

OR, STRONGER THAN DEATH.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Torwood's Trust," "Oliver Langton's Ward," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

BACK AT TREVLYN.



"RANDOLPH! Can this really be Trevlyn?" — The young countess stood, in all her radiant loveliness, upon the threshold of her old home, and turned her happy face towards the husband who stood beside her, watching with a smile in his eyes for the effect to be produced by his labour of love.

"Can this really be Trevlyn?"

"You seem destined never to know your old home again when you have been banished from it, Monica," he answered, smiling. "Well, is it as much changed as you expected?"

"It is lovely," said Monica simply; adding, after another long look round her: "If only my father could have seen this—could have lived to witness the realisation of his dream!"

But he would not let her indulge one sad thought that should cloud the brightness of this happy home-coming. He kissed her gently in token of his sympathy, and then drew her towards the blazing fire whose dancing flames were illuminating the great hall.

"Does it realise your dream, too, my Monica?" he asked softly.

She looked up in his face, deep feeling betraying itself in the glance of her soft dark eyes.

"To be with you is my dream, Randolph. That is enough for me."

He saw that she was moved, and knew that the associations of Trevlyn, the old home, were crowding upon her. Without speaking, he led her towards a door which in old days led to a room vast and empty, save for the odds and ends of lumber that gradually accumulated there. Monica glanced up in a sort of surprise as he turned the handle. Why was he taking her there? She paused on the threshold, and looked about her in mute amaze.

The floor was of polished parquetry work; the panelled walls, quaintly and curiously carved, shone with the care that had been bestowed upon them; the vaulted roof had been carefully restored, and was a fine specimen of mediæval skill and beauty. The mullioned window to the west had been filled with rich stained glass, that gave back a dusky glimmer through its tinted panes, though the daylight was failing fast. Near to the window stood the one great feature of the room, an organ, which Monica's eyes saw at once was a particularly fine and costly instrument. An organ of her very own! It was just like Randolph to think of it! She gave him one sweet glance of gratitude, and went up to it in the dim, dusky twilight.

"How good you are to me!" she said softly.

He heard the little quiver in her voice, and bent his head to kiss her; but he spoke in a lighter tone.

"Do you like it? I am so glad! I thought your home ought not to be without its music-room. See, Monica, your organ will be a sort of friend to whom you can confide all your secrets; for you want nobody to blow it for you. You can set the bellows at work by just turning this handle, and nobody need disturb your solitude when you want to be alone."

She looked up gratefully. He never forgot anything—not even her old love for solitude.

"I never want to be alone now, Randolph," she said. "I always want you."

"And you generally have me, sweet wife. I think we have hardly been separated for more than a few hours at a time since that happy, happy day that made you really mine."

"I want it always to be like that," said Monica dreamily: "always like that."

He looked at her, and carried the hand that he held to his lips.

"Will you play, Monica?"

She sat down, and struck a few dreamy chords, gradually leading up to the theme that was in her mind. Randolph leaned against the mullioned window-frame and watched her. He could see, even in the darkness, the pure, pale outline of her perfect profile, and the crown of her golden hair that framed her face like an aureole.

"Another dream realised, Monica," he said softly, as she turned to him at length.

"What dream, Randolph?"

"A dream that came to me once in the little cliff church where we were married, came to me as I watched you—little as you knew it—sitting at the organ, and playing to yourself, one sunny afternoon. But this is better than any dream of pictured saint or spirit—my Monica, my own true wife."

She looked up at him, and came and put her arms about his neck—an unusual demonstration, even now, for her, and they stood very close together in the gathering darkness that was not dark to them.

Monica paid an early visit to St. Maws to see her friends, and to confide to Mrs. Pendrill a little of the wonderful happiness that had flooded her life with sunshine. Then, too, she wanted to see Tom, and to ask him the result of the mission he had half promised to undertake. So far she had learned nothing save that Fitzgerald had not been seen near Trevlyn for many weeks, and was supposed to have gone abroad.

"Did you see him, Tom?" she asked, when she had found the opportunity she desired.

"Yes, once or twice. I had a good look at him. I should not call him mad, by any means, though in a decidedly peculiar mental state. We merely met as it were by chance, and talked on indifferent subjects for the most part. Once he asked me, in a sort of veiled way, for professional advice, describing certain unpleasant symptoms and sensations. I advised him to give up the use of spirits, and to try what travelling would do for him. He seemed to think he would take my advice, and shortly afterwards he disappeared from the neighbourhood: but where he has gone I do not know."

Monica knew that this advice had been followed. "He may go anywhere he likes, if he will only keep away from here," she said. "I am very much obliged to you, Tom, for doing as I asked."

"Pray don't mention it."

"I must mention it, because it was very good of you. Tom, will you come and stay at Trevlyn next week? We have one or two people coming for the pheasants, and we want you to make one of the party, if you will."

"Oh, very well; anything to please. I have had no shooting worth speaking of, so far. I should like a week's holiday very well."

So that matter was speedily and easily arranged.

Tom did not ask who were the guests he was to meet, and Monica did not think of naming entire strangers like Lord Haddon and Lady Beatrice Wentworth. She forgot that Tom and the young earl had met once on a former occasion.

Those two were to be the first guests. Perhaps later on they would ask more, but Monica was too entirely happy in her present life to wish it in any way disturbed, and Randolph by no means cared to be obliged to give up to guests those happy hours that heretofore he had always spent with Monica. But Beatrice and her brother had already been invited. They were his oldest friends, and were Monica's friends too. She was glad to welcome them to her old home, and the rapturous admiration that its beauties elicited would have satisfied a more exacting nature than hers.

Beatrice was, as usual, radiant, bewitching, delightful. Monica wished that Tom had come in time to see her arrival, and listen to her sparkling flow of talk. Tom went in for being a woman-hater, or next door to it, but she thought that even he would have to make an exception in favour of Lady Beatrice Wentworth.

She went up-stairs with her guest to her room at length, when Beatrice suddenly turned towards her, with quite a new expression upon her face.

"Monica," she said, looking straight into her eyes, "you are changed—you are different from what you were in London—different even from what you were in Scotland, though I saw a change then. I don't know how to express it, but you are beautified—glorified. What is it? What has changed you since I first knew you?"

Monica knew right well; but some feelings could not be translated into words.

"I am very happy," she said quietly. "If there is any change, that must be the cause."

"Happier than you have ever been before?"

"Yes; I think every week makes me happier. I learn to know my husband better and better, you see."

A sudden wistful sadness flashed into the eyes so steadily regarding her. Monica saw it before it had been blotted out by the arch drollery of the look that immediately succeeded.

"And it does not wear off, Monica? Sometimes it does, you know—after a time. Will it ever in your case, do you think?"

"I think not," she answered.

"And I think not, too," answered Beatrice. "Ah me! How happy some people are!"

She laughed, but there was something of bitterness in the tone. Monica looked at her seriously.

"Are you not happy, Beatrice?"

The girl's audacious smile beamed out over her face.

"Don't I look so?"

"Sometimes—not always."

"One must have variety before all things, you know," was the gay answer. "It would never do always to affect the same style—it lacks piquancy after a time. Now let me have time to beautify myself in harmony with this most charming of old places, and come back for me when you are dressed; I feel as if I should lose my way, or see bogies in these delightful corridors and staircases."

And Monica left her guest as desired, coming back, half an hour later, to find her transformed into the guise of some pictured dame of a century or two gone by, in stiff amber brocade, quaintly cut about the neck and sleeves, and relieved here and there by dazzling scarlet blossoms. Beatrice never looked like anybody else at any time, but to-night she was particularly, strikingly original.

"Ah, you black-robed queen, you will just do as a foil for me!" was the greeting Monica received. "Whenever I see you in any garb, no matter what it is, I always think it is just the one that suits you best of everything. Are you having a dinner party to-night?"

"Not exactly. A few men are coming who have asked Randolph to shoot since we came back. You and I are the only ladies."

And then they went down to the empty drawing-room a good half-hour before any one else was likely to appear.

Beatrice chatted away very gaily. She seemed in great spirits, and had much to tell of what had passed

since their farewell in London at the time of Lord Trevlyn's death.

She moved about the drawing-room, examining the various treasures it contained, and admiring the beauty of the pictures. She was standing half concealed by the curtains draping a recessed window, when the door opened, admitting Tom Pendrill. He was in dinner dress, having arrived about an hour previously.

"You have come then, Tom," said Monica. "I am glad. I was afraid that you meant to desert us after all."

"The wish being father to the thought, I presume," answered Tom, shaking hands. "By-the-by, here is a letter from Arthur's doctor I've brought to show you. He gives a capital account of his patient. Can you read German writing, or shall I construe? He writes about as crabbedly as——"

And here Tom stopped short, seeing that Monica was not alone.

"I beg your pardon," he added, drawing himself up with a ceremoniousness quite unusual with him.

"Not at all," answered Monica quietly. "Let me introduce you to Lady Beatrice Wentworth—Mr. Tom Pendrill."

They exchanged bows very distantly. Monica became suddenly aware, in some subtle, inexplicable fashion, that these two were not strangers to one another—that this was not their first meeting. Moreover, it appeared as if their former acquaintance, such as it was, could have been by no means agreeable to either, for it was easy to see that a sort of covert antagonism existed between them, which neither of them took over-much pains to conceal.

Tom's face assumed its most sharply cynical expression as he drew at once into his hardest shell of distant reserve and sarcastic politeness.

Beatrice opened her feather fan, and wielded it with a sort of aggressive negligence. She dropped into a seat beside Monica, and began to talk to her with an air of studied affectation utterly at variance with her ordinary easy manner, ignoring Tom as entirely as if no introduction had passed between them, with an assumption of insolence that could only be explained by a deeply-seated antipathy.

Monica tried to include Tom in the conversation; but he declined to be included, returned an indifferent answer, and withdrew to a distant corner of the room, where he remained deeply engrossed, as it seemed, in the study of a photographic album.

Monica was perplexed. She could not imagine what it all meant. She had never heard the Pendrills speak of Lady Beatrice Wentworth, and she was sufficiently acquainted with Tom's history to render this perplexity the greater. She was certain Mrs. Pendrill had heard the name of her expected guest, and it had aroused no emotion in her. Yet she would presumably know the name of a lady towards whom her nephew cherished so great an antipathy. Monica could not make it out. But one thing was plain enough: those two were sworn foes, and intended to remain so—and they were guests beneath the same roof!

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

AN ENIGMA.

IT was a relief when the other men came in, and when dinner was announced. Randolph evidently knew nothing of any disturbing element in the party as he handed Beatrice in to dinner, and he made a sort of attempt to introduce her to Tom, who was seated opposite, not knowing that Monica had had an opportunity of performing that little ceremony.

"You are two of my oldest friends, you know," said their host, in his pleasant, easy fashion, "and you are both my guests now, so you will have a capital opportunity of expatiating together upon my many perfections."

"No need for that, Randolph," answered Beatrice gaily. "They speak too loudly for themselves, and your wife's eyes tell too many tales of them. You know I never could bear paragons. If you turn into one, I shall have no more to say to you."

"You are very cutting, Beatrice; almost as much so as Tom here. It is really rather a trying position to be hedged in between a clever woman and a clever man."

"If you call me a clever woman again, Randolph, I'll never forgive you. I abominate the whole race!" cried Beatrice hotly; "and as for clever men—I *detest* them!"

This was said so heartily as to elicit a guffaw of laughter from a ruddy-faced young gentleman of sporting tastes, who was her neighbour on the other side. She turned to him with one of her most sparkling glances.

"Now you, I am quite certain, agree with me. Your face tells me you do. Don't you think that it is the clever people who make the world an intolerable place?"

"They're the greatest nuisance out," assented that young gentleman cordially. "I always did say so. I was never clever. I was plucked three times, I think, for my little-go."

"Then you and I are sure to be great friends," said Beatrice, laughing. "I am quite, quite certain I should *never* have passed any examination if I had been a man. I was at Oxford once, long ago; and oh! you know, the only men that were any good at all for anything were those who had been 'plucked,' as they call it, or fully expected to be. The clever, good, precocious boys were—oh! well, let us not think of them! It takes away one's appetite!"

The sporting gentleman laughed, and enjoyed this summary verdict; but Randolph just glanced across at his wife. He, too, was aware that there was something odd in Beatrice's manner. He detected the covert vein of bitterness in her tone; and he was as much at a loss to understand it as any one else could be. Tom's face and impenetrable silence puzzled him likewise.

Dinner, however, passed smoothly enough. Beatrice was very lively, and her witticisms kept all the table alive. Her young neighbour lost his heart to her at once, and she played with him in the most frank and open fashion possible. She could be very fascinating

when she chose, and to-night, after the first edge had been taken off her sallies, she was, undoubtedly, exceedingly attractive.

If there was something a little forced in her mirth, at least nobody detected it, save those who knew her very well, and not even all of those, for Haddon was obviously unconscious that anything was wrong, and talked to Monica in the most unconcerned fashion possible. What Tom thought of it all, nobody could hazard an opinion.

At length Monica gave the signal to her animated guest, and they two withdrew together. Beatrice laughed gaily, as she half walked, half skipped across the hall, humming a tune the while.

"What a lovely place this old house is!" she exclaimed. "Monica, you and Randolph mustn't get lazy; you must live up to your house. It is too beautiful to be wasted. If you don't know how to manage matters, I must come and teach you!"

And so she rattled on, first on one theme, and then on another, in restless, aimless fashion, as people do who are talking against time, or talking with a purpose, determined not to let silence fall between them and their companions. It was easy to see that Beatrice wished to avoid any confidential conversation—wished to escape from questioning or from any quiet talk, of whatever description it might be.

When at length she did let Monica go back to the drawing-room, it was not with any idea of silence. She went straight to the piano, and began playing stormily.

Presently, after dashing off fragments vocal and instrumental in a sort of confused medley—Monica growing dreamy as she listened to the succession of changing harmonies—she began once more, with more of purpose and of passion in her voice—indeed, there was so much of pain and passion, that Monica was aroused to listen.

"My heart, my heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a warted shoot;
My heart, my heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are hung with thick-set fruit.
My heart, my heart is like a rainbow-shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart, my heart is gladder than all these,
Because my love, my love has come to me.
My heart——"

And then the singer's voice failed utterly; a dismal discordant chord broke the eager harmonies that had followed one another so rapidly. Beatrice broke into a sudden storm of tears, and hurried from the room without a word.

Monica sat aghast and bewildered. What could it all mean? Was she by chance to come upon the secret sorrow of Beatrice's life?—the sorrow she had half suspected sometimes, but had never heard in any way explained. Was it to be explained to her now? Was Tom Pendrill connected with that sorrow? If so, what part had he taken? Could they ever have been lovers? Did she not remember, long ago, hearing something of a suspicion on Mrs. Pendrill's part that Tom had been "jilted" by the woman he loved? Was there not a time, long ago, when he was not the reserved, cynical man he affected to be now; but was genial, brilliant, the pleasantest of companions? Yes, Monica was sure of it—was certain that he had changed, and changed somewhat suddenly, many years ago; but she had paid little heed to the matter then, as it was about that time when every faculty was absorbed in watching over Arthur, who long lay hovering between life and death. Changes after that passed almost unheeded. Had not her whole life been changed too?

She did not follow Beatrice, however, to try and comfort her, or attempt to force her confidence. She treated her as she would wish herself to be treated in similar case; and, shortly after the gentlemen had joined them, had the satisfaction of seeing her companion come back as brilliant and full of vivacity as ever, and there was no need after her appearance to wonder how the evening should be passed, it seemed quite sufficient entertainment for the company to sit in a circle round her, and hear Beatrice talk. Tom Pendrill was the one exception. He did not attempt to join the magic ring. He took Monica a little apart, and talked over with her the latest news from Germany.

When the guests had departed, and Beatrice, as well as her brother and Monica, had gone up-stairs, Tom turned his face towards Randolph with its hardest and most cynical look.

"Tell you what, Trevlyn: don't you ask that poor young fellow Radlet here again, so long as that arrant flirt is a guest under your roof."

Randolph simply smiled. "The 'arrant flirt,' as you are polite enough to call my guest, is one of my oldest friends. Kindly keep that fact in mind in talking of her to me."

"I am not talking of her. I am talking of poor young Radlet."

"It seems to me that poor young Radlet, as you call him, is very well able to take care of himself."

"Oh, you think that, do you? Shows how much *you* know! Can't you see she was doing her very best to enslave his fancy, and that he was falling under the spell as fast as ever he could?"

"Pooh! Nonsense!" answered Randolph; "they were just exchanging a little of the current coin that is constantly passing in gay society. Young Radlet is not a green-horn. They understand their game perfectly."

"She does, of course—no one better; but it's a question if he does."

"Well, he's a greater fool than he looks, if he does not!" answered Randolph. "Does he expect a girl like Beatrice Wentworth to be enslaved by his charms in the course of a few hours? The thing's a manifest absurdity!"

"Possibly; but that woman can make a man think anything."

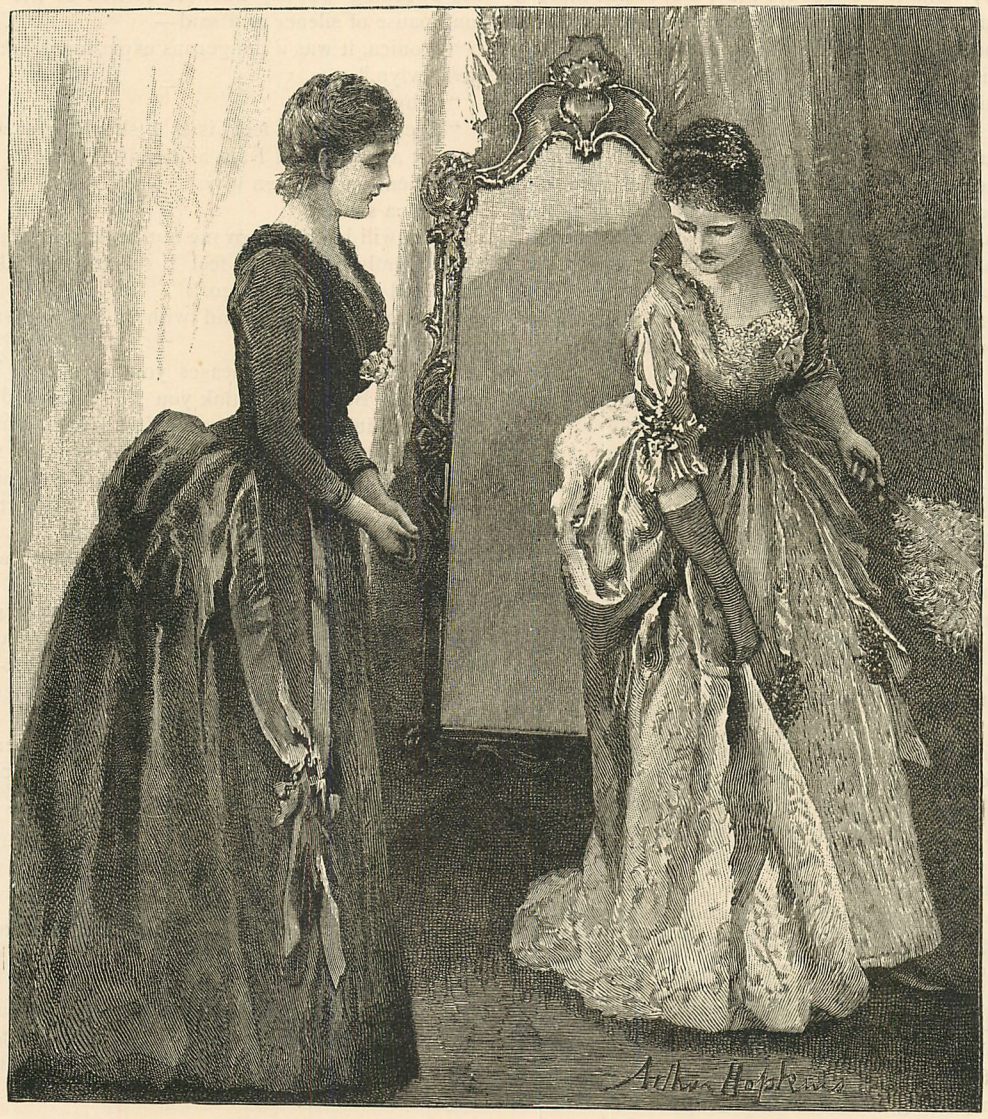
Randolph looked at his friend with some attention.

"You seem to have formed very exhaustive conclusions about Lady Beatrice Wentworth."

It almost seemed as if Tom coloured a little as he turned impatiently away.

Next day Beatrice seemed to have regained her

usual even flow of spirits. She met Tom at breakfast as she would meet any guest under the same roof, and neither courted nor avoided him in any way. He seemed to take his cue from her; but his face still wore the thin-lipped cynical expression that betrayed



"COMING BACK TO FIND HER TRANSFORMED" (*p.* 322).

a certain amount of subdued irritation. However, sport was the all-prevailing topic of the day, and as soon as breakfast was concluded the men departed, with the dogs and keepers in their wake.

"What would you like to do, Beatrice?" asked Monica when the sportsmen had departed. "We have the whole day before us."

"Like to do? Why, everything must be delightful in this lovely out-of-the-world place. Monica, no wonder you are just yourself—not one bit like any one else in the world—brought up here with only the sea, and the clouds, and the sunshine for companions and playmates. I used to look at you in a sort of wonder, but I understand it all now. You ought always to live at Trevlyn—never anywhere else. What should I like to do? Why, anything—anything. Suppose we ride. I should love to gallop along the cliffs with you. I want to see the little queer church Haddon described to me where you were married, and the picturesque little town where—where Randolph and he put up on the eve of that day. I want to see everything that belongs to your past life, Monica. It interests me more than I can express."

Monica smiled in her tranquil fashion.

"Very well; you shall gratify your wish. I will

order the horses at once. If we go to St. Maws, I ought to go and see Aunt Elizabeth—Mrs. Pendrill, that is, aunt to Arthur, and to Tom Pendrill and his brother. She is sure to want us to stay to luncheon with her if we do. She will be all alone : Tom here, and Raymond on his rounds. Would you dislike that, Beatrice? She is a sweet old lady, and seems more a part of my past life than anything else I can show you, though I could not in the least explain why."

A curious light shone in Beatrice's eyes.

"Dislike it! I should like it above everything. I love old ladies. They are so much more interesting than young ones. I often wish I were old myself—not middle-aged, you know, but really old, *very* old, with lovely white hair, and a waxen face all over tiny wrinkles, like my own grandmother—the most beautiful woman without exception that I ever saw. Yes, Monica, let us do that. It will be delightful. Why did you never mention the Pendrills to me before?"

She put the question with studied carelessness. Yet Monica was certain it was asked with effort.

"Did I not? I thought I used to tell you so much about my past life."

"So you did ; but I never heard that name."

"You knew Arthur was a Pendrill."

"Indeed I did not. He was always Arthur to you. I wonder I never asked his surname ; but somehow I never did. I had a vague idea that some such people as these Pendrills existed, but I never heard the name from you."

"Perhaps you heard it, and forgot it?" suggested Monica tentatively.

"That I am sure I never did," was the very emphatic answer.

Beatrice was delighted with her morning's ride. It was a beautiful autumn day, and everything was looking its best. The sea flashed and sparkled in the sunlight ; the sky was clear and soft above them ; the horses, delighted to feel the soft turf beneath their feet, pranced and curvetted and galloped, with that easy elastic motion that is so peculiarly exhilarating.

The girl herself looked strangely and vividly beautiful, and Monica was not surprised at the affectionate interest Mrs. Pendrill evinced in her from the first moment of introduction.

But she was a little surprised at the peculiar sweetness of Beatrice's manner towards the old lady. Whilst retaining all her arch brightness and vivacity, the girl managed to infuse into her manner, her voice, and her words something so gentle and deferential and winning that it was inexplicably fascinating : all the more so from its evident, unconscious sincerity.

Mrs. Pendrill was charmed with the beauty and sweetness of the girl, and it seemed as if Beatrice on her side was equally captivated. When the time came to say good-bye, and the old lady held both her hands, and gazed into her bright face, as she asked for another visit very soon, she stooped suddenly, and kissed her with pretty, spontaneous warmth.

"Come again ! Of course I will, as often as Monica will bring me. Good-bye, Mrs. Pendrill—Aunt Elizabeth I should *like* to say"—with a little rippling laugh. "I think you are just fit to be Monica's 'Saint Elizabeth.' Is it the air of this place that makes you all so perfectly delightful? I shall have to come and live here too, I think."

And as she and Monica rode home together over the sweeping downs, Beatrice turned to her after a long pause of silence and said—

"Monica, it was a dangerous experiment asking me to Trevlyn."

"Why?"

"Because I don't feel as if I should ever want to leave it again. And I am a dreadful sort of creature when bent on my own way."

Monica smiled.

"You will have to turn me out neck and crop in the end, I firmly believe. I feel I should just take root here, and never want to go."

Monica shook her head with a look of subdued amusement.

"I am very glad it pleases you so much ; but do you know, Beatrice, I think you will have a different tale to tell in a week or two? You cannot realise till you have tried it how solitary and isolated we are, especially as the winter draws on. Very soon you will think it is a dreadfully lonely place—a sort of enchanted castle, as Randolph used to call it ; and you will be pining to get back to the gay, busy whirl of life, that you have left behind."

Monica stopped short there at the strange look turned upon her by her companion. Beatrice's face had grown grave, and almost pale. A curious wistful sadness shone in her eyes ; it almost seemed as if tears glistened on the long lashes.

Her words were almost as enigmatical as her looks. She gazed at Monica for a moment speechlessly, and then softly murmured, "Et tu Brute!"

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

BEATRICE.

"BEATRICE, I believe my words are coming true, after all. I begin to think you are getting tired of Trevlyn already."

It was Monica who spoke thus. She had surprised Beatrice alone in the boudoir at dusk one afternoon, sitting in an attitude of listless dejection, and with the undoubted brightness of unshed tears in her eyes.

The girl looked up quickly, trying to regain all her usual animation, but the attempt was not a marked success; and Monica sat down beside her, and laid one hand upon hers in a sort of mute caress.

"You are not happy with us, Beatrice. I see it more and more plainly every day. You have grown pale since you came here, and your spirits vary every day, but they do not improve, and you are often sad. I think Trevlyn cannot suit you. I think I shall have to prescribe change of air and scene, and a meeting later on in some other place."

Monica spoke with a sort of grave gentleness, that indicated a tenderness she could not well express more

clearly. For answer, Beatrice suddenly flung herself on her knees before her hostess, burying her face in her hands.

"Oh, don't send me away, Monica! Don't send me away! I couldn't bear it—indeed I couldn't! I am miserable—I am wretched company. I don't wonder you are tired of me; but ah! don't send me away from you, and from Trevlyn. I think I shall *die* if you do. Oh, why is the world such a hard, cruel place?"

Monica was startled at this sudden outburst, for since the day following her arrival Beatrice had showed herself unusually reserved. She had been *distraite*, absorbed, fitful in her moods, but never once expansive; therefore, this unexpected impulse towards confidence was the more surprising.

"Beatrice," she said gently, "I did not mean to distress you. You know how very, very welcome you are to stay with us. But you are unhappy; you are far more unhappy than when you came."

Beatrice shook her head vehemently at this point, but Monica continued in the same quiet way. "You are unhappy, you are restless and miserable. Beatrice, answer me frankly, would you be happy if Tom Pendrill were not here? He has already outstayed his original time, and we could quite easily get rid of him if his presence is a trouble to you. We never stand on ceremony with Tom, and Randolph could manage it in a moment."

Beatrice lifted a pale, startled face. "Tom Pendrill?" she repeated, almost sharply. "What has he got to do with it? What makes you bring in his name? What do you know about—about——?" She stopped suddenly.

"I know nothing except what I see for myself—nothing but what your face and his tell me. It is easy to see that you have known each other before, and under rather exceptional circumstances, perhaps. Do you think it escapes me, that feverish gaiety of yours whenever he is near—gaiety that is expended in laughing, chatting, flirting perhaps, with the other guests, but is never by any chance directed to him? Do you think I do not notice how quickly that affectation of high spirits evaporates when he is gone? how many fits of sad musing follow in its wake? How is it you two never talk to one another? never exchange anything beyond the most frigid commonplaces? It is not your way to be so distant and so cool, Beatrice. There must be a reason. Tell me truly, would you not be happier if Tom Pendrill were to go back to St. Maws?"

But Beatrice shook her head again, and heaved a long, shuddering sigh.

"Oh, no, no!" she said. "Don't send him away. Nothing really matters now; nothing can do either good or harm. Let him stay. I think his heart is made of ice. He does not care; why should I? It is nothing but my folly and weakness, only it brings it all back so bitterly—all my pride, and self-will, and stubbornness. Well, I have suffered for it now."

It was plain that a confession was hovering on Beatrice's lips; that she was anxious at last to unburden herself of her secret. Monica helped her by asking a direct question.

"Were you engaged to him once?"

"No—no! not quite that. It had not got quite so far as that. I might have been. He asked me to be his wife, and I—I——" She paused, and then went on more coherently.

"I will tell you all about it. It was years ago, when I was barely eighteen—a gay, giddy girl, just 'out,' full of fun, very wild and saucy, and thoroughly spoiled by persistent petting and indulgence. I was the only daughter of the house, and believed that Lady Beatrice Wentworth was a being of vast importance. Well, I suppose people spoiled us because we were orphans. We were all more or less spoiled, and I think it was the ruin of my eldest brother. He was at Oxford at the time I am speaking of; and I was taken to Commemoration by some gay friends of ours who had brothers and sons there.

"It was there I met Tom Pendrill. He was the 'chum' of one of the undergraduate sons of my chaperon, and he was a great man just then. He had distinguished himself tremendously in the schools, I know—had taken a double-first, or something, and other things besides. He was quite a lion in his own set, and I heard an immense deal in his praise, and was tremendously impressed, quite convinced that there was not such another man in the world. He was almost always in our party, and he took a great deal of notice of me. He gave us breakfast in his rooms, and I sat next him, and helped to do the honours of the table. You can't think how proud I was of being singled out by him, how delighted I was to walk by his side, listening to his words of wisdom, how elevated I often felt, how taken out of myself into quite a new world of thought and feeling."

Beatrice paused. A smile—half sad, half bitter—played for a moment over her face; then she took up the thread of her narrative.

"I need not go into the subject of my feelings. I was very young, and all the glamour of youth and inexperience was upon me. I had never, in all my life, come across a man in the least like him—so clever, so witty, so cultured, and endowed withal with so strong a personality. He was not silent and cynical, as he is now, but full of life and sparkle, of brilliance and humour. I was dazzled and captivated. I believed there had never been such a man in the world before. He was my ideal, my hero; and he seemed to court me, which was the most wonderful thing of all.

"You know what young girls are like? No, perhaps you don't, and I will avoid generalities, and speak only of myself. Just because he captivated me so much—my fancy, my intellect, my heart—just because I began to feel his power growing so strongly upon me, I grew shy, frightened, restive. I was very wilful and capricious. I wanted him to admire me, and I was proud that he seemed to do so; but I did not in the least want to acknowledge his power over me. I was frightened at it. I tried to ignore it—to keep it off.

"So, in a kind of foolish defiance and mistrust of myself, I began flirting tremendously with a silly young marquis, whom I heartily despised and disliked. I only favoured him when Tom Pendrill was present, for I wanted to make him jealous, and to feel my power over him. Coquetry is born in some women, I believe; I am sure it was born in me. I did not mean any harm. I never cared a bit for the creature. I cared for no one but the man I affected now to be tired of. But rumours got about. I suppose it would have been a very good match for me. People said I was going to marry the cub, and I only laughed when I heard the report. I was young, vain, and foolish enough to feel rather flattered than otherwise." She paused a moment, with another of those bitter-sweet smiles, and went on very quietly—

"Why are girls so badly brought up? I was not bad at heart; but I was vain and frivolous. I loved to inflict pain of a kind upon others, but I played once too often with edge-tools, and have suffered for it ever since. Of course, Tom Pendrill heard these reports, and, of course, they angered him deeply; for I had given him every encouragement. He did not know the complex workings of a woman's heart, her wild struggles for supremacy before she can be content to yield herself up for ever a willing sacrifice. He did not understand; how should he? I did not either till it was too late.

"I saw him once more alone. We were walking by the river one moonlight night. He was unlike himself—silent, moody, imperious. All of a sudden it burst out. He asked me almost fiercely if I would be his wife—he almost claimed my promise as his right—said that I owed him that reparation for destroying his peace of mind. How my heart leapt as I heard those words! A torrent of love seemed to surge over me. I was terrified at the depth of feeling that had been stirred up. I struggled with a sort of fury against being carried away by it, against betraying myself too unreservedly. I don't remember what I said; I was terribly agitated. I believe in my confusion and bewilderment I said something disgusting about my rank and his—the difference between us. Then he cast that odious marquis in my teeth, supposed that the report he had heard was true, that I was going to sell myself for the reversion of a ducal coronet, since I thought so much of *rank*. I was furious; all the more furious because I had brought it on myself, though, had he but known it, it was ungenerous to take me at a disadvantage, and cast my words back at me like that—words spoken without the least consideration or intention. But, right or wrong, he did it, and I answered back with more vehemence than before. I don't know what I said, but it was enough for him, at any rate. He turned upon me—I think he almost cursed me—not in words, but in the cruel scorn expressed in his face and in his voice. Ah! it hurts me even now. Then he left me without another word, without a sign or symbol of farewell—left me standing alone by that river. I never saw him again till we met in your drawing-room that night."

Beatrice paused; Monica had taken her hand in token of sympathy, but she did not speak.

"Of course, at first I thought he would come back. I never dreamed he would believe I had really led him on, only to reject him with contempt when once he dared to speak his heart to me. We had quarrelled; and I was very miserable, knowing how foolish I had been; but I never, never believed for a moment that he would take that quarrel as final.

"Two wretched days of suspense followed. Then I heard that he had left Oxford the morning after our interview by the river, and I knew that all was over between us. That is the story of my life, Monica; it does not sound much to tell, but it means a good deal to me. I have never loved any one else—I do not think I ever shall."

Monica was silent.

"Neither has he."

Beatrice's eyes were full of a sort of wistful sadness and tender regret; but she only kissed Monica very quietly, and stole silently from the room.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

STORM.

"AH, Randolph! I am glad you are in. It is going to be such a rough night!"

Monica was sitting by the fire in her own room, waiting for her husband to join her there, as he always did immediately upon coming in from his day's sport. They had one or two more guests at Trevelyn now—men, friends of Randolph's in days past; but nothing ever hindered him from devoting this one hour before dinner to his wife. It was to Monica the happiest hour of the day.

"I am so glad to have you safe back. Are you not very wet?"

"No; I was well protected from the rain; but it has been a disagreeable sort of day. The other fellows were carried off to dine at Hartland's. We came across their party just outside the park, and he begged us all to accept his hospitality for the night, as the weather was getting so bad. Haddon and I came home to tell you, but the rest accepted the invitation. We shall be quite a small party this evening."

Monica looked up with a smile. "I think I am glad of that, Randolph."

He sat down and put his arm about her. "Tired of our guests already, Monica?"

"I don't know—I like to have your friends, and to help to make them enjoy themselves; but I don't think there is any such happiness as having you all to myself."

He held her closer to him, and looked with a proud fond smile into her face.

"You feel that too, Monica?"

"Ah, yes! How could I help it?"

He fancied she spoke sadly, and would know why.

"I think I have been sad all day," she answered; "I am often sad before a storm, when I hear the wind

"'SHE HAS STRUCK ON THE REEF!' SHE SAID" (*p.* 330).

moaning round the house. It makes me think of the brave men at sea, and their wives waiting for them at home."

There was a little quiver in her voice as she spoke the last words. Randolph heard it, and held her very close to him.

"It is not such a very bad night, Monica."

"No, but it makes me think. When you are away, I cannot help feeling sad, often. Ah, my husband! how can I tell you all that you have been to me these happy, happy months?"

"My sweet wife!" he murmured softly.

"And other wives love their husbands," she went on in the same dreamy way, "and they see them go away over the dark sea, never to come back any more;" and she shivered.

"Let us go to the music-room, Monica," said Randolph. "You shall play the hymn for those at sea."

He knew the power of music to soothe her when these strange moods of sadness and fear came upon her. They went to the organ together, and before half an hour had passed Monica was her own calm, serene self again.

"Monica," said Randolph, "can you sing to me now—now that we are quite alone together? Do you remember that little sad, sweet song you sang that night before I went away to Scotland? Will you sing it to me now? I have so often wanted to hear it again."

Monica gave him one quick glance, and struck the preliminary chords softly and dreamily.

Wonderfully rich and sweet her voice sounded, but low-toned and deep, with a subtle searching sweetness that spoke straight to the heart—

"'And if thou wilt, remember—
And if thou wilt, forget.'"

There was the least little quiver in her voice as it died into silence. Randolph bent over her and kissed her on the lips.

"Thank you," he said. "It is a haunting little song in its sad sweetness. Somehow, it seems like you, Monica."

But she made no answer, for at that moment a sound reached their ears that made them both start, listening intently. Monica's face grew white to the lips.

The sound was repeated with greater distinctness.

"A gun!" said Randolph.

"A ship in distress!" whispered Monica.

A ship in distress upon that cruel, iron-bound coast—a pitch-dark night and a rising gale!

Randolph looked grave and resolute. "We must see what can be done!" he said.

Monica's face was very pale, but as resolute as her husband's. "I will go with you!" she said.

He glanced at her, but he did not say her nay.

In the hall servants were gathering in visible excitement. Lord Haddon was there, and Beatrice. The distressing signals from the doomed vessel were urging their imperative message upon every heart. Faces were flushed with excitement. Every eye was turned upon the master of the house.

"Haddon," he said, "there is not a man on the place that can ride like you, and you know every inch of the country by this time. Will you do this?—take the fastest, surest horse in the stable, and gallop to the nearest life-boat station. You know where it is?—Good! Give the alarm there, and get them in readiness. If the ship is past our help, and drifts with the wind, they may be able to save her crew still."

Haddon stayed to ask no more. He was off for the stables almost before the words had left Randolph's lips.

Monica was wrapping herself up in her warm ulster; Beatrice followed her example; the one was flushed, the other pale, but both were bent on the same object—they must go down to the shore to see what was done. They could not rest with the sound of those terrible guns ringing in their ears.

The night was pitchy black, the sky was obscured by a thick bank of cloud. The wind blew fierce and strong, what sailors would call "half a gale." It was a wild, "dirty" night, but not nearly so bad a one as they often knew upon that coast.

The lanterns lighted them down the steep cliff-path, every foot, of which however, was well known to Monica. She kept close beside her husband. He gave her his hand over every difficult piece of the road. Beatrice followed a little more slowly. At last they all stood together upon the rocky floor of the bay.

Monica looked out to sea. She was the first to realise what had happened.

"She has struck on the reef!" she said. "She does not drift. She has struck."

"And in such a sea she will be dashed to pieces in a very short time," said Randolph, as another signal flashed out from the doomed vessel.

Other lights were moving about the shore. It was plain that the whole population of the little hamlet had gathered at the water's edge. Through the gusts of rain they could see indistinctly moving figures; they could catch as a faint murmur the loud, eager tones of their voices.

"Stay here, Monica," said Randolph, "under the shelter of this rock. I must go and see what is being done. Wait here for me."

She had held fast by his arm till now; but she loosed his clasp as she heard these words.

"You will come back?" she said, striving to speak calmly and steadily.

"Yes, as soon as I can. I must ask what can be done. There seems to be a boat. I must go and see if it cannot be launched. The sea in the bay is not so very wild."

Randolph was gone already. Beatrice and Monica were left standing in the lee of a projection of the cliff. They thought they were quite alone. They did not see a crouching figure not many paces away, squeezed into a dark fissure of the rock. The night was too obscure to see anything, save where the flashing lights illumined the gloom. Even the wild beast glitter of a pair of fierce eyes watching intently, passed unseen and unheeded.

Monica looked out to sea with a strange fixed gaze in her dark eyes. She was looking towards the vessel, struck fast upon the very rock where she had once stood face to face with death. How well she remembered that moment and the strange calmness that possessed her! She never realised the peril she was in—it had seemed a small thing to her then whether she lived or died. She recalled her feelings so well—was she really the same Monica who had stood so calmly there whilst the waves leaped up as if to devour her? Where was her old, calm indifference now?—that curious courage prompted by the want of natural love to life?

A sense of revelation swept over Monica at that moment. She had never really feared, because she had never truly loved. It was not death even now that she dreaded for herself or for her husband, but separation. Danger even to death shared with him would be almost welcome; but to think of his facing danger alone—that was too terrible. She pressed her hands closely together. It seemed as if her very soul cried to Heaven to keep away this dire necessity. Why she suspected it was coming she could not have explained, but the shadow that had hung upon her all day seemed wrapping itself about her like a cloud.

"Monica, how you tremble!" said Beatrice. "Are you cold? are you afraid?"

She was trembling herself, but it was with excitement and impatience.

Monica did not answer, and Beatrice moved a little away. She was too restless to stand still.

Monica did not miss her. A storm was sweeping over her soul—one of those storms that only come perhaps once in a life-time, and that leave indelible traces behind them. It seemed to her as if all her life she had been waiting for this hour—as if everything in her past had been but leading up to this supreme moment.

Had she not known from her earliest childhood that some day this beautiful, terrible, pitiless sea was to do her some deadly injury—to wreck her life and leave her desolate? Ay, she had known it always—and now—had the hour come?

Not in articulate words did Monica ask this question. It came as a sort of voiceless cry from the depths of her heart. She did not think, she did not reason—she only stood quite still, her hands closely clasped, her white face turned towards the sea with a mute, stricken look of pain that yet expressed but a tithe of the bitter pain at her heart.

But during those few minutes, that seemed a life-time to her, the battle had been fought out and the victory won. The old calmness had come back to her. She had not faced this hour all her life to be a coward now.

She was a Trevlyn—and when had a Trevlyn ever been known to shrink or falter before a call of duty?

Beatrice rushed back with the greatest excitement of manner.

"They have a boat, but nearly all the men are away—the strong men who could man it easily. There are a few big lads, who are willing and eager to go, and two fishermen; but there are only six in all, and they don't know if it is enough. Oh, dear! oh, dear! And those poor people in the ship! Must they all be drowned?"

"I think not," answered Monica quietly. "I think some means will be found to save them. Where is Randolph?"

Randolph was beside her next moment.

"Oh, if only I were a man!" Beatrice was saying excitedly. "Ah! why are women so useless, so helpless? To think of them drowning within sight of land—and they say the sea does not run so very high. Oh, what will they do? They cannot let them drown! Randolph, can nothing be done?"

"Yes, something can be done," he answered steadily and cheerfully. "The boat is being run down. It will not be difficult or dangerous to launch it in shelter of the cliff. There are six men to man it—all they want is a coxswain. Monica," he added, turning to her, and taking both her hands in his strong clasp, "you have taught me to navigate the Bay of Trevlyn so well that I am equal to take that task upon myself. There are lives to be saved—the danger to the rescuing party is small, they say, and I believe they speak the truth. Will you let me go?"

She looked up to him with a mute entreaty in her eyes.

"There are lives to be saved, my Monica," he said, with grave gentleness. "Are our brothers to go down within sight of land, without one effort on our part to save them? Have you not wept for such scenes before now? Have you no pity to-night? Monica, in that vessel on the rocks there are men, perhaps, whose wives are waiting at home for them, and praying for their safety. Will you let me go?"

She spoke at length with manifest effort, though her manner was quite calm.

"Is there no one else?"

"There is no one else."

For perhaps ten seconds there was perfect silence between them.

"Then, Randolph, I will let you go."

He bent his head and kissed her. "I knew my wife would bid me do my duty," he said proudly; "and believe me, my life, the danger is not great, and already the wind seems abating. It is but a small vessel. In all probability one journey will suffice. We shall not be out of sight, save for the darkness; we shall be under the lee of the cliff for the best part of the way. The boat is sound, the men know their work. We shall soon be back in safety, and then you will be glad that you let me go. Whatever happens, we are in God's hands. Remember that always."

She lifted her head and looked at him. "Take me with you, Randolph."

"My darling, I cannot. It would not be right. We must not load the boat needlessly, even were there no other reason. Your presence there would take away half my courage, and perhaps it might necessitate leaving behind some poor fellow who otherwise might be saved."

Monica said no more. She knew that he spoke the truth.

Her white, still face with its stricken look, went to his heart. He knew how strangely nervous she was on wild, windy nights. He knew it would be hard for her to let him go, but she had shown herself his brave, true Monica, as he foresaw she would do, and now the kindest thing he could do was to shorten the parting, and return to her as quickly as his errand would allow him.

He held her a moment in his strong arms. "Good-bye, my Monica, my own sweet wife. Keep up a brave heart. Kiss me once, and let me go. Believe me, I will soon come back to you again."

She lifted her pale face; there was something strangely pathetic in its haunting beauty.

"Let me see you smile before I go," he said. "Tell me again that you bid me do my duty."

Suddenly the old serenity and peace came back to the upturned face. The smile he asked for shone in her sweet eyes.

"Good-bye, my Randolph—my husband—good-bye. Yes, I do bid you do your duty. May God bless and keep you always."

For a moment they stood together, heart pressed to heart, their lips meeting in one long, lingering kiss; for one moment a strange shadow as of farewell seemed to hang upon them, and they clung together as if no power on earth could separate them.

The next moment he was gone, and Monica, left alone, stretched out her hands in the darkness.

"Oh, my love! my love!"

It was the one irrepressible cry from the depths of her heart; the next moment she repeated dreamily to herself the words that had lately passed her husband's lips—

"'Whatever happens, we are in God's hands. Remember that always.' Randolph, I will! I will!"

A ringing cheer told her that the boat was off. Nobody had seen the slim figure that had slunk after Randolph down to the beach. No one, in the darkness and general excitement, had seen that same slim figure leap lightly and noiselessly into the boat, and crouch down in the extreme end of the bow.

Conrad Fitzgerald had witnessed the parting between husband and wife; he had heard every word that had passed between them; and now, as he crouched with a tiger-like ferocity in the bottom of the boat, he muttered—

"This time he shall not escape me!"

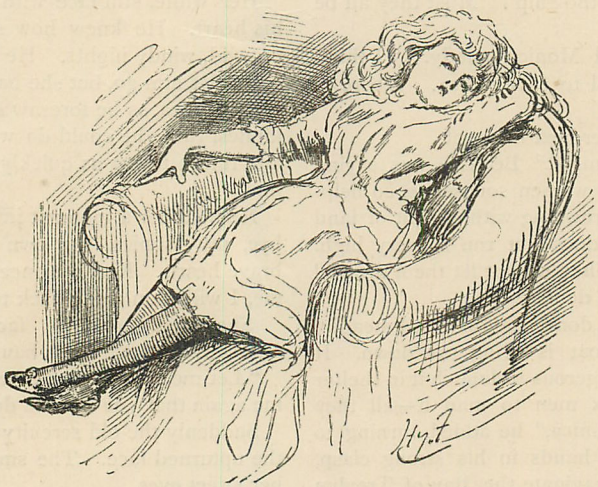
END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

ON GROWN-UP BABIES AND OTHER HUMAN PHENOMENA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE IMPRESSIONS OF A NOTICING EYE," ETC., ETC.

GROWN-UP babies are not rare enough to be shown off in the travelling menagerie and under the tent at the fair, like the fat woman and the living skeleton; yet, as wonders of human nature, the fat woman and the living skeleton, figuratively speaking, could not hold a candle to the babies. They are of great variety, and sometimes possess a sharpness compared to which needles are blunt, and nettles comfortable.

True children are simple. We once heard of a little girl, an earl's granddaughter too, who had been carefully kept ignorant of all distinctions between poor and rich, and who would say, "Mother, this old lady has asked me for a penny," and "Why does not our new nurse have her dinner with you? She is grown up, and she tells nice stories." To which my lady would answer, "Nurse would not like that; she has a particular liking for dining with the cook."



"SHE WILL BE *BLASÉE* AT ELEVEN."

Now the very opposite to this type is the grown-up baby, who looks like a little figure cut out of a fashion plate. She is a society baby, and she has been so much with older people that she has grown up too, and the basis of her happiness is the fact that she is very pretty, and so are her dresses. This child detects beggars with a sagacity that leaves the house-dog nowhere. She shrinks from a ragged coat; she dislikes a shabby one. No old sailor will ever show her a boat and give her a finger to shake when she goes to the seaside. No gardener will ever play at pretending that she helps him to drag the garden roller. There is a broad division between this dainty little drawing-room lady and the common world; and in all gay folk and showy things she is prodigiously interested—not in kindly, poorer folk. There is no use in giving her toys unless they have cost money; she is proud to possess a great deal of riches of her own in a money-box, and finer nursery treasures than any of her friends can show her. If the little Jenkynses (with a *y*, mind, always) had a larger china tea-set than hers, she would weep aloud—and very much aloud—till she got one at least twice as large as the Jenkynses'—which is exactly, in miniature, what happens with all her grown-up acquaintances, who have no happiness in this world and worry everybody else unless their china dolls, of a grown-up sort, are twice as fine as those of the friends they love and play with — in their own way. Altogether, the little lady is a miniature woman of the world; she left off being a child a long time ago, and is considered at home to be perfection in embryo. She will look down upon her teachers by-and-by. "Learn Mozart!" she will say in placid ignorance—"Is Mozart nice, grown-up music?" "Yes, every one likes Mozart." "Ah! then I would rather not; Mozart must be common." She will be *blasée* at

eleven, and despise everything — from chocolate to Christmas-time. At twelve she will be the victim of *ennui*. "It is an empty world; let me buy a new hat!"

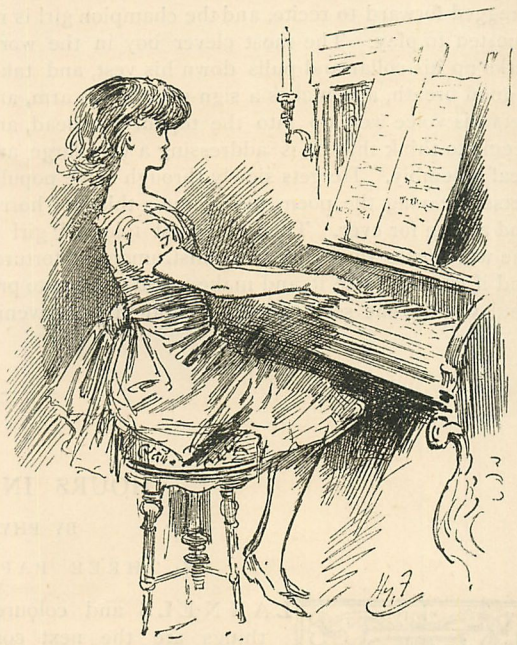
At the other end of the scale there is a species of grown-up baby with which we have much sympathy. The varieties of human nature have their localities and times, like plants have, and poor grown-up babies may be found on any Saturday abounding on stone steps of small streets. They grow in bunches on stone steps, as mussels grow on weedy rocks; but the great difference is that the mussels have an easy time of it, and are not expected to scrub their rocks, or to carry about other mussels as big as themselves.

The faces of these poor babies become careworn very early; they get a thin, old look, when they ought

"NO OLD SAILOR WILL EVER SHOW HER A BOAT" (*p.* 332).

to be as round as peaches, and soft as roses. Their shoes are of stupendous size, well ventilated, and kept on in a marvellous manner when they go on their shopping expeditions. These extraordinary creatures begin to shop, nurse, and scrub as soon as they can walk. But the high spirits of a child are a magnificent treasure; when the organ man comes down the lane at dusk, the children have still two feet to stand on, and to dance on—without losing their shoes. They develop quickly into poor housewives and mothers; they grow old early. No doubt it is a sad state of things, as unavoidable as poverty; blessings, all the more, on those who help the grown-up babies of the courts and alleys to have some red-letter days!

Another wonder of human nature is the most clever child in the world. Not the *one*, but the thousand and one, who are all regarded by delighted families as the most clever boy or girl in existence. It is a terrible



"USES THE PIANO AS AN INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE" (*p.* 334).

thing to be the uncle or aunt of the most wonderful boy in the world. It costs a good deal to give tips suitable to his genius, and then he has to be placed in life in a position to which you are expected to hoist him. It is not even pleasant to know intimately the parents of these phenomenal children; and though the parents pretend to be always amused by them, it must be hard at times. You lift the four-year-old phenomenon upon your knee, and he wants to know instantly, "Can you take your teeth in and out? *My* papa can!" Besides such unfortunate remarks, there is a good deal to be borne when the champion boy is

"THE CHILDREN STILL HAVE TWO FEET."

dragged forward to recite, and the champion girl is requested to play. The most clever boy in the world jerks up his collar and pulls down his vest, and takes a good breath, and makes a sign-post of his arm, and gets his voice well up into the top of his head, and seems to think that he is addressing a very large and deaf assembly. He gets slowly through some popular verses, leaving the poem to become a thing of horror and a bore for ever. Then the most talented girl in the world uses the piano as an instrument of torture; and if you don't like it, and make a bad attempt to pretend you do, she sees through it, and in her juvenile heart is sorry for you as a "man who hath not music in his soul." She knows all the "ologies," and hopes to be a Bachelor of Arts some day.

But somehow in the last generation there were quite as many specimens of the most talented boy and girl that ever had been, and yet the world of to-day is not bristling all over with genius. There must have been sad disillusions since these boys and girls grew up; and, after all, the ordinary Polly and Tommy seem to have had most in them, though they were never told of it when they and we were young.

HOURS IN MY LAUNDRY.

BY PHYLLIS BROWNE.

IN THREE PAPERS.—THIRD PAPER.

FLANNELS and coloured things are the next consideration; and here it may be remarked that the time when these articles should be taken in hand ought to be determined by the weather. It is most desirable that, when the day is fine, clothes should be hung out to dry. Of late years the importance of this detail has been forgotten, and in large establishments where linen is washed wholesale, it is usual to have drying-closets, hot-air chambers, and other contrivances, where linen can be dried without being hung out of doors at all. This is unfortunate. There are no purifiers like fresh air, wind, and sun, and an experienced laundress could tell at once whether clothes had been dried in-doors or not.

Clever housekeepers, accustomed to washing, often speak strongly in favour of flannels and prints being washed at the commencement of the washing-day's proceedings; and they find the plan convenient, because they say that coloured things can be washed in the same water as flannels, and the water used for rinsing flannels will serve for "firsting" the best whites. All this is true; and yet, when we come to practice, we find it is best to let the state of the weather determine for us when flannels are to be washed. We have to remember that though linen and calico may lie for awhile after being washed without injury, yet flannel and coloured goods must be quickly dried, or they will spoil. To dry flannels slowly causes them to shrink; to dry coloured prints, chintzes, &c., slowly, is apt to make the colours run. Flannels and coloured things, therefore, should not be touched until there is a prospect that they can be dried off and be done with; and this is why we should consider the weather in deciding when they shall be washed.

Flannels should be put into a good, warm lather—that is, into soapy water, only a little warm; but on no account into cold water. As much as possible, rubbing should be avoided with them, because to rub flannel makes it thick. Wringing also is harmful to them, and it is better to squeeze and press the water out of them than to wring them. Soda also should never be used for flannels; and, if they are to be kept in good condition, they should be neither mangled nor ironed. Coloured goods, too, should not be put into very hot water, and soda should be dreaded for them. They should neither be starched with hot starch, nor ironed with a hot iron. After washing, they should be rinsed in cold water, in which a good handful of bay salt, or a little alum, has been dissolved. They should not be dried in the sun. Neither flannels nor coloured goods must be boiled. Many laundresses put several handfuls of common salt into the water in which coloured things are rinsed. This helps to make them look clean and bright, but it also tends to make them turn limp speedily. This objection does not apply quite as much to bay salt as to common salt.

In these days, when so much attention is paid to sanitary matters, thousands of persons have accustomed themselves to wear sanitary woollen undergarments, made entirely of animal wool without any mixture of vegetable fibre. The manufacturers of these garments declare that not only do the garments wear out more quickly than they ought to do, but also that much of the benefit to health which might be obtained from wearing them is lost, because they are so seldom washed properly. Curiously enough, the method of washing recommended for these garments by the makers thereof, is quite different from that usually adopted for ordinary flannel. For the information, therefore, of persons who wear sanitary wool, and who do not know how to wash it, I copy from their pamphlet the directions there given for washing:—

"The clothes should be placed to soak in water (at about 100° Fahrenheit) in which soap has been boiled up. To about every six gallons of water add three table-spoonfuls of liquid ammonia, which removes grease deposited by perspiration. Any good soap may be used, but Ammonia Soap is recommended. The proportion is ¾ lb. to six gallons of water. Cover the clothes well up, as the sustained heat assists the removal of grease. After an hour's soaking, wash out by drawing through the hand, avoiding rubbing. Very dirty spots should be brushed with a soft brush. To thoroughly remove the soap, rinse out twice in luke-warm water. The use of a wringer is recommended, as it expels the water with the least friction. Hang up the clothes to dry lengthways. Iron while still damp, stretching the articles to the necessary length and width. The iron should not be unnecessarily hot. No soda or lye should be used."

When hanging clothes out to dry, it should be remembered that all coloured things, all flannels and stockings, should be dried on the wrong side. All flannel petticoats, and other woollen garments set in a band, should be dried with the bands pegged to the line. If this were not done, the water would drain into the gathers and make them thick. All cotton and linen goods, on the other hand, should be hung with the bands downwards. Also it goes without saying that all clothes-lines, as well as clothes-pegs, must be perfectly clean.

After drying come folding and mangling. Fine muslin and laces do not need to be hung up to dry at all. All they need is to be folded, rolled up in a towel, and put aside to starch. (With regard to them, it may also be added that they must not be rubbed, but simply squeezed and dabbed in the soapy water.) Table-linen may be taken down when half dry, carefully folded ready to mangle, and afterwards to iron. Pocket-handkerchiefs need be very slightly dried; they may then be drawn straight, folded into four, and rolled tightly in a bundle ready for ironing. Body-linen should be dried thoroughly, then sprinkled with cold water, and smoothly and neatly folded. Unless this is done, there is little likelihood that they will look well when finished. After being folded and damped, they should lie for a few hours before they are mangled, in order that the dampness may be equally distributed all over. Mangling, it will be understood, makes ironing easier; with the commoner articles, it renders ironing unnecessary.

When washing and mangling are done with, starching and ironing follow as a matter of course. To "get up" fine linen well is a very refined accomplishment. At one time no girl was thought to be educated properly who was not an adept in the art. Later, skill with the iron seemed to be in danger of passing into the hands of professionals; the large laundries monopolised the work. Quite recently, however, clever domestic managers have taken starching and ironing into favour once more; they have realised the advantage connected with home laundry-work, and, as a consequence, girls have begun to practise ironing and clear-starching, and to be proud when they are able to conquer its difficulties. This is a subject for congratulation.

It is a great thing in ironing to have proper tools for one's work. These are good, hot irons; a firm table covered with a good ironing-blanket, on the top of which is a clean cotton or linen cloth stretched tightly over; and a special narrow board firmly placed, for coloured dresses. The necessary requisites for the work are to be found in every house where washing is regularly done. Yet more important even than the proper tools is it to have practice if we would iron well. We often hear people talk as if skilled laundresses did everything by means of dodges. "How do laundresses get the gloss on the linen? How do they manage to make cuffs and collars so stiff? What sort of starch do they use?" &c. &c. These are questions constantly asked by amateurs who would like to unravel the mystery of laundry-work, and the probability is that every person interrogated would give a different reply.

The truth of the matter is that the "dodges" referred to have comparatively little to do with success, the secret of which depends really on the skill of the operator; and this skill is only to be acquired by practice, by trying and failing, and trying again. Few clever ironers would agree with this remark. Each one would say to herself, "Ah! my success is owing to my knowledge of such-and-such a secret." And yet if we give one of these secrets in all its fulness, the piece ironed by the unskilled novice will look quite different from that which is ironed by the expert. The discouraging part of the business for the beginner is that every authority has a different secret. Thus she will hear from one that the thing that makes the difference is the way the starch is made, or the kind of starch used. One laundress will like cold starch, another hot starch, another will employ hot starch first, let the article dry, and use raw starch afterwards; one gets the much-desired "gloss" on her shirt-fronts by boiling the starch after it is mixed, another by adding a little dissolved borax, another by putting composite candle, spermaceti, and turpentine into it, another by pressing the edge of the iron heavily over the fabric the last thing, another by keeping on damping the article whilst ironing it, and then pressing it with a very hot iron; yet, likely as not, if these workers are accustomed to their work, they will every one turn out good work, though the methods employed are so dissimilar.

Speaking my own opinion, I may, perhaps, be allowed to say that in domestic practice hot starch is the best for shirts and all fine things; and that the most effectual way of getting a polish is to rub the article heavily with the edge of the iron, finishing off with a very hot iron. For making this starch I will give a recipe. Perhaps it is needless to add that, whatever sort of starch is used, the irons must be very hot, though not hot enough to scorch, and in good working order. A dirty iron will work incalculable mischief.

To make Starch.—Mix a little cold starch in a basin with cold water, to make a paste. Pour boiling water on it, and stir it without ceasing till it looks trans-

parent. Put it into a clean saucepan and boil it for about a minute, stirring it all the time. Turn it out and use it as required. If liked, a tea-spoonful of powdered borax, dissolved separately, can be added; and some laundresses would, instead of the borax, add about an inch of composite candle, three or four drops of turpentine, and a little knob of sperm-aceti. The suggestion of these additions gives room for experiment.

The great thing in starching fine things is to make the starch permeate the article all through, and to avoid lumps. The way to secure this is to dip them into the starch while rather damp, wring them out, and hang them up to dry. When quite dry they should be sprinkled with cold water, rolled tightly in a clean cloth, and put away until next day. As there is a knack in rubbing clothes to wash them, so there is a knack in ironing them. The idea should be not to rub them, but to *press* them, with the iron, and, whilst pressing, pass the iron along. Especially is this pressure needed for starched things. Linen collars and cuffs, for instance, should be first ironed very lightly on the right side, beginning at the outer edge, just to dry them a little. They should then be ironed smoothly on the wrong side, and then on the right side again. Linen collars need to be turned over thus because they are thick, and unless they are dried through they will be limp. For security's sake starched articles should be hung up after ironing, that they may get stiff and firm. Embroidery, on the other hand, should be ironed on the wrong side only. If ironed on the right side the stitched part would look flat and shiny, and consequently unlike new.

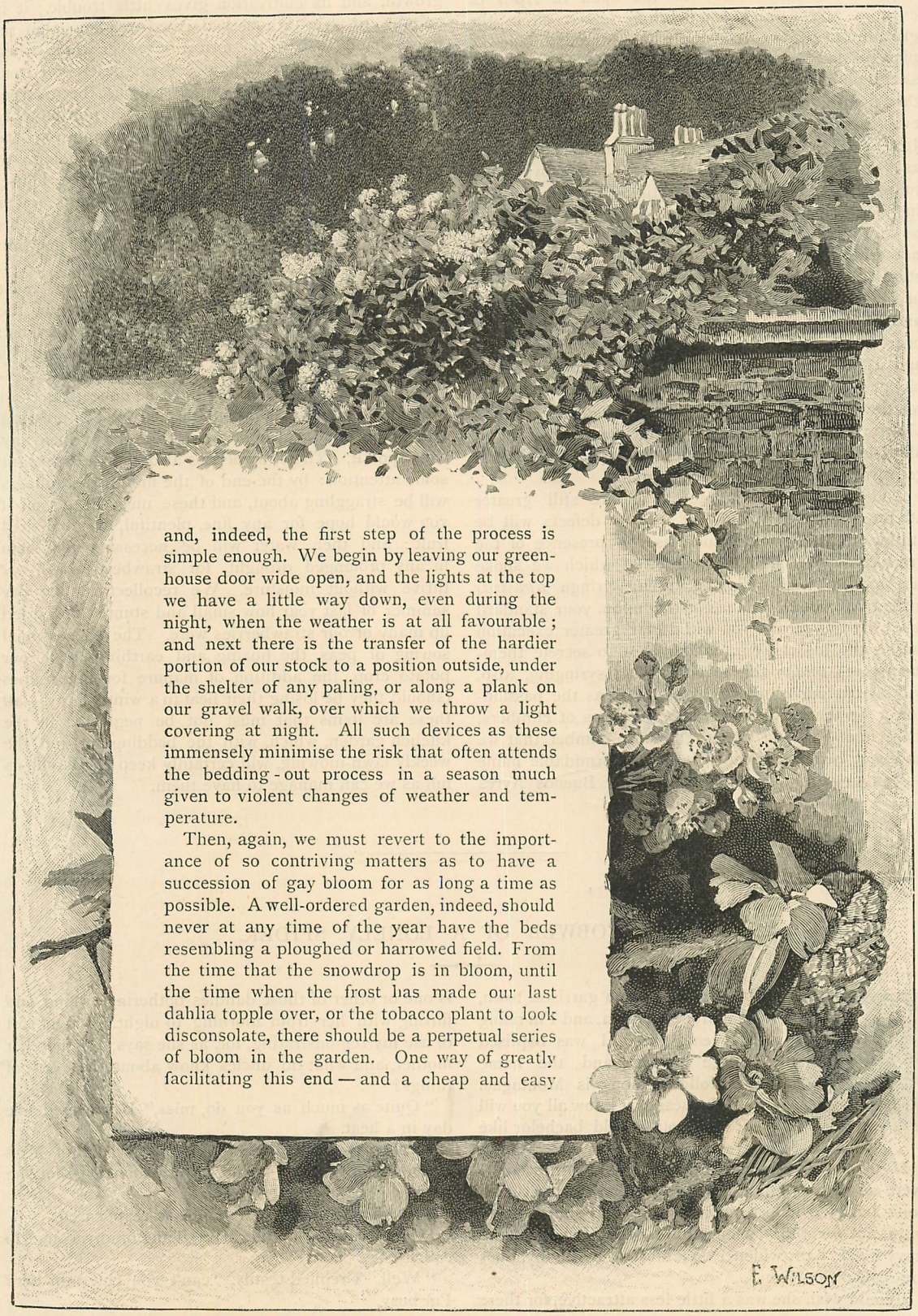
People who have begun to take an interest in laundry-work, usually feel a great ambition to iron shirts. They are courageous in this, for it is not easy to get up a shirt, and certainly an individual who could iron a shirt well could iron anything. To wash shirts at home is a very profitable employment. Shirts that are sent out to many common laundries either fall to pieces in no time through being washed with lime and various chemicals, or else they very soon become dark-coloured through not being properly washed at all.

To iron shirts well, it is not merely desirable—it is almost necessary—to have a small piece of board, of a size which can be slipped under the front while it is being ironed, and amply covered first with two layers of flannel, then with four of cotton. The front is the important part of the garment. If it is not firm and smooth, the shirt is badly ironed; if it is perfect, blemishes in parts less seen will pass muster. Yet it is almost impossible to make the front what it should be if we have to press over the back folds of the shirt; while if we try to draw the material back and lay the front evenly on the table, we can scarcely help creasing and tumbling the top of the front. By all means, therefore, let novices who want to give themselves a fair chance provide a "bosom-board" which they can slip under the front whilst it is being ironed. This being done, let them proceed as follows :—

Starch well the fronts, collars, and wrists of the shirts, dry them well, damp them, fold them double with the fronts inside, roll them up tightly and leave them till next day. Have ready a hot, clean, smooth iron. Begin by ironing the sleeves, and do the wrist-bands first on one side, then on the other, till dry and stiff. The final pressure should be on the right side. When the sleeves are done, go on to the shoulder-bands, and after these to the neck-bands. Do not relinquish any part till it is perfectly *dry*. Now take up the back of the shirt with both hands, shake it lightly to leave the back free, and lay the back double on the board. Iron the back all over—first on one side, then on the other. When this is done, take up the shirt and shake it lightly once more (holding it by the top of the sleeves on each side), lay it back downwards on the table, and iron all the front part that is not starched. Now slip the board under the breast, and iron this as thoroughly and smoothly as may be, pressing heavily to give a polish. When partly dry, lift up all the pleats with the fingers and press them down again. This gives the front a finished look. If any little mark or soil should appear, wipe it off with a damp rag, and iron again with a hot iron, and spare no pains to make it look well. Hang it before the fire when done, to dry it thoroughly.

THE GARDEN IN MAY.

THE transition month from spring to summer upon which we are just entering is, perhaps, one of the most difficult months of the year for the flower garden, for we must never forget that Dame Nature is somewhat wayward, and that the transition is sometimes not from spring to summer, but a retrospective transition from spring to winter; so that even the spectacle of strawberry blossom in unfavourable contrast with the whiter snow which surrounds it is an anomaly within the memory of most of us. Not, of course, that this state of things ever lasts for long, but twenty-four hours of it is enough to make havoc among the bedding-out stock which our impatience has induced us, perhaps, to transfer on a prematurely warm May morning from the greenhouse to the open beds, without any thought of hardening-off first of all. This hardening-off, however, should have begun last month,



and, indeed, the first step of the process is simple enough. We begin by leaving our greenhouse door wide open, and the lights at the top we have a little way down, even during the night, when the weather is at all favourable; and next there is the transfer of the hardier portion of our stock to a position outside, under the shelter of any paling, or along a plank on our gravel walk, over which we throw a light covering at night. All such devices as these immensely minimise the risk that often attends the bedding-out process in a season much given to violent changes of weather and temperature.

Then, again, we must revert to the importance of so contriving matters as to have a succession of gay bloom for as long a time as possible. A well-ordered garden, indeed, should never at any time of the year have the beds resembling a ploughed or harrowed field. From the time that the snowdrop is in bloom, until the time when the frost has made our last dahlia topple over, or the tobacco plant to look disconsolate, there should be a perpetual series of bloom in the garden. One way of greatly facilitating this end — and a cheap and easy

way too—is by having a good stock of hardy and half-hardy annuals sown in the open in April or even in March, and some others forced on in the greenhouse ready to bed out when wanted to take the place of flowers that have bloomed and faded. Indeed, sweet peas, lupins, convolvulus, &c., sown any time this month, will have plenty of time to bloom, and even to ripen seed before the season comes to an end. Just now, however, the later spring flowers have hardly as yet left us: the hyacinths are barely over, and tulips will not turn the corner until the first week in May has done so. These, when their beauty has gone, must be carefully lifted and stowed away, so as to ripen; and not until the tops have quite faded away must you store your stock of bulbs; while any impatient removal of the top would facilitate, *not* maturity, but the death and decay of the bulb. Again, our old friend the heart's-ease makes our borders very gay this month, and a little painstaking will prolong their period of bloom: give plenty of water at the roots in dry weather, and pluck off also any badly-developing bloom: do not either, unless you positively want it, allow any pod to ripen itself: every pod left on will greatly exhaust and weaken your plant.

And our roses this month require still greater attention than they did last. Their defects will be still more transparent, such as the presence of the green-fly, and the little maggot of which we spoke last month. In syringing, then, syringe *upwards* instead of, or as well as, *down* upon your standard rose: by this means you will do far greater execution among the insects, &c., which love to secrete themthemselves *under* the leaves. This syringing, also, will benefit our climbing plants, such as the passion-flower or the old China roses. Apropos of climbers, there is one almost new greenhouse climber that we have not before noticed. It has a formidable name —Boussingaultia-Baselloides, or the Buenos Ayres stem-bearing potato. Its green foliage is of luxuriant growth, and its cultivation gives little trouble; it is suitable to train in houses devoted to plants that require shade (such as the fern tribe), over which, when trained, it would certainly give great protection from the sun's rays. Should your greenhouse be a large-sized one, you might train it over a portion only of your house: we are, of course, supposing the existence of one house only, for it would not do to have a heavy shade always over your *entire* house. It is for this reason that grapes and plants under the same house seldom *both* thrive, for where this experiment is attempted, mildew will often get into the vine.

The fruit and vegetable garden, however, must not be passed over in silence. May is often the month when the gooseberry caterpillar troubles us: if only you can find the time for it, hand-picking is the best remedy. When the caterpillars have established themselves, something must be done to get rid of them as speedily as possible if you want to preserve either the appearance of your tree or to ripen any fruit upon it. The strawberries also this month want some attention: by the end of the month the runners will be straggling about, and these must be got off if you would hope for any fine, plentiful, or good-sized fruit: and then water will be necessary for them in any prolonged drought, for strawberries will *not* thrive without moisture. We recollect in the dry summer of last year how small and stunted and dried up many of our strawberries were. The successional sowing of peas, the hoeing and earthing-up of our potato crop, the addition of manure for the frames (should they be losing their heat in a wintry May)—all these are items that must not be neglected in the kitchen garden, which, with the bedding-out and the weekly lawn-mowing, will certainly keep our hands as full as we can manage to have them.

THE COBWEB OF A LONELY SPIDER.

I LIVE in a French garrison town, I hail from America, and I'm rising fifty years old. I was baptised George Gilead, and the name that follows along is Montague. Now I guess you know all you will care to about an old bachelor like myself.

My niece Dorothy is out-and-out the prettiest girl I ever cast eyes on. Though only half American, I don't believe she lost much by the Irish share—least-ways, not for those who admire deep blue eyes and wavy black hair, which I do; and so, by-the-by, does the resident uniform.

I could wish she was a little less attractive, for there is one or other of those dandies bothering around and flirting with her from morning to night. It's no sort of use my remonstrating, for, as she says, *I'm* not her mother, and what do uncles know about these sort of things?

"Quite as much as you do, miss," I answered one day in a heat.

"True; that's so," she admitted. "I forgot Miss Beacon over the way." And with this parting shot she left me.

Before five minutes had gone, she reappeared.

"I say, uncle, here's Miss Thingummy come to call."

"Well," I replied testily, "can't you entertain her? I'm busy."

As she still hesitated, I added firmly, "I'm not coming until I've finished my work, and that won't be this evening. What are you laughing at, eh?"

"Nothing; only do please come, because——"

"Well?"

"Because Count de Lorieux is there, too, and—— What are you smiling at?"

"Nothing; only can't you leave Mr. Thingummy to look after Miss Thingummy?"

But she did not seem to think that would fit any way; so we went into the salon together, when that audacious old woman immediately pounced upon me and begged me to show her my bees, as if I hadn't done the thing a level score of times before. I wish to goodness they'd sting her.

Well, she took her leave after awhile, and then I returned to my study through the French window; but the door between me and the salon was open, and the words I caught instantly quieted my steps—in fact, they just about drove all business out of my head, and the cigar out of my mouth.

There was a mirror just above me, which reflected the whole room, so I got on to tip-toe and stole a look, and there I guess I took root. I grew dazed and became afraid to move, for there was his countship standing close up by Dorothy. Not that this fact surprised me: I rather believe I had been led to expect something of the kind. It was his manner that struck me. He was in his uniform, and he gave one the idea of being all in a blaze. I take it he was, too, for I heard him say—

"You're nothing but a flirt—a miserable, unscrupulous flirt: not the simple, warm-hearted girl I thought you. You've been playing a double part. Your manners, your gestures, your eyes, have said 'Yes' over and over again, and now your lips dare to say 'No.' It is horrible."

He caught his breath, but went on—"What have I done that you should treat me like this? Have you kept me lingering here, knowing daily that I was getting to care for you more and more? Oh! Dorothy, I can't, I won't believe it. Say you are joking. Say it's a lie. Anything but this."

And here he caught hold of her hand, but she pulled it indignantly away, and flashed out—

"I don't know how it sounds in French, but allow me to tell you 'lie' is a very ugly word in English, and—will you, please, go away?"

"No!" he said, or rather shouted, "I will not. I will stay here until you can better make me believe in your indifference; but I don't believe you can," he continued half-exultingly. "I don't think you could be so cruel; and while there is any hope for me——"

"But there is none," interrupted Dorothy, though she spoke in such a shaky voice I scarcely heard her, and I fancied her face grew white. Perhaps he noticed it, too, for he argued hotly—

"I say there is hope, and while I think so I'll stay. Bah! Haven't I proved it for the last six months? Haven't I given you chances and opportunities numberless of rejecting me, and haven't you by every sign and token a woman can use led me to imagine you would not do so?"

I presume Dorothy felt herself in the wrong, for she winced pretty considerably.

"Is it possible you have been false from the very beginning? Was I a blind fool to fight on your behalf when the whole regiment cried out on you as a coquette? Were you still acting a part when you thanked me with tears in your eyes for the belief I had in the Irish girl? And now—now you expect me to take all this back; you expect me in one little minute to undo the work of months? *Never!*"

He spoke rapidly, without hesitation, without interruption; his eyes flashed, and as he fixed them upon her, he seemed to penetrate to the very bottom of her soul; and yet she remained impassive and cold. I rather think I respected her, though, for some girls would have been trembling all over if any one twice as big as themselves had let on and looked at 'em as *he* did. He waited to give her a chance, but she didn't alter any way. Then he got desperate. His voice wasn't so steady when he started-to again, and anger seemed to have lost itself in despair. Taking tight hold of the back of a chair, he began again—

"Dorothy, have you nothing to say? Have you no pity, no remorse? Am I to accept the worst? am I to leave you, Dorothy—leave you, and be scoffed at for having placed so great faith in a woman? Oh, speak, speak! Don't stand there like that; you freeze me."

I hated to see Dorothy "like that" just as much as he did: she didn't look natural. I'd never seen her so before. I guess she'd got a dullish pain somewhere, and was resolved not to tell; but still, it was irritating; and, upon my soul, I got like boxing her ears, if only to restore animation. Of course, he could not just act so, but he might have run a risk, and—— However, he didn't, and so I calculate he lost a neat opportunity.

I was just beginning to get mighty tired of the silence, when he broke it by raising his voice, and in a kind of dignified desperation spoke in his broken English some farewell words—

"Miss Montague, I had learnt to admire and respect everything English—manners, customs, literature, religion, and, above all, English women. You have done your best to destroy all this, and—need I add?—succeeded."

With one sharp glance at her, in which contempt, indignation, and bitter disappointment all played a most eloquent part, he turned, picked up his sword, and with a low bow left the room.

No sooner had the door closed on him than Madam Dorothy buried her lovely face in her lovely hands, and burst out crying all over the sofa cushion.

"Whew!" I whistled, "here's a pretty state of things; here's a how-d'ye-do! So he's not going to marry Yum-yum. Well, I guess she's about lost her senses right away. Bless the girl! what more could she want? Good looks, good position, good character—no money? Heigh! well, he's got his pay, and if I 'm satisfied, I take it she should be. My! what a saving of trouble it would be if girls would get born

married! Guess, though, they'd be coming in widows if they'd any hand in it, and then——"

But my mind was fast becoming a mass of muddled amazement. I just turned to steal quietly off, when another surprise came my way, for Yum-yum sobbed out to the sympathetic cushion that she "believed she'd about done it this time, and she'd never love any one again—never, no, nev-er!"

I was electrified, and in my bewilderment jerked myself somehow or other up to her elbow.

"Is that so?" said I. "Then—bother it all!—why don't you take him? Guess I'd better call him back."

But Dorothy only sank her face a bit deeper.

"What's come to you, anyway?" I asked.

She sent up one syllable, "Oh!" which didn't convey much intelligence to my mind; and it was a half-hour well spread out before I got to reach anything solid—leastways, except groans and sighs. However, I got used to them, and became quite smart in tacking her shreds of information together, which, laid down straight, amounted to something rather more funny than square; and I don't deny but that she had given herself every reason to cry. Still, it was no sort of use to keep on at it for ever; and so I counselled her as I remember my old nurse once counselling me somewhere in the last century. "If I were you, Master George Montague," she said, "I'd give a good boo-hoo, and have done with it."

Dorothy took the hint; though I don't know but what her "boo-hoo" hadn't more of the "hoo" in it than mine had. But I reckon I had best go on with the tearful recital.

It appears that when we first arrived in these parts my lovely niece had been much nettled by the report that English girls were made light of and slighted by the resident warriors, who valued them—if they valued them at all—in exact proportion to the number of cents they could sum up. Like the rest of her sex, be it American or English, Dorothy's first feeling was pique, and her first idea, revenge.

Consequently a neat little scheme formed itself in her brain, cuteness being its only merit. She confided to her dearest friend, commonly called the *seive*, that she believed if the French dandies knew her to be an heiress able to buy up the regiment, she would soon have the chance of refusing them all, from the general down to the youngest "sub."

The *seive* did her work, and "Mees Montague, belle et riche," became the rage. Suitors of all ranks and ages, from cavalry and infantry, presented themselves, and all shared the same fate: coldly and triumphantly she dismissed the lot.

But one fine day *he* turned up—everything that was fascinating, but poor: too poor to marry unaided; shirked society, and pretty girls in particular. However, having once met, the damage was done. He honestly lost his heart, and as honestly begged my consent to pay his addresses. I gave it, and encouraged him to try and gain Dorothy's confidence without my interference; for, not being a French uncle, I was diffident of answering for her affections. In fact, as I told him, "If she guesses I've said 'Yes,' she'll probably turn off and say 'No,' and there'll be no end of a dust; but wait a few months, until you have won her sympathy on your own merits, and then I'll bet she don't keep you waiting around for an answer."

Acting on my counsel, he became a frequent visitor, so that before long it flashed across our heiress that both their feelings were getting involved, and that she'd best tell him the rugged truth before it got too late.

But I presume that period was not definitely fixed in her mind, for the date went by. She had often got *nearly* on to it, but it was a tiresome trifle to explain away, and so she let the matter slide, hoping something would turn up some day, and not calculating on the nearness of the danger, which came upon her rather unexpectedly at the last.

She had thought of looking him in the face and confessing to the foolish joke; but it wasn't an easy thing to say, "Yes, you are quite right; I do love you every bit as much as you think, but it's no use letting things run on, because I haven't a cent to help you with."

And so she let him go in the unsatisfactory manner recounted. When she came to that dismal scene, she started to breaking up again. Of course, I ought to have been pretty sharp with her, but somehow she didn't look just fit for that; and, besides, my object was to dam the stream, so I said—

"All I want is that you should dry up; I guess you're taking an exaggerated view of the landscape, and I don't believe but what I can put it right this time. Only don't you start carrying on such mighty expensive ideas for the future, or there'll be sickness, you bet."

I left her then, a bit resigned, but very incredulous, and quite set on becoming what that old maid over the way terms "a blighted being."

I guessed my niece wasn't the only wreck, so I put on my hat and set off to the rescue of the other.

"Can I see De Lorieux?" I inquired of two or three of his brother officers who were smoking just outside his house. "Is he in?"

"Yes, he's in," answered one; "but you had better put off your visit unless you want him to show you the whites of his eyes. *Ma foi!* what a troublesome thing is indigestion!"

He did not seem to be overburdened with the seriousness of his remark, for he gave a pretty smart wink all round. I did not stop to inquire into that, but went right away up-stairs and invited myself into the sick one's private room. Well, I hadn't more than half said my say, before all the distressing symptoms disappeared, and he jumped up, shaking hands with me all over. I had heard that it was characteristic of excited Frenchmen to embrace you on either cheek, but I didn't take to the idea anyway, so I just withdrew my hands and backed out of the room. He called after me; but I was too cute. No stopping for me until I was safe from all embraces, in the public thoroughfare. There I paused to take breath alongside of his friends, when I was attacked from the rear—"Oh, *mon cher ami*, how shall I ever express

my gratitude?" "Well, I shall leave my study door ajar to-morrow," I vowed.

At five minutes to twelve on the following day I went in search of Dorothy. I guess she hadn't done much sleep the last twenty-four hours, for she looked like a ha'porth of soap after a hard day's wash.

"Well, Dolly," I began, "Monsieur Thingummy will be along in five minutes; guess you had better go and fix yourself, for——" But I didn't finish up, for she gently subsided on to the nearest chair as his ring was heard at the door. I made for my study, which, I presume, was a mistake on my part, as Dorothy jumped up, intending to escape, I take it; but he just caught her in the hall, and so I missed a good half of the making up. However, I guessed the best was yet to come, provided I could see the end. Well, I was not disappointed. In they came, alongside of one another —his head not held quite so high as usual; in fact, I thought at first sight Dorothy had grown a moustache; but as they pulled up by the fireplace, she gave him a little kind of shove off, and so they both stood for upwards of half an hour, talking in tones too low for me to hear. I was beginning to get about sick of 'em, when Dorothy said—

"M. de Lorieux," but was interrupted.

"Dorothy, say *Victor*."

"Well, Victor," repeated Dorothy straight away, but he wasn't satisfied.

"Dorothy, say *dear Victor*."

"'YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING A PART'" (*p.* 339).

"Oh, bother!" getting the colour of a brick, "I wish you would let me say what I was going to say."

The count, feeling aggrieved, moved two steps nearer to her, and she moved a step off; still, that gave him the advantage, which he availed himself of by taking one of her hands in his.

"Go on," he said encouragingly.

"Don't you think we should go and find Uncle Gilead and try and thank him for all his generosity?"

"Yes; but presently will do for that; we have a lot to talk over first. Suppose we sit down, eh?"

Dorothy shook her head reproachfully, but did as he wished, all the same; and then followed a conversation not intended for walls to hear, so it escaped me; but I saw lots. Presently he raised his voice again—

"Dorothy, did you ever care for any one before me?"

"No;" quite pat.

"Did you ever flirt with any one?"

"N-o;" not quite so pat.

"Oh! Dolly," implying so much that she hastened to add—

"Anyway, I won't again—at least, not till next time." And up she jumped, leaving him with his arm encircling space. He did not seem to find that so amusing, and he calculated to lessen the distance, I reckon; but she slipped a table between them, and sat down opposite to him.

"Victor, do you think a flirt such a very dreadful character?"

"Dreadful!"

"Then why have you chosen me?"

"I am glad to get you at any price—on any terms. Besides, I don't believe you are a flirt."

I don't pretend to be an authority on such matters, but I presume Dorothy was honest in answering—

"Indeed I'm afraid I am; I can't help it, you know. Victor. I always want some one near to admire and —adore me." Her frankness was charming.

"Well, you will always have some one now."

"But I have never flirted with *you*, Victor. You believe that?"—very eagerly. "Did uncle tell you all?"

"Well, I hope so," replied the count grimly, "for I shouldn't have cared for much more in that strain; as it was, you were only pulled up just in time."

"Still, thanks to Uncle Gilead, I was; but you have forgiven me now, haven't you?"

The silence that followed so excited my curiosity that I rose to the tippest of tiptoe, with the unhappy result that I got seized with cramp, and descended with the fire-irons into the fender, making such a tremendous clatter that they supposed a sea-serpent had flashed down the chimney, and, acting on this assumption, the count came running in with drawn sword, followed by my niece, screaming.

* * * * *

"Dearest uncle, I think you are quite the nicest man that ever lived, and I love you better than any."

"Now see here, Dorothy, don't you try to get off any more of this humbug on me, for I shan't believe it. And don't you get into another difficulty of this sort again, for it stands to reason I couldn't fix it straight a second time."

* * * * * *

Ah, well! I am living all alone. No! I have not yet succumbed to the allurements "over the way;" but if protection does not soon arrive in the persons of the count and countess, I guess this will be the last spinning of a solitary spider.

HOW TO MAKE CONVERSATION.*

CONVERSATION is an intellectual battledore and shuttlecock. If one player is inert, uninterested, or ignorant, he fails to return his fellow-player's well-aimed blow, the shuttlecock falls to the ground, and the game is at an end. So in conversation, there must be give and take. You cannot give what you have not got, and "nought from nought, nothing."

A *morning call* is essentially a visit from a lady to a lady, and naturally begins with inquiries after children or mutual friends. You pass on to some topic that you know to be of interest: flowers, pets, parish work. All these subjects may be enlarged on. Flowers may lead to some speciality: roses, orchids, ferns, mosses, hothouses, vineries, new gardening apparatus, fresh modes of culture, botany or botanical literature.

Most women have pets—either dogs, cats, birds, or horses. Poultry, bee-keeping, and the anxieties of the dairy will interest some.

Parish work has so many branches, that if you have met with a worker, you certainly may get some information, if you cannot give it. Temperance work, Sunday schools, district visiting, the Girls' Friendly Society, or Young Women's Christian Association, mothers' meetings, savings banks: one or all are of interest to the parish worker.

Perhaps your visit is to some one in whom mission work at home or abroad, Dr. Barnardo's boys and girls, the sick in the hospital, or the poor in the work-

* To this paper was awarded the Prize of THREE GUINEAS offered for the best paper of suggestions of the most original and suitable topics of conversation.

house, have a staunch advocate. I have heard it said of a lady, "She skilfully steers the conversation round to the 'Deep Sea Missions.'"

Some of our friends may be able to dilate on the beauties of the School of Needlework, whilst others may appreciate the British Museum. One friend may have some clever daughters, who are delighted to describe the Scientific Dressmaking System, amuse you with an account of their Cookery Lessons, or give you a graphic sketch of the students at the School of Art.

When two ladies meet, there is of course a comparison of social notes. Who is coming, who is going, in the neighbourhood? The newest baby, the coming marriage, the latest sorrow, fêtes, concerts, parties, tennis, are discussed, and also I am afraid must be added, servants—a most objectionable subject.

In spring you question your friends as to the most desirable holiday retreat, or you talk of their proposed trip to Norway or America.

If you have a mutual interest in the Army or Navy, you announce the latest promotions and retirements, and speculate as to who will be appointed to the vacant posts.

Schools will frequently be discussed; the advantages of public and private schools; modern education; the pressure of examinations; Oxford and Cambridge; Girton and Somerville; and above all, that perplexing question to the modern parent, What is to be done with the dull boys and girls?—a question which will probably lead to some remarks on emigration, and the various openings in the different colonies.

Between ladies, some talk on dress is allowable; and it would be well, whilst avoiding the extravagance of some dress reformers, if women would endeavour to cultivate amongst their friends a healthy opinion as to women's and children's clothing.

The intellectual woman does not always make a good conversationalist, but most probably she can give you plenty of information on the subject in which she takes a special interest, if you have the tact to draw her out: history, mathematics, social science, archæology, the higher education of women, the training of lady doctors and nurses; or it may be that she organises emigration, is a member of the Kyrle Society or the British Association.

Geology, entomology, natural history, physiology, music, sculpture, painting, all have their votaries. We meet every day with the enthusiastic collector of old china, engravings, autographs, old books, stamps. There may be such divergence between our neighbours' tastes, that one may have a good collection of drawings of fonts, and another may have expended her energies in amassing many varieties of *buttons*. Whatever may be the tone of the mind, a good conversationalist will endeavour to tune his conversation to the same pitch, or if that pitch is low, he will strive to raise it.

Conversation in the *drawing-room before dinner* can only be fragmentary. Guests are arriving, and the announcement of dinner may cut short the most interesting discussion.

A hostess will often be able to start a conversation between strangers by a few words skilfully added to a bare introduction. "Mrs. A., whose pictures we admired so much at the Exhibition;" or "Miss B., like yourself, belongs to the Browning Society." The hostess will also have photographs, engravings, sketches, miniatures, magazines, scattered about, to attract attention and offer topics ready at hand. It is much the custom to admire the artistic arrangement of the room, its elegant draperies, curious furniture, pretty ornaments, and old china. Even the softly-shaded lamps may claim attention and turn conversation to the modern facilities for lighting, to the wonders of the Electric Exhibition at the Crystal Palace in 1882, and the instantaneous illumination of the Collinderies last year.

Amongst friends, there will be an exchange of family news and congratulations, the success of A. at college, B. at Woolwich, C.'s engagement.

The last cricket or golf match, yesterday's hunt, the proposed bazaar, "that delightful picnic on Wednesday," Mrs. D.'s garden-party on Thursday, the Academy, Grosvenor, and other exhibitions of the day, *the* book of the season, the last-discovered prima-donna, any subject that is occupying the public mind, and does not require much thought or long argument, befits such conversation.

To talk well across a *dinner-table* is an art. A good conversationalist will go provided with a certain amount of material. Here comes in the opportunity for the good story and the clever repartee.

Last year, the Queen's Jubilee must have been talked over at hundreds of dinner-tables. The statues erected, foundation-stones laid, the processions, fireworks, bonfires, dinners, and teas, must have occupied hours of talk; whilst references to former jubilees, coronations, and other State pageants must have been numerous. Even now, the Queen's presents are before the public, and may not such gifts as that of the Khedive—a necklace and earrings of gold lotus-flowers, scarabs, and sphinxes—carry our conversation to the land of the Pharaohs, with its ancient civilisation, its wonderful ruins, its present decrepitude? or may not the old ivory fan, painted by the daughters of George III., presented by Lady Holland, bring to our recollection Holland House, and the group of celebrities connected with it? whilst their many witticisms may be recalled to add the necessary spice to our reminiscences.

If the lady or gentleman at your side is young, amateur photography is a subject on which you are pretty sure to meet with some response; most people have a friend who photographs, even if they do not themselves dabble in photography.

Travels are always a safe subject. You have been to Fiji, and your neighbour to Iceland, and you exchange experiences; or you have both been to Switzerland, and during the whole of dinner you ascend mountains, cross glaciers, criticise hotels, and gaze at waterfalls. Perhaps, however, you have to do with an anxious mother, who consults you as to the danger of her boy riding a bicycle, and wishes you to

endorse her opinion that a walking tour is the best holiday trip for him.

Most people have some knowledge of music, enough at least to *talk* of Rubinstein's playing, of Wagner, and "the music of the future"; or to uphold their preference for popular music.

The "Greenery Yallery, Grosvenor Gallery" young man or young woman may afford you some amusement, unless you are yourself inclined that way, in which case you will no doubt have something to say about the æsthetic.

Possibly, at a dinner-table, the ruffles and wristlets of your *vis-à-vis* may be admired by the person sitting next to you, and if you have some knowledge of Point, Mechlin, and Alençon, you can continue the subject, or else turn it off to the poor lace-makers of Ireland, and the efforts made to help them.

Flowers adorn every dinner-table. The quick eyes of those interested in their culture will detect the new and choice specimen; or it may be a simple lover of flowers, who is delighted at the effect produced, and whose enthusiasm will lead you on to speak of the grouping of plants at flower-shows, and the comparative merits of bedding-out and old-fashioned gardening.

In towns, the streets, the shops, the advertisements—who, for instance, would meet those striking advertisements, the hooded friar, or the three barristers driving through London, without having a word of amusement or indignation to say on the subject—new buildings, the railway, the tram, the omnibus, all suggest topics of conversation to the thoughtful.

In the country, the subjects discussed are different—the prospects of the shooting season, the fox the keeper saw yesterday, the Agricultural Show, the visit of the Archæological Society, the last joke at the Board of Guardians, the coming of age of Lord E., the restoration of F. Church, the Volunteer Parade, the new regiment quartered in the county town, its past victories, its present character, the last box of books from London, and the advantages of circulating libraries, sixpenny telegrams, and parcel post.

Conversation in the *train*—if between strangers—would generally be carried on by gentlemen. Probably it would be started by a courteous offer of a newspaper, with some remark on public affairs, which might be responded to by the intelligence that an opposition paper denies the statements mentioned. The value of newspaper intelligence, and comparisons of their literary style, will probably follow.

The country through which the train passes, suggests fresh topics every few minutes. Suppose a start is made at Southampton, our travellers discuss the docks and shipping they are leaving behind. Two nurses in their grey costume, on the platform of one of the next stations, remind them of Netley, its hospital, its abbey. At Bishopstoke, they reflect on the intricacies of railway junctions, retail the latest accidents, and talk of the advantage of insuring against them.

Now they are in the chalk cuttings, and discourse on the flora and fauna of the cretaceous system. They emerge at Winchester, to speak of its ancient importance as the capital of the kingdom, of its cathedral, of St. Cross, of the colleges of St. Mary, and of their founder, William of Wykeham.

They fly past quiet villages, with grey churches nestling amid the green trees, past the ripening cornfields, catching every now and then a glimpse of a big house, and their theme is English country life.

The train has reached Basingstoke, and they wonder, as they look at the ruins that adjoin the railway station, what the monks would have said if they could have had a glimpse of the noise and bustle that now so closely invade their sanctuary. Probably one of our travellers is a thorough-going conservative, and will lament over the "good old times," their quiet and their leisure; in which case, some fellow-traveller is sure to maintain that "these are the better days," and asks his companion if he desires to return to post-chaises, and run the risk of being stopped by highwaymen. This, perhaps, may compel him to acknowledge that life is now safer, and that there is far less crime; and so they may go on to talk of prisons, reformatories, and what after all is the best thing, preventive work.

At Farnbro', the station for Aldershot, some reference to military matters will be *à propos;* whilst as they pass Woking they will reflect on our funeral customs, or advocate the establishment of cremation.

As London is approached, they talk of its enormous extent, its rapid encroachment on the surrounding country, its wealth or poverty; they rejoice in the many opportunities for study and advancement it offers, or deplore its vice and misery. Now they are slowly crossing the Thames, which suggests such wide-apart subjects as Sir Thomas More, and many another prisoner, passing down to the Tower, and—the Universities Boat-race.

There is St. Paul's, to call to our memory Sir Christopher Wren, Nelson, and Wellington, who lie at rest in the heart of the great City. But our travellers have reached Charing Cross: their conversation must come to an end with their journey; but on many another journey, on each different line of rail, may not the traveller as he goes past town and village find in the passing landscape food for thought, and subjects for conversation?

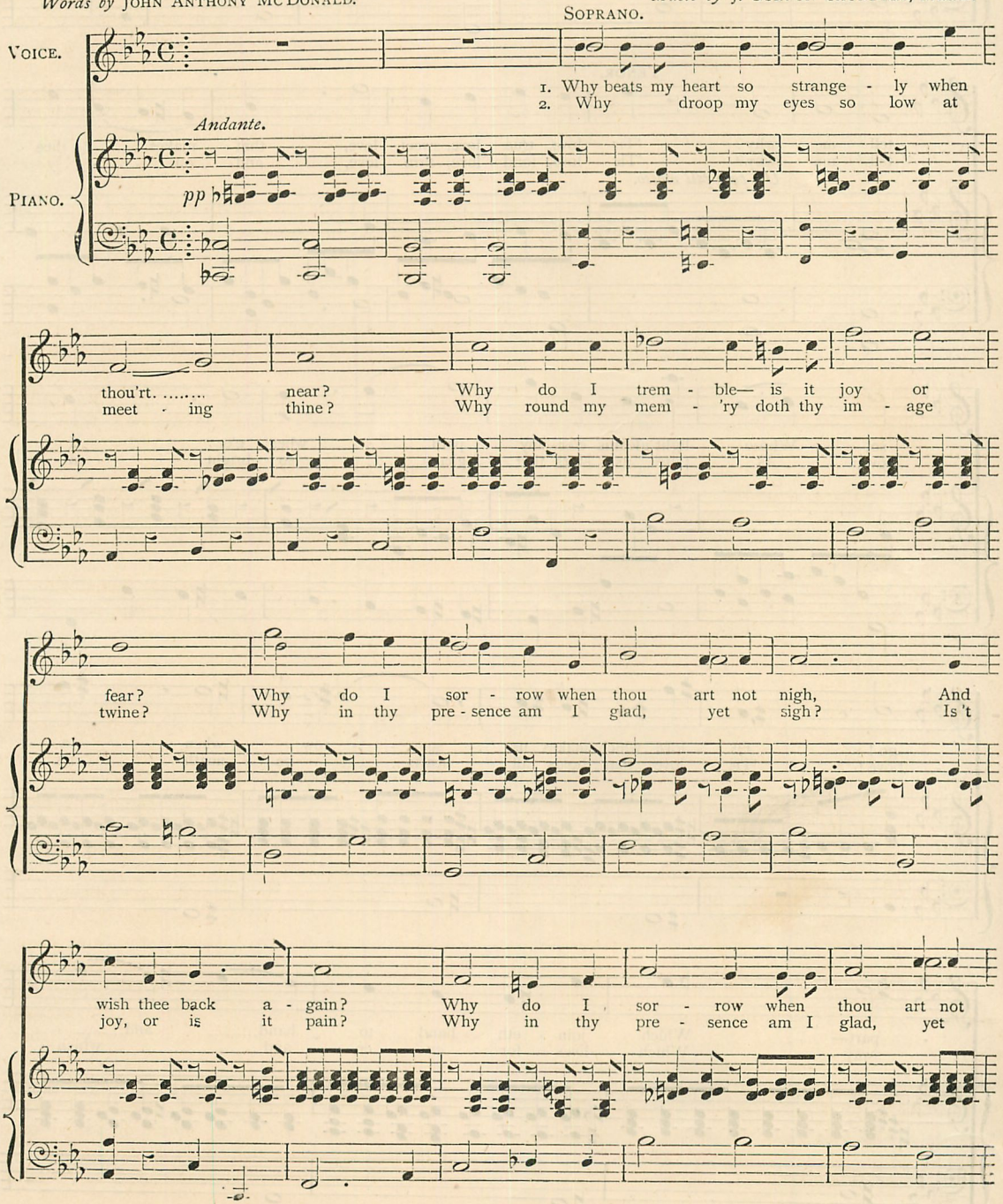
In the old coaching-days, a celebrated conversationalist was taking a journey. As soon as the coach was started, he began to talk to his fellow-traveller. He talked first on one subject, and then on another, without eliciting any response from his companion. At last, getting impatient, he said, "I have talked of religion, politics, agriculture, but you have said nothing. Is there any subject you can talk on?" Waking up, the man inquired, "Do you know anything new about leather?" If we find our companions do not take up our ball of conversation, whether it be during a *morning call*, at a *dinner party*, or in the *train*, let us do our best to find out in what directions their interests lie; and, *failing all others*, I would suggest they might show some animation if you ventured upon that most *original, uncommon, and un-English* subject, *the weather*.

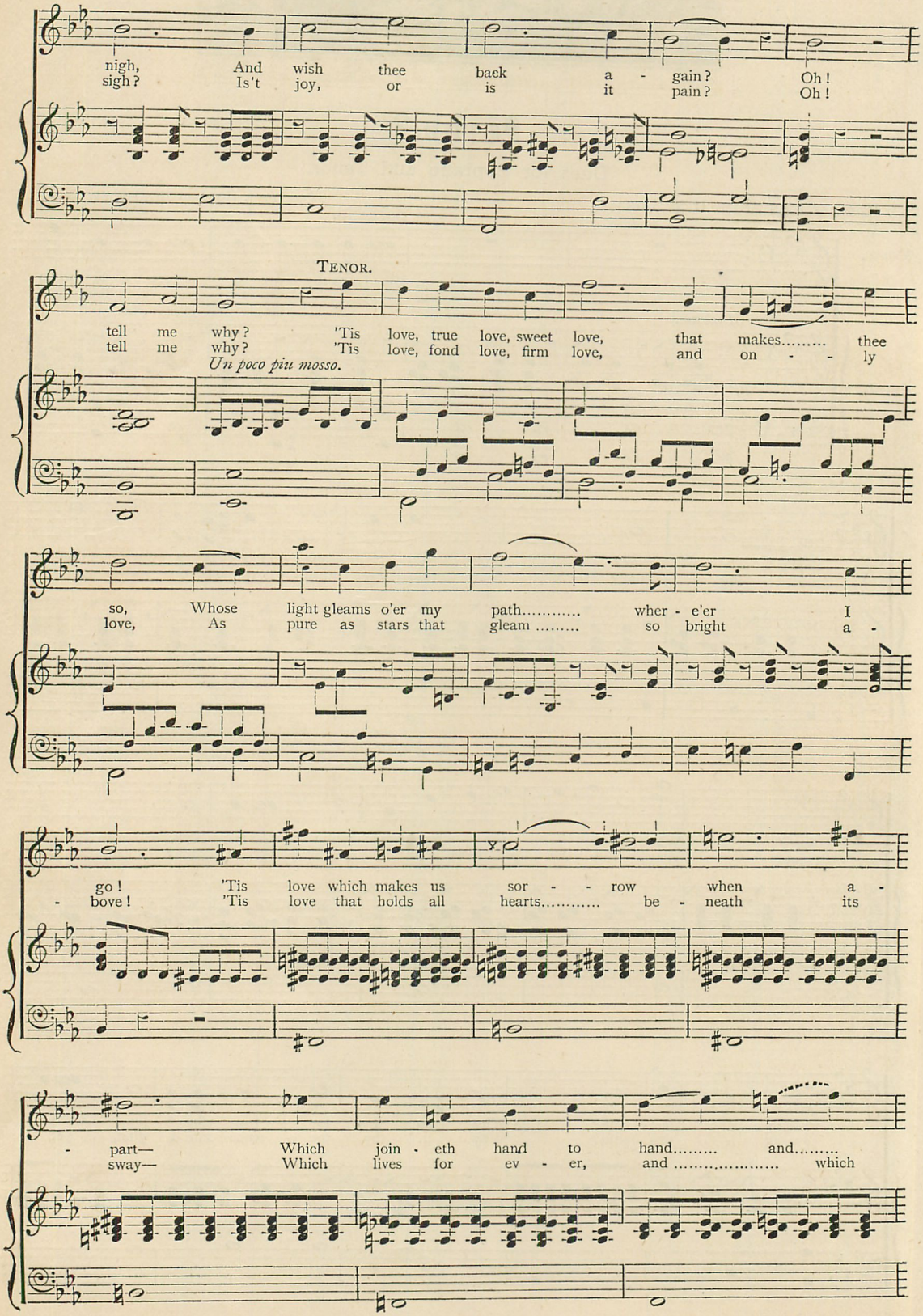
J. Bibby.

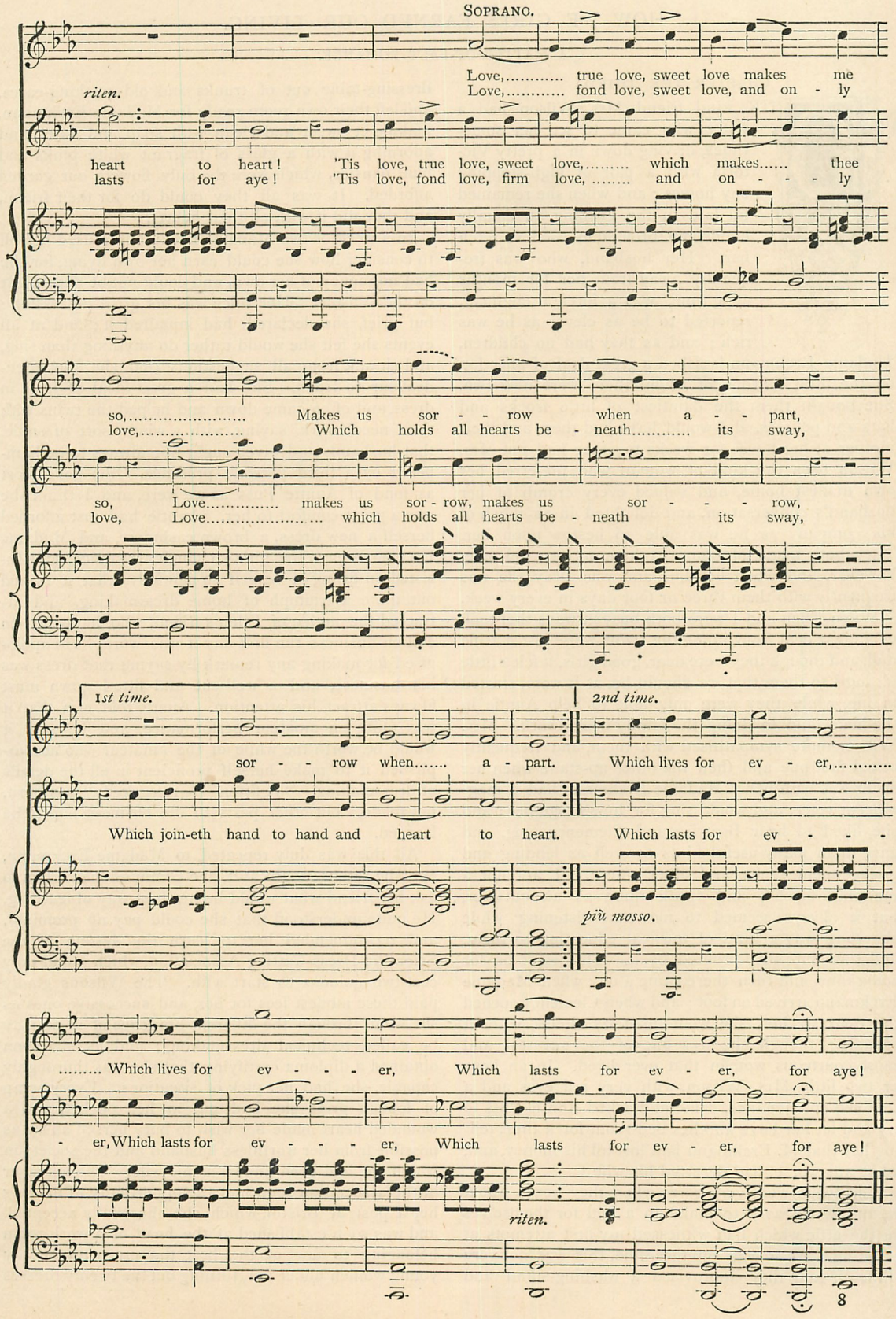
Why?

Duet for Soprano and Tenor.

Words by JOHN ANTHONY MC DONALD. *Music by* J. GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus. D.




nigh, And wish thee back a - gain? Oh!
sigh? Is't joy, or is it pain? Oh!
TENOR.
tell me why? 'Tis love, true love, sweet love, that makes..... thee
tell me why? 'Tis love, fond love, firm love, and on - - ly
Un poco piu mosso.
so, Whose light gleams o'er my path..... wher - e'er I
love, As pure as stars that gleam ..... so bright a -
go! 'Tis love which makes us sor - - row when a -
- bove! 'Tis love that holds all hearts..... be - neath its
- part— Which join - eth hand to hand..... and.....
sway— Which lives for ev - er, and ..... which


Soprano.
Love,..... true love, sweet love makes me
Love,..... fond love, sweet love, and on - ly
riten.
heart to heart! 'Tis love, true love, sweet love,..... which makes..... thee
lasts for aye! 'Tis love, fond love, firm love, ... and on - - - - ly
so,..... Makes us sor - - row when a - - part,
love,..... Which holds all hearts be - neath..... its sway,
so, Love..... makes us sor - row, makes us sor - - - - row,
love, Love..... which holds all hearts be - neath its sway,
1st time.
2nd time.
sor - - row when..... a - part. Which lives for ev - er,.....
Which join-eth hand to hand and heart to heart. Which lasts for ev - - - -
più mosso.
..... Which lives for ev - - - - er, Which lasts for ev - er, for aye!
- er, Which lasts for ev - - - - er, Which lasts for ev - er, for aye!
riten.
8

HOW WE GIRLS EARNED OUR LIVING.

A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

OUR kind friend Mrs. Wilson had a sister who came to see her sometimes, driving down in a pretty Victoria with a pair of high-stepping bay horses ; and when she remained till late in the evening an equally handsome brougham used to fetch her. Her husband, who was frequently away from her for months at a time, was a foreign engineer, reported to be as clever as he was rich ; and as they had no children, Madame Erckmann lavished a great deal of affection on the little Wilsons, of whom there were now two. She bought them the daintiest of little frocks and hats and pelisses, and would have had them and their mother at her house for weeks together had not Mrs. Wilson been the kind of woman who preferred her own modest home, and valued every crumb of her husband's conversation, and delighted in as much of his company as he was able to bestow upon her. They both made Madame Erckmann very welcome, however, and when her husband was away she was frequently with them three or four days in every week.

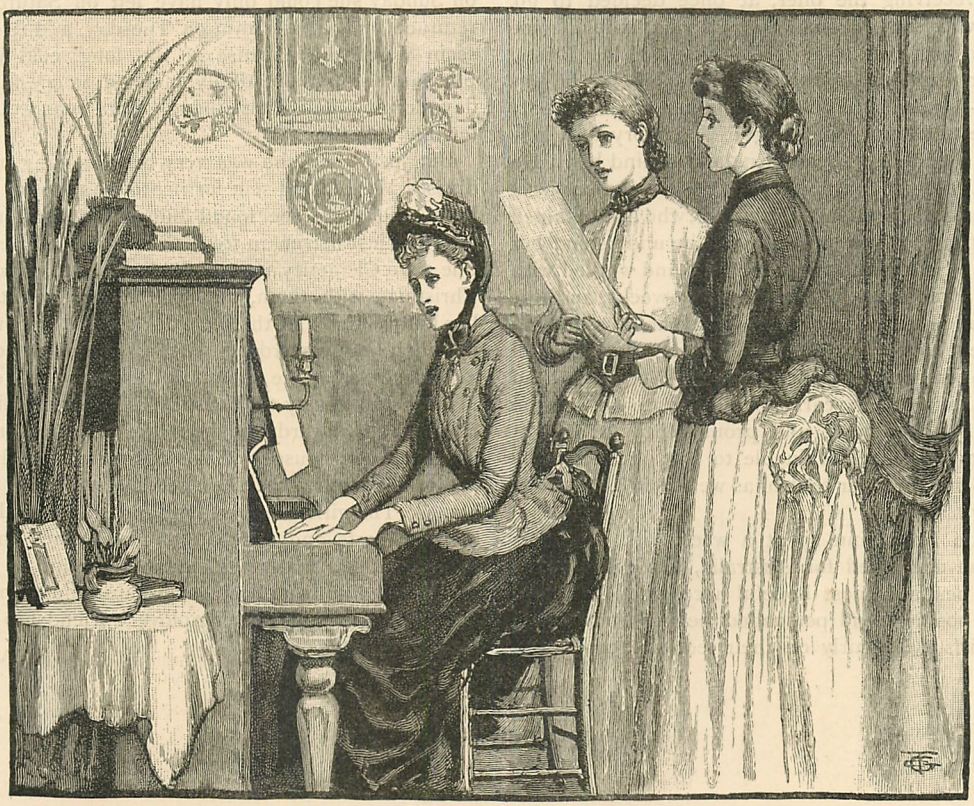
When Ellen and I were both busy in ways that took us a great deal from home the twins were just a trifle dull, and though they were dear, good girls, it felt a little bit hard to them that we should be, as it were, started in life, while they were only able to help Auntie in the house and in doing the family needlework. Mrs. Wilson quite sympathised with them, and frequently asked first one and then the other up-stairs when her sister was with her. Madame Erckmann had a magnificent voice, and would sing for hours together ; and she liked to hear Beatrice and Clemency sing, and gave them many useful hints as well as lending and giving them songs and other music. I am not a musician myself, and speak quite as an outsider, but it always seemed to me that listening while she sang was a kind of musical education to them, and I am sure they profited by it. This went on for some time, and then there came a day when Madame Erckmann arrived on foot ; and when Clemency opened the door to her, she went up-stairs almost without speaking, though she was one of the sweetest and most courteous women that ever lived. In an hour or two little Mrs. Wilson, with very red eyes and a troubled countenance, came and asked Auntie Puss to try and let her have another bed-room for a time, telling her that M. Erckmann had lost all his money, and, what was worse, had deserted his wife.

The twins were very sorry when they heard about it, and set to work to make up a bed for themselves in the attic which had witnessed my first attempts at painting. As it was summer-time, this was not very difficult, and they improvised a washing-stand and dressing-table out of trunks and old packing-cases, and left their own room ready for Madame Erckmann, making it sweet and clean with soap and water, and adorning it with a glass of fragrant white pinks and blue pansies, which were the only flowers our garden afforded. It was all they could do for their friend, and they did it with all their hearts.

In a week or two Madame Erckmann roused herself to consider how she could earn her own living, for she had no money of her own, and could not be dependent on the Wilsons. Her voice was her great possession ; but grief, she declared, had impaired it ; and at all events she felt she would rather do anything than sing, and shrank from all suggestions that she should endeavour to teach. She had a great deal of taste in dress, and often came down and helped the twins with their needlework, saying, with a wintry sort of smile, that husbands and wives ought not always to be hampered by a third person's presence. She got almost as fond of Auntie Puss as we were, and I think she was a great comfort to her. Auntie had just afforded herself a new dress, a brown cashmere, and Madame Erckmann gave the girls so much assistance, and insisted on fitting it herself so carefully, that it turned out quite a triumph of home dressmaking, and attracted the notice of Ellen's friend, who happened to call on business the first day it was worn. He apologised for making any remark by saying that dress was his business, and a well-cut and fitted gown must always attract his attention. Auntie told him that it was quite an amateur performance, and he said it would be worth the while of the amateur who accomplished it to make herself proficient in all the details of dressmaking. "A fitter," he remarked, "was born, not made," but other parts of the business had to be learned.

All this was duly repeated to Madame Erckmann, and she rather caught at it, and commissioned Ellen to ask her friend what would be her best way of learning. He quite understood that she could pay no premium, and recommended her to learn the system of the Scientific Dress-Cutting Association, which would only cost two guineas to start with. The Wilsons gladly paid these modest fees for her, and successive ones as she went through the different branches of what may be called technical dressmaking ; and as she soon obtained a diploma certifying that she was thoroughly capable, she had her pick of situations. Every scrap of foolish pride she had put in her pocket, and a wounded heart made her wish to bury herself as far as possible from her worthless husband and the society in which she had been known as his wife. The manager of the association soon had the opportunity of offering her a post at Bristol, which she thankfully accepted, and was soon established at the head of a work-room belonging to one of the best drapers, with twenty young women under her, turning out the twenty dresses

per week which is the utmost that can be done satisfactorily with that number of hands. Her salary was £200 per annum : more, she said, than she wanted, since she had plenty of clothes by her, and board and lodging in the establishment, and neither hope nor ambition. She was glad to be living in a cathedral town, where she enjoyed the Sunday services ; and for the rest, she rose earlier than she had been accustomed to do, and went to bed at night so tired that she slept soundly and heavily till the morning.



"SHE LIKED TO HEAR BEATRICE AND CLEMENCY SING" (*p.* 348).

When her first quarter's salary was paid she sent a goodly portion of it to Mrs. Wilson, and enclosed a five-pound note to Clemency, for whom she had a true affection, telling her to go and follow the same course as she had done herself.

Auntie Puss did not quite like it at first ; she said she had five pounds and more at Clemency's disposal if it would really help her, but she rather doubted whether her pretty niece had the taste and perseverance that would enable her to become really proficient in dressmaking. Moreover, my occupation and Nellie's were more consonant with her notions of what was befitting young gentlewomen, though she consoled herself and did us a great deal of good by saying—

"If you only behave as ladies, my dears, you cannot lose caste ; for the highest in the land cannot be more than a gentlewoman, and the poorest ought not to be less."

But Madame Erckmann would have been much hurt if Clemency had not accepted her gift and followed her example, and before six months had passed away we all acknowledged the practical wisdom of this course. Clemency proved an apt pupil, though not exactly a genius, but she knew the value of her opportunities and of the money that purchased them, and worked diligently, and tried to impart what she had gained to Beatrice, who was now Auntie's right hand and a very important personage at home.

It is always the unexpected that happens, and in our house it happened pretty often, counting the loss of the money as the first time ; and from one event many others spring. One of the great Australian colonies had and has a Board of Education (I am not sure if that is the exact name, but it expresses the right thing) which is determined, above all things, to be practical, and provide technical teaching wherever it can. I suppose domestic life out there is capable of vast improvement, and consequently the powers that rule that Board have provided a department in which cookery and needlework are taught. They decreed that the latter ought to include dressmaking, so that their women need not be dependent on London and

Paris for well-made dresses; and as one of their number was coming over to Europe, they gave him *carte-blanche* to procure a suitable teacher. Almost as soon as he reached London he called on the manager of the Scientific Dress Association, and asked whether he could recommend a lady who was *diplomée*, and would answer their purpose. They did not offer to pay her passage, but if such a person liked to go out to the colony, they were prepared to place the dressmaking classes in her hands, and pay her at the rate of 10s. 6d. an hour for whatever lessons she gave. The manager recommended Madame Erckmann, and she, on receiving the offer, at once decided to go, perhaps with some premonition of what would come to pass in that distant land. Mr. Linskill, her Bristol employer, was at first very much annoyed, but he was too right-minded a man to stand in her way, especially when she told him something of her story, and how glad she should be to leave England behind her. He begged her to try and find him some one in her place, and she at once mentioned Clemency, who had obtained her certificate, which proved that she understood her business. So my sister was sent for, and worked with Madame Erckmann for the next six weeks, and was duly installed as head and manager of the dressmaking department when her friend departed. Mr. Linskill did not offer her the salary Madame Erckmann had had (she had not her years nor self-possession), but he gave her £100 a year, and promised to increase it if she proved herself valuable to him and kept the "hands" under proper control as well as in good working order.

Madame Erckmann spent a week with her sister before she embarked for Australia, and gave Auntie Puss the best and most hopeful account of Clemency and her position, and persuaded her that now three of her girls were fairly on their feet she could well afford a general servant to do the roughest of the house-work. Auntie and Mrs. Wilson went down to the Docks and saw her safely on board the great Australian clipper that was like a floating town, and came back with very sore hearts, but feeling confident that nothing better could have been arranged for her.

Clemency was quite as comfortable as she could expect, and devoted her earnings to getting herself a good stock of clothes and sending Beatrice a little pocket-money. The first Christmas she was at Bristol she longed to come home, but as Christmas Day was on Sunday she could only have left on Saturday and returned by the first train on Tuesday, and it did not seem worth the expense of the long, cold journey. She said she felt dreadfully inclined to cry on Saturday morning, and felt as though Christmas would be a terribly dull time.

But just when she was very busy packing up some dresses Mr. Linskill sent for her to come to his private room, and there she found him sitting with his wife, who had just driven in from their house at Redlands. She gave Clemency a really cordial invitation to spend Christmas with them, and was determined to have her kindly way. At three o'clock that afternoon, when the shop and work-rooms were all closed and cleared, a carriage was at the door, and Clemency went off with Mr. Linskill to stay till Tuesday. Going with him took off all the awkwardness she might have felt on entering a strange house, and she was so completely made one of the family that she speedily felt happy and at home. The girls admired her, and told her all about their interests and occupations; and since then she has paid them many a pleasant visit, and is all the more looked up to in business because those under her know that she enjoys her employer's friendship as well as his confidence.

E. CLARKE.

THE ART OF FISH COOKERY.

WE assert at the outset that no article of food is more frequently served in an unappetising form, or robbed of more of its nutriment, than fish; and, while admitting that dirt is at the root of many culinary failures, with regard to fish, ultra-clean cooks have much to answer for; for they are not content to wash it, but must needs leave it in the water to soak, thus making it flabby, and extracting much of the flavour; and when we consider the enormous percentage of water most kinds of fish contain, it behoves us, surely, to retain the nutritive elements to the fullest possible extent.

Let us, then, touch briefly on the usual methods of cooking, and try to clear away a few of the difficulties.

Boiling. — Many cookery books instruct the uninitiated to lay the fish in *cold* water, and then bring it to the boil; this is a mistake—nay, more: it is opposed to all the laws of common sense and science; so here, in a nutshell, is the whole secret of how it *should* be done. Wash your fish well, but quickly. Have ready in a *shallow* vessel some boiling water, and to each quart or so add an ounce of salt, a tablespoonful of vinegar, and half a dozen peppercorns. Have only just enough water to cover the fish; too much robs it of flavour. Cook it at *simmering* point until done, then take it up immediately, or it will break and soak up the water; in a word, it will be spoiled.

Time.—Here is a real difficulty; common sense and experience, aided by certain tests, form the best

time-tables. Just by way of a guide, we will say for *thin* flat fish, five to ten minutes to the pound; *thick* flat fish, twelve to sixteen or eighteen minutes; and for *very* thick fish, twenty minutes to the pound may be allowed. All the oily kinds, namely, salmon, eels, mackerel, &c., being solid, are indigestible unless thoroughly cooked; indeed, many people cannot partake of them in any form.

When the flesh is the same colour throughout, and leaves the bone easily, take up your fish; but if near the bone the flesh is red and raw-looking, it is under-done. It must be carefully drained, and should be neatly dished and garnished; and if no fish-kettle proper be at hand, by tying the fish in a thin cloth, or laying it on a meat trivet set in the water, the risk of breaking during the taking up will be considerably reduced.

A word now about *Steaming*, a process not generally known; one trial, however, will convince any one of its manifold advantages. Any short, thick pieces of fish, or small whole ones, such as mackerel, can be very successfully cooked in a potato steamer, while fillets are best treated as described in a former article on "Kitchen Physic."* Those who are desirous of cooking large fish in this way would find a steamer, made to fit any ordinary oval boiling-pot, a very good investment; and, it is almost needless to add, many things could be boiled in the pot under the fish at the same time.

Frying.—We fancy some will at once exclaim, "Why, anybody can fry fish!" Experience, however, proves the reverse; and as nothing is more indigestible and unwholesome than the greasy or burnt mess so often served as "fried fish," it is worth while, and quite easy, to carry this operation out in the proper way. The freshness, firmness, and dryness of the fish have a great deal to do with the success of the undertaking, and so has the size; thick fish should be filleted. One practical lesson would be worth many pages of written instruction; all that is necessary is to cut the fish, if flat, down the centre on each side, then raise the flesh with a sharp knife, keeping it close to the bone, and giving sharp, not "haggling," cuts: this gives four fillets, which, unless very small, should be divided again, or even twice; they look nicer if cut in a rather slanting direction; they may then be simply floured, or coated with thick batter, or, what is still nicer, dipped into beaten egg, then into fine bread-crumbs. The rules for frying may be briefly summed up as under:—

The fat used should be sufficient to cover the fish, and it should be gradually heated.

It should be quite hot, *i.e.*, the bubbling should be over, and the fat quite still, when a bluish smoke will be seen to rise from it.

The smaller the fish to be fried, the hotter the fat must be.

Do not put too much in at once, or the temperature of the fat will be reduced, and the fish will not brown properly.

Drain on kitchen paper or a clean cloth, and serve on a hot dish.

Although we have given the test for the right heat of the fat, the novice may employ the simpler one of putting in a small piece of bread, and if it brown at once, the fat is ready; this is safer, too, for in waiting for the *blue* smoke, one may wait too long; it will turn instantly from blue to black, and the whole be burnt and good for nothing.

Grilling and *Broiling*.—These terms are often used synonymously, though there is a difference; to *grill* is to cook on a gridiron *over* the fire; to *broil* is to cook *before* a fire, the article being suspended from a broiler. The rule being pretty much the same in both cases, we will speak of grilling. See that the bars are perfectly clean, grease them a little, lay on the fish, and turn it every minute until done. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and serve on a hot dish. "Simple," you say. Yes, very, if you have a clear fire: this is an absolute necessity. Many an invalid would enjoy fish cooked in this way, it has so sweet a flavour, and is so free from grease. We once heard an old surgeon say, "There is nothing I like so much as a grilled sole, but I always have to go to my club to get it."

If wrapped in oiled or buttered paper, previous to grilling, any kind of small fish, or slices from larger ones, will furnish a dainty meal—less digestible, though, than the result of the foregoing mode.

Some people's only idea of *Baked Fish* is a compound of fresh herrings (or something similar), various herbs and spices, and vinegar, cooked in a slow oven for an hour or two; appetising as this is, it is not, in the strict sense of the word, baked fish. The oven should be of a good heat, to close the outer surface of the fish and keep in the juices; some fat should be made quite hot in the baking-tin, and the fish often basted; a trivet should be used, just the same as for meat, at any rate for large pieces, or whole fish of medium size; small ones can be cooked on a flat tin; a good way is to coat them with a greased paper.

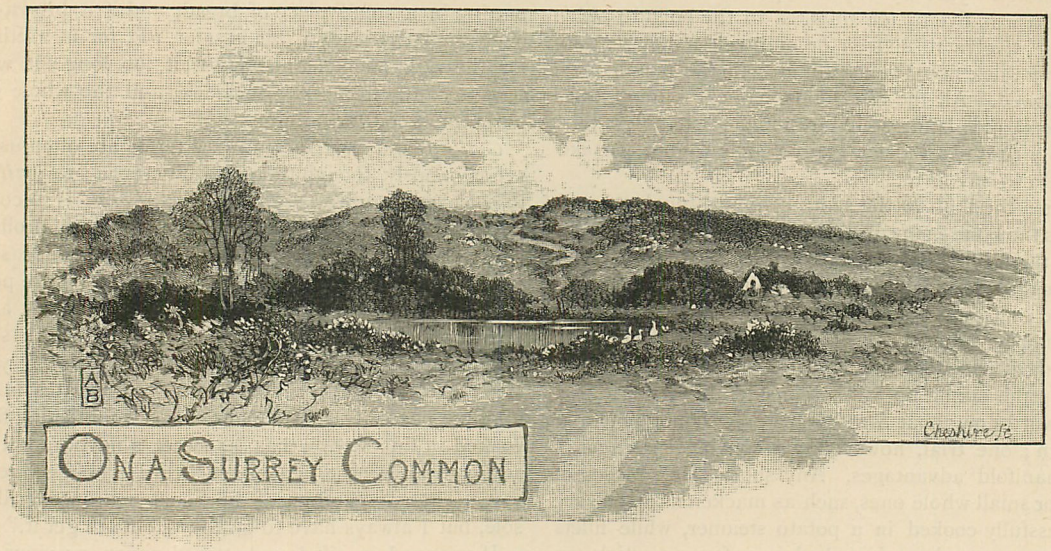
The fish may be brushed over with milk, and then floured, or egged and crumbed; a few raspings sprinkled over after taking it from the oven will improve its appearance. A brown piquant sauce is a favourite and suitable accompaniment.

The modes of *Stewing* fish are multitudinous, so many variations can be made in the added ingredients; as a rule, the simpler ways will produce most enjoyable results, and just according to the skill of the cook stewed fish may be either very delicious or an utter abomination.

As we are here dealing with principles, space forbids our giving detailed recipes, so we will close by reminding our readers that stewing and boiling are not identical; to stew is to cook at a much lower temperature than boiling point, hence longer time must be allowed; and a brown jar is a good receptacle, because it is slow to receive heat, and slow to lose it. If not convenient to place it in the oven, it can be set into a pan of boiling water over the fire, to insure uniformity of temperature for the stew itself.

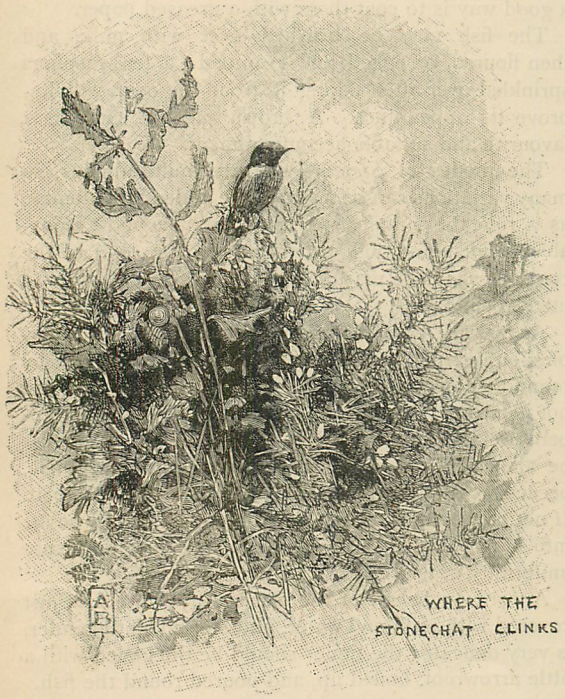
A word on behalf of the sick. Any white fish, just covered with milk and water, and stewed until tender, is very delicate; the liquor should be thickened with a little arrowroot, boiled up, and poured round the fish.

* CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, April, 1887, p. 271.



ON A SURREY COMMON

IT would be a difficult matter to decide under which of its two summer aspects the Surrey common is more beautiful, in the time of the yellow gorse or of the purple heather: in the first bright glow of May and June, or in the richer and deeper splendour of July and August. Either season has its special admirers and advocates; and as of old in the Roman amphitheatre there used to be a faction of the yellow and a faction of the purple, so here too there is a contest of colours, neither of which is disposed to yield its claim to supremacy. The peaceful student of Nature will probably consider it his wisest course to swear lasting allegiance neither to one party nor the other, but, even at the risk of being denounced as a time-server, to avow his opinion that "whatever is, is best." In the season when the gorse and broom are in the zenith of their glory, let us give our vote to the supporters of the yellow; but a couple of months later, when the common will be a rolling sea of purple heath and heather, what shall prevent us from quietly changing our opinion and wearing a purple favour in our buttonhole?



WHERE THE STONECHAT CLINKS

The gorse-time has at any rate this undeniable advantage over the heather-harvest, that it is accompanied by a far more vigorous expression of Nature's exuberance and joy. In the blazing days of the late summer and autumn a profound silence often reigns far and wide over the common, and the imperial pomp of the landscape cannot entirely exclude the increasing sense of pathos and decay. But in the gorse-time the year is in its full hey-day of song and merriment; and the common, so lately redeemed from wintry blackness and sterility, is filled with life and sound. The voice of birds is everywhere in the air; you cannot walk a dozen yards without hearing the cry of the cuckoo, the shrill scream of the peewit as he whirls and glances in the sun, the "clink" of the stone-chat, the song of innumerable skylarks, and perhaps the deep tones of the turtle-dove from the little copse on the edge of the common, or the ringing laugh of the green woodpecker from the solitary clump of Scotch firs. The nights are scarcely more silent than the days; for then the night-jar, a well-known bird wherever there are heath and fern, may be heard uttering its strange jarring note, while it sits on some projecting gorse-bush or fir-branch, every now and then quitting its perch to flit like a huge moth across the twilight. From the marshy hollow, where a little stream flows down through the common, there rises nightly a weird

chorus of croaking frogs—a soothing sound enough if heard, as a rookery should also be heard, from a convenient distance, but apt to become annoying when the listener is very close. But the night has other and more pleasant melodies than these, for the nightingale, though a rare visitor on the open common, where there is a lack of deep cover and underwood, may be heard singing its best in the wooded dingles by the neighbouring river.

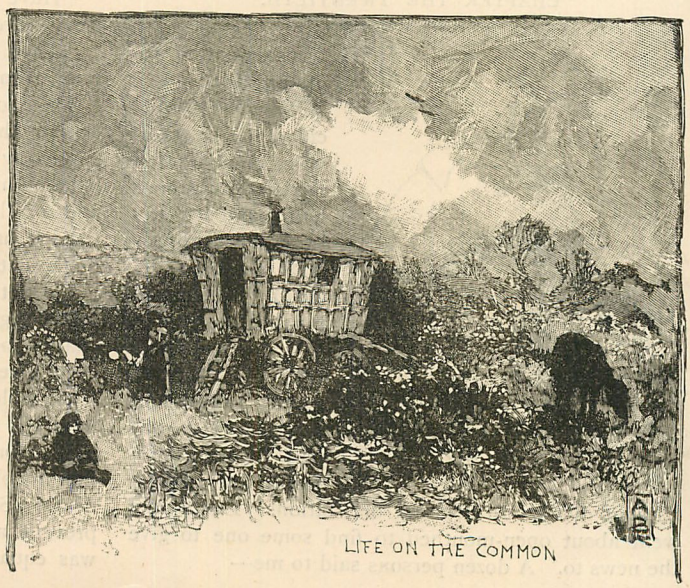
Lack of water is a fault which is justly laid to the charge of most Surrey scenery. But in the south-west corner of the county the landscape is not liable to this reproach, for, thanks partly to the hand of Nature, and partly to the liking for fish exhibited centuries ago by the monks of Waverley Abbey, near Farnham, the streams which run down from the great mass known as Hindhead Common have been transformed in many places into a series of large fish-ponds. Standing on the sandy shore of one of these large sheets of water, you may, at this time of year, watch the graceful flight of countless numbers of swifts and swallows. Few birds are so fearless of the presence of man as those of the swallow tribe; and if the intruder will stand motionless on the same spot for a few minutes, they will often pass and re-pass so close to his head, that he may hear and almost feel the whir of their wings, as they sweep by him in their undulating flight.

To the north and east of these ponds the common stretches right away for miles, the expanse of furze and heather being occasionally broken by bits of low marshy ground, overgrown with reeds and sedges, from which you may chance to scare a stray heron or snipe or wild-duck. Here and there are tracts where the soil is black and cindered, the result of some recent fire, which has swept away every vestige of the once knee-deep heather, and has left in its stead a bare and barren wilderness. The early spring is the time when these fires usually take place, it being the custom now and then to set fire to portions of the common, partly for the sake of the young shoots which soon come up in the place of the burnt vegetation, and supply a new "feed" for the cattle, and partly with the object of waging deadlier war on the rabbits. It is a fine sight to watch the long line of flame as it works its way steadily across the devoted space, licking up the gorse and heather with a mighty roar, and sending up vast volumes of smoke, until it is met and conquered in its turn by the party of watchers whose duty it is to beat down and extinguish the fire when it has reached its appointed limit. Sometimes the flames, escaping from all control, cause a veritable "prairie fire," which devastates a large extent of common, and smoulders on for days, or even weeks, according to the strength and direction of the wind; but this generally happens later in the season, when the heather has become as dry as stubble under the fierce heat and long drought of the summer months.

But to-day no fire is visible, except in the fiery glow of the yellow gorse, contrasting strongly with its dark surroundings of pine and heather. It is very pleasant to sit on one of the many patches of greensward that intersect the turf, and to watch the fleecy white clouds sailing swiftly overhead across a sky of stainless blue.

I once met with an enthusiastic lover of the Surrey common who insisted that there is no out-of-door seat so comfortable as a low, compact, thick-grown gorse-bush; you have merely to sit down, he said, fearlessly and without hesitation, and you will find yourself ensconced in a natural arm-chair, with springs that equal those of the most sumptuous divan. It may be so; and as I have had no personal experience of such a seat, I will not say it is not so. But, pending fuller investigation, it seems wiser not to commit oneself too hastily to a position that might conceivably become precarious, but to be content, for the present, with a seat on yonder sloping bank of turf and heather.

The most fastidious eye could scarcely desire a more charming view than that which is unfolded before us. Far away is the blue line of the Hampshire hills; the middle of the landscape is filled up by broken ground, wooded knolls, and rounded fir-clumps; while close below us, in a little valley, nestles a small cluster of cottages, near a pond fringed with rushes; a sort of oasis in the surrounding desert of the common, each cottage having its own bit of garden-ground which by years of patient labour has been converted into fairly good soil from a mere waste of sand. They are a homely, simple race, these Surrey cottagers, making a hard but honest livelihood as agricultural labourers or wood-cutters, and cultivating their own garden-plots as best they can in the spare hours of their work. Their life, monotonous though it is, has several advantages over that of their brother-workmen of the crowded city, since they have at least



LIFE ON THE COMMON

plenty of fresh air and elbow-room, and, if they are wise, can generally manage to keep their own pigs and goats and geese, the latter especially being a frequent ornament of the Surrey farmstead. The right of cutting the peaty turf that clings round the roots of the heather is an invaluable privilege to those cottagers who are fortunate enough to possess it, as the turf, or "face of the earth," as it is sometimes quaintly called, makes excellent fuel for the winter time, and can generally be obtained in plenty.

In addition to the resident cottagers there are those "birds of passage," the gipsies and strolling traders, who, with their wagon-houses ready at their beck and call, probably enjoy life on the common, at any rate in the summer months, more than any other class of persons. You may see them in the evening pitching their camp in some quiet corner of the common, and preparing their supper with much business and satisfaction. If the gamekeepers are to be believed, "wild chicken" too often forms one of the courses of these open-air entertainments, but, however that may be, there is no doubt these people look much happier and more contented when thus encamped on a Surrey common than when hanging about the suburbs of some provincial town.

H. S. S.

BY MISADVENTURE.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "Harlowe's Helpmate," "Hidden Gold," "The Great Hesper," &c.

"Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils."—MILTON.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

GETTING EVIDENCE.

THE examination resulted in this:—

Whether accidentally or otherwise, enough of a noxious substance had found its way into Flexmore's body to have decidedly accelerated his death.

The news spread like a plague: within twenty-four hours every one had it—man, woman, and child—without distinction of rank or station. Every one went about open-mouthed to find some one to give the news to. A dozen persons said to me—

"Have you heard the result of the examination? Dr. Awdrey *did* hasten Flexmore's end."

"Then why is he at large?" I asked. "Why has no warrant for his arrest been issued?"

They could only shrug their shoulders; but I could explain the matter to them—*Flexmore had not been affected by the poison at all.* The powder was found in his mouth, it had not touched the digestive apparatus, and for this reason: it had been administered after the life had left his body. This was the report made by the authorised doctors who made the examination.

Upon this report no one could be accused of any crime legally, nor at the present juncture could a charge be instituted. That the poison had not been given in the form of a potion, such as Miss Dalrymple had been charged by Dr. Awdrey to administer, was clear from the fact that it was found in the form of a powder, and must have been put into my old friend's mouth when his jaw dropped after death. Still, it had clearly been given with a view to prevent any possibility of a return to life; and it was equally evident to the majority of people that

Awdrey, who knew the contents of the will to be signed, alone was presumably desirous of preventing a return to life, for only a very small minority knew that Lynn Yeames also had a strong reason for making death sure at that time.

Now, although there was no evidence to commit Awdrey, circumstances were sufficiently suspicious to enable the Yeames party to contest the will. But I had still stronger reasons than that for getting at the truth of the matter, and fixing the guilt on the guilty. Even the paupers would refuse to take medicine from the hand of a man with such a reputation; but over and above all other considerations was the peace and happiness of my friends. Miss Dalrymple's words rang out clearly in my memory, "He will never ask me to be his wife."

I went to work at once, and determined to take no rest until I had secured the safety of poor Awdrey and Nurse Gertrude. My clerk was a sharp, dependable young fellow.

"Now, Mr. Jones," said I, "I am going to put you on your mettle."

"Glad of it, Mr. Keene," he replied eagerly. "Is it this poisoning case, sir?"

"Yes, it is. Bax, Yeames's agent, says they can produce the man who threw me out of the gig, and prove that he was engaged to do it by Dr. Awdrey."

"I understand, sir. I know Mr. Bax by sight, and Mr. Yeames, too."

"Yes; well, now, you must find their witness. In all probability that trick was unpremeditated. It was suggested to him by circumstances, by a chance meeting with the fellow who stretched that rope. Who might that be? It was just such a day as a poacher would like for wiring hares. Yeames had been doing a good deal of shooting. A poacher can be more useful than a keeper to a gentleman on the look-out for game. A man of that kind was the very one to suit his purpose. And a man who would do a job of that kind could be easily bribed to swear he was employed by Dr. Awdrey. That man must be found. Now, then, how are you going about it?"

"First of all," said Jones, after a little thought, "I'll find out if any one has been spending money freely in the beer-shops up at Bagley; or whether any one is away—because I should think Bax would get him out of sight. But he must have a wife or relatives about, and the neighbours are sure to be jealous. May I tempt them to speak with a little cash, sir?"

"As much as you need. Don't spare it. If Bax has given twenty pounds to get a lie, we will give fifty to have the truth. I see you know your business—go at it at once. If you bring that man here in a week, you shall have a month's holiday and a rise of ten pounds. There's money—now off you go."

He was hardly out of the house before Miss Dalrymple came in.

"What are you going to do for Dr. Awdrey?" was the first question she asked.

"I am going to prove his innocence, please God," I said.

"Tell me how," she said, in a tone of entreaty, laying her hand on my arm.

"Well, that is difficult to say. There's so much to do that I scarcely know where to begin."

"If there is much to do, let me help. Tell me what I may do."

"That is still more difficult," I said, scratching my ear. "This sort of work is scarcely suited to you, I am afraid."

"Why not? I have a woman's wit, and I don't mind *what* I do. I *can't* rest idle. Only tell me what difficulty there is to overcome, and trust my intelligence."

"There's one thing you can attempt, at any rate," I said; "the rascal employed by Yeames, Bax, signified that they had a witness in reserve to prove a criminal charge against Awdrey. That means they have got hold of some one to swear to his administering the powder. Now, that some one must be of this place. If you can find out who it is, and let me know, I may persuade that witness to stand on the side of truth."

"I understand you. I will try," she said, but with a wandering look, as though she were seeking the means to penetrate such a mystery.

"It is an almost impossible task, I know," said I; "but your sex can talk so fast, and get to the point so adroitly, that I fancy you have as much chance of succeeding as I have. Now, I must go off and see Awdrey."

"I should like to go with you," she said timidly, yet with earnestness.

I showed her that it would be better not to go at this moment.

"Tell him that—that I sympathise with him, Mr. Keene," she said tenderly.

"You may be sure of that," said I, pressing her hand.

We parted at the door, she going one way, I the other.

"Awdrey," said I, when I met him, "Miss Dalrymple sympathises with you."

"I am certain she does," he replied.

"Yes; and you may be certain of something else. If we get this affair settled rightly, you may be the happiest man in the world, or it will be your own fault."

"What," said he eagerly, "do you think her feeling is deeper than sympathy?"

"I am sure of it, that's more!" I exclaimed.

"Notwithstanding the doubt that hangs over me—the feeling against me?"

"There's no doubt in that generous soul," I said; "and as for the feeling against you, it's just the thing to endear you to her. Did you ever know the woman who would not side with a man in misfortune, who wouldn't love him the dearer for his having none to love him but herself? Here, let's get to work."

I pulled out my note-book, and, pointing my pencil, said—

"Now, you have to tax your memory to the utmost. Your happiness depends as much upon a clear recollection as anything. I must have an account of every minute of the day that Flexmore died."

Then carefully we went over the events of that day to the minutest particular, from the hour of his rising until he went again to bed.

What I learnt will appear duly in its place.

It was a long job, necessitating much discussion and verification, but we stuck at it until it was done, then we ate and drank and made as merry as we could. It was no effort to Awdrey; I had never seen him in such high spirits. It was as if ten years of hard work and disappointment had been taken off his shoulders. Only now and then his face assumed its old gravity, as the thought perhaps occurred to him that if he failed to prove his innocence he must slip back again into the Slough of Despond.

It was past five when I got back to my office. To my utter astonishment I found Miss Dalrymple waiting there for me, and with her a woman.

Miss Dalrymple rose and met me with forced calm, but I could see that her face was flushed with triumph, and her eyes were sparkling with excitement.

"I have brought Mrs. Bates to see you," said she; "or rather Mrs. Bates asked to see you. She desires to make a full communication of all she knows."

I bowed to Mrs. Bates, who sat rigidly in her chair. She was a middle-aged person, with a face like a hatchet, and a body like the handle of it. A hard, cold, long woman of the scraggy kind, and just dull enough to think herself sharp.

"I am glad to see you, Mrs. Bates," said I, turning up the lamp. "Why, surely, I have seen you before!"

"I were in Dr. Hawdrey's hemploy," she replied.

I shall not trouble to reproduce all her superfluous h's, but be it understood she aspirated every vowel.

"To be sure. Now I remember you. So you have something to tell me, have you?"

"I wish to conceal nothink, for I have nothink to conceal," she said.

"Mrs. Bates has received a visit from Mr. Bax," said Miss Dalrymple, with a feminine suavity that I could not too much admire; "and she was equally candid and outspoken with him. Were you not?"

"I were, miss. I do not wish to sell myself, though untold gold were offered. I am an honest woman, and no one has ever righteously accused me otherways."

"Surely Mr. Bax has not been attempting to bribe you, ma'am?" I said, in a tone of indignation. "No one who knows you would try to tamper with your integrity by suggesting payment for information. To offer a recompense—a suitable recompense—for services rendered would be a different thing, but before—tut, tut, tut!"

I knew the woman. She was one of those who are continually fancying themselves suspected; if they find a lost halfpenny or a stray stick of sealing-wax they will think it is laid out to "tempt them," and I will add that women of this kind are, as a rule, the most to be suspected.

"I told Mr. Bax why I left Dr. Awdrey, as I have told others," said Mrs. Bates; "and am not ashamed of owning to it before the Queen herself. And nothing shall make me leave Coneyford, where I am not ashamed to show my face any day in the week."

"Of course he would have been very glad to get you out of the way, as if you were a criminal?"

"But I were not going. Dr. Awdrey cannot deny that I gave him warning."

"And why did you give him warning?" I asked, seeing that the point lay there.

"Because he unrighteously accused me of meddling with his bottles, which I will take my oath I never touched. The bottle of harsenic layed there marked on the floor. I will not say that Mr. Bax is not right in saying that the doctor let it slip from his guilty hand himself, and wished to put it on to me in case of inquiries. I know that he ast me over and over again to stop after I gave warning, and offered a rise in my celery, sayin' it must be the cat as knocked the bottle down. But I see the trap that was laid for me, and would not stay, which is a mercy, I'm sure, or I might now be in the condemned cell."

She rambled on a long while to the same purpose, while I made notes of certain facts, and from time to time exasperated her to further rambling; but when she had repeated all her facts half a dozen times, and I saw there was no more to be got out of her, I rose and said—

"That is enough for to-day, ma'am; but I have no doubt you will repeat all you have said to-day if you are asked to do so."

She glorified her own steadfastness and sense of rectitude, and so went away.

Miss Dalrymple had sunk into a chair, and met my gaze with a look of dejection. She was evidently disappointed that I had not persuaded Mrs. Bates from her adverse opinion.

"I am afraid my witness will do us more harm than good. This broken bottle adds to the weight of evidence against Dr. Awdrey."

"My dear girl," said I, taking her hand between both of mine, "that woman's evidence is worth a king's ransom to us. You have done us an incalculable benefit in bringing her here."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

THE INQUIRY.

I WAS not astonished the next morning when my housekeeper brought me Mr. Bax's card.

"Introduce Mr. Bax at once," said I, in a voice that he might hear.

Mr. Bax puffed his way into the office like an unsound locomotive, and I gave him my hand with a smile. He winked significantly, and stretched out his legs when he seated himself, feeling that he was master of the situation.

"Not quite so much virtuous indignation about, Keene, eh?"

"*Tempora mutantur*, you know, Mr. Bax, *et nos in illis mutamur*," said I blandly. There's nothing flatters an ignorant man so pleasantly as to imply a belief in his learning.

"'I HAVE BROUGHT MRS. BATES TO SEE YOU,' SAID SHE" (*p.* 356).

"Just so; I know all about that," he said. "Well, now then, what are we going to do about this affair?"

"Of course we are innocent," I said.

"You've got to prove that."

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, is your client willing to hand over the trust-money, or—going to fight it?"

"I should not advise him to go to law."

"No," he grunted, with a nod. "Very wise, too."

"A lawsuit would drain the estate; at the same time we have the money, and possession is nine points of the law."

"The greater reason—knock the matter off at once. You propose compromise, I suppose, eh? Good job for Awdrey—got a generous man to deal with. Any one else but Lynn would have the lot. Awdrey wants a third, or something like that, eh?"

"Dr. Awdrey wants as much as he can get—reasonably. But, before I can suggest any compromise on his part, we must prove his innocence. You understand my position. I cannot run the risk of being accused of collusion."

"Prove his innocence—how do you propose to do that?"

"I suggest that we hold a meeting in this office of all the parties concerned, and invite the attendance of some well-known person—a justice of the peace, say—to give the inquiry publicity, and make a thorough examination of the affair from beginning to end. I shall try to prove my client's innocence to the satisfaction of the magistrate. If I fail, so much the worse for us; if I succeed, I shall be very willing to listen to any terms you may propose."

"And reject 'em," grunted Bax; and then looking extremely sly, he pursued, "I'm as deep as you, Keene. You don't catch me in a trap. If you get the magistrate and public opinion on your side, you'll be as saucy as you were the other day."

"I shan't be a fool, Mr. Bax. You can withhold your decision as to the course you shall take, until you have made terms with me: it is always open to you after this examination—which, as I have shown you, is but a proper safeguard of my own reputation—to contest the will, and take public proceedings. All I demand is a full examination, and some public recognition of Dr. Awdrey's innocence, before I attempt any pecuniary accommodation with you."

"We withhold our decision—after the examination—until terms are made with you," mused Bax, with his finger on his nose and his eye on the ceiling. "Well, I don't see much objection to the meeting in that case. But the poison in the man's mouth—how are you going to explain that?"

"I may be able to prove," said I, after a show of hesitation, "that Flexmore feared untimely burial, and left instructions for means to be taken after death to prevent resuscitation. I may be able to produce his written wish to that effect."

"By George, that's a clever notion!" exclaimed

Bax, gasping approval. "Was it the doctor's idea or yours?"

"Oh, let me impress upon you at once," said I, "that the doctor pleads not guilty to everything, and will take no measures whatever to clear himself from suspicion."

"He does very well—follow your instructions—leave his case in such able hands—compliments, Keene." He waved his gloves towards me. "Of course you don't want us to produce our witnesses—keep them out of the way."

"On the contrary, I shall call Mrs. Bates."

"Oh, you've found her out, eh? Hard nut, she is. Anyway, you won't want the fellows Awdrey engaged—fellows who tripped you up, I mean."

"We won't bother ourselves about them," said I.

He rose. "Well, I'll talk it over with the Yeameses, and, if they don't object, no reason why we shouldn't fall in with your plan."

We shook hands and parted with mutual hypocrisy, and I got my hat in order to seek the magistrate whom I had fixed on in my thoughts for the service I needed. I felt certain the examination would be agreed to; for, though it might be a ticklish business for Yeames, it was not half so hazardous as opening a lawsuit. He had not the money for such a venture, to begin with, and I knew that Bax would lead him to suppose the inquiry in my office was a mere farce to make me clear in the opinion of my clients; and that, however it ended, he could be no worse off than in the beginning.

By the time Bax was out of sight, I went off to the Manor House to see Sir Roland Firkin, J.P.

Sir Roland was one of the best-known and most popular men in the county; and he deserved to be, for he was a thoroughly kind-hearted and generous old fellow, willing at all times to render a service, and not too stupid to despise advice. He had a reputation for sapience in his magisterial capacity, due to his abiding implicitly by the direction of his clerk, and his decisions on questions of justice were regarded as final. It was only natural that he should to a certain degree share the general opinion with regard to his legal acumen, and I knew very well that the old gentleman itched to dispense with the counsel of the court clerk, and prove, to himself at least, that he could form a sound decision and follow it up with necessary action independently.

I laid the case before him, and asked if he would consent to preside at an informal inquiry should the Yeames side accept our proposal of going thoroughly into the truth of what may be called the Flexmore poisoning case. He gave me his promise to attend without hesitation, and approved highly of the course I had taken for making the inquiry public, promising that reparation should be made to Awdrey on the part of his friends and himself should it be found that the charge against him was unjust.

The next day Bax called upon me to say that Lynn and his mother agreed to attend the inquiry, and I fixed it for the following afternoon at three o'clock; for, as luck would have it, I had received just half an hour before a telegram from my clerk, saying that he had found two men who acknowledged to stretching the rope and had agreed to tell the whole truth concerning the affair. The despatch came from London, and I reckoned upon these witnesses arriving by the morning train which reaches Coneyford at 10.30.

In the evening I went to my friends, and I also called upon Mrs. Bates, binding them all to be in my office at the hour fixed; then I went home and spent best part of the night in drawing up the questions to be put, for I determined that Sir Roland Firkin should be the chief actor in the inquiry, not only because it would please the old gentleman, but because the questions would wear less of an *ex parte* aspect coming from him.

The next morning I had my office table pushed up in a corner, and a long dining-table brought in, covered with green baize; all my ink-pots were brought into requisition, and a sheet of paper laid before each chair, and the regulation water-bottle and tumbler placed at the head of the table for the president to dip into if the proceedings grew dry.

One thing vexed me. My clerk did not arrive with the witnesses by the 10.30 train; however, a telegram came to say that they would travel by the next down train, which reaches Coneyford at 3.15.

At 2 p.m. I had lunched and dressed, and was looking at my watch anxiously.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

BROUGHT TO BOOK.

Dr. Awdrey and Miss Dalrymple were the first to arrive: they came together—Awdrey with a bright and cheerful smile on his face, and perfectly calm; Miss Dalrymple showing symptoms of nervousness, but staunch and true for all that.

Next came Sir Roland Firkin; we had a private chat in my dining-room, and I put the list of questions in his hand, instructing him as tenderly as I could how to conduct the inquiry. He was mightily pleased with his own importance.

Then Mr. Bax and Mrs. Yeames arrived: Mr. Bax puffed and gasped, bowing to one and then the other with the solemnity of an undertaker; Mrs. Yeames passed to her seat, after a low obeisance to Sir Roland, without recognising Dr. Awdrey and Miss Dalrymple, except by drawing down her lips and contracting her nostrils as she might in passing an unsavoury dust-heap.

As the clock struck three, Mrs. Bates, who had been waiting outside, gave a single bang at the door and was introduced: her curtsey to Sir Roland and her rigidity in sitting down, together with her air of conscious virtue, gave her a strong resemblance to Mrs. Yeames—for the reason, perhaps, that their airs sprang in both cases from a narrowness and vulgarity of mind.

Lynn Yeames came in two minutes later, panting with the haste he had made, and beaming all over with that frank, manly, generous smile of his. He

looked round the room, saw Awdrey standing beside Miss Dalrymple, and strode up to him, head erect, shoulders back, and his hand out, as if to say before us all—"I do not share this common ill-opinion of my old friend."

Dr. Awdrey stood perfectly still, and looked straight in Lynn's face without moving a muscle, letting him stand there with his extended hand untaken. With a sigh and a shrug Lynn dropped his hand and turned away.

Mr. Bax approached the table, put his knuckles on it, and, after bowing to Sir Roland Firkin, said impressively—

"I was given to understand—this was to be an amicable inquiry. The hostile attitude of Dr. Awdrey towards my friend, Mr. Lynn Yeames——"

"You overlook the fact, Mr. Bax," said I, knuckling the table on the other side, "that the onus of administering arsenic to Mr. Flexmore falls upon one of three people—Dr. Awdrey, Mr. Yeames, and Miss Dalrymple. You cannot expect Dr. Awdrey, by taking the hand of Mr. Yeames, to imply his belief in the guilt of Miss Dalrymple."

"A very nice distinction, Mr. Keene," said Sir Roland, "which I think you, Mr. Yeames, must have overlooked." This was one to us.

"Now we will proceed to business," said Sir Roland, taking the chair at the head of the table. Mr. Bax, Mrs. Yeames, and Lynn sat on the left-hand side of the table; Miss Dalrymple, Dr. Awdrey, and I faced them on the right. Mrs. Bates sat at a little distance from the table; a shorthand clerk I had engaged for this occasion sat at the desk in the corner.

Sir Roland began with a nice little speech of course, which included a well-chosen verse from Shakespeare, and concluded with an earnest wish that every one might be found perfectly innocent of the shocking charge which had been brought forward. He then poured out a glass of water, took a sip, settled his glasses firmly on his nose, and, taking up my sheet of questions, said—

"Miss Gertrude Dalrymple, you remember the day of Mr. George Flexmore's death?"

"Perfectly well," she replied.

"What hour was it when you first saw him that day?"

"About eight o'clock in the morning."

"Was he alone at that time?"

"No. Dr. Awdrey was sitting beside him."

"He had been watching at his bedside all night, I believe?"

"Yes; he insisted the previous night on taking my place, and giving me rest."

"How long did you stay in the room?"

"Only a few minutes—merely the time to learn that he was better. I saw that I had interrupted a conversation, and that Mr. Flexmore wished to be alone with Dr. Awdrey."

"How long did that conversation continue after your departure?"

"About half an hour. Dr. Awdrey then called me back, and gave me instructions with regard to the treatment of Mr. Flexmore and the medicine to be given."

"Was the medicine in the form of a liquid or a powder?"

"A liquid. It was a sedative draught, I believe."

"Had you to administer a powder?"

"No."

"Did you see any powder in the room?"

"No."

"What happened after Dr. Awdrey's departure?"

"Nothing until Mr. Keene arrived. Mr. Flexmore then asked me to leave the room, as he had business to talk over, and I went down-stairs."

"When Mr. Keene left you returned to the room?"

"Yes."

"What hour was that?"

"About half-past eleven."

"Did any one call soon after?"

"Yes; Mr. Lynn Yeames—almost immediately after."

"Did he see Mr. Flexmore then?"

"No. He saw me, and I told him of the serious condition of Mr. Flexmore."

"Did he ask any questions?"

"He was very anxious to learn what Mr. Keene had been saying to him. I could give him no satisfaction on this point, and he went away."

"He was absent some time, and then returned?"

"Yes; about half-past one. He came into the room and asked me to leave, as he had something to say to Mr. Flexmore. I hesitated, for Mr. Flexmore was less easy, and I warned Mr. Yeames that it would be dangerous to excite him. He promised to be careful, and I withdrew."

"How long were you absent?"

"Only a few minutes. I heard Mr. Yeames speaking in a high and angry tone, and I knew that could do Mr. Flexmore no good. Mr. Yeames went out of the house slamming the door behind him, and I found the patient much worse."

"You attribute that to the behaviour of Mr. Yeames?" said Sir Roland, straying from his notes.

Mr. Bax interfered at once: He could not allow witness to be led into supposing anything.

Sir Roland sipped water, and returned to his notes.

"When did you again see Mr. Yeames?"

"About half-past three."

"In what condition was Mr. Flexmore then?"

"Dying; he was unconscious when Mr. Yeames entered the room."

"What followed?"

"Shortly after Mr. Yeames came in, Mr. Flexmore died. When I was sure of that I left the room, taking Miss Flexmore down-stairs."

"Did Mr. Yeames accompany you?"

"No; he remained in the room."

"What was he doing when you left him?"

"He was standing at the window, looking out."

"Was there anything peculiar in his manner?"

"He seemed utterly unconscious when I spoke to him. I spoke twice, and he made no reply—no movement whatever."

"What else occurred to your recollection?"

"Laure, Miss Flexmore, was overcome with grief. While I was attempting to console her, I heard Mr. Keene in the hall; he went up-stairs. After a little while he came down with Mr. Yeames; they both came into the sitting-room where I was with Miss Flexmore."

"Did Mr. Yeames—er—still seem ill at ease, may I ask?" said Sir Roland, laying down his paper for an instant.

"I do not think you *may* ask that," said Mr. Bax.

Sir Roland bowed, took another sip, and resumed questioning from the notes.

"How long did Mr. Keene stay with you?"

"About twenty minutes."

"Was Mr. Yeames in the room all the time?"

"No; he went out of the room, but not out of the house, before Mr. Keene left."

"Did anything occur to make him leave the room?"

"He seemed to have lost something. He felt repeatedly in his pockets, and also looked about the floor."

"Did he continue his search after leaving the room?"

"Yes; he had a candle, and looked all up the stairs and in the hall."

"Do you know what it was he had lost?"

"A piece of paper. He said there was an important memorandum on it, and he offered to give the maid half-a-sovereign if she found it."

I glanced at Mr. Yeames, so did Sir Roland, whom I touched with my toe under the table. The young man was looking at the white paper before him, and there was scarcely more colour in his face. He looked up in quick dread at the next question.

"Was that paper found?"

"No."

Mr. Yeames drew a long breath of relief.

"Have you anything to ask Miss Dalrymple, Mr. Keene?"

I replied, "No;" and he put the same question to Mr. Bax, who equally declined to put any questions.

"I shall now ask you, Mr. Lynn Yeames, to give me your attention. You do not dispute the order of events as stated by Miss Dalrymple?"

"No."

"When you left Flexmore House, at half-past eleven, you rode over to Mr. Keene?"

"Yes."

"You had seen him leave the house, and were acutely anxious to know what his business there was?"

Lynn hesitated a moment, but at a nudge from Bax he replied, "Yes."

"You had been given to understand that the bulk of Mr. Flexmore's property would be left in trust to you?"

"Yes," after another nudge.

"The presence of Mr. Keene led you to think that Mr. Flexmore might have altered his disposition?"

Nudge as before, and "Yes."

"On arriving at Mr. Keene's you were shown into the office, and waited there some time alone?"

"Yes."

"You saw a sheet of foolscap lying on the table?"

A particular snort from Mr. Bax, whereupon Yeames replied that he had seen nothing of the kind whatever.

"You are sure of that?" asked Sir Roland.

"I will take my oath I saw nothing of the kind."

"When you left Flexmore House the second time, about half-past one, where did you go?"

"To fetch Dr. Awdrey."

"Dr. Awdrey was not at home, I believe?"

"He was not. I waited for him half an hour, or thereabouts."

"Where did you wait?"

"In his private sitting-room."

"You know that the consulting-room adjoins the sitting-room?"

A nudge—"Yes."

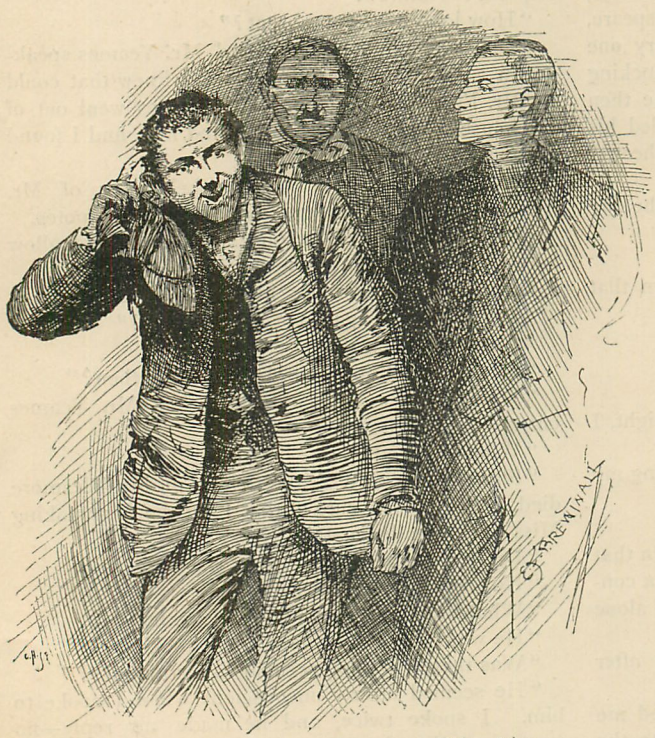
"Did you go in there for any purpose?"

A sniff from Mr. Bax—"No."

"After waiting quietly in the sitting-room half an hour, you returned to Flexmore House?"

"Yes; I was anxious about Mr. Flexmore's condition."

"With respect to the piece of paper you



"'WE'RE A-GOIN' QUEEN'S EVIDENCE'" (*p.* 363).

mislaid: have you any objection to stating what it was?"

"None; it was a leaf from my note-book, containing memoranda respecting horses I had backed for a spring meeting."

Here Sir Roland again asked if we had any questions to ask, and, on receiving a reply in the negative, he proceeded to question Mrs. Bates.

"You were in the service of Dr. Awdrey, I believe, at the time of Mr. Flexmore's death?"

"I were, sir."

"The previous night Dr. Awdrey was absent from home?"

"He were, sir. He came in about half-past ten or eleven the next morning, I will not swear exact, and he asks for breakfast—which tea and a rasher of bacon I gave him."

"After that he went out?"

"He did; about twelve or half-past, I will not swear."

"You had tidied up his room in the morning as usual?"

"I had; about seven or half-past, I will not——"

"IT IS A TREAT TO SEE HIM WITH HIS BOYS" (*p.* 363).

"You are not asked to swear, Mrs. Bates. Now, in tidying up his room, had you occasion to go into the consulting-room?"

"I never ventured there, sir; though I may be disbelieved."

"When Mr. Yeames called, you showed him into the sitting-room?"

"I did; him being a friend, as I was led to believe, of Dr. Hawdrey's."

"During the half-hour he was there did you hear any particular sound?"

"An 'awker were crying srimps——"

"I mean in the room where—er—Mr. Yeames was sitting?"

"No, sir, I did not; being at my dooties hup-stairs."

"Nothing like the crash of a falling bottle?"

"Nothink of the kind."

"The door communicating with the consulting-room was open?"

"No; it were closed, though the key turned."

"But the key was in?"

"It were."

"There was nothing, in fact, to prevent Mr. Yeames strolling in there from curiosity—to while away the time that he was waiting for Dr. Awdrey?"

"Nothink; but I believe Mr. Yeames were too much the gentleman to go a-prying and a-peering." She had evidently a gratuity in view, that Mrs. Bates.

"When did you first hear of a bottle being broken?"

"When Dr. Awdrey came in; about four o'clock or half-past. He asked me if I had done it, and I said I had not; and should feel obliged if he would find some one else, as I did not like such things to be laid to me."

"Did he make any other remark about the consulting-room: was anything missing from there?"

"Yes; he said a prescription was gone."

"Did he describe the prescription?"

"Yes; he said it were written on the bottle papers."

"What do you mean by the bottle papers?"

"A pile of square papers, white, as stood on the little side counter."

"Can you show me what the papers were like?"

"Exactly like that sheet on the table," pointing to a sheet of thin white paper which I had purposely laid on the table near where she was to sit. "Dr. Hawdrey tried to pass it off afterwards," Mrs. Bates volunteered; "he said it must have been the shaking of carts passing or the cat, and offered to rise my celery if I would stay. But I refused, seein' it were not the first time he had laid temptation in my way—giving me half-a-crown to buy a fourpenny arrand, and not askin' for the change till two days afterwards—which I kept it back to prove him."

"That is enough.—Dr. Awdrey, I shall confine my questions to events connected with the latter part of the evidence. Tell me, if you please, what you know about the broken bottle of arsenic."

"It was a blue bottle, labelled in large letters—'Arsenic: poison.' On going into the consulting-room I found it in fragments on the floor, with the powder widely scattered."

"How did you account for its being there?"

"I believed that Mrs. Bates had taken it down from the shelf on which it stood, and that it had slipped from her fingers in putting it back."

"It is false, Dr. Hawdrey!" exclaimed Mrs. Bates.

Mrs. Yeames nodded approval.

"Hush, Mrs. Bates, if you please. Did it not occur to you, Dr. Awdrey, that the same motive of curiosity might have influenced Mr. Yeames while he was waiting, and that the accident arose in that way?"

"No. It never entered my imagination that he would do such a thing. Had it been suggested to me I would not have believed it, sharing as I did Mrs. Bates' opinion of his gentlemanly delicacy."

"You attributed the accident to accidental cause?"

"Not entirely. I believed that some one had been in the room."

"Why?"

"Because of the missing prescription."

"Tell me about this prescription."

"It was a prescription, jotted down with a lead pencil on the pile of paper referred to, that I intended to make up later on."

"It is your habit to make notes on this pile of paper?"

"It is."

"Have you ever been able to trace that missing prescription?"

"No; I have never discovered any trace of it."

Here the note under Sir Roland's hand ran—"Look to me." Sir Roland looked at me, and, taking a folded sheet of brown paper from under my notes, I opened it, and handing a sheet of the bottle paper to Dr. Awdrey, I said—

"Is that the prescription, Dr. Awdrey?"

I never saw a man so astonished in my life.

"Good gracious, yes!" he exclaimed. "Where did you find it?"

"You will hear presently," said I, fixing my eyes on Lynn Yeames.

Every one at the table looked at him, seeing my eyes so fixed; and, though he continued to meet our gaze, his blanched cheek told the terror he felt.

I carefully handed the sheet of paper to Sir Roland.

"Why, my gracious, what does this mean?" he asked, looking from one to the other; then, catching a significant glance from me, he took up his notes again quietly. "Mr. Keene," he said, "tell me what took place on the occasion of Mr. Yeames' visit on the day of Mr. Flexmore's death."

"I was taking lunch when he called," said I, "in the next room, before sitting down to make out the will in accordance with Mr. Flexmore's wishes. He had been induced to make the alteration through Dr. Awdrey."

"Dr. Awdrey wished the will leaving property to him to be revoked!" exclaimed Sir Roland.

"He did," said I; and then I explained Awdrey's reasons, and all about it, fully. Then I continued—"In the new will the name of Lynn Yeames was to be substituted for Dr. Awdrey's. I had the draft of the first will, and intending to copy it after lunch, had imprudently left it on the table in this room. Mr. Yeames came in here; I was in the next room. You see the blind to the half-glazed door. It is opaque from this point of view; it is transparent from the other side. Standing by the door before entering, I saw Lynn Yeames reading the draft of Mr. Flexmore's first will. He was at once led to conclude that this was the second will commanded by Flexmore."

Here Bax protested.

"I appeal to you, sir," said I to Sir Roland, "to say whether my statement is in order or not."

"You are perfectly in order, sir; go on," said Sir Roland, highly gratified by this appeal.

I was not in order, but he knew no better.

"With the belief that I was making out a will which would beggar him, he went away, and you can see that he had the strongest inducement to delay me and prevent Mr. Flexmore signing a second will."

"Sir Roland Firkin," gasped Mr. Bax, "I protest most——"

"Silence, if you please," said Sir Roland; "I rule that Mr. Keene is perfectly in order. Go on, sir."

"After seeing my old friend lying in his bed-room dead, I went down-stairs with Lynn Yeames, as you have heard. There, in a moment of impatience, he flicked his handkerchief from his pocket, and in doing so shot out a pellet of paper. I put my foot on that pellet of paper, and when Yeames left the room to look for it I put it in my pocket."

"Quite right, too, Mr. Keene; go on," said Sir Roland, in great excitement.

"I put it away in a drawer where I keep things which may at some time be of service, and forgot all about it until my suspicion was directed to Yeames by the discovery that the very day he lost it he bolted out of England, and did not return until Mr. Flexmore was buried and all fear of the poison being found out and traced to him was removed. Then I recalled to mind the paper pellet—the sheet of paper you have now under your hand, Sir Roland."

"We will not stay here to be insulted," cried Mrs. Yeames, rising; "it is scandalous. But we will obtain redress."

"I should think so," gasped Bax. "Pretty pitfall—'pon my life!"

But at this moment, as all of their party were rising, the door opened, and the entry was blocked by my clerk with a couple of rascals whom I knew well enough by sight.

"We're a-goin' Queen's evidence, guvnor," said the smarter of the two, with a grin at Yeames.

"Out with it, my man, at once," said I.

"Well, sir, and genlmen all, it was like this here—me and my mate was going along with a rope to do a bit of hauling for Squire Long when we tumbled agin Mr. Yeames. My mate had suthing to say about shooting. Suddenly Mr. Yeames, who hadn't been listening like, said he'd give us a pound if we'd play a lark on you, Mr. Keene——"

"Sir," said I to Sir Roland, seeing Yeames, his mother, and Bax edging towards the door, "on this evidence I ask you to commit Lynn Yeames for conspiracy."

"Aye, I'll commit the whole batch, and you, Mrs. Bates, as well. Send for my clerk, and the papers."

But we could not detain any one of the batch while the commitments were being procured, and so Lynn, his mother, and Bax got clear off. And, thank goodness, we have neither seen nor heard anything of them since—which is the best thing that could have happened for them and for us.

* * * * *

What is there to add? Nothing but what should conclude a tale of struggle between right and wrong.

Dr. Awdrey married Gertrude, and lost no time over it—I believe as he took her hand in his, when his innocence was proved, and they looked into each other's eyes dimmed with the tear of joy, it was understood between them that hand and heart were joined for ever.

They live with Laure in the pretty cottage on the hill. Awdrey gave up his practice and went heart and soul into farming, and when he found the land could be worked to pecuniary advantage he bought it out, divided it into portions, and let it to the men who had laboured upon it—thus making them independent. I feared the scheme would not pay, but it has to a marvellous extent, thanks to Awdrey's wise and practical counsel to his tenants. Yet, though he has given up practice, there's not a day in the week but some one calls to benefit by his skill in medicine.

Laure is now verging on womanhood, and a good many young fellows in Coneyford wedge themselves into the circle of acquaintances with which Dr. Awdrey and his wife are surrounded for her sake. I have my eye on one who I think may be found worthy of her hand. Laure pretends, with a blush, that she does not want to marry, and would rather stay for ever with Gertrude and her children. One fine day she will pretend that her heart will break if she cannot marry.

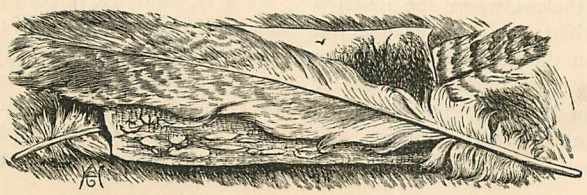
The Awdreys have three boys, and fine, sturdy fellows they are.

"They make me feel that I am getting older," said Gertrude.

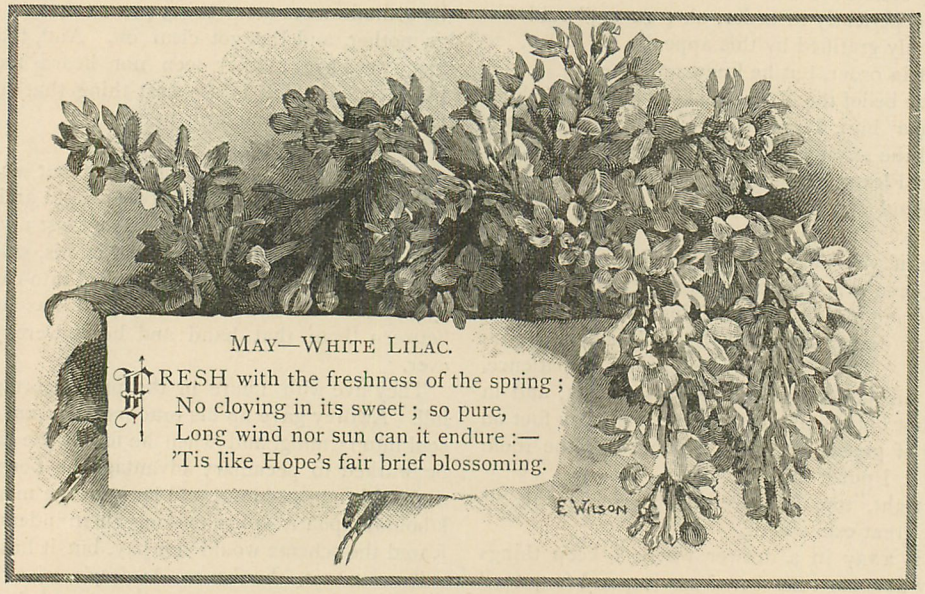
"And so much the happier," I replied.

It seems to me that Awdrey himself is positively younger for the lapse of time. I never knew a man more cheerful and bright. It is a treat to see him with his boys in the shed he has fitted up as a carpenter's workshop. Whether he intends putting them to a profession one of these days, I don't know; but it is certain that every one of them will be a good carpenter, which is something. But what most pleases me is to see him with his wife. Surely no young lover, no knight of old, could be more chivalrous; no gentleman of to-day more generous!

THE END.



FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS.



THE LOVE-AFFAIRS OF SOME FAMOUS MEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY, THOUGH MARRIED."

FIRST PAPER.

NO more beautiful love of man for woman is on record than that of Dante for Beatrice. It is not joyous, thoughtless, sensual love; it is a love full of sadness; tormented by the sense of, and the aspiration towards, an ideal it is unable to reach. Far different from the love which has deserved the name of *l'égoïsme à deux personnes*, a jealous passion which narrows the sphere of our activity, and causes us to forget our duties to others, the love of Dante did not dry up the other affections — rather, it fostered and fertilised them, strengthening the sense of duty, and enlarging the heart. He says in the *Vita Nuova*, "Whensoever she appeared before me, I had no enemy left on earth; the flame of charity, kindled within me, caused me to forgive all who had ever offended me."

Dante seems to have seen Beatrice, whom he met first in 1274, only once or twice, and she probably knew little of him. Nevertheless, when she married he fell seriously ill; and when she died, as she did shortly after, his life was in danger, and he became "a thing wild and savage to look upon." He so far recovered from the shock of his loss that two years afterwards he married. He had seven children, and although he does not mention his wife in the *Divina Commedia*, and although she did not accompany him into exile, there is no reason to suppose that she was other than a good wife, or that the union was otherwise than happy. Dante, however, always felt that the death of Beatrice had imposed new and solemn duties upon him; that he was bound to strive to render himself more worthy of her. In his love of every form of beauty, in his incessant yearning after inward purity, Beatrice was the muse of his intellect, the angel of his soul, the consoling spirit sustaining him in exile and in poverty, throughout the cheerless wanderings of a storm-beaten existence. The spiritual Beatrice in Dante's song was a nymph dwelling on the same heights of the Christian Parnassus that were trod by our Milton when he transformed Lady Alice Egerton into an ideal of purity, the Lady in *Comus*, and shaped her innocence into an allegory of man's duty in the using of the gifts of God.

On the 6th of April, 1327, happened the most famous event of Petrarch's history. He saw Laura for the first time. Who Laura was, remains uncertain still. We may, however, reject the sceptical hypothesis that she was a mere figment of the poet's fancy; and, if we accept her personal reality, the poems of her lover demonstrate that she was a married woman, with whom he enjoyed a respectful and not very intimate friendship. Laura died of the plague in 1347, as did also several other friends of Petrarch. These losses were

the turning-point of his inner life. The poems written *In Morte di Madonna Laura* are graver and of a more religious tone. The poet fancied himself in frequent communion with her spirit; he describes her appearing to him in the middle of the night, comforting him, and pointing to heaven as the place of their next meeting. He blesses the memory of her who, by the even tenor of her virtue, had been the means of calming and purifying his heart.

"If you want a thing well done, do it yourself." This maxim is especially true in reference to the choice of a life-partner, as that "judicious" divine, Richard Hooker, discovered from bitter experience when he was injudicious enough to allow Mrs. Churchman to select a wife for him. Having been appointed to preach at Paul's Cross in London, he put up at a house set apart for the reception of the preachers. On his arrival there from Oxford, he was wet and weary, but received so much kindness and attention from the hostess that, according to Isaac Walton, his biographer, he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said. So the good man came to be persuaded by her "that he was a man of a tender constitution; and that it was best for him to have a wife, that might prove a nurse to him—such an one as might prolong his life, and make it more comfortable; and such an one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry." The wife she provided was her own daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion, and was like that wife "who is by Solomon compared to a dripping-house." With this "silly, clownish Xantippe" he lived a very uncomfortable life.

When visited by Sandys and Cranmer at a rectory in Buckinghamshire, to which he had been presented in 1584, he was found by them reading Horace, and tending sheep in the absence of a servant. In his house the visitors received little entertainment, except from his conversation; and even this Mrs. Hooker did not fail to disturb, by calling him away to rock the cradle. "Their welcome was so like this that they stayed but next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor's condition. At their parting from him, Mr. Cranmer said, 'Good tutor, I am sorry your lot is fallen in no better ground as to your parsonage; and more sorry your wife proves not a more comfortable companion, after you have wearied your thoughts in your restless studies.' To whom the good man replied, 'My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me; but labour, as indeed I do daily, to submit to His will, and possess my soul in patience and peace.'"

John Howard also married out of gratitude for kindness shown to him during the time of sickness. His benefactor was a widow twenty years his senior, who had nursed him during a severe illness. They lived in great harmony until her death, which occurred a few years afterwards. A second union was sundered by death, and then Howard entered upon that career of philanthropy which has rendered his name immortal.

The marriage of Shakespeare at the early age of nineteen with Anne Hathaway, who was more than seven years his elder, has been supposed to have been a rash and passionate proceeding.

> "As the most forward bud
> Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
> Even so by love the young and tender wit
> Is turned to folly; blasting in the bud,
> Losing his verdure even in the prime,
> And all the fair effects of future hopes."

This is a common consequence of precocious marriages; but we are not, therefore, to conclude that "the young and tender wit" of our Shakespeare was "turned to folly"—that his "forward bud" was "eaten by the canker"—that "his verdure" was lost "even in the prime" by his marriage. The influence which it must have had upon his destinies was no doubt considerable; but it is too much to assume, as it has been assumed, that it was an unhappy influence.

"God and woman are the rocks upon which most men split." This saying of Robertson of Brighton is illustrated certainly as far as women are concerned by the lives of many famous men. Some have been unhappy either through their own selfishness and want of control, or because they had not been fortunate enough to marry wives who were congenial spirits and able to help them in the work of their lives.

This last was the case with Milton. In that time of the year (it was the year 1643) when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love, the poet took a sudden journey into the country, "nobody about him certainly knowing the reason, or that it was any more than a journey of recreation." He was absent for about a month, and when he returned he brought back a wife with him. Her name was Mary, eldest daughter of Richard Powell, Esq., J.P. for the county of Oxford. The house of this gentleman, who was a Royalist, was conducted with such careless hospitality that he could not live within his income, which was a fair one, and had borrowed money from—amongst other persons—the Miltons, father and sons.

There is no evidence that the bride was handsome, but she had youth and country freshness; her "unliveliness and natural sloth, unfit for conversation," passed as "the bashful muteness of a virgin;" and if a doubt intruded that he was being too hasty, Milton may have thought that a girl of seventeen could be moulded at pleasure. He was undeceived, however, even before the honeymoon had ended. He found that he had mated himself to a clod of earth, who not only was not now, but had not the capacity of becoming, a helpmeet for him. He ought to have known better than, with his Puritanical connections, to have taken to wife a daughter of a Cavalier house, to have brought her from a roystering home to the philosophical retirement of a recluse student, and to have looked for sympathy and response for his speculations from an uneducated and frivolous girl.

Still the breach did not come from the husband's side. The young Mrs. Milton not only wished it, but incited her family to write and beg that she might be allowed to go home to stay the remainder of the

summer. To this Milton agreed, stipulating, however, that she should return at Michaelmas. She did not do so for two years, which so enraged her husband that he composed his four pamphlets on the subject of divorce. Different reasons have been assigned for the surrender of the young wife to her husband. The Royal cause had declined, and Milton may have seemed to his wife's friends at this time to be worth conciliating. A conspiracy of the friends of both parties contrived to bring Mr. and Mrs. Milton together at the house of a friend. The poor young thing, now two years older and wiser, but still only nineteen, pleaded, truly or falsely, that her mother "had been all along the chief promoter of her frowardness." Milton, with a "noble leonine clemency" which became him, assured her that he was willing to forgive the past. Four children were born, three of whom were daughters, who lived to grow up. Mary Milton herself died after the birth of the fourth child, in her twenty-sixth year, having been married to Milton nine years.

Human nature has, perhaps, never before or since presented the spectacle of a man of such transcendent powers as Swift involved in such a pitiable labyrinth of the affections. Who has not heard of Stella (Esther Johnson), of Swift's "little language," of the "only a woman's hair" incident? Esther Johnson was the daughter of a merchant who died young. Her mother was known to the attached sister of Sir William Temple, and this is how Mrs. Johnson, in the capacity of housekeeper, came to live with her daughter at Moor Park, Temple's place. The girl was a little over eight when Swift first came to Temple. She grew to be a beautiful, graceful, and agreeable young woman. "Her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in 'perfection.'" Nor was her character less admirable, if we may trust the tutor who taught her to write, guided her education, and came to regard her with an affection which was at once the happiness and the misery of his life.

Years passed, and another character enters the drama. Abelard wins the affections of another Héloïse. Her name was Hester, the daughter of a Mrs. Vanhomrigh, with whom Swift was on terms of such intimacy that when he was in London he kept his best "gown and periwig" at her house, and frequently dined there, "out of mere listlessness," as he wrote to Stella. A full account of the relations between Miss Vanhomrigh and Swift is given in the remarkable love-poem called "Cadenus (which means of course *Decanus*) and Vanessa." Vanessa, Swift tells us, united masculine accomplishments to feminine grace. The fashionable fops who tried to entertain her with the tattle of the day had no charm for her. Swift behaved to Vanessa as a father might behave to a daughter. He was flattered, however, that a girl of eighteen, of beauty and accomplishments, "sighed for a gown of forty-four," and he did not stop to weigh the consequences.

The removal of Vanessa to Ireland, partly no doubt to be near Swift, as Stella had gone before—her irrepressible passion, which no coldness or neglect could extinguish—her life of deep seclusion, only relieved by the occasional visits of Swift, each of which she commemorated by planting with her own hand a laurel in the garden where they met—her agonising remonstrances, when all her devotion and her offerings had failed, are touching beyond expression.

It does not appear that Swift encouraged Vanessa. Indeed, her ardour was exceedingly inconvenient. He was grieved and perplexed that she should continue to write passionate letters to him. His letters imply embarrassment, and, for the most part, take a lighter tone; he suggests his universal panacea of exercise, tells her to read diverting books, and generally gives advice more judicious than comforting.

At last the collision between Swift's two slaves, which he greatly dreaded, came about in this way. Vanessa wrote, it is said, a letter to Stella, and asked whether she was his wife. Stella replied that she was, and forwarded Vanessa's letter to Swift. He instantly rode to the residence of the unhappy Vanessa; entered her room, "silent, but awful in his looks;" threw down her letter on the table, and rode back to Dublin. He had struck Vanessa's death-blow. She died soon afterwards, her death no doubt being hastened by her hopes being disappointed, and by the unrestrained wrath of him for whose sake she had indulged them. The story of the last fatal interview has been denied, but, whatever be the facts, Swift had reasons enough for bitter regret, if not for deep remorse.

Even Stella, though believed by her friends to have been ultimately united to Swift, died without any public recognition of the tie; they were married, it is said, in secrecy, in the garden of the deanery, when, on her part, all but life had departed. A story is told (on slight evidence) that Delany went to Archbishop King's library about the time of the supposed marriage. As he entered, Swift rushed out with distracted countenance. King was in tears, and said to Delany, "You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question." We, too, may refrain from asking questions about the love-affairs of one who seems to have been constitutionally incapable of being happy himself, or of making another happy; for not one of the theories on the subject quite explains the facts.

When death removed Stella from Swift, and he was left alone to think of what he had lost, he described her as "the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with." The tenderness of which his attachment to Stella had been the strongest symptom, deeply as it had struck its roots into his nature, withered into cynicism. But a lock of Stella's hair is said to have been found in Swift's desk when his own fight was ended, and on the paper in which it was wrapped were written words that have become proverbial for the burden of pathos that their forced brevity seems to hide—"Only a woman's hair." It is for each reader to read his own meaning into them.

FIRST DEPARTURES FROM HEALTH.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

NLY a little oozing, master. It won't affect the mill at all."

"I wasn't thinking about the mill just then," said Mr. Black with an uneasy look down the valley.

It was a very pretty and smiling scene that was spread out before him, too, on this balmy morning in early summer. A strath, or glen, about ten miles long from where the men stood, and from half a mile to three miles across; it went widening away to the sea, from which, however, it was protected by a barrier of grassy sand-dunes; and over this the ocean could be seen to-day, a long line of brilliant blue. The bottom of the strath was as level as a tennis-lawn; a silver thread of a river trailed through it, winding here and winding there, making all kinds of excuses for not flowing straight ahead and being done with it, as if loth to leave such cosy quarters.

There were villages and hamlets by the score in the valley, and a tall chimney or two besides, towering as high as the church-steeple; and there were fields with prettily-coloured kine wading knee-deep in buttercups and daisies; and a perfect cloudland of trees, chiefly elms, ashes, and limes, with here and there a poplar to give it an air of picturesqueness.

It was evident to all that in the far-distant past the sea had been all over here. The lay of the land would have told you that; besides, the soil was a sandy one, and a very thirsty one; digging wells did not pay, and the strip of river was quite unequal to the task of supplying the good people with water and keeping the mills going. But nature suggested a remedy, for at the head of the strath the hills met, forming almost a natural reservoir; at all events it only needed a huge wall or dam to make it complete; and it was near this place that Mr. Black, miller and reservoir superintendent, with his man John, was standing to-day.

The mill was not far off; just down there among the rocks and hazels, a quaint old brick building, its brown walls dashed here and there with the greys and greens of age, and its broad dark wheel only held together, one might say, by water-weeds and the incrustations.

"No, John; it isn't the mill so much; but supposing the racervire was to burst, supposing he gave way all of a suddint like, see what a thing that'd be."

"Some folks will croak," said John.

"Eh? What?" cried the miller, turning almost fiercely on his man.

"I wasn't alloodin' to you at all, sir, but to Tom Bryant and Jim Steeve, and the likes o' they. Why, they be always a-croakin'. That same little hole or crack, as you might call it, where the water is a-spoutin' from now—why, it opens and closes again often enough; and, as I tells Jim, 'Jim,' I says, 'ye needn't croak; if the racervire was to have busted, it would have busted long ago.'"

No more was said about the matter then. The summer went on, and went past; only now and then the crack spurted ominously when the water was up. Then autumn came, and one night the rain began to come down in torrents, and the wind blew strong from the east; but still no one in the valley suspected or dreamt of anything very dreadful. But soon after midnight there were shouts and screams rising high over the roaring of the wind, rising high over something far more terrible, for the reservoir had burst at last, and the waters were tearing and surging around the houses. It would require a graphic pen indeed to describe the scenes that took place that night during the darkness, the storm, and the flood. Nor need I tell of the houses that collapsed, or the many lives that were lost, for the calamity is to some degree historical; but people far and near, when they heard of it, shook their heads and said: "Well, it is a sad and sorrowful affair; but we cannot forget that the poor people had many a warning that they never heeded."

Hydrostatic force is a fearful power. Given a tiny crack or opening, like that I have mentioned above, in a reservoir, and you have the thin end of the strongest imaginable wedge inserted—a wedge that at any moment may be slowly but surely driven home, till every barrier gives way before it.

Now I am not going to be like Jim Steeve of my story, I do not intend to "croak," in this paper, but I would like to ask my readers this simple question: Do you think we are always right in looking upon warnings as mere trifles where our health is concerned?

These warnings may appear very insignificant, very trifling; but the first departures from health in those among us who have to struggle against time, in our trades and professions, are often very deceiving. We can hardly believe that the thin end of the wedge has been inserted till the crash comes. And yet a stitch in time would nearly always save, not nine or ninety, but the whole hundred—that is, life itself.

Yet when there is anything the matter with us which we do not understand—anything unusual, I mean—if it interferes in the slightest degree with our business in life, we simply try to forget it. If we say anything about it to a companion, the reply is usually somewhat as follows:—

"Caught a cold, I suppose."

"You're nervous, old man."

"Liver out of order, my boy; I know the feeling precisely. Take a pill, and knock off something."

And we are just as ready then, as a rule, to think light of the matter as he is, and console ourselves by such hackneyed phrases as—

"I've got a constitution like a horse; if I hadn't, I should have been dead long ago."

But stay, my friend; I say nobody is suggesting the probability of death at present. Apart from the fact that you consider all men mortal but yourself, there is still the chance that a warning unheeded may end in disaster—the disaster of ill-health. It may be the vanguard of that most insidious of all ailments—dyspepsia, in whose train comes a regiment of ills laden with misery untold.

The wise man, therefore, will take time by the forelock, and, not forgetting that he is mortal, see at once to the repair of his constitution on the very first signs of his departing, or deviating, from the paths of health. How is he to do this? By taking medicine? Medicine alone will often afford but temporary relief; and each time the trouble, whatever it may be, returns, it will return reinforced, and lay stronger and stronger siege to the citadel of life.

As I have mentioned dyspepsia—or, in plain English, indigestion—I may just as well say at once that this complaint is one of the very earliest symptoms of departure from health.

Its advent is usually very slow, but none the less sure; and as it depends on so many different causes, it is correspondingly difficult to get rid of. The patient at first treats himself; his stomach, he believes, is a little out of order, and an aperient or anti-bilious pill or two will soon set that to rights. Very likely he does feel relief for a time, though his trouble returns; and in his next attempt at self-cure he probably thinks he needs setting up. He is below par, he needs an extra glass or two of generous wine with his meals, and tonics. In nine cases out of ten this plan of mending matters is a mistake, for the stimulant will not improve the liver, which is already over-worked, and the tonics induce constipation. For this new symptom more aperients are taken, and so matters go from bad to worse; and, do what he will, the sufferer finds it impossible to "drive the disease out of his system," as it is called. Well, he goes to a doctor at last with as jaunty an air as he can assume; he only "wants a little medicine," he says, "to put him straight." Oh, that blind faith in physic!

He almost feels ungrateful to the doctor because he asks him questions that show he wants to probe the disease to the root, and find out the cause; for everything lies in that. The doctor will, of course, administer medicine, but he will also be careful to tell his patient what to do, and what to take and avoid.

If, when symptoms of indigestion come on, we would at once commence to live by rule for a time, it is unlikely we should require either to go to a doctor or to take medicine. For remember this, Nature is very kind, and the removal of the cause for departure from health will usually enable her to get to rights again without further interference.

I am not writing an essay on dyspepsia, so need not give its symptoms; but I warn the reader against the abuse of aperients, tonics, and vinous stimulants as cures. Plain diet must be taken, and not too much of that; and anything that is known to disagree must be carefully avoided. It may be well to give up even tea and coffee for a time, using cocatina instead. Improvement is sure to follow; but, mark me, do not be misled by this improvement, and jump to the conclusion that you are well, and that it was the tea or the coffee that was to blame for your trouble. The giving up of any stimulant—of course tea and coffee *are* stimulants—nearly always results in temporary improvement; and this latter may be made permanent by careful regulation in diet. Above all, do not take much fluid of any kind, either with meals or at any other time. A cupful of *hot* water, with a squeeze of lemon and a small tea-spoonful of glycerine, drank about ten minutes before breakfast, may do much good; and, at all events, it is harmless.

A cold is a departure from health, and should really be attended to at once. Do *not* let it cure itself. Get rid of it soon. Do not feed it, though, but starve it. One cold after another nearly always ends in thickening of the mucous membrane of the bronchial tubes, and before you are aware of it you become the victim of winter cough.

The morning tub (cold, I mean) is a very sure preventive of colds. Never over-clothe nor over-heat yourself. The neck should be kept cool. Keep away from fires in-doors if you are subject to colds.

Cough, if not the result of simple laryngeal or bronchial catarrh, may mean a very serious departure from health; and the sooner one sees a doctor in such a case the better. Do not be afraid to consult him. Remember, it is only those that delay who suffer in the end. I do not advise you to rush away to a physician with every trifling ailment, but—it is better to be sure than sorry.

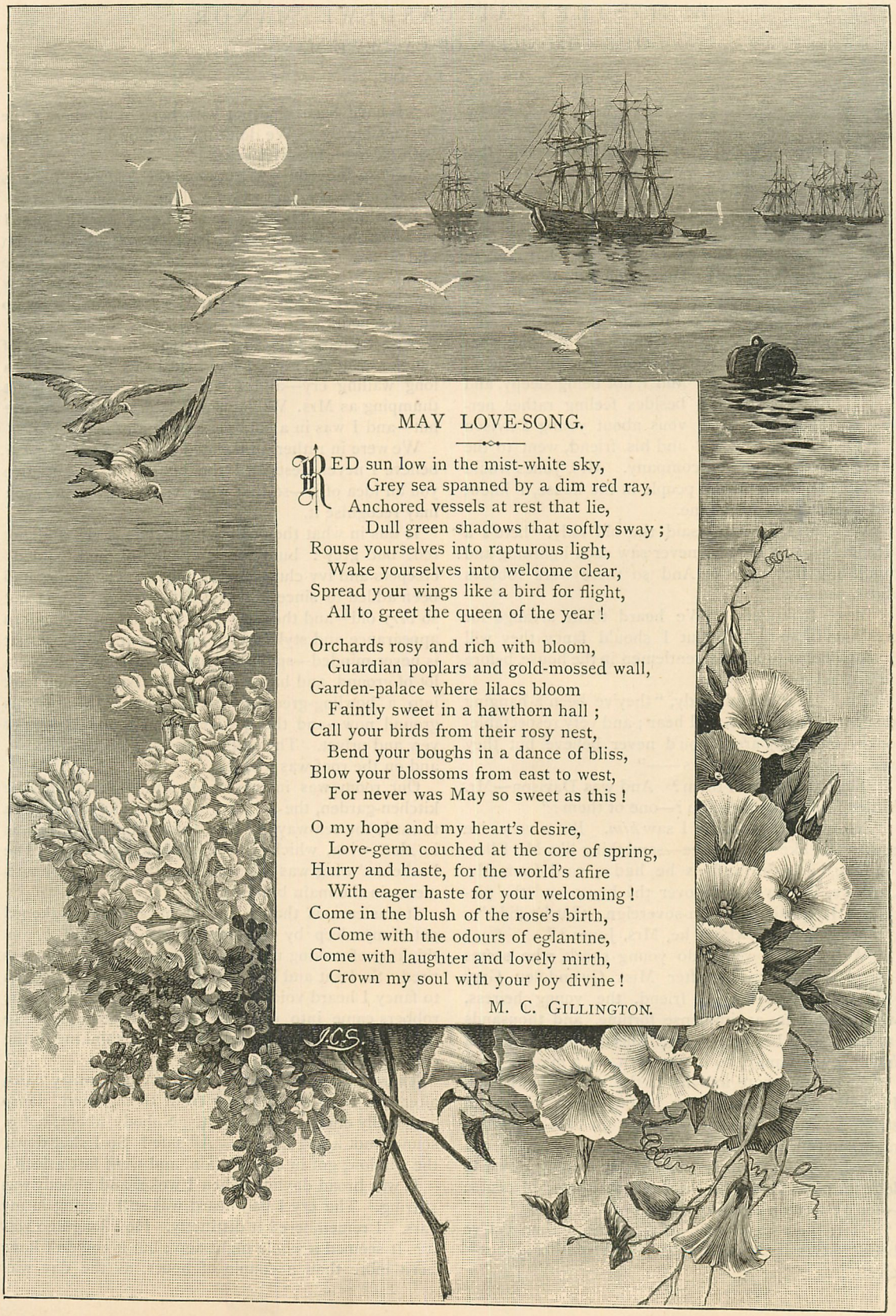
Many people would benefit much by taking cod-liver oil for a month or six weeks about the changes of the season. Probably the diet would have to be lowered a little, and an occasional mild aperient taken.

Getting thin is another serious departure from health. One generally does lose weight in winter, and regain it in summer; but a slow and steady decrease in weight calls aloud for medical interference.

Want of sleep and restless nights are symptoms which cannot be overlooked. The cause must be found and removed. The trouble may certainly arise from over-work and worry combined, but in most cases the stomach and digestive system are the roots of the evil.

Nervous people worry most, but they also work most. Well, the question one is inclined to ask himself when he feels something wrong with his health is: "*Am* I over-working myself?" I would answer thus: If you really enjoy working, it cannot injure you very much; but, on the other hand, if it is force-work, and you find little pleasure in it, then it will tell on your constitution.

But many people cannot afford rest. Well, but wonders can be done by taking exercise; by breathing only fresh air night and day, in-doors and out; and by careful regulation of the diet. In conclusion, let me entreat of you, as you value your happiness, not to neglect first departures from health. The story of the reservoir has really a moral for every one of us.



MAY LOVE-SONG.

RED sun low in the mist-white sky,
Grey sea spanned by a dim red ray,
Anchored vessels at rest that lie,
Dull green shadows that softly sway ;
Rouse yourselves into rapturous light,
Wake yourselves into welcome clear,
Spread your wings like a bird for flight,
All to greet the queen of the year !

Orchards rosy and rich with bloom,
Guardian poplars and gold-mossed wall,
Garden-palace where lilacs bloom
Faintly sweet in a hawthorn hall ;
Call your birds from their rosy nest,
Bend your boughs in a dance of bliss,
Blow your blossoms from east to west,
For never was May so sweet as this !

O my hope and my heart's desire,
Love-germ couched at the core of spring,
Hurry and haste, for the world's afire
With eager haste for your welcoming !
Come in the blush of the rose's birth,
Come with the odours of eglantine,
Come with laughter and lovely mirth,
Crown my soul with your joy divine !

M. C. GILLINGTON.

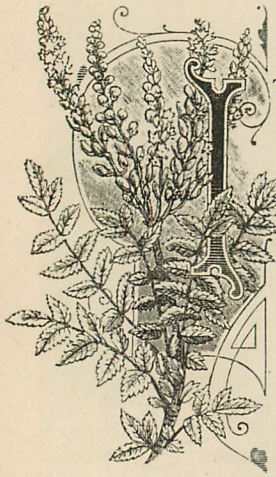
A MYSTERY AT CARDEWE MANOR.

(THE CHRONICLES OF CARDEWE MANOR.)

BY LUCY FARMER.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

A NIGHT ALARM.



IT may be remembered that we had been threatened with a burglary at the Manor—so I am sure I shall never forget the time we passed in that hut in the Haunted Wood, and never found the lucky bar, after all!

Charley, as he said, went off to smoke with the men; and I, not being sleepy, and besides feeling rather nervous about young Davison and his friend, went to the housekeeper's room for company. Mrs. Jones would tell me something of the people in the house, I knew, and a quiet gossip suits me.

"Well, Mrs. Farmer," said the old lady, "here's a nice ending to a day. I never saw such lightning and rain in my life, never! And so there were robbers about, you say?"

"Yes," I replied. "We heard them arrange for breaking in to-night. But I should fancy they will think twice, with all the gentlemen in the house, before they attack us."

"Ah!" said the old lady, "they've been a-hanging about the place for days, I hear; and very respectable-lookin' men they are. You'd never believe but they were gentlemen—strangers——"

"Then you've seen them? And was Davison—Mr. Littler, you remember him?—one of them?"

"No, no; I don't think I saw *him*. But a very nice gentleman, like—let me see—something like Mr. Ellerton here, came in, and as he had a card from Mr. Cardewe, I showed him over the house and the pictures. He gave me half-a-sovereign: that he did!"

"Mr. Ellerton; who is he, Mrs. Jones?"

"Well, he's a well-to-do young spark, who seems—so I'm told—to be after Miss Gwendolen Grey—Mrs. Martyn-Henry's friend, the young heiress, who came into an immense fortune, and thousands in diamonds besides. Mr. Ellerton is likewise a friend of the family, so it may turn out a match."

"A very fortunate match for the young gentleman, I should say. Well, Mrs. Jones, twelve o'clock is striking; and I think I had better go to bed. Good night, and pleasant dreams."

As I was going up I met Charley coming down to look for me. It was on the back staircase, of course—for we wouldn't go any other way.

"Here you are, then. Why, what a time you've been! Gossiping, I suppose, with Mother Jones—eh?"

"I have been chatting with her; and where's the harm, Charley? We don't fill our mouths and brains with *tobacco*—but with sense!"

"Sense indeed! We *scents* the 'baccy. That is our scents. Ha, ha! Come along."

I couldn't laugh—it was too late for such—but I told Charley about Miss Gwendolen and Mr. Ellerton and a few other little bits of news which had come in my way. After awhile we went to sleep, and how long we were asleep I can't tell, but I suddenly sat up and listened.

Was it Charley snoring? He says he never does, of course. But the noise I had heard was like a cry—a long wailing cry—and I was in a fever: my heart thumping as Mrs. Williamson's had thumped in the hut—and I was in a cold perspiration of fear.

We were in rather an isolated part of the Manor. I believe I never described the house, but I can give you an idea of it—so that when you see the place you may recognise it.

It was in what they call Elizabethan style, and not red, but grey: built of grey stone, and gabled: creepers and ivy clung to the sides. The house had been added to since it was built—though it was not so *very* old—and the new part was of more modern appearance and style, which in my own opinion—that is never minded—spoils the house. It rambles over a lot of ground, and has wings at the back, which look into a bowling-green as used to be—a lawn-tennis ground now—and the garden, with clipped hedges of yew and privet. The stables stood at a little distance, and on the roof was a clock.

Our room was in one wing, and looked over the kitchen-garden, the terrace, and the long alley walk towards the sea-way. I didn't think any one else was in that wing, which was not often occupied. The bachelors' wing was opposite, and the company apartments in the main building.

It was curious that I should have been awakened out of my sleep by this mysterious cry; and I was thinking of waking up Charley—but I didn't, as he was tired. So I sat and listened, and listened, until I began to fancy I heard voices, and then footsteps. Then the robbers came into my head, so I jumped up, ran to the window, and threw it open, never thinking of the cold.

There was nothing to be seen. A dim misty dawn after the rain, a fog rising from the ground, damp and chilly enough to look at. Nobody about, not a sound—not a dog barked. All safe! So I shut down the window, got into bed again, and went fast asleep.

It was broad daylight when I woke, and nobody was stirring. The cry I had heard was still ringing in my ears. I remembered it distinctly. How long ago was it? It seemed a whole night ago; but it couldn't have been more than a couple of hours, as the day was

dawning when I heard it, and now it was only about six o'clock.

I made up my mind it was all right, so I stepped out and dressed, and said nothing, for Charley had been up and away to the shrubberies and covers an hour ago, no doubt. But when I went down-stairs I heard voices at the back entrance, and went out there.

Meeting the still-room maid with a face like her apron, only cleaner, I asked her what was the matter.

"Oh, Mrs. Farmer, a dreadful thing has happened: an awful thing, you never did!"

"I dare say I didn't," said I, "but what *is* it? You look as if you'd seen a ghost!"

"Oh, it's worse than a ghost. It's Mr. Ellerton who has been nigh killed and left for dead, yonder. They have carried him in, and your husband has gone for Dr. Joliffe."

"How did it happen?" I asked. "Poor gentleman!"

"Nobody knows," she replied. "He was lying near the door where some housebreaking things were found too—so I hear—and it seems as if he had heard somebody trying to come in. That's all I know!"

And that's about all there was to know. By this time nearly all the gentlemen and Mr. Cardewe were about searching and looking, while two ladies, Miss Grey and old Miss Muffler, were attending on the patient. They could do nothing but bathe his poor head, and try to recover him, until Dr. Joliffe arrived.

In about half an hour he came on the horse which Charley had ridden; and my husband didn't arrive till some time after. We all waited the result of the examination—I mean the females did, for Mr. Cardewe and most of his friends, and some keepers, were scouring the covers and shrubberies, and trying to trace the men whom we had seen the day before; for we were certain they were the people who had attacked poor Mr. Ellerton.

Anxious as I was about him, I couldn't wait long. So I set off home to look after the children, and found them at breakfast as good as gold with Sophie, who had gone up the day before when we were weather-bound in Dun Wood.

All that day I kept wondering in my mind whether the burglars had done the deed they were suspected of. Davison (or Littler), I believe, would do anything; about the other man I knew nothing. Still, they got the credit of the attack, and until Mr. Ellerton was able to speak we should hear no particulars.

As you may believe, I was anxious for Charley to come home to tell me the news. At half-past seven he did come, and his very first words were—and they gratified me, I can tell you—

"Well, Lucy; if we had listened to you this business might never have happened. Do you know what Mr. Cardewe calls you?"

"No," I said; "what?" I nearly blushed, too.

"A Case-Andrew," he answered—"and you can take the change out of it—I can't see it. Do you?"

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

ANOTHER PUZZLE AND AN ENGAGEMENT.

I STARED at Charley, and he at me. Then I said—

"All I can say is this. I think he's very rude. He meant a Merry-Andrew, I suppose: a kind of female Merry-Andrew. Very well, Charley. If you can stand by and hear your wife called names like that——"

"Hush, Lucy! he didn't mean it. See, here's the doctor. Good evening, sir."

"Good evening, Mrs. Farmer. Well, this is a bad business at the Manor, Farmer. I suppose, now, you couldn't spare your wife for a day or two, until I can get a nurse from London—eh?"

"I'd rather stay where I am," I said before Charley could speak. "I'm not willing to go to a place where I am called a Case-Andrew!"

"Nonsense, Lucy! Beg your pardon, Dr. Joliffe, but my wife here is rather put about because the Squire, speaking of the case which occurred yesterday—and we wouldn't believe Mrs. Farmer—said she was a 'Case-Andrew,' because her words came true."

"You mean Cassandra," replied Dr. Joliffe. "Cas-san-dra: she was a prophetess, and no one would credit her, though her predictions came true. It is rather a compliment than otherwise, Mrs. Farmer."

"There, Lucy, I told you so! You can go now, if wanted. I was sure Mr. Cardewe didn't mean anything rude."

Of course, then I consented, being a bit of a nurse; and having had experience in many cases, I thought I could manage poor Mr. Ellerton, even if he had confusion of the brain.

He was in a terrible state; but I could not tell you particulars. They are too dreadful. He lay perfectly still, as a rule; but sometimes he would mutter something, and I used to fancy I caught Miss Grey's name, so I concluded he had been thinking of her last. It is a curious thing, but so I was informed by the surgeon who came down, that when a person is knocked senseless, his first words when he is able to speak again will be the continuation of the sentence which he had commenced. But I was wrong *this* time.

So you may believe we all waited with much anxiety to hear what he would say, when the surgeon had removed the pressure from the brain—"trepanning," I think he called the operation—the brain-pan, I *suppose*—of course I don't *know*.

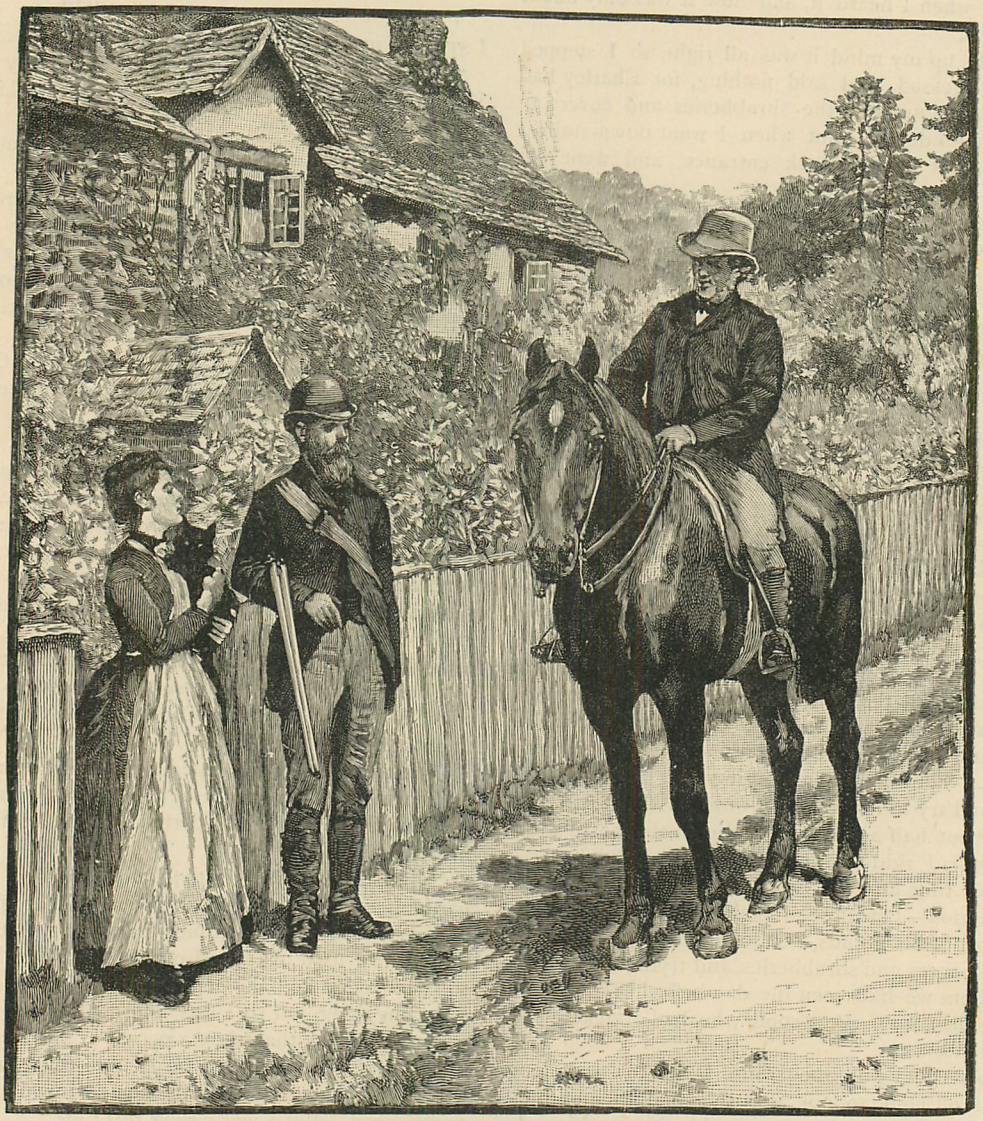
I listened, curious-like, and the poor gentleman's voice came from his lips without his knowing it, so it seemed. There was a sound. There were words, which came like a breath from his mouth, and I heard him say—I believe he *did* say—

"*Not even for you, Eric!*"

"Not even for you, Eric!" Now, who was Eric? and why was Mr. Ellerton thinking of Eric? If he had shouted "Gwendolen," it would have been much more natural and more romantic, I thought. But Eric was a man, as I supposed. So when the surgeon asked me if I could distinguish the words, I said—

"'Not even for you, Eric.' That was all, sir."

We couldn't make anything of them. No one could



"'THIS IS A BAD BUSINESS AT THE MANOR'" (*p.* 371).

connect any person of the name of Eric with Mr. Ellerton. Of course we don't know each other's friends or connections; and perhaps Mr. Ellerton's friend's name was Eric; but then, why did he think of Eric at the door when he was struck down?

Perhaps the burglar's name was Eric!

I suggested this to Mrs. Cardewe, and she smiled so disbelieving, that I said no more, though I was a "Cassandra!" Still, the name haunted me, and I could not help wondering why Mr. Ellerton had cried out when he must have been friendly with Eric. And was it Eric who had knocked Mr. Ellerton down? Then I began to puzzle again as to who Eric was.

There was something behind the scenes here. Though, as every one who knows me is aware, I am not curious by nature, there is a certain point at which a wish for knowledge may be called curiosity, or even inquisitiveness. But I despise such ideas. My wish is for information, and as so many queer things have come in my way, and so many interesting facts, all out of such a desire for information, I began to speculate upon Mr. Ellerton and the name of Eric.

The circumstances of the case were discovered by slow degrees as the poor young gentleman recovered. It appeared that very early in the morning he had heard the back door tried. His room was at the end of the corridor in the same wing as ours, and when he looked out he saw two men, whom he says he cannot identify, endeavouring to get in at the back premises.

He immediately put on his clothes, and, with a small pistol which he has for shooting at a little target, he went down just as the men had succeeded in gaining

"'SO HERE I AM WRITING AT HOME, DEAR,
AND YOU SO FAR AWAY.'"

"*HER LETTER*" (*p.* 373).

admittance. He says they disputed awhile, and he was threatening them, when suddenly one of them hit him, and he remembers no more. Even this information Mrs. Jones said was "pumped out" of him by the police, for he couldn't remember all, and it was only by means of leading questions that he gave the information they got.

This was all we ever heard at that time. But the most touching part was about Miss Gwendolen Grey. She often went to see him when he got better, and when he was sitting up in the little boudoir, about December it was, when I was in the next room, having relieved the nurse for a week while the other was coming, I heard him say gently—

"So you are going abroad, Miss Grey?"

"Yes, Mr. Ellerton—Mrs. Martyn-Henry wishes me to accompany her to Italy. We shall go first to Mentone, and then to the Italian Lakes in the early summer."

"So you will be away six months?"

"Yes," she replied, looking out of the window over his head. "Six months, or even more if we return through Switzerland."

"I wonder what will become of *me?*" he said softly. "It is a long time without *you*."

She said nothing—and he went on—

"Miss Grey, do you know that those men came after your diamonds the other night? Take my advice and leave them at home; they are too valuable to carry about."

"How do you know they came for them?" she asked, with a little sigh. I fancied she was disappointed because he changed the conversation; perhaps she was!

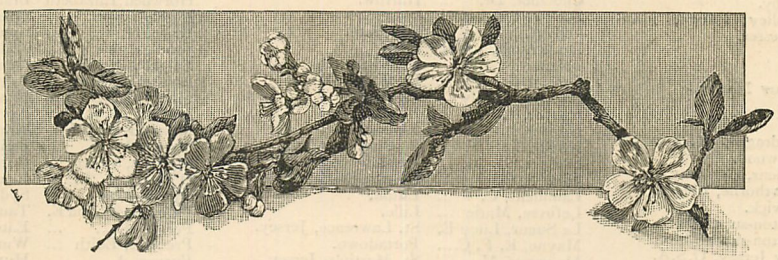
"Because they said as much, and in the argument we got warm. So I was knocked down for refusing admittance. My cry—and I did scream, I can tell you—alarmed them, and I understand Mrs. Farmer assisted by raising her window as they decamped—so——"

"So you risked your life to save me from insult and robbery, Mr. Ellerton! How noble of you! How can I ever repay you?—how can I ever?"

"You can, Gwendolen; you are so good, so true, and, alas! so rich, that I cannot dare to aspire to your hand—your love—but some day, when you return, perhaps you will let me see you again; and if I am worthy, and you might care for me a little, why——"

He suddenly stopped speaking. He was still weak. Of course I didn't see; but in about half a minute I heard a sound like a kiss! I knew he couldn't get up from the sofa, and yet, was it likely Miss Gwendolen Grey, the great heiress, would stoop down and kiss Mr. Ellerton? But hadn't he been her champion? and surely he was entitled to his reward! She recognised his kindness and his worth, and perhaps feeling that he was too much afraid of her thinking about the money, she gave him encouragement when he half proposed to her!

Anyway, they seemed very happy when I went into the room; for they were holding each other's fingers, which I didn't seem to see; and indeed, a fine couple they will make if they *do* marry: yet when I remember the difficulties, the adventures, the troubles connected with Miss Gwendolen's engagement, and *my* share of it all, I am almost upset. It was the most romantic and exciting of all the incidents in all the Chronicles of Cardewe Manor. That it was. I will tell it all some day.



HER LETTER.

"SO here I am writing at home, dear,
And you so far away,
And when you read the letter,
I wonder what you will say.
The green leaves whisper around me,
The nightingales sing above,
Just as they did that day, dear,
When you told me all your love!"

"I can see her," he fondly whispered,
As he sat by the far camp-fire,
And read and read her letter
With heart that could never tire.

"I can see her true eyes shining
As she leans on her little hand,
And gazes and dreams about me
Here in this distant land!"

* * * *

The bugle rang out at midnight,
The fight was lost ere morn,
He fell, with his old battalion,
Leading a hope forlorn.
While at home the sun is shining,
And the roses of June unfold,
But the maiden is quietly weeping
As she dreams her dream of old.

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

OUR AMATEUR FREE UNIVERSITY.

THE columns of crowded Pass Lists which follow these notes show that the January work has been attacked by our new Undergraduates with as great zest as the first month's tasks. In the Domestic Course we publish this month the first Pass List, and we are enabled to include the award in the (March) Home-made Bread Competition as well as the (January) Needlework. The loaves which were submitted in competition for our Prize were distributed on the afternoon of March 21st among the hospitals and poor of the metropolis.

Next month we hope to publish the result of the Sewing Machine Needlework Competition, and the award in the March portion of work in the Literary Course. By an unfortunate error, a wrong date was assigned to the February work, and it will not be possible to adequately examine the papers in time to announce the award in our next issue.

We give this month a further instalment of work in the

DOMESTIC COURSE.

KNITTING SECTION.—We offer a Prize of One Guinea for the best pair of Knitted Woollen Stockings, suitable for a little girl of from seven to ten years of age. The stockings must be of a dark colour, but all other details are left to the discretion of the competitor. The specimens will be distributed at the close of the competition among the children of various well-known orphanages and other charitable institutions.

Each pair of stockings must be submitted in accordance with the General Rules, published in December, 1887, and must reach the Editor not later than the first post on July 10th, 1888. Certificates of Honour, or of Merit, will be awarded to all competitors whose work may be of the required standard.

PASS LISTS.

The successful candidates may have their Certificates posted to them on their sending to the Editor a fully-addressed label, together with Two Penny Postage Stamps, to defray cost of postage and roller. The Editor cannot be responsible for loss or damage to Certificates in the Post.

LITERARY COURSE (JANUARY PORTION).

SECTION I.—BALLAD.

The Prize of One Guinea is awarded to LEWIS JAMES DRAKE-BROCKMAN, 8, Radnor Cliff, Sandgate, Kent.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR.

Name.	*Address.*
Clarke, G. H. ...	Devizes, Wilts.
Clarke, James ...	Richmond, Yorks.
Haggerty, Richard	Glanmire, Co. Cork.
Sly, William T. ...	London Road, Ipswich.
Taylor, Geo. R. ...	Derby.
Wilson, Marion ...	Whalley Range, Manchester.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

Name.	*Address.*
Archer, Emily M.	Tandragee, Co. Armagh.
Ashworth, W. T.	Heywood.
Bell, Annie K. ..	Coblenz, Germany.
Benn, William R.	Crowthorne, Berks.
Brown, Thomas ...	Hawick.
Burford, Alice L....	Weston-super-Mare.
Burford, Lucy S....	Weston-super-Mare.
Buxton, M. ...	New Jersey, U.S.A.
Corkill, K. E. ...	Ramsey, Isle of Man.
Cuthbertson, A. P. F.	Douglas, Isle of Man.
Daniel, M. N. ...	Glasson, Ireland.
Dickins, Margaret	Bromsgrove.
Evans, Frances ...	Newbridge Road, Bath.
Fletcher, Evelyn...	Upper Norwood.
Gibbons, Alice ...	Brierly Hill, Staffs.
Gilliland, Margaret	Londonderry.
Harris, J. H. ...	Helston, Cornwall.
Harrison, Harry...	Clapham, nr. Lancaster.
Hastings, Alice ...	Stratford-on-Avon.
Hebblethwaite, I.	Boston Spa, Yorks.
Leigh, Thomas B.	Manchester.
Lewis, J. G. ...	Canterbury.
Patterson, Annie W.	Meath, Ireland.
Peel, Frederick ...	Heslington, York.
Punch, Catherine	Bournemouth.
Radford, Beatrice	Crewe.
Scott, John ...	Port Ellen, Islay.
Sharpe, Mary C....	Spilsby, Lincolnshire.
Smee, William S.	Camberwell, S.E.
Whitby, J. E. ...	Plymouth.
Wilcher, Marian E.	Margate.
Wilson, Ellen ...	Aylesbury.

SECTION II.—TRANSLATION.

The Prize of One Guinea is awarded to C. DELAMOLLIÈRE, 6, Rue Montbernard, Lyons, France.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR.

Name.	*Address.*
Aubyn, The Honble. Audrey St. ...	Pau, France.
Batchelor, S. ...	Gosport.
Biggs, Mrs. H. ...	Andover.
Brigstocke, Giulia	Homburg.
Campkin, T. S. ...	Royston (for French).
Chotzner, Dr. ...	Harrow.
Drake-Brockman, E. A.	Sandgate.
Drakentein, Mrs. van	Utrecht.
Gras, Mlle. J. ...	Le Vigau, Gard.
Harding, Emily G.	Salisbury.
Harper, J. ...	Belfast
Harper, L. ...	Belfast.
Hebblethwaite, I.	Boston Spa.
Hodges, E. M. ...	Dublin.
Just, A. G. ...	Clacton-on-Sea.
Lammens, C. ...	Luton.
Lefèvre, Marie ...	Lille.
Le Sueur, Lucy E.	St. Lawrence, Jersey.
Mayne, E. F. C....	Portadown.
Messeroy, M. ...	St. Martin's, Jersey.
Overell, Lena F....	Leamington.
Prindiville, Mary I.	Dublin.
Putron, M. ...	Bexley.
Rennard, D. S. ...	Guiseley.
Rickard, Mary ...	Newquay.
Row, S. A. ...	Axminster.
Rowcroft, A. E. ...	Maidstone.
Ruffy, E. L. ...	Kettering.
Smith, Mrs. T. G.	Bridgend.
Spencer, Mrs. ...	Braintree.
Walker, Mrs. ...	Bradford.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

Name.	*Address.*
Abbot, F. J. E. ...	Yelverton.
Andrews, A. L. ...	West Norwood.
Ballentine, G. E. M.	Ballymena.
Barton, L. ...	Ipswich.
Berridge, Agnes M.	Fotheringay.
Blake-Burke, G. ...	Wolverhampton.
Brown, Ella ...	Hull.
Bryer, Mary A. ...	Lewisham.
Bull, J. W. ...	Plymouth.
Bury, Edith Mary	Bonn.
Bush, Josephine S.	Macclesfield.
Cadmore, Edith ...	Brighton.
Campkin, T. S. ...	Royston (German).
Clarke, Constance	Richmond.
Clarke, G. H. ...	Devizes.
Crocket, Rose L....	Kentish Town.
Dowley, Barbara M.	Tipperary.
Elenor, H. F. ...	Gibraltar.
Everitt, Jessie ...	Wells, Norfolk.
Farmer, Henry ...	Boulogne.
Fitz Patrick, Maggie	Lodi, Italy.
Flavell, F. C. ...	Huntingdon.
Gibson M. R. ...	Brixton, S.W.
Griffiths, L. ...	Chipping Campden.
Horwood, Elizabeth	Brackley.
Hicks, Lilian ...	Streatham.
Jeans, H. W. ...	Lymington.
Jones, Annie ...	Middlesborough.
Leigh, Mary H. ...	Heaton Mersey.
Lombardi, Allce ...	Regent Street, W.
Machon, Miss ...	Bristol.
Mayger, A. S. ...	Northampton.
Meade-King, M....	Manchester.
Moore, M. G. ..	Ballymena.
Morison, Grace B.	Burntisland.
O'Meara, L. B. ...	Lake of Constance.
Oppen, Mary ...	Sydenham.
Patton, Georgina E.	Taunton.
Perry, H.	Eaton Square, S.W.
Prentice, Edith ...	Wimbledon.
Purves, A. ...	Huntingdon.
Pryce, E. J. M. ...	Bangor.
Riley, Eleanor ...	Pewsey.
Robertson, M. A.	Scarborough.
Scarth, S. K. M....	Skelton.
St. George, H. I...	Pimlico.
Swift, C. A. ...	Sedbergh.
Winham, Alice ...	Brighton.

SECTION III.—SHORTHAND.

The Prize of One Guinea is awarded to Miss MARY AMELIA FOSTER, 40, Folkestone Road, Dover, Kent.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR.

Name.	*Address.*
Adderly, Edward J.	Doncaster.
Crabtree, Alfred ...	Spalding.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

Name.	*Address.*
Appleby, John S....	Leeds.
Jackson, Arthur ...	Westbourne Park, W.
Mate, Charles H.	Bournemouth.
Rae, George W. ...	Liverpool.

DOMESTIC COURSE.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION (JANUARY).

The Prize of One Guinea is awarded to Miss ISABELLA WALKER, care of Miss Thorne, Fernside, Kent Road, East Molesey, Kingston-on-Thames.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR.

Name.	*Address.*
Bates, K. M. ...	Alcester.
Berridge, Agnes M.	Fotheringay.
Bloxsom, M. E. ...	Lutterworth.
Boucher, Elizabeth	St. Heliers, Jersey.
Bradwell, Fanny S.	Sheffield.
Campkin, T. S. ...	Royston, Cambs.
Chappell, E. S. ...	Halesworth.
Cheyne, C. ...	Newcastle, Co. Down.
Cruickshank, L. G.	Aberdeen.
Griffin, Emma ...	Blackheath, S.E.
Harris, C. S. ...	Billesdon, Leicester.
Hawking, Ellen ...	Truro, Cornwall.
Hawthorne, E. ...	Eccleshall, Staffs.
Haywood, Emma	Coventry.
Hide, Nellie ...	Kingston-on-Thames.
Hiley, Ada ...	Saltley.
Holbourne, Annie	Great Corby, Carlisle.
Hutchinson, Mary	Long Stratton.
Jordan, Annie ...	Portsmouth.
Kimpton, Eliza A.	Lee, S.E.
Newbery, Matilda	Langport, Somerset.
Oakley, Margaret	St. James's End.
Ohlsen, G. ...	Gosforth, nr. Newcastle.
Robinson, K. F. ...	Lordship Park, N.
Scott, Catherine ...	Middleton, Manchester.
Stubbs, A.... ...	Sefton Park, Liverpool.
Tarrant, Ada ...	Bournemouth.
Tracy, Jane ...	Pembroke.
Wilson, S. E. ...	Cockermouth, Cumberland.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

Name.	*Adaress.*
Barber, Mary A....	Gloucester.
Bellamy, Emma J.	Alford.
Boucher, Emma ...	Taunton, Somerset.
Bramhall, Sarah ...	Bootle, Liverpool.
Bryant, Frances ...	Clifton, Bristol.
Bugg, Eliza ...	Sherborne.
Cleaver, Eleanor E.	Leytonstone.
Colmer, Jessie ...	Weston-super-Mare.
Darby, Jane ...	New Hinksey, Oxford.
Edwards, Lily ...	Taunton, Somerset.
Elliott, E.... ...	Niton, Isle of Wight.
Elwell, Ruth ...	Barwell, Hinckley.
Faraday, Katie ...	Liverpool.
Gibbons, Minnie ...	Margate.
Gilby, H. S. ...	New Southgate, N.
Gillett, Eva ...	Axminster.
Goodall, Amy ...	Dewsbury.
Green, Jane ...	Hampton, Middlesex.
Green, Mary E. ...	Barnsley, Yorks.
Harland, Emmeline	Ryde, Isle of Wight.
Harrison, Emma...	Clapham, nr. Lancaster.
Hawke, Edith ...	Stonehouse.
Herbert, Marion ...	Chawley, nr. Tewkesbury.
Holmes, Ada ...	Camden Town, N.
Hore, Edith D. ...	Hammersmith, W.
Hunt, M.	Wolverhampton.
Johnson, Miss ...	Elm Park Gardens, S.W.
Jones, Lee ...	Tickenhall, near Derby.
Junt, M. C. ...	Suffolk.
Kitchener, Annette	Dartmouth Pk. Hill, N.W.
Martin, F. E. ...	Newton Abbot.
McCullagh, M. ...	Shercock, Co. Cavan.
McKenna, Annie	Shercock, Co. Cavan.
McKerrow, A. ...	Peterborough.
Midgley, Anne ...	Port Glasgow.
Moens, Evelyn M.	Forest Hill, London.
Moore, Amelia ...	Great Yarmouth.
Moseley, M. ...	Dalton, Huddersfield.
Mundy, Fanny ...	Warminster.
Ogle, Constance ...	Grange-o'-Sands, Lancs.
O'Meara, L. B. ...	Lake Constance, Bavaria.
Parton, Rose ...	Lewisham, S.E.
Railton, F. A. ...	Manchester.
Randall, Margaret	Swansea Valley, Ceydach.
Reynolds, Mary J.	Highbury, N.
Richards, Mary ...	Edinburgh.
Roberts, Jessie ...	Anglesea.
Rood, Clara ...	Bridgwater, Somerset.
Rowe, Mary ...	Salisbury.
Sherlock, Helena...	Leicester Infirmary.
Sinclair, Marion ...	Highbury Quadrant, N.
Smith, Eliza ...	Barnsley, Yorks.
Smith, Ellen ...	Keynsham, near Bristol.
Southall, Hannah	Highbury New Park, N.
Stone, Annie ...	Taunton, Somerset.
Stone, Ellen ...	Taunton, Somerset.
Tarrant, Ellen E.	Bournemouth.
Thornhill, Pattie ...	Broxbourne, Herts.
Turner, E. ...	Uxbridge.
Turnill, Emeline ...	Sawtry, nr. Peterborough.
Twiss, Lillie ...	Bird Hill, Limerick.
Vincent, Eleanor...	Much Hadham, Herts.
Whishaw, E. C. ...	Cheltenham.
Williams, Edith G.	Walton, near Liverpool.
Wilson, Mary J....	Stockton-on-Tees.
Wolfe, Evelina ...	Taunton, Somerset.
Young, Evelyn ...	Dudley, Worcs.

HOME-MADE BREAD COMPETITION (MARCH).

The Prize of One Guinea is awarded to Miss S. A. BLOWER, 29, Pride Hill, Shrewsbury.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR.

Name.	*Address.*
Auty, Emma A. ...	Mirfield, Yorks.
Buw, S. A. ...	St. Nicholas.
Clark, H. Kate ...	St. Ives, Hunts.
Cooke, M. E. ...	Fairfield, nr. Manchester
Cooke, S.	Litcham, Norfolk.
Ellis, Maud ...	Hayle, Cornwall.
Fordham, C. F. ...	Penrith.
Gostling, Ethel M.	Stowmarket.
Hawkyard, M. ...	Headingley, Leeds.
Hopper, Emily ...	Anerley, S.E.
Horsfall, Alice F.	Oldham.
Klaassen, Agnes C.	Clapham Park, S.W.
Laughton, Dinah...	Doncaster.
Liddington, E. ...	Chesham, Bucks.
Lush, Lillie ...	Deal, Kent.
McClelland, E. Ann	Manchester.
Needham, Ina ...	Stockton-on-Tees.
Pickering, Jennie	Stockton-on-Tees.
Pilling, J.	Blackburn.
Reay, Isabella ...	Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Rice, Eliza ...	Heywood.
Robinson, Emma	Preston.
Sadler, A.	Birmingham.
Shawcross, Minnie	Stockport.
Sparke, Mrs. ...	Huddersfield.
Stanley, Frances ..	Bristol.
Steward, E. H. ...	Hackney, E.
Sutcliffe, Annie ...	Bingley, Yorks.
Thomson, Helen L.	Manchester.
Trollope, Alice ...	Tunbridge Wells.
Tuddenham, M. ...	Aylsham, Norfolk.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

Name.	*Address.*
Abraham, H. ...	Batley, Yorks.
Acfield, C. E. ...	Southampton.
Akers, Emily ...	Sheffield.
Aldridge, L. ...	Bradford, Yorks.
Allen, M. A. ...	Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Armer, Elizabeth...	Richmond, Surrey.
Ashwell, E. A. ...	Ashford, Kent.
Bailey, Grace ...	Harlesden.
Baker, Mary Ann	South Lambeth, S.W.
Barritt, J. W. ...	Chelmsford.
Baty, Elizabeth ...	Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Bennett, S. H. ...	Rotherham.
Berrie, Mary ...	Peckham, S.E.
Berry, Annie ...	Huddersfield.
Biston, Elizabeth...	Manchester.
Bowcroft, Mary K.	Maidstone.
Bow, E.	Chatham.
Burch, Annie ...	Edmonton.
Burt, Alice ...	Porchester Square.
Burton, Florence E.	Bristol.
Capham, Hannah S.	Cricklewood, N.W.
Carson, Alice M....	Surbiton Hill Park.
Carver, Louie A. B.	Tufnell Park, N.
Child, Harriet ...	Kingston-on-Thames.
Chilton, Eleanor ...	Cricklewood, N.W.
Christie, Isabella...	Walsall.
Clay, Bertha ...	Hebden Bridge, Yorks.
Coates, E.	Girlington, Bradford.
Cocking, L. A. ...	Huddersfield.
Cole, Annie M. ...	Enfield, N.
Colman, Fanny E.	Peterborough.
Colman, Gertrude	Peterborough.
Couchman, E. E.	Chatham, Kent.
Crofts, Ellen ...	Sandwich, Kent.
Day, Miss	Stoke Newington, N.
Day, V.	Barnstaple, Devon.
Deane, M.... ...	Malpas, Cheshire.
Dickson, G. A. ...	Springfield, Chester.
Doble, Maria ...	Taunton, Somerset.
Ellis, Clarissa ...	Stratford, E.
Farmer, Deborah...	Plumstead.
Fearn, Elizabeth ...	Uttoxeter, Staffs.
Fox, Annie ...	Beaconsfield, Bucks.
Froggatt, E. ...	Sheffield.
Goodhew, Mrs. ...	Sittingbourne.
Gostling, Mrs. ...	Gravesend.
Hacking, Frances	Colne, Lancs.
Hall, Amelia ...	Hornsey Rise Gardens.
Hall, A. M. ...	Bradford, Yorks.
Hall, Susan A. ...	Carlisle.
Hallworth, J. ...	Denton, nr. Manchester.
Harmsworth, E. ...	Lewisham, S.E.
Harmsworth, Maude	Lewisham, S.E.
Hawker, Kate ...	Croydon.
Hayes, S. A. ...	Twickenham.
Haynes, Eliza ...	New Barnet.
Heath, C.	Biggleswade, Beds.
Henderson, K. P.	Culross, Dunfermline.
Hennings, Mary ...	Wandsworth, S.W.
Hodson, M. J. ...	Manchester.
Ibberson, T. ...	Filey, Yorks.
Jervis, Alice ...	Sidmouth.
Johns, Nellie ...	Keswick, Cumberland.
Jollye, Catherine...	Bury St. Edmunds.
Key, Agnes ...	Chelsea, S.W.
Knight, E. M. ...	Cricklewood, N.W.
Laurence, E. ...	Shooter's Hill.
Luhyn, Matilda G.	Hythe, Kent.
Marshall, Edith ...	Leeds, Yorks.
Maunsell, Marion	Newbury, Berks.
Merry, A.	Glossop.
Merry, Mary E. ...	Ilkeston.
Midgley, C. E. ...	Port Glasgow.
Milner, Mrs. ...	Bedford Square, W.C.
Moore, M. A. ...	Gravesend.
Morehouse, Jane A.	Woolwich.
Moss, Rose B. ...	Carlisle.
Munt, M.	Ramsgate.
Negus, Vyvyan ...	Paddington, W.
North, Adelaide M.	W. Eynsham, Oxon.
Nunn, Frances H.	Stamford Hill, N.
Nurse, G. F. ...	Wakefield.
Olliver, Alice J. ...	Shrivenham, Berks.
Parker, W. H. ...	Wakefield, Yorks.
Phillips, Grace ...	Oswestry.
Railton, Florence	Manchester.
Rainer, J. T. ...	Ipswich.
Richardson, Mrs....	Brixton, S.W.
Riddell, Jane ...	Cults, nr. Aberdeen.
Roberts, Mrs. ...	Spilsby.
Roberts, Sarah A.	Liverpool.
Ross, Mrs. ...	Hamilton, N.B.
Rudd, Sarah W. ...	Caterham Valley, Surrey.
Sandlin, Mrs. ...	Maidstone, Kent.
Scott, E. H. ...	Dumbarton, N.B.
Scott, Mrs. ...	Stoke Newington, N.
Slade, Sarah ...	South Norwood, S.E.
Smales, Kate M....	Hornsey Lane, N.
Spicer, C.	Sherborne, Dorset.
Stevens, M. ...	Penzance, Cornwall.
Stone, R. S. ...	Wokingham, Berks.
Taylor, Harriet ...	Norwich.
Thompson, Mrs. ...	Saxmundham, Suffolk.
Tomson, Grace A.	St. Neots, Hunts.
Townend, Martha	Shipley, Yorks.
Waddington, T. ...	York, Yorkshire.
Wakefield, C. ...	Maidstone.
Walker, Amy E. ...	Belper, near Derby.
Walker, Amy ...	Leeds.
Walker, Mary ...	Salford, Manchester.
Walsh, Janet ...	Castlebar, Ireland.
Ward, Sarah ...	Dodworth, nr. Barnsley.
Warner, Ellen ...	Southampton.
Washington, Kate	West Brighton.
Wassell, Marian J.	Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts.
Webb, Annie ...	Alton, Hants.
Webster, Mary ...	Sheffield.
West, Harriet ...	Louth.
Whitcher, Mary A.	Nr. Stamford, Lincoln.
Wilby, Ann ...	Ossett, near Wakefield.
Wilde, Mrs. Oscar	Chelsea, S.W.
Wilford, M. E. ...	Walthamstow.
Williams, Maud ..	Penzance, Cornwall.
Williams, May E.	Sydenham.
Williams, S. ...	Plymouth.
Willott, E. ...	London, E.
Wilson, Jane ...	Milton, near Carlisle.
Woodcock, Frances	Highgate Hill, N.

N.B.—We regret that it is quite impossible to reply to any inquiries respecting unsuccessful MSS.—ED.

WHAT TO WEAR IN MAY.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

THIS is the month when, perhaps, more new clothes are bought than during any other in the course of the year. Wise people buy now, because the spring sun shows up all defects, and gowns which, even after some months' wear, look quite respectable in the winter, have a knack of looking miserably shabby as this season comes round. There is every variety of choice, and as woollens are, after all, not only the most healthy but the most comfortable wear, I will begin by telling you the leading characteristics of the new kinds.

In the first place, you cannot do wrong by choosing stripes, and you have a wide and varied choice. But you are also quite safe in selecting plain colours. Foulés, flannels, voiles, alpacas, vigognes, cashmeres, are all being made up of the plain material alone, as well as with stripes to match; but in some rare instances it takes three component parts to constitute one dress, viz., plain, checked, and striped material; and some additional skill is needed by the dressmaker in combining the three. The prevailing colours are greys, beiges, and very dark blues.

Some of the most stylish woollen dresses I have seen made up this spring are composed entirely of equal inch and an eighth stripes, in a combination of two tones of blotting-paper red, white and grey, red and stone, one of the stripes being slightly speckled. For example, in the white and grey the white is diagonal; there is one light grey diagonal stripe, and one dark grey speckled with white. The make of such gowns is extremely simple. The skirts are wide and arranged in occasional single pleats bunched up at the back; the bodices have jacket basques and often full fronts of silk, of some contrasting colour.

A broader and more important class of woollen stripe has a picot edge, like a ribbon, flanked by narrower stripes, and Oriental letters appear on the more important centre stripe. There is a loose soft make of woollen material which has an interwoven cable pattern in beige and white, flanked by narrower brown and white stripes.

Cotton gowns have to be thought of, and manufacturers have expended much additional care upon them this year. They show spots, stripes, and checks, and are woven so firmly, and with such a good surface, that they look almost like silk. Satins have been brought out with the small designs printed on them in one colour, which are like the patterns interwoven in the brillantines; they make up into simple innocent-looking little gowns, well suited for young girls, and are quite new. Some other satins have double stripes and fancy stripes, with rings, but none have large important patterns now; though a few have been borrowed from Japanese sources, and the Crescent, too, is much in the ascendant.

Zephyrs are gaining ground, striped, plain, and fancy. Some

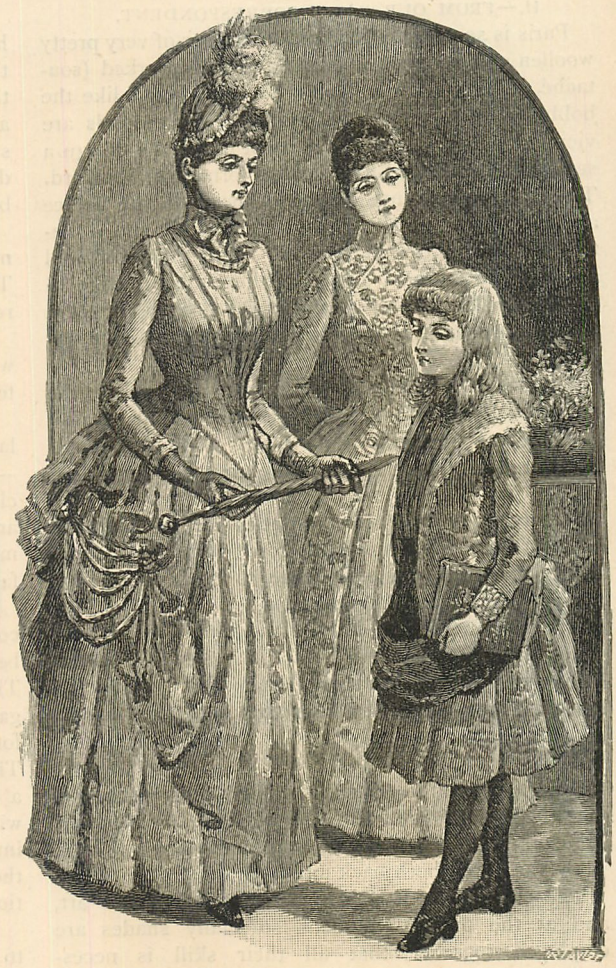
SONGS OF SPRING.

have rough knickerbocker stripes, some show twilled grounds, with lines and stripes, while others have lace stripes which divide tiny interwoven patterns. Red (a good brilliant scarlet) with white is to be a great deal worn, and blue and white, with cannalé stripes in red and blue one-sixteenth of an inch on either side, are also to be popular.

If you need a summer dress for fêtes or tennis parties, I can recommend the cotton crêpes either in plain cream or some light colour; or a fancy crêpe with either crochet lace stripes, or printed in hieroglyphic designs in tinsel; these, of course, do not wash. A simple way of making them up is with a full skirt just draped on either side and at the back; the bodice full back and front, and crossing in front, being bordered with gold trimming laid over bands of silk, easily removed for washing; the sleeves full and gathered at the shoulders and the wrist. Tucked sleeves are much worn for washing dresses, arranged horizontally from the shoulder and wrist, leaving the elbow full and untucked; and the skirts are made over a foundation in one all-round skirt, with an extra length, which is drawn up with tapes at the back and sides in such a fashion that they iron and wash well. Norfolk blouses are also fashionable. In striped materials they are often cross-cut, so that the lines fall diagonally. Yokes are much worn, and insertion is let in sometimes to define the yoke.

A simple and popular pattern for a dressing-jacket made in plain cotton, is a long, plain jacket, tucked back and front and drawn into the waist with a band; a straight all-round collar, and tucked sleeves with no work or trimming of any kind except at the wrist, where the material is embroidered in white cotton, with an open sprig and buttonhole edge. If any of my readers attempt to carry out this at home, which they easily might do, I should advise them to use flax thread. It is bright, like silk, strong, and washes well. Tea-jackets are even more fashionable than tea-gowns. These can be made much on the same plan as the dressing-jacket, in washing silk, with lace round the cuffs, down the front, and on the basque.

The illustration of the three sisters shows the fashionable make of gowns for children and adults. The child's under-skirt is composed of some of the new checked cloth with woollen ground, the design in chenille, the colouring harmoniously combined. The dress is composed of voile trimmed with bands of the check edged with white muslin embroidery, the check appearing also in the collar-piece and in the pointed Swiss belt and cuffs. The vest and skirt appear to be cut in one, the jacket-pieces distinct, and the waistcoat is gauged at the neck and waist. Her married sister with the bonnet wears a graceful but simply-made gown, recalling the fashions of some few years back. The bodice describes a point back and front, and has a full front. The sleeves are of the coat form, gathered on the shoulders. The upper skirt is full all round, and specially so in front, being caught up on the left side with cords and aiguillettes, which form a finish to the neck and cuffs. The third sister wears a plain cashmere of a beige tone, the skirt arranged with no upper drapery, simply in wide single pleats, the broadest at the side being embroidered in brown silk; the same trimming is introduced in the sleeve and in front of the bodice, which fastens with one point on the left side.



HER MARRIED SISTER.

The vignette initial shows a good cut for a dress or the polonaise order, made in brocade, with a velvet plastron carried in bands down either side of the front, and broad velvet bands to the large, important-looking sleeves. This is a class of dress that, as the summer advances, can be worn out of doors without any additional mantle, and it is also well adapted for re-arranging the gowns of last year. The model dress is made in a figured moire, one of the most durable class of silks that have come to the fore for years, and which shows every sign of remaining long in fashion.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Paris is sending to England a number of very pretty woollen gowns, unmade, but elaborately worked (soutaché, as it is here called), with a fine cord like the bobbin cord used in lace-making. The grounds are vicuna, of a grey-brown or serpent tone; the design a series of lines edged with leaflets formed of the cord. This trimming is intended to be used on the bodice and as panels on the sides of the skirt, and sometimes it goes all round the hem. Soft makes of wool show an interwoven fabric, with a ribbon edge in coloured silks the natural tint of the flowers, for these designs are mostly floral, and the picoté edge appears here.

A great deal of silk is being worn in Paris, to the exclusion of velvet, but I fear the price will go up now that the raw material is no longer allowed to enter Paris free of duty, and Ardeche cannot supply half enough for the demand. Soft Oriental printed silks are among the most-worn varieties for the moment, in dark blues, reds, and heliotrope, with either small widely-scattered geometric patterns in white, or light sprays of wild flowers, wheat, oats, or barley, three things fashionable in millinery and wherever it is possible to introduce them under the head of dress. Velvet, oats, wheat, and barley are exceptionally pretty, and form very becoming aigrettes both for bonnets and for wearing at the back of the head with evening toilettes.

A curious point in the make of French gowns now is that the two halves of the bodice are quite dissimilar. For example, one half will be entirely covered with lace, while the other, both back and front, is of plain silk.

The use of colour is with the French a fine art, and at the present moment so many shades are employed together that all their skill is necessary—the step from the sublime to the ridiculous is such a small one. The fashionable bonnets are straws with transparent crowns, tulles in two colours, and some are formed entirely of tinsel trimmings worked on a firm foundation, generally cotton, but quite hidden by the threads worked upon it, and possibly they will combine prettily with every subdued tint—blues, pinks, copper-browns, reds, greens, and yellows—the whole most harmonious.

The gauzes and the tulles used in millinery are most frequently shot, and the lisse is embroidered in silks of all tones, combined with tinsel threads. If, however, something more durable is needed, there is Gauze de Zurich, which is tinted in much the same way. Few decided tints are employed, or they would not harmonise; and with all these tones in the embroidery, a bunch of loops and upstanding ribbons in front appear on most of the bonnets, of several tints combined. The guipure embroideries, now so fashionable, come both to Paris and England from Switzerland; but all the finer hand and bead embroideries are of French design and French manufacture.

Shaded lisse embroidered in shaded tones is a most admirable material in millinery, especially in the biscuit shades, and is likely to be much worn as summer creeps on.

Silk laces, too, are coming in again, and Chantilly laces are made now in white as well as in black, and the designs are so good, so much more elaborate than those in real lace, that it is not to be wondered women are content with them, and do not care to sink fabulous sums in the hand-made laces. Most of these reproductions are made in the same threads as real lace, but in a machine instead of being hand-made.

French ribbons are shaded, striped and chiné, with moire stripes wide and narrow, as well as the ombre. The picot edges are quite gone out, and have been replaced by a narrow firm edge.

The best milliners are using broad satin ribbons with a silk reverse, but they are so thick in texture as to be very expensive.

White-handled parasols, smaller than those used last season, are the fashion, and curious gold insects—beetles and flies—as well as monkeys, are made to climb up them. Moire parasols and cotton crêpe ones are both used, but there is quite a study in handles—mostly inspired by the gold-headed canes that were in fashion fifty years ago for the beaux of the period.

The new mantles as worn in Paris are mostly coloured; dark myrtle, greens, reds, and beige tones being the fashion, black and red shot more particularly. They are made in the habitshirt form, with elaborate galons, and short lace sleeves to the elbow, or the form of last year—short at the back and long in front. Thick silks with lace and braided effects are used, and a great deal of fancy gauze, which is lined. Gimp without beads is better worn than with them, though an immense deal of jet is employed, completely covering the shoulders, and so thickly worked that no foundation is to be seen.

Young girls wear cloth jackets, but though they are to be seen on all sides in France, I am inclined to think their origin is English. They are very well cut, single and double-breasted, loose and close-fitting, very often trimmed elaborately on one side and not on the other. Sometimes showy white cloth or beige cloth waistcoats, with the flat coin buttons, are added; the sleeves are always high on the shoulders, the back is defined, and the basque short.

Travelling-cloaks very often have hoods lined with, if not entirely made of silk, and so do the small scarf-like mantelettes.

Capes are worn reaching to the waist, made in jet with frills of lace, and long loops of watered ribbon below. They are dressy-looking, and not expensive.

Our singer has chosen a gown of the new vieux rose tone, with white introduced into the front and side panel—the plain white ladies' cloth with a smooth face, which is brought out still further in relief by black cords and ornaments carried across it. The dress shows a good style of draping, and especially elegant from its simplicity. The accompanist is apparelled in white, with a fringe of gold balls carried round the neck and shoulder and down the bodice from the right shoulder to the left side. The skirt has four single pleats at the side bordered with white velvet worked in gold, a similar trimming bordering the front drapery and caught up with gold ball fringe.

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

Folding Gates.

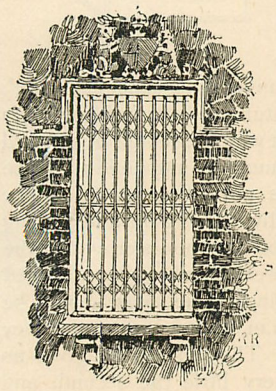


FIG. 1.

Our illustrations show a new sort of folding gate and shutter recently introduced. They are made on the principle of the "lazy tongs," and can be closed or opened without altering their height. By this construction gates ten feet wide, when expanded, can be shut into a space of about ten inches wide, and pushed back into recesses provided for them in the door-posts or sides of windows out of sight. The shutters, being of open work, can also guard the window without excluding light and air. They are made of rolled steel, and of different ornamental patterns. Fig. 1 illustrates a window-shutter closed for the night. Fig. 2 shows a gate for a passage-way—one half expanded, the other shut up in the recess of the pillars.

Making Pipes by Electricity.

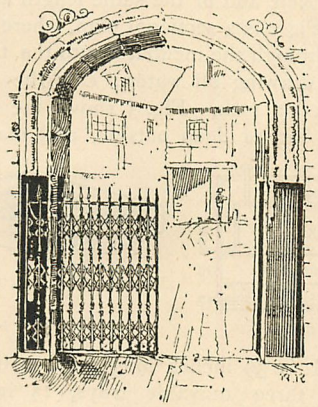
Steam-pipes of copper are now made by electro-deposition from sulphate of copper solution. The pipe is formed on an iron core in the depositing bath, and the deposited copper is pressed by a moving tool as it is deposited, so as to give a fibrous strength to the crystalline copper. After the pipe is thus formed, it is subjected to hot steam, which expands the copper shell, or pipe, clear off the iron core, thus separating the two. These pipes have no joint, and are said to be very strong; tests showing that they break with strains of from 27 to 41 tons per square inch.

A Red Rainbow.

At a meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh on January 30th, Mr. J. Aitken described a monochromatic rainbow seen on Christmas Day, near Falkirk. Its colour was red, and red only; and the circumstances were as follows:—In the eastern sky he saw a curious pillar-like cloud illumined by the setting sun with a vertical glow which he found to be a fragment of rainbow, which gradually became a complete arch spanning the north-eastern heavens. It appeared as a mysterious bow of blood, all the other colours being hidden by the strange red hue. After a time, by careful inspection, he detected traces of yellow, but no other tint. In place of the other colours he observed a dark band of about the usual breadth of these colours. Outside the rainbow he observed part of a secondary bow, and also several spots of a supernumerary bow. Mr. Aitken remarked that the Ochil hills to the north of where he stood were clad in snow and illumined with a ruddy light from the sun. He therefore supposes that the solar light was robbed of its green and blue rays to a large extent, and hence the natural spectrum of it, which a rainbow is, was deficient in those rays. Had we lived in ancient times, the phenomenon would probably have been considered a portent of a warlike and disastrous character.

A Miniature Railway.

The King of the Belgians has presented to the Sultan of Morocco a miniature portable railway and train, consisting of a locomotive and a carriage capable of seating twelve persons. The line has a gauge of 60 centimetres (about 23½ inches); and a piece of the entire track, 5 metres (5½ yards) long, weighs only 80 kilogrammes (1½ cwt.). The engine develops about 4 horse-power, and draws the car at a speed of about nine miles an hour. The locomotive is constructed of phosphor-bronze and steel to combine strength with lightness. The fuel to be burnt is wood, and an American spark-catcher is provided. The entire weight of the engine with its load of fuel is 1,400 kilogrammes (27 cwt.). It is inscribed the "Occident" in Arabic characters, and the train is designed for the exclusive service of the Sultan, at Morocco.



FOLDING GATES.—FIG. 2.

Chess by Telephone.

Games such as chess and draughts are now played by telephone and telegraph. The telephone exchange

system renders this easy of accomplishment, the two players telephoning their respective moves. It may be added here that Edinburgh, Glasgow, Stirling, Dundee, and Kirkcaldy are now connected by telephone, so that men of business in any one of these towns can talk together without undertaking a railway journey. These advances foreshadow the day when the telephones will be worked by the Post Office as the telegraphs are now, and inter-urban telephony extend throughout the country.

A Home-made Incubator.

With the aid of the following figures, an incubator may easily be constructed by a person used to carpentry. Fig. 1 shows the interior of the incubator,

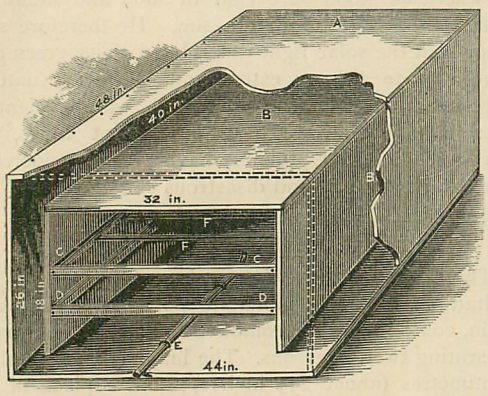


FIG. 1.

the outer box or cover being cut away for this purpose. The outer box, A, is 48 inches long by 44 inches wide, and 26 inches high. The inner box, B, is 40 inches long by 32 inches wide, and 18 inches deep. It holds a tank 32 inches by 36 inches in breadth and length. C C are strips 1 inch wide and 1 inch thick, with iron rods, F F, $\frac{5}{8}$ inch wide, on which the tank rests. D D are similar strips on which the egg-drawer rests. E is a $1\frac{1}{2}$-inch tin tube, 2 feet long, which admits air to the ventilator, or space under the egg-drawer, which is 5 inches deep, and of the same length and width as the tank. Fig 2 is a sectional plan, where A is a tube extending through the incubator into the tank : B is a faucet for drawing off water ; C is the egg-drawer, and D is the tin tube. Fig. 3 shows the egg-drawer, which is 4 inches deep outside, and made of light

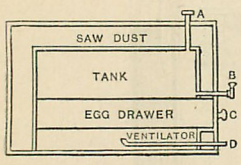


FIG. 2.

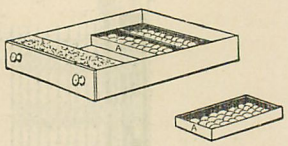


FIG. 3.

material. It is 39 inches long and 30 inches wide, containing three movable trays, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep, and of a size to fit the drawer. The bottoms are thin strips 1 inch wide, and 1 inch apart, to both drawer and trays, over which muslin is tightly drawn and tacked. The tank is 7 inches deep. The faucet is detachable, and screwed in. The tube on the top is 7 inches high. The space between the outer and inner boxes is filled with chaff or sawdust, and the front of the egg-drawer is also boxed off and filled with sawdust. The cost of this device is about a pound sterling. When completed, it has the appearance shown in Fig. 4. Each of these trays holds 80 eggs, put in promiscuously, as in a nest. The tank is filled with boiling water, which is drawn off if it rises to the tube, so as to prevent over-pressure. It is filled forty-eight hours before the eggs are put in, and the temperature brought to 115°. The eggs lower this temperature, and after several hours it will have fallen to 103°, at which it should be kept till the end of the hatch. It should be situated in a place where the temperature does not fall below 60°. The temperature is maintained by drawing off and putting in water, and for this a good thermometer among the eggs is essential. The drawers should not be opened while the chicks are hatching. The eggs should be turned twice a day, at 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. ; and they should not cool below 70°. They should be given no moisture the first week, very little the second, and plenty the third. This is done by pieces of sponge dipped in hot water and put into the trays. A small glass door in front of the egg-drawer will show the thermometer. The positions of the trays are to be changed when the eggs are turned, the front one being put at the rear. After the fourteenth day, spray the eggs twice a day with water warmed to 100°, using an atomiser, and doing it quickly.

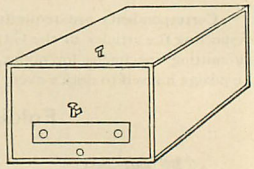


FIG. 4.

A Sleeve Chart.

The A1 Sleeve Chart is a new aid to dressmaking on scientific principles, thereby combining simplicity with economy of time, trouble, and material. The cardboard chart, with its bordering of inches marked as in a foot rule, is accompanied by a book of minute directions for drafting. This is accompanied by a sleeve diagram worked out to the measures from shoulder to elbow, and elbow to wrist, with widths of armhole, round elbow, and wrist. A man's sleeve is modelled to fit the arm as he carries it, straight down, in walking ; a woman on the contrary carries the arm bent at the elbow, the lower arm raised and held across the front of the body ; therefore, in taking the measurements, the arm has to be in a horizontal position, with the elbow bent, starting from where the arm separates from the body, over the elbow to the wrist. Having taken these dimensions in the figure, the pattern is marked out on paper by means of the chart, and transferred to the material with the aid of a double tracing wheel. No trying on is necessary, and a good fit is insured.

Dust Particles in Air.

Mr. John Aitken, a well-known investigator of the atmosphere, has recently made a series of experiments on the number of dust particles in ordinary air. So far his results show that outside air, after a wet night,

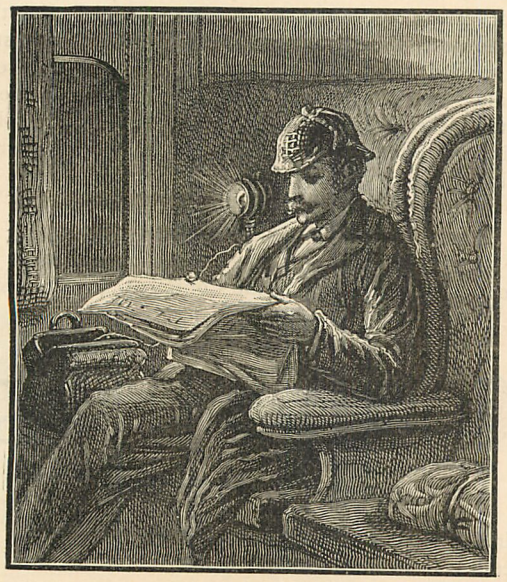
contained 521,000 dust particles per cubic inch ; outside air in fair weather contained 2,119,000 particles in the same space, showing that rain is a great purifier of the atmosphere. The air of a room was found to contain 30,318,000 particles in the same space ; that near the ceiling containing 88,346,000 particles per cubic inch. The air collected over a Bunsen flame contained no less than 489,000,000 particles per cubic inch. The numbers for a room were got with gas burning in the room, and at a height of four feet from the floor. These figures, though not absolute, show how important is the influence of a gas-jet on the air we breathe, and the necessity for good ventilation in apartments. Mr. Aitken remarks that there seem to be as many dust particles in a cubic inch of air in a room at night when gas is burning as there are inhabitants in Great Britain, and that in three cubic inches of the gases from a Bunsen flame, there are as many particles as there are people in the world.

A London Meteorite.

During the violent thunderstorm which burst over London on August 17th last, a small mass of meteoric iron or "thunderbolt" was found in a garden at Brixton. It has since been analysed by Mr. J. J. Morgan, of Ebbw Vale, who finds it to consist of silica 0·566, nickel 1·375, iron 40·276, sulphur 46·053, lime 5·478—total 99·748. The deficiency of ·252 in the 100 parts is due to some mineral the chemist failed to find, or to experimental error. The "bolt" was in the form of an orange or "oblate spheroid," two inches across the thickest part. It is seldom that meteorites—the "all-dreaded thunderstone" of Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*—are found to fall so near home.

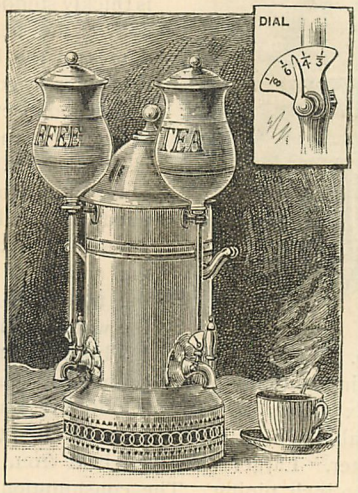
An Electric Travelling Lamp.

The figure illustrates a neat and portable railway reading lamp, made by a firm of well-known electrical manufacturers. It consists of a small glow lamp, fixed in a reflecting case, which can be held in the hand or hooked to the dress. The current is supplied to it by means of flexible conductors, as shown ; and the battery or accumulator, which weighs about 1½ lbs., is contained in the pocket or bag of the traveller. We may also mention that an electric watch-light, for use at odd times during the night either in a house or in such places as a captain's cabin, has also been introduced ; the battery being of Leclanché cells.



A New Coffee Urn.

A new urn for dispensing tea and coffee in coffee taverns and refreshment rooms has been brought out, under the name of the "Willmott" tea and coffee urn.

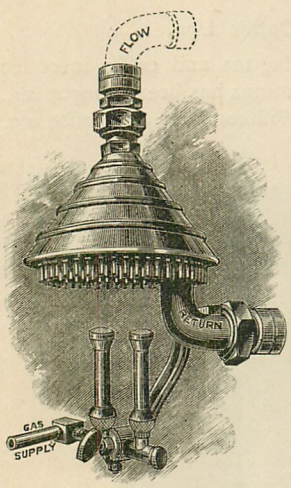


It is novel in principle and ingenious in construction. The aim of the inventor has been to avoid the long steaming and stewing of coffee or tea which is the result of the existing urns, especially at railway stations and coffee taverns, where there is not a very constant and large demand for tea or coffee. Under such conditions the same infusion is kept steaming and simmering for hours, until the aroma and volatile essences are evaporated, and the bitter principle of the infusion remains. The consequence is a very bad cup of tea or coffee. In the new urn the volatile essences are retained, and form part of the beverage ; and this result is obtained, not by a fresh infusion each time a cup of tea or coffee is required, which would be out of the question in coffee taverns and railway stations, but by making a strong infusion of the tea or coffee in the first place, and keeping it *cold* in the reservoirs seen at the top of the urn to right and left. The interior of the urn contains water kept at a constant "head" of pressure, and heated by the usual gas-jets below. When a cup of coffee is required, the proper stopcock is turned, and the strong cold coffee and hot water flow out in a mingled stream, of a strength which is regulated at will by simply turning a pointer which moves round a graduated arc and controls the

outflow of the water. Of course the apparatus is available for other beverages, such as fruit syrups, and so on. It supplies a reliable and grateful cup of coffee with economy as compared with the old urns.

A Gas-circulating Boiler.

The accompanying figure represents a new gas-circulating boiler for greenhouses, introduced by Mr. Fletcher, the well-known practical chemist and inventor. As will be seen, the gas-jets under the boiler are large and powerful; but the novelty consists chiefly in the copper rods with which the bottom of the boiler is thickly studded. These convey the heat of the flames to the bottom of the boiler by conduction, and economise the heat, according to the plan devised by Mr. Fletcher some time ago, and applied to kettles. The pipes attached are for the supply of gas, and the flow and return of the water, as marked in the figure. Various sizes of this boiler are made, that shown being suitable for a greenhouse. The smallest is only six inches in diameter and five inches high. It is capable of heating forty feet of pipe two inches in diameter. Larger sizes will heat from 60 to 120 feet of two-inch piping. The consumption of gas is given as one cubic foot for every five feet of piping of two-inch diameter; the temperature of the pipes being 80° F. above that of the surrounding air.



"Sunstroke" from a Furnace.

Dr. Defontaine, the medical officer attached to the French foundry at Creuzot, recently cited several cases of "sunstroke" from electric furnaces used at these works to fuse refractory ores and weld metals. The luminosity of the furnace is expressed as of 100,000 candle-power, or more, and though persons standing in this intense glow feel no unusual heat, they become conscious of acute pain, and for an hour or two afterwards experience a burning sensation and pain in the neck, face, and forehead, their skin at the same time turning a coppery red. Although it is customary to protect the eyes with dark glasses, the spectator is blinded for several minutes in broad daylight, and for nearly an hour afterwards the landscape appears of a saffron colour. The eyes feel gritty also, the lachrymal glands are stimulated, and sleeplessness with headache sometimes results. In ordinary sunstroke it is usual to blame the solar heat; but in this case there is little or no heat, and the effect is apparently due to the intensity of the light.

The Welsh Gold-Field.

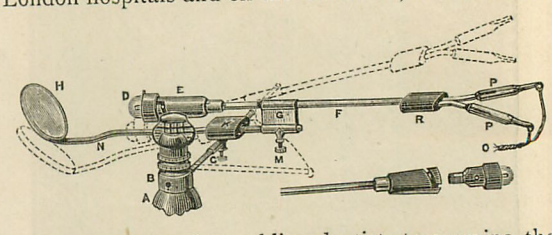
Mr. T. A. Readwin has given a geological account of the new gold-field in Wales, which has been brought before the public of late. The field was worked in a crude way by the ancient Britons; mines were rented by Mr. Thomas Bushell from Charles I.; and a mint was erected at Aberystwith, where £3 gold pieces were coined. Between the years 1631 and 1645, gold to the value of two millions sterling was taken out of the ground there. The field occupies an area of from 50 to 60 square miles in the mountainous part of Merionethshire, on the north bank of the river Mawddach. The rocks consist of slates, flags, grits, and veins of quartz, which contain the gold. These lie chiefly near the junction of the "Lingula flags" and underlying grits, especially in the neighbourhood of greenstone "dykes," that is to say, intrusive walls or partitions of greenstone. The gold occurs in association with ores of copper, silver, lead, and zinc, together with mica, barytes, traces of platinum, and other minerals. There are hundreds of such lodes from a few inches to 46 feet deep, all more or less auriferous. Mr. Readwin has made over 1,600 assays, and only fourteen of these gave no trace of gold. Nevertheless, Mr. Readwin counselled caution in respect of the new field, and said that not more than half to one ounce of gold should be expected from a ton of rock. The gold seems to occur in "pockets" or in irregular distribution, a condition unfavourable to profitable mining. The opening up of the field will, however, afford work to a large number of miners.

A New Safety Lamp.

Mr. Andrew Howat, a mining engineer, has improved the Davy lamp by covering it with an external shield of sheet-iron, which screens the wire gauze from air currents of high velocity, as well as preserving it from injury. An inlet in the shield permits the air to enter to the flame, and a flange or "deflector" inside the shield assists in deflecting the air towards the flame through the gauze. The result is a good light, and a lamp which has stood severe trials. In every case, it is stated, the flame has been extinguished when exposed to a current of explosive mixture, the greatest velocity of the current being thirty-five feet per second.

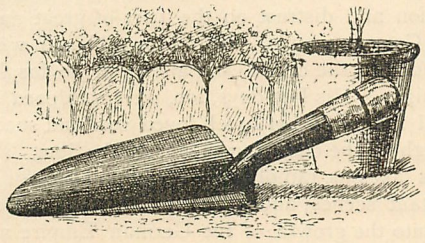
A New Odontoscope.

Mr. Vesey, whose laryngoscope is now used in London hospitals and on the Continent, has devised a



similar apparatus for enabling dentists to examine the teeth. It is illustrated in our figure, where A is an

ordinary dentist's gag, fitted with a spring adjustment for different patients; B is a revolving collar with an arm, C, attached, which carries the odontoscope proper; D is a small incandescent electric lamp to give the light, fitted in a bayonet joint, E, which releases the lamp instantly; F is a German silver tube sliding through a spring clip, G, to shift the light; and H is a mirror, which can be either plain or magnifying, as desired. M is a set screw to clamp G at any point on the stem or sliding rod N, which holds the mirror; O is a flexible conductor to the battery; and P P are spring terminals to this conductor; R is an ebonite socket to receive the tube F, and terminals P P; and K is an ebonite support for the rod N, sliding on the rod C. A four-cell Leclanché battery is used to give the light.

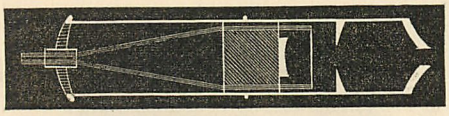


New Garden Tools.

Our figure illustrates a new and improved garden trowel, which has several advantages over the trowel in ordinary use. For instance, the blade and the "tang," or neck, are made in one piece of steel, instead of the blade being rivetted to a small plate on the tang. This makes it much stronger, and as the socket of the neck overlaps the handle, which is rivetted or nailed into it, there is not the same liability of the handle coming off, as in the case of the usual trowel. Another form of this trowel has a hollow, pointed tang, which is driven into the handle and held there by a brass ferrule. The hollow tang, acting like a spring, fastens itself firmly in the wood. A garden-fork for weeds and general purposes, also by the same manufacturers and patentees, is made in one piece of steel, and the flat prongs being twisted a quarter of a revolution, have their edges brought at right angles to the plate. This arrangement produces great strength combined with lightness. The tang, or neck, joining the fork to the handle is fastened in the same way as in the case of the trowel. A strong and light Dutch hoe is also made by the same firm. The old-fashioned hoe is welded where the fork joins the blade, or cutter, and either welded or rivetted where it joins the neck or socket. These two joints, which are sources of weakness, are avoided in the new hoe by making the fork, blade, and socket in one piece of steel. The result is a strong, light, and easily-handled tool. These very serviceable implements are made of different patterns.

A New Radiometer.

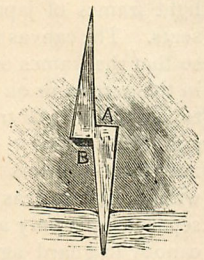
The figure illustrates a small and handy instrument for measuring radiation. It consists of a tube of vulcanite, 10 inches long and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, stopped near the middle by a plug of wood. The tube is separable, and the plug serves to unite its halves and support the working parts. Through the plug



pass two small copper rods, projecting about 1 inch above the plug towards the front of the instrument, and passing out through its back, where they serve to attach wires extending to a galvanometer. The thermal junction is made by uniting with hard solder a bit of watch-spring and a bit of flattened copper wire. The whole is then worked to a ribbon 1 millimetre wide, 0.03 millimetre thick, and 25 millimetres long. The two ends of this ribbon are then soldered to the two copper rods, so that the thermo-electric junction may be midway between them. A concave mirror of glass silvered upon the first surface is secured to the plug, so that the junction is exactly at its focus. The front of the tube is provided with an opening of any convenient size, and stops to limit the diameter of the entering ray. The thermo-electric current of electricity set up by the ray falling on the junction is measured by the galvanometer, and indicates the radiation. The device is much more sensitive than an ordinary thermopile arrangement. A lighted match held 6 feet away drives the galvanometer needle against its stops.

A New Double Nail.

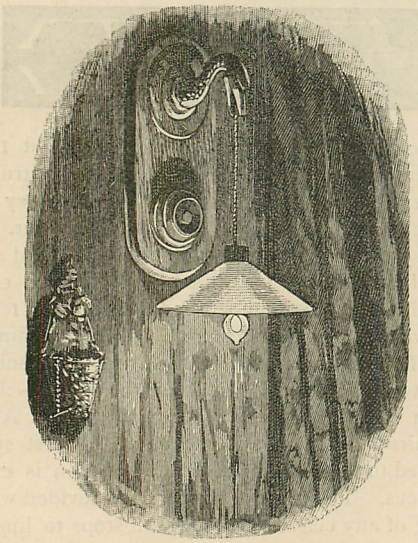
The useful double-pointed nail which we illustrate has been invented by a lady, and will recommend itself by its convenience. The nails are made with "hammer heads" and "chisel edges," as shown in the figure, the hammer head A being above, and the chisel edge B below. The reverse sides are parallel to prevent splitting the wood. They are useful for a variety of purposes, such as the top of fences to prevent climbing, or for forming the teeth of rakes, harrows, and so on. Another important use is for invisible nailing in woodwork. The nails are driven into the wood flush with the outside head A, the chisel edge cutting into the wood. The piece to be attached is placed in position and blocked down, the nails securing it invisibly. The nails are made to suit every class of work, even the finest cabinet-making.



Danger in Newly-built Houses.

It has been estimated that the walls of a building in which 50,000 bricks are used require nearly 5,000 gallons of water in the construction, this being stored in the pores and spaces of the bricks and mortar until dispelled in the form of vapour. It cannot be too well known that until this large quantity of water is so dispelled, the house is not habitable. The town of

Basle, in Switzerland, has recently adopted a wise regulation which forbids the occupation of newly-built houses until four months after their completion.



An Electric Night-Light.

The accompanying figure represents a neat device for obtaining a light at night in bed-rooms. It consists of a suspended glow lamp of one candle-power, having a glass shade, and a push-button to make contact and start the current. Terminals are also fitted to the board above to connect it to conductors leading to the source of current. This may be a battery of four Leclanché cells in the absence of a dynamo or accumulator.

An Iron-Framed Chair.

Deck or verandah chairs are now being made with light frames of japanned iron, and detachable canvas seats. The canvas is very easily removed or replaced, so that the frames of the chairs may be left in position in the garden or on deck until their owners are ready to use them. All travellers know what an important gain this will prove on board ship. The frames fold up flat, three-quarters of an inch in thickness, with or without the canvas seat; and the latter, if rolled up separately, is only an inch and a half in diameter. A canopy to guard against the sun's rays can easily be fitted to these chairs.

A Sample Post Box.

The Sample Post has called into existence a new box, which has recently been patented. The box is made of tin, and two tongues of tin are soldered to the inner edge of the box and pass through corresponding slots in the lid, over which they are folded down. An address label, pasted over these tongues, secures the package from disturbance, and makes it perfectly safe.

A Strong Plea.

In the volume of essays edited by Lord Meath, and recently published by Messrs. Longman under the title of "Prosperity or Pauperism," a strong plea is put forward for improved technical and industrial training. In addition to the Earl of Meath, the list of contributors includes Sir John Lubbock, M.P., Sir Philip Magnus, Professor Huxley, and Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P. There is much in the volume to interest all those who are concerned for the future of our commercial and artisan classes.

The Emperor-King.

"William of Germany" is the title of Mr. Archibald Forbes's life of the first German Emperor, published by Messrs. Cassell four days after the death of the old veteran. From first to last the monarch's long career was strangely chequered; its earlier years were disturbed by the Napoleonic invasion of his father's country of Prussia, his middle life was marked by suspicion and distrust on the part of great numbers of the German people. He was an old man when he succeeded to the crown, and after that he fought two campaigns. His last days, too, were saddened by the critical illness of his much-loved son and successor. Through all the changing scenes of the long life Mr. Forbes takes us, rapidly but vividly painting for us the important scenes, and giving us, withal, such an insight into the growth of the German Empire as only he can give.

Eight Hundred Years Ago.

By a strange coincidence, as we were writing the above note on a book called forth by the death of the Emperor William of Germany, there lay on our table an unpretending volume on the life and work of another William—known to us as "William the Conqueror"—who died almost exactly eight hundred years before his great namesake of modern days. This work, from the pen of Professor Freeman, is not intended to supersede the Professor's well-known larger works on the same subject, but is the first volume of a series of "Twelve English Statesmen" which Messrs. Macmillan are to issue. His very title would seem to deny William the right of admission to the roll of *English* statesmen, but no one can read Professor Freeman's admirable little volume and any longer entertain such a doubt.

Useful in the Family.

A new edition has recently been issued of "The Family Physician" (Cassell), a work which will be found useful in every family. It should be borne in mind that works of this class, like our own doctor's articles, are not intended to supersede medical men. Their aim is to enable any one to detect at once the first symptoms of disease, and so to treat them that the physician shall, at any rate, have no difficulties in his path. This work is most complete, and thoroughly reliable. The twentieth edition is issued, also, by Messrs. Cassell of "The Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," a work which has earned for itself a prescriptive right to a place on our bookshelves. It is always useful, and not infrequently entertaining. The bibliographical portion of the work has been revised with great care.

FOR THE GOOD OF THE FAMILY.

By KATE EYRE, Author of "A Step in the Dark," "A Fool's Harvest," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

AN AGGRIEVED PASSENGER.

IT was "firework night" at the Crystal Palace, and the down trains from the City were, in consequence, much crowded. The influx of pleasure seekers was, as usual, causing great inconvenience to the "regulars," as railway officials designate season-ticket holders, especially to those who were desirous of entering the trains at intermediate stations. At Walworth Road a lady got into a first-class compartment, constructed to carry eight persons. She made the seventh passenger, so that there was still room for one more. In her hand she held a scrap of paper, which any one accustomed to travel daily would instantly have recognised as a receipt for excess fare. She was the holder of a second-class season ticket, but experience having impressed upon her the difficulty of obtaining a seat in her own class on "firework nights," she made a practice of paying, on those occasions, the difference between the first and second-class fare.

At the next station a working man entered this compartment, and took the one vacant seat, which chanced to be at the right-hand side of the lady, and opposite to an over-dressed, self-important-looking man. There was no mistaking the humble position of the new-comer. He wore corduroys; he was dirty; moreover, he had a bag of tools, which he placed across his knees in such a way that one corner rested on the lady's lap.

"Have you a first-class ticket?" asked the over-dressed gentleman of the new-comer.

The other passengers looked a little surprised—especially the lady, for she was well aware that only railway officials have a right to put such a question.

The man mumbled something about there being no room anywhere else.

"Guard, come here!" shouted the self-important individual. "Just ask to see this gentleman's ticket, will you?" he said, as the guard presented himself in response to the summons.

"What did you say, sir?" inquired the guard—rather, the lady fancied, to gain time in which to decide his course of action than because he had not heard the request made to him.

"Ask to see this gentleman's ticket," repeated the aggrieved passenger in a louder tone.

The guard hesitated. Perhaps he was meditating flight, but was deterred by fear of being reported.

"Can't you understand what I say? Ask to see this gentleman's ticket; I don't think he has a first-class one."

"The train's very full, sir," said the guard deprecatingly, and then his hand sought the carriage door as if he longed to shut it with a bang.

At this juncture the lady spoke. "If your ticket is not a first-class one, and you will let me have it for a moment, I shall have much pleasure in paying the excess fare, provided you will kindly allow me to do so," she said, addressing the working man.

For a second there was breathless silence in the compartment. The lady's voice was strong, penetrating, clear as a bell on a frosty night. She spoke rather measuredly, pronouncing each syllable distinctly. And yet she was quite free from affectation, the one impression which her words and her manner conveyed being that of her innate courtesy.

"Here it is, mum," said the man at length, producing his third-class ticket in a dazed kind of way. He was evidently confused by the unexpected turn the affair had taken.

The lady drew a coin from her purse, and handing it, together with the ticket, to the guard, said—

"Will you make out a receipt, please, in the usual way?"

"There's no need for you to do this, miss," replied the guard, still glancing at the aggrieved passenger deprecatingly.

"Thank you, but I would rather do so." Quite unconsciously, apparently, the lady had assumed a tone which was so unmistakably authoritative, that the guard began instantly to comply with her request.

The unpleasant incident had already caused delay, so the receipt was made out as quickly as possible, handed to the lady, together with the ticket, change, and a civil "Thank you, miss," and in another moment the train was off.

All eyes were now turned towards the lady, but she was not in the least confused by the amount of attention she was attracting. With a very slight inclination of the head, she returned the man his ticket, saying, as she did so, "I trust you will not be subjected to any further annoyance;" and then she took up the daily paper she had been reading before the incident occurred.

For a moment the aggrieved passenger looked rather uncomfortable, then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he said to the working man—

"I was afraid you'd be getting yourself into trouble, travelling without a proper ticket, you know; that's why I interfered." He laughed a little uneasily, and glanced

round the compartment. If he intended this remark for a joke, it was one in which the other passengers did not seem to see the point. At all events, they took not the slightest notice of it, and the all-important gentleman observing their ominous silence, he too sought refuge behind a paper, which he held in such a manner as to display to the best advantage two very handsome diamond rings.

As for the working man, he uttered not a word, did not even attempt to thank the lady who had so effectually taken his part. Perhaps it was as much that surprise had bereft him of the power of ready speech as that he did not resent the unpardonable rudeness of one of his fellow-passengers, or feel grateful for the delicate consideration of the other.

To the casual observer there was nothing remarkable about the lady's appearance. She was very plainly dressed, and was neither fascinatingly handsome nor interestingly ugly. Her face was pale ; her eyes looked weary. Shrewd grey eyes they were, with no beauty about them but their depth, and that was perceptible to only a few. Her mouth was firm ; her lips rather too full. This fulness was, however, the result of much speaking. An abundance of brown hair, somewhat carelessly arranged, formed the background to a face likely to interest only those who cared to study the ever-varying expressions which flitted across it: a face which seemed to suggest that its owner might possibly be dreamy and energetic, visionary and practical, scornful and sympathetic ; in short, one in whose heart burned the enthusiasm of humanity, one who, having set herself the hard task of leaving the world a little better than she had found it, felt that there must be no turning back.

The next time the train stopped, a passenger who had occupied the seat to the left of the lady, alighted. The lady did not, however, attempt to take advantage of the place thus left vacant. On no account would she have shifted her position, lest the coarse, rough-looking man at her side—the partial weight of whose bag of tools was still resting on her lap—should fancy she shrank from contact with him.

The man himself got out at Pelham Lane, having maintained to the last an apparently sullen silence. He left the train while it was still in motion, throwing open the carriage door with so much force that it swung back, and would have struck the lady, who was herself preparing to alight, had she not put out her hand to stay it.

As she made her way towards the exit, a grieved expression passed over her face. The man's currishness had saddened, not disgusted her. She was not one of those illogical people who, while they are ready to admit that working men have not hitherto enjoyed the advantages of higher education, and that their surroundings cannot be said to be exceptionally elevating, are yet inconsistent enough to expect them to be possessed of all the cardinal virtues, even in a more marked degree than are the greater number of those who, both as regards environment and education, are so much more happily circumstanced.

So occupied was the lady with her own musings, that she failed to observe the aggrieved passenger had also alighted, nor was she aware, when she left the station behind her, that the all-important gentleman was following in her wake.

Pelham proper, or Lower Pelham, as it is sometimes called, consists of a long stall-lined High Street, to the right of which lies a network of courts and alleys, where dwell the thousands employed in the tan-yards, warehouses, and wharves situated near the canal, while to the left is a labyrinth of small streets, affording accommodation for the families of poorly-paid clerks and well-to-do mechanics.

At right angles with the canal is Pelham Lane, a busy thoroughfare enough, but several degrees more respectable than the High Street. After the lane has run its course for about a mile, getting broader and better tenanted as it leaves the High Street farther behind, it divides, and skirting two sides of a triangular tract of common land, becomes Pelham Common East and Pelham Common West.

Detached houses, varying much in size and style, but all worthy of being described as "desirable family residences," are built on one side only of each of these two thoroughfares. It will thus be seen that the two rows of houses which constitute the locality known as Pelham Common face each other, while the common itself lies between them.

Running along the third side of the common is a plantation of considerable dimensions. Beyond, lies New Pelham, a thinly-populated district, consisting of straggling streets of small houses. Then comes the open country, where the weary toilers in Pelham High Street can wander on summer evenings and sniff the scent of new-mown hay : stand on the Surrey Hills to watch the sun sinking to rest in the far west, while the distant City of London seems bathed in gold : even now and again listen to the nightingale's clear note ; only that those weary ones have no leisure to walk two miles in order to enjoy God's priceless gifts of green fields and glorious sunsets.

Having left the station, which is situated in Pelham Lane, half a mile behind, our lady traveller reached the common. Branching off to the left, she began to wend her way along Pelham Common East. She walked quickly, looking neither to the right nor to the left, as if she was so familiar with the neighbourhood that it had ceased to interest her. But on passing a fine old house with seven gables, surrounded by an extensive garden—one might almost say grounds—well stocked with full-grown trees, she did turn her head to glance over the paling. As she did so, a half-sigh escaped her. Meadowlands, as the house was called, was associated in her mind with a terrible disappointment which had recently befallen one in whom she was deeply intererested.

A few minutes more, and she had been admitted into a much smaller, but prettily-built house.

Before going up-stairs to remove her out-door garments, she entered the dining-room.

An elderly gentleman and a very charming-looking young lady were partaking of tea together.

" How late you are, Janet ! " said the young lady, in

an unusually musical voice. "Papa and I were so hungry, we really couldn't wait any longer."

"I have been unavoidably detained. But you know I never wish you to wait for me when I am late, Adelaide," replied the lady who had been addressed as Janet. As a matter of fact, Adelaide had delayed the meal only as long as it suited her own convenience to do so. She would, however, have thought it unladylike not to apologise to her sister for having commenced without her.

In a few minutes Janet had seated herself opposite to her father. Adelaide, although she was the younger sister, always took the head of the table.

Tall, fair-haired, dark-eyed Adelaide was very pleasant to look upon. Not one man in a dozen, meeting Janet and Adelaide in a crowd, would glance at the former a second time, while not one in a hundred but would try to obtain a second glimpse of the latter. Janet was fully aware of this; it did not arouse in her any feeling of jealousy, for she had no wish to be admired of men. Not that she was exempt from all feminine weaknesses, if the craving for love be a weakness. She did greatly desire to reign supreme in the heart of one man, while she was proportionately indifferent as to the opinion the rest of the sex might chance to form of her.

While Janet, who was very tired, took her tea in almost unbroken silence, her father, Mr. Slade, talked incessantly, and Adelaide seemed deeply interested in all he was saying. They agreed perfectly, this father and daughter; but then Adelaide was so amiable: so, at least, all her acquaintances were ready to declare. Perhaps her most striking characteristic was her adaptability. She would listen with the same interested smile, and her face would gradually assume the same expression of conviction—as if she were powerless to resist the force of the arguments laid before her—whether a good Catholic was insisting on the infallibility of the, to him, one true Church, or an aggressive dissenter was fiercely denouncing Romish practices; she would appear equally convinced were she listening to an aristocrat's views on the sacredness of long-established customs, or a democrat's wild dreams of the benefits to be conferred on mankind by a strict adherence to the radical programme of the future. Possessed of no deeply-rooted convictions herself, she was interested, and perhaps rather amused, if others chanced to advance their opinions with passionate fervour. And with the amusement was mingled a little contempt. Surely it was rather absurd for people to mind so much about matters which did not affect them personally!

Mr. Slade, on the contrary, was a man bubbling over with pet schemes, and what he fondly imagined to be original ideas. He was, therefore, well pleased to talk to his younger daughter, who was always so ready to listen to all he had to say, while she never wearied him by attempting to advance theories of her own.

With Janet, the case was different. She was so unbecomingly eager to criticise, and more often than not her criticisms were unfavourable. Then, too, she had some very strong opinions of her own, about which she did not always keep silence. Certainly, if women are to be agreeable companions to men, they must on no account hold independent opinions. It is preposterous for a woman not to appear convinced when a gentleman has been at the pains of explaining his views to her!

"I saw Mrs. Fergusson to-day, and she told me Mr. Darton arrived late last evening," Adelaide remarked, conversation having flagged for a moment.

Both Janet and her father looked interested, although for very different reasons.

"Who would have thought when William Darton was turned out of house and home, eighteen years ago, that he would return the owner of all the wealth his father had amassed? But there, we none of us know what a day may bring forth," added Mr. Slade, with the conscious humility of a man who feels he has made a philosophical remark, but does not wish to take too much credit to himself for having done so.

"Indeed we do not," murmured Adelaide, with a half-sigh, intended to show she appreciated the truth of her father's observation.

"Well, for my part I shall be very pleased to welcome him back. It doesn't do to remember all the details of a man's past life. No, no; we mustn't be uncharitable, whatever we are. And after all is said and done, what did the poor lad do? Why, he merely chose his own wife, instead of waiting for his father to fix on somebody whom he considered suitable. I should have liked to have seen any one daring to dictate to me whom I was to marry, when I was a young man!"

"But then, you see, papa dear, your choice fell naturally on a lady. Mr. Darton married a barmaid; did he not?"

"Yes, I rather flatter myself I was something of a connoisseur in such matters," said Mr. Slade, replying only to that part of his daughter's observation which had reference to himself. "Ah! what a little bit of pink and white perfection your poor dear mother was, to be sure. Rippling golden hair, apple-blossom complexion, melting blue eyes. Sweet little Lucy! it was a cruel fate which took her from me. I've never been the same man since."

Mr. Slade spoke of his dead wife airily enough. And yet she had been the choice of his youth: one whom, after his shallow fashion, he had loved well. *She* would have given her life-blood for *him*. But that is the foolish way of women—at least, of a large class of women.

"Dear mamma!" said Adelaide softly. Then she helped herself to another piece of cake.

"Adelaide, what will Mrs. Fergusson do?" asked Janet.

"She told me she intended calling on Mr. Darton in the course of a day or two, to offer her congratulations."

"It seems strange to congratulate a man because his father has died suddenly," remarked Janet, who was not well versed in the punctiliousness so conscientiously observed by the *élite* of Pelham Common. She was, in fact, rather given to ridiculing a too

strict adherence to the rules of etiquette, attributing all ceremoniousness on the part of these good people to the laborious study of "Ninepenny Manners," as she laughingly called a small but well-known volume, published at a shilling, and, therefore, purchasable at three-quarters that amount, in which the subject is said to be exhaustively treated. Notwithstanding her intense earnestness, Janet had a keen sense of the ridiculous.

Adelaide smiled placidly. "The congratulations will be offered to Mr. Darton in consideration of his having come into the property so unexpectedly. You must remember, Janet, that his father died more than a year ago. Mrs. Fergusson is not likely to be guilty of a solecism; she is an exceedingly well-bred woman." This was a great concession on Adelaide's part, because Mrs. Fergusson did not reside in Pelham Common proper, and she could not, therefore, be supposed to know the usages of good society.

"From all I can gather, Mr. Darton will be well received; every one seems prepared to overlook the past," Adelaide remarked presently.

"Indeed!" replied Janet. "People generally do manage to forget any unpleasant little episodes in connection with the past lives of influential men," she added quietly, after a momentary pause. There was no sarcasm in her tone as she spoke; she was simply stating a fact with which observation had rendered her so familiar, that she no longer felt disposed to resent it.

"My dear Janet, why will you make such spiteful remarks? It is so unbecoming in a woman." Adelaide always spoke as if she were the elder sister. "Surely there can be no harm in welcoming Mr. Darton home after his long absence?"

"Harm? no. If Pelham Common likes to kill the fatted calf, I for one shall raise no objection," replied Janet; and although she spoke rather measuredly, as was her wont, there was a very slight touch of irritation in her tone.

Then Janet relapsed into silence again. She was, in truth, very interested in William Darton's return to the home from which he had been banished in disgrace eighteen years before, because that return so closely affected a certain Lawrence Fergusson; but concerning the wanderer's reception by the Pelham Commonites, she was wholly indifferent.

CHAPTER THE SECOND
IS RETROSPECTIVE.

IN order to explain the allusions in the preceding chapter, it will unfortunately be necessary to inflict on the reader a brief outline of the life of Ebenezer Darton, the father of the man whose return to Pelham Common was exciting so many remarks.

Ebenezer Darton had married early, and commenced business as a greengrocer in an insignificant shop in a small street leading out of Pelham High Street. After a time he took a much larger shop in the main road. There he superintended the sale of fish, himself on one side, while on the other side his wife, arrayed in a large white apron, with a pocket in front of it to serve the purpose of a till, looked after the fruit and vegetables. "Buy, ladies, buy! fish is cheap to-day!" Ebenezer Darton would say aloud, by way of filling up each leisure moment profitably; while Mrs. Darton would hand over purchases or change to customers with a "'Ere y'are, me dear!" From this it will be understood that the business could hardly have been termed an aristocratic one. Then, his returns having greatly increased, Ebenezer had a board put up in front of his premises. On this board were printed, in huge letters, only two words—MONEY LENT; but those two words made Ebenezer's fortune.

"Ebenezie, don't let's never be ashamed o' the shop," said Mrs. Darton to her husband, when, it being no longer necessary for them to take so active a part in the business, they were seriously thinking of removing into a private residence. "I'd as lief live at Pelham Common as anywheres, and I don't see it matters its being within a stone's-throw of 'ere, as the saying is. I never mean to make no mystery about the shop; and it'd be more convenient-like."

Mrs. Darton was a wise woman: she was, moreover, a loving wife; perhaps it was partly due to the remembrance of her husband having taken her to be the mistress of a shop when first she proudly bore his name, that induced her to declare so stoutly she would never be ashamed of the means by which their fortune was being made. Love does at times work such strange miracles!

Thus it came to pass that Meadowlands, by far the largest and most imposing residence on Pelham Common, was purchased by Ebenezer Darton, greengrocer, fishmonger, and money-lender.

Although there was a certain amount of credit due to Mrs. Darton, inasmuch as she did not intend to keep the existence of the shop a secret, she had no idea that in making this resolve she might possibly be forcing herself to forego all social intercourse with her neighbours. On the contrary, she had thoroughly made up her mind to be on friendly terms with them, one and all; only she was determined that this friendship should not be based on a misconception of facts.

It is doubtful if "Ninepenny Manners" was published in those days. At all events, Mrs. Darton could never have dived into its instructive pages, or she would certainly have sat in state in her gorgeously furnished drawing-room, calmly awaiting the arrival of callers. Instead, however, of doing so, she ordered her landau at two o'clock one afternoon, about a fortnight after she had taken up her quarters at Meadowlands, and having clothed herself in purple and fine linen, she actually called at every house in Pelham Common, East and West, and invited all the adult members of each family to dinner at Meadowlands the following week.

"Lors, me dear, you'll be very welcome, if you and yours 'll only come," she said with hospitable warmth to many a startled matron, who was hesitating as to how to frame a polite refusal.

With few exceptions, Pelham Common deferred judgment. Then it met to consider the matter. All must accept, or all must decline: so much was certain.

"'I WAS AFRAID YOU'D BE GETTING YOURSELF INTO TROUBLE'" (*p.* 385).

Eventually all decided to follow the former policy, and the dinner at Meadowlands passed off with much *éclat*.

There is a certain class of folk who love to be select. They like to be able to talk about their friends and relatives in the Church or at the Bar. All naval and military titles sound pleasantly in their ears, successful literary characters they invariably receive with open arms, and the followers of Æsculapius are held in much respect by them. But best of all do they love MONEY. They abhor trade; that is, trade in a small way, where the trader lives on the premises, and has only an insignificant balance at his banker's. But successful trade is another term for money, and, as such, these people will worship at its shrine.

Thus the Dartons, with their magnificently furnished house, well-kept grounds, sumptuous table, and liberally paid staff of servants, became the fashion in Pelham Common.

Mrs. Darton never changed. She was always the same shrewd, kindly, vulgar woman, who had, from the first, helped her husband to build up his fortune. But she did not live long to enjoy the splendours of Meadowlands; and with her passed away the best influence of Ebenezer Darton's life.

When Mr. Darton became a widower, he invited his sister, and only surviving relative, Ruth, to keep his house for him, and look after his two boys.

Ruth had been better educated than her brother; moreover, she had a far more polished manner. She did not live at Meadowlands many years; still she remained there long enough to make Ebenezer Darton heartily ashamed of his connection with retail trade, and to impress upon him the necessity of bringing up his two sons as "gentlemen." In doing this, she robbed the man of every vestige of natural dignity.

Then Ruth Darton married Reginald Fergusson, a briefless barrister, and began housekeeping in one of the smaller houses in Pelham Common West. She would greatly have preferred commencing on a grander scale, but her husband was exceedingly poor, and her brother had not been particularly generous to her in the matter of dowry. So she furnished her house on strictly æsthetic principles, hoping that the correctness of her taste might compensate for the obvious scarcity of funds.

After her marriage, Aunt Ruth still continued to keep a watchful eye on her two nephews. Ebenezer had long since disposed of the shop in Pelham High Street, and had embarked as a money-lender and bill-discounter only. John, his elder son, went into the business, and delighted both his father and his aunt by the studied faultlessness of his grammar, and his careful avoidance in social gatherings of all reference to trade. But William, the second son, did not bid fair to be a credit to his aunt's training. At a very early age he evinced a strong partiality for low company, and at nineteen his favourite companion was Bob Myers, the son of a publican in New Pelham. The two lads were about the same age and height, and not unlike in feature; if anything, the publican's son was rather more refined-looking than the bill-discounter's. Mrs. Fergusson remonstrated with her nephew; then she mentioned the subject to his father; all in vain, William stoutly refused to be turned into a

"gentleman." After a time Bob Myers went out to the Cape; and Mrs. Fergusson hoped better things for her younger nephew, now that this undesirable companion had been removed from his path. Alas! poor woman, she was doomed to bitter disappointment. Six months after Bob's departure, William Darton was married to Polly Myers—Bob's sister—bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked Polly, whose powers of repartee, as she presided over the bar, were so highly appreciated by frequenters of the Half-way House. William was but a lad of twenty, and Polly was three years his senior, so that it is possible he was not quite a free agent in the matter. Mrs. Fergusson did not, however, make any such excuse for her nephew when she took upon herself to "break" the news to his father. Ebenezer was furious, as his sister intended he should be; and so unpleasant were things made for the bride and bridegroom, that in a few months the youthful pair followed Bob Myers to the Cape.

Then Ebenezer Darton executed a will bequeathing all he possessed to his elder son, John; and William's name was no longer mentioned at Meadowlands.

Sometimes Polly wrote home to her mother and father, when she would tell all that there was to be told of her husband and brother. But when old Mr. Myers died, and his widow sold the Half-way House, and retired to a cottage in the country, Pelham Common heard only one more fact concerning the settlers at the Cape. That one fact was the death of Polly, William Darton's wife. Polly's death did not, however, cause William Darton and his father to be reconciled, although her existence had brought about the breach between them.

Meanwhile, Ebenezer Darton was growing an old man, and he was glad to leave the active management of his business to his son John.

It continued to flourish, and John was rich as youngish men go, with a certainty of inheriting great wealth. Still he did not marry. Possibly he found some difficulty in meeting with a lady in Pelham Common of sufficiently good birth and refined manners to satisfy his fastidious taste, and his devotion to business prevented him going farther afield. Be that as it may, he remained a bachelor.

Then a terrible calamity befell Ebenezer Darton. John's lifeless body was carried into Meadowlands, one evening. He had been killed in Pelham High Street, by the fall of some masonry.

This happened eighteen years after William's marriage, when Ebenezer Darton was a very old man; too old, in fact, to withstand so terrible a shock. For three weeks he lay speechless. Then he passed into the Great Unknown.

Thus it came to pass that, after a sojourn of eighteen years in a strange land, William Darton was recalled to his old home, a widower, and, as middle-class folk count riches, a very wealthy man.

Little wonder that a gossip-infected locality like Pelham Common was deeply interested in this man; and that Mr. Slade and his two daughters were not the only people who were eagerly discussing his return.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

"A MAN CAN'T DO ANYTHING HE WANTS TO DO."

DESCENDED from a younger branch of a good old county family, Mr. Slade did not consider that any obligation was laid on him to follow a profession. He had never, however, possessed any landed property, and his income, which had once been sufficiently large to allow him to live in comfort, if not in luxury, had been so considerably diminished by unfortunate speculations, that at the time our story opens he had barely three hundred per annum. His two daughters, it is true, had fifty pounds a year each, which they had inherited from their mother, but this they were allowed to keep for their personal expenses. Thus it will be readily understood that the domestic arrangements at Surrey Lodge, as Mr. Slade's house was named, were necessarily conducted on a very economical scale. There were, moreover, certain ill-natured tradesmen in Pelham Lane who were ready to declare it to be a simpler matter to supply Mr. Slade with goods than to succeed in obtaining payment for the same. Mr. Slade was, however, more inclined to make a boast than a trouble of his poverty.

"My tastes are simple," he would say with airy cheerfulness: "a chop and glass of porter at one, a cup of tea at five, and a crust of bread and cheese at nine, is all I require. Why then should I ask for more? Look at my residence! What is it? A mere pill-box. Still, I have my daughters; I have my books; above all, I have my own thoughts: poverty cannot rob a man of his imagination. Believe me, I am content, aye, and more than content."

He was a handsome man, tall, well-built, with a flowing black beard faintly streaked with grey, and bright, piercing, dark eyes. No one had ever seen him depressed for any length of time, and yet he had met with many disappointments. Nevertheless he was, as he declared, content, possibly because he so thoroughly believed in himself. There is nothing like self-distrust for making mortals unhappy.

It was the day following that on which Adelaide had announced William Darton's return; Mr. Slade had nearly consumed that crust of bread and cheese which he was wont to declare was sufficient for his simple needs, when the clicking of the front gate arrested the attention of his two daughters.

"I wonder who that can be?" said Adelaide, as the front door bell was sharply rung.

Janet made no reply.

"Oh, it's Lawrence Fergusson," said Adelaide, as she recognised the tones of the visitor's voice in the hall.

Janet could have informed her sister as to the identity of the visitor when first his foot-fall was heard on the gravel pathway, had she chosen to do so; nevertheless, she had maintained a discreet silence on the subject. Even now, when Adelaide announced his arrival, Janet said nothing. There is no other sign, taken alone, from which it is so safe to infer that a lady is interested in a gentleman as studied silence on her part with regard to his movements.

"Well, Janet, and how are you?" inquired Lawrence

Fergusson, after he had shaken hands with Adelaide and Mr. Slade. His manner was, perhaps, a shade warmer as he addressed Janet; there was also the least possible additional emphasis laid on the personal pronoun; and then he greeted her last, which was in itself a slight deviation from conventional custom, because, as she was a lady and the elder sister, he should have gone to her before he went to Adelaide and Mr. Slade.

He would not take any supper, he said, having dined not long before. Then he threw himself into an easy-chair, and crossed his legs, after the manner of one who was thoroughly at home, and did not deem an apology for a late visit necessary.

When Ruth Darton married Reginald Fergusson, and migrated to one of the smaller houses in Pelham Common West, she was careful to preserve in her new home all the domestic arrangements to which she had been accustomed in her brother's larger establishment. And even when the death of her husband forced her to remove into one of the much-despised side turnings, she still did her best to keep up appearances, making her only son's appointment in a Government Office an excuse for dining late.

"Well, my boy, so William Darton's back at last, I hear. There's no hope for you now," remarked Mr. Slade, with the utmost cheerfulness. It is but fair to add that had he been speaking of his own blighted hopes, he would probably have assumed the same careless tone.

"Yes, he's back," replied Lawrence, rather shortly. He was still sore on the subject, but he was very anxious not to appear so.

People had talked freely enough during Ebenezer Darton's illness; they had said, without hesitation, that if the old gentleman recovered sufficiently to make a fresh will, he would surely bequeath the bulk of his property to Lawrence Fergusson.

And Lawrence had waited, saying nothing, and trying his hardest not to wish that the dying man might leave his wealth away from the rightful heir.

But, as we know, old Mr. Darton never did regain consciousness; and so, at his death, his son, William Darton, had been summoned home.

Then people had condoled with Lawrence Fergusson, and he had found all such condolence peculiarly disagreeable. Janet Slade alone had said nothing, although her family and his were on such intimate terms, and he had felt very grateful to her for her silence.

Even now, when her father alluded to the subject, she tried to give a dexterous turn to the conversation.

"How are they getting on with the Recreation Hall, father?" she asked.

"Slowly, slowly; there's no getting the men to work. They knock off at twelve on Saturdays, they won't work at all on Mondays, and Tuesdays they're fit for nothing. Talk about distress amongst the working classes, indeed! They might grow rich on the money they squander, and the time they waste. By-the-by, Lawrence," continued Mr. Slade, as a happy thought struck him, "do you think Mr. Darton will take up any shares in the Hall? We're terribly crippled for a few more thousands, and it's a chance that's not likely to come in his way again in a hurry."

"I can't say, I'm sure, sir."

"Well, I shall certainly make a point of calling on him to-morrow. That reminds me, I don't believe I have shown you our new prospectus; have I?"

"No, I have not seen it."

"I should like your opinion on it; I'll show it to you, at once." So saying, Mr. Slade hurried out of the room to procure a copy.

Supper being over, Adelaide began busying herself with a dainty piece of fancy-work, while Janet withdrew to the sofa, and leaning back, clasped her hands behind her head, a favourite attitude of hers when she was weary. Lawrence left the easy-chair, and seated himself at the farther end of the sofa.

"You are looking tired, Janet," he said, with kindly solicitude. There was, as usual, an indefinable something in his tone which seemed to imply not only that it was Janet whom he had come to see, but that Janet herself must know such to be the case.

"Yes; I haven't been in long," she replied.

"You are doing too much; you ought to give it up," he said, in that authoritative tone which men experience so much satisfaction in assuming towards women.

"I cannot do that," she replied, speaking quietly, but decisively, as if the suggestion was altogether impracticable.

A moment before, only the weariness which results from over-exertion was written on Janet's face: but now with the weariness was mingled an expression of indescribable sadness. The craving for sympathy is implanted in every human heart, however hardened, however shallow. But for a woman who firmly believes her life's work has been marked out for her, who is consumed with enthusiasm as with a burning fire, who is prepared to sacrifice her every inclination to her sense of duty—for such a woman to feel that those whom she loves best understand her least, is to suffer mental agony of which an unsympathetic mind can form but a dim conception. And if the woman be in her first youth, her sufferings will probably be all the keener. For the young are seldom tolerant. They are so apt to believe that the truth as it appears to them must necessarily be the whole truth, instead of a phase; and that those whose vision takes in a different range are wilfully turning away from the right. Age helps us to realise that we were never all of us intended to see truth under the same aspect. A pedestrian walking up Ludgate Hill is confronted with a different view of St. Paul's from one who approaches it, say, from Cannon Street; yet both are looking at the same cathedral, and each will be a true teacher in proportion to the fidelity with which he describes the sacred edifice as it appears to him.

Lawrence was not slow to observe Janet's sadness; but he thought she was wearying of the arduous task she had set herself to perform, and he longed to render her life easier to her.

At length he spoke, his remark being the outcome of his meditations, although the connection was not

very obvious. "That wretched old office!" he said, with some irritation, speaking of the particular office in which he held a Government appointment.

Janet coloured slightly. "It is no use grumbling, Lawrence," she said; but there was an unwonted softness in her voice which robbed her words of all semblance of reproof. It never occurred to her to *resent* his want of real sympathy; she only grieved over it.

"Oh, it's very well to say it's no use grumbling, being it overpowered every other consideration. Then Mr. Slade came in, and claimed Lawrence's attention on behalf of the new prospectus.

Mr. Slade was a man brimming over with brilliant ideas. It must be admitted that the attempts he had hitherto made to carry out these ideas had not materially improved his position, nor had they worked any particular good to the world at large. Still no reasonable person could doubt but that he would ultimately hit upon some plan which would not only fill his own

"THE TWO WOMEN CROSSED PELHAM COMMON TOGETHER" (*p.* 394).

Janet," replied Lawrence, "but as matters are now, a man can't do anything he wants to do." As he spoke he leant forward a little, and looked at his companion very earnestly. There was an eagerness in his eyes which said plainly enough that the "anything" from which he was debarred by the smallness of his income was, in truth, one particular thing—the taking of Janet to himself.

For one brief moment Janet was supremely happy. True, she fully realised how insurmountable was the obstacle of which Lawrence had spoken, while she also felt that she ought not to marry a man whose thoughts were not her thoughts, even although she loved him; but the man was very dear to her, and there was such indescribable happiness in the thought of his desiring her near presence, that for the time

coffers, but would undoubtedly cause his name to be handed down to posterity as that of a man who had greatly benefited his fellow-creatures.

He had recently come to the conclusion that what Lower Pelham most wanted was amusement. No sooner had this brilliant idea struck him than he set about forming a Company to build a Recreation Hall in Pelham High Street.

Although Janet was of opinion that Lower Pelham did indeed want to be amused, she expressed grave doubts as to whether it would pay for its amusement a price sufficiently high to enable the new Company to declare dividends calculated to fill with joy the hearts of the shareholders.

Now Janet knew much of Lower Pelham and its ways.

Mr. Slade was not, however, to be turned from his purpose by one or two dissentient voices.

He was so full of his new scheme, and so pleased to get any one to listen to all he had to say on the subject, that he kept Lawrence Fergusson talking until within a few minutes of midnight.

Mr. Slade was not naturally a dull man, but he had room for only one idea at a time. Consequently he failed to discover that the interest Lawrence evinced in the new Hall was entirely due to the gratification he derived from letting his glance rest, from time to time, on Janet, as she sat listening to her father.

At length, however, Lawrence rose to leave.

"I wish you would come round and see the mater when you have a quarter of an hour to spare. She seems very depressed just now; and you always manage to cheer her up," he said to Janet, as he wished her good night.

"I am so sorry she is in low spirits. Yes, I will be sure to run over to see her before long. Let me see: to-morrow is Saturday, and I shall most likely be leaving early; perhaps I shall be able to call in on my way home. But please don't say anything to induce your mother to remain in-doors, because it is quite possible I may be detained at the factory," replied Janet, exhibiting that quick sympathy which constituted the chief charm of her character. Those who stand in need of sympathy themselves are sometimes very ready to administer it to others.

"Dear me! I thought he never would go," said Adelaide, as soon as their visitor had taken his departure. "I was so dreadfully sleepy, I could hardly keep my eyes open."

Now this was rather unkind of Adelaide, because she more than suspected her sister's preference for Lawrence Fergusson.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

IN WHICH JANET IS INTRODUCED TO THE NEW MASTER OF MEADOWLANDS.

HAD it only been that during those three awful weeks in which Ebenezer Darton lay unconscious, Lawrence Fergusson had stood a remote chance of inheriting his uncle's property, few people would have felt that he and his mother were in any very special sense objects of pity, when the old man passed away without having executed a fresh will. They would naturally have said that as the hope within them had been kindled so suddenly, and by a circumstance so unexpected, the disappointment could not be overwhelming. But Mrs. Fergusson had a more reasonable cause for despondency than the passing into other hands of those riches which, for a brief space, she had half hoped her son might inherit. Ever since the death of her husband, Reginald Fergusson, she had been in receipt of two hundred a year, allowed to her by her brother, Ebenezer Darton. Not a word was said in the will which Mr. Darton had executed—bequeathing all his property to his elder son—about this allowance; still there had been a tacit understanding between the father and son that it was to be continued as long as Mrs. Fergusson lived. Of this understanding, Mrs. Fergusson was aware, and she had, therefore, had no fear for the future as far as her annual allowance was concerned; for her nephew, John, had been a just man.

But now that her brother had died intestate, Mrs. Fergusson's allowance had necessarily ceased. This was to her a most serious matter, for it was all she had to depend on, except the very moderate salary which a grateful country paid Lawrence for his services.

In her distress, Mrs. Fergusson had called on Mr. Tomlinson, the family solicitor. She did not, however, derive any comfort from her interview with him. She had no claim, either legal or moral, on her only surviving nephew, the solicitor declared. The whole of the property belonged to William Darton unconditionally, and as he was not even aware that his aunt had been in the habit of receiving an allowance, that tacit understanding which had existed between Ebenezer Darton and his elder son was certainly not even morally binding on the present owner of Meadowlands. Any faint hope which Mrs. Fergusson had entertained that the solicitor might continue to pay the allowance out of the estate was shattered at a blow. Mr. Tomlinson offered to furnish Mrs. Fergusson with William Darton's postal address, but added that if she followed his advice she would let the matter stand over until her nephew's return. Mr. William Darton might, of course, carry out his father's wishes in the matter: it was impossible to say what course of action might commend itself to him. In his heart, Mr. Tomlinson did not think William Darton would continue the allowance, for he distinctly remembered how enraged he had been at the time of his marriage by what he had termed his aunt's unwarrantable interference. The same thought haunted Mrs. Fergusson, rendering her very, very miserable.

And so, as the weary months passed slowly away, Mrs. Fergusson got deeper and deeper into debt. And then, when William Darton had at length returned, she spent two whole days summoning up courage to call on him. The more she thought over the matter, the more hopeless did she become. Looking at the circumstances dispassionately, was it likely that a man who had so much to forgive in the past would be magnanimous enough not only to re-commence the allowance, but to pay the debts that had been contracted during its suspension?

True to her promise to Lawrence Fergusson on the Friday night, Janet called on his mother the next day.

She found the poor lady, who had at length made up her mind to get the all-important interview with her nephew over that very afternoon, putting on her bonnet with trembling fingers.

"Oh, Janet, my dear, he has never been near me; and he returned on Wednesday, and this is Saturday."

"Did you expect him to call then, Mrs. Fergusson?" asked Janet, to whom all the bearings of the case were familiar.

"Why, I am his own aunt, after all, and surely, if he had had any forgiveness in his heart he would have come to see me."

"But, dear Mrs. Fergusson, was it not *you* who refused to have anything further to do with *him* before he went away?" asked Janet, who was both clear-headed and simple-minded. The former quality helped her to take a comprehensive view of the origin of the quarrel; while the latter prevented her from realising that the present disposition of the property put a very different complexion on the affair.

Mrs. Fergusson but dimly followed Janet's meaning. "Yes, I was terribly put out at the time," she said, "and with reason, I am sure: I shall always say that; still I don't think he ought to remember it against me now. It is so very long ago." To Mrs. Fergusson's mind, any kind of a past history was permitted to a wealthy man. It was only impecunious people whose antecedents must be irreproachable before those of good social standing can associate with them.

"Shall I walk with you as far as Meadowlands?" suggested Janet, who felt that in Mrs. Fergusson's present nervous state it would be better that the interview should not be delayed.

"Thank you, dear; I wish you would," replied Mrs. Fergusson. Then feeling that she was treating her favourite a little shabbily, she added: "But it seems like driving you out of the house directly you have come into it."

"Oh, never mind that," said Janet, smiling. "You have no idea how much I have to see to, and how glad I shall be to get home quickly."

And so the two women crossed Pelham Common together, the elder woman's heart sinking lower and lower at each step she took.

At length Meadowlands was reached.

"Janet," said Mrs. Fergusson suddenly, "I wish you would come in with me?"

The request took Janet completely by surprise.

"I will if you like," she replied very hesitatingly, "but——"

"Do, dear," urged Mrs. Fergusson; "the presence of a third person would, I am sure, help to lessen the awkwardness of the interview. And it isn't as if you were a stranger. See how well you knew my brother; and you remember William himself, don't you?"

"But very faintly; I was quite a little girl when he went away. I am certain I shouldn't recognise him now."

"I doubt if I should, for the matter of that; he is sure to be very much altered. But do come in, dear, just to please me."

Janet yielded, although she doubted the wisdom of doing so. Mrs. Fergusson seemed so bent on it, that she did not like to refuse.

They were shown into the drawing-room. Every article of furniture was familiar to them, and yet somehow the place looked different.

"That was a fresh footman," remarked Mrs. Fergusson. "I wonder what has become of Shaw? It is early days to begin making changes."

Then the handle of the door turned, and both women looked towards it anxiously.

Another moment, and Janet was confronted by the man who had behaved in so ungentlemanly a manner in the railway-carriage on "firework night."

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

"A 1 AT LLOYD'S."

THIS phrase, "A 1 at Lloyd's," has entered into the currency of our language. It implies, in its popular sense, all that is understood by commercial solvency and high standing. It is certainly questionable whether one person out of six could give any more satisfactory definition of this phrase.

The world-embracing and complex business of "Lloyd's" had its origin—a not unusual circumstance—in very humble beginnings. We must for a moment dismiss from our minds these feverish days of gigantic trade combinations, ocean-going steamers, huge networks of railways, daily newspapers, penny postage, electric telegraphs, and other modern and mighty contrivances, and go back in imagination to the more tranquil period that marked the close of the seventeenth century, when men lived more leisurely, and perhaps not less wisely. It was about this epoch that a certain Londoner, one Edward Lloyd, opened a coffee-house in Tower Street, which became, probably from its close proximity to the river, the favourite daily resort of people interested in shipping. From this slight circumstance how much has arisen! In this place of refreshment and social gathering, it was the custom of these individuals to discuss matters having relation to their special calling, and it was here that the germs of Lloyd's Marine Insurance business, with its connected interests of Classification of Vessels and Shipping Journalism, first took root. The *Tatler*, 1710, and the *Spectator*, 1711, both refer to this house. It is also mentioned in "The Wealthy Shop-Keeper," a poem printed at even an earlier date:—

> "Now to Lloyd's Coffee-house; he never fails
> To read the letters, and attend the sales."

But in 1770 the Underwriters and the Shipping Brokers, who had for so long made Tower Street their favourite head-quarters, found it desirable, with their rapidly extending operations, to form themselves into

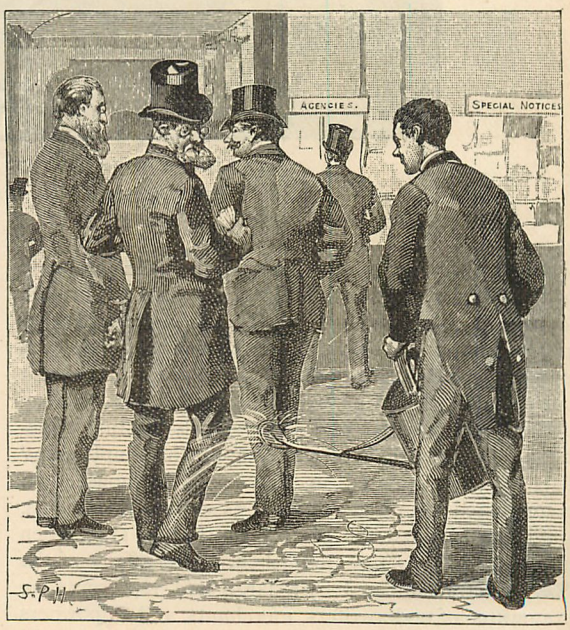
"INSURED AGAINST FIRE." (*A Sketch at Lloyd's.*)

an association, and remove to more commodious premises in Lombard Street. This meeting-place was afterwards exchanged to Pope's Head Alley, and again, a few years later, to the Royal Exchange. Here, finally, was established on a permanent foundation the colossal institution which has flourished with increasing vigour until the present year of grace, 1888, when "Lloyd's" is a household word "known and read of all men."

Each of the underwriters who meet at the Royal Exchange conducts his business according to his own views; and for these personal transactions Lloyd's, as a corporation, are in no way responsible. Lloyd's, in their corporate capacity, and their committee as the executive power, have nothing whatever to do with matters of individual business further than to enforce the regulations laid down by the members in general meeting, to carry out such steps as may be necessary to collect and distribute shipping intelligence, and to guard as trustees the corporate funds and property.

If an underwriter is desirous of becoming a member of Lloyd's at the present day, he must pay an entrance fee of £100, an annual subscription of twelve guineas, and five guineas for the presence of a substitute in the rooms. In addition to underwriters, there are non-underwriting members who pay £75 for entrance fee. All members, whether underwriters or not, have to pay five guineas a year for a seat at one of the many desks in the rooms. Upon the payment of five guineas per annum any individual is entitled to visit the rooms, read the papers and notices, and collect shipping intelligence generally. It is not needful here to attempt to describe the busy throng which frequents Lloyd's Rooms daily, with its merchant-princes, anxious brokers, prosperous underwriters and their attendant clerks, captains, and others interested in mercantile pursuits, mingling, gliding, and here and there crowding in groups, anxious to make the best of the day. It may, however, be of interest to furnish a brief sketch of how marine insurances are generally arranged.

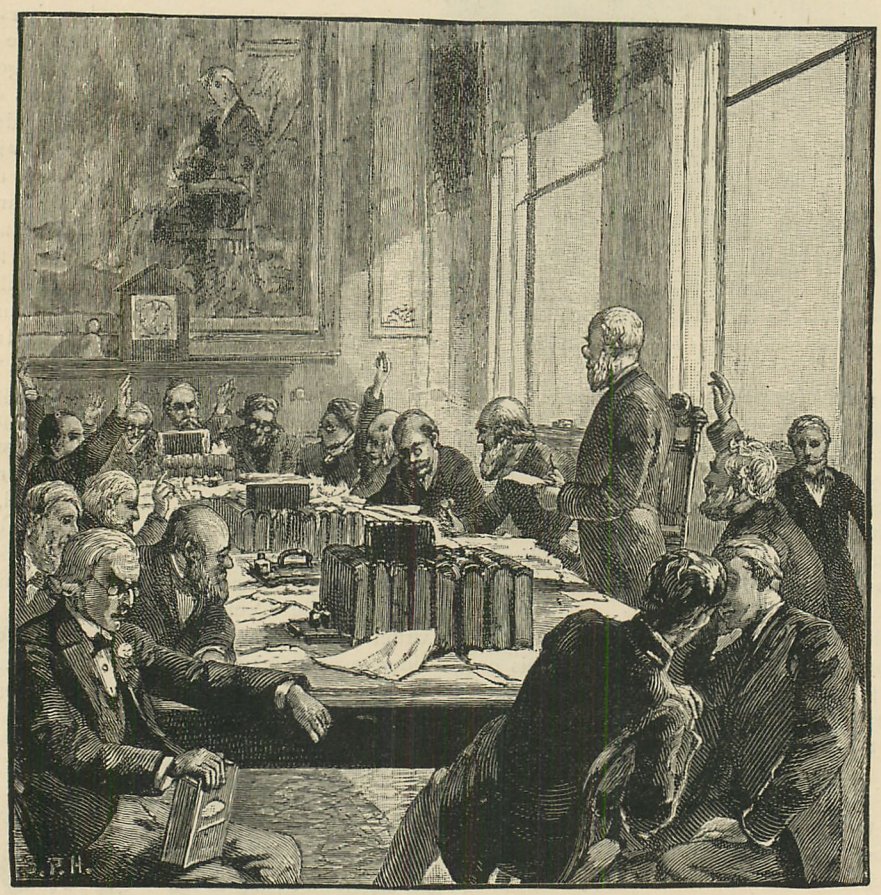
An insurance broker having received instructions from a shipowner to effect an insurance upon a particular vessel to the amount of, say £15,000, proceeds to the underwriters' room with a "slip," on which is given the name of the ship, with its class, master's name, cargo, and destination. The broker endeavours to procure the name of a well-known underwriter to "lead off" or head the "slip" with a large amount, say £500; others are then easily induced to follow suit with names and amounts they agree to stake. The insurance is considered effected so soon as the full amount is subscribed. A policy is then duly filled up, with names of the underwriters and amounts written on the back of the form. Insurance on cargo is similarly dealt with; but "ship" and "cargo" policies are effected quite separately, for various reasons—amongst others, a ship might become a total wreck, and yet the cargo might be wholly or partly saved; or a ship might run aground and receive little or no damage to hull, whilst her cargo might be completely ruined by the accident. The rates of premium for single voyages vary from 2s. 6d. to six guineas per cent. Any amount above this would be deemed a "sporting risk." An underwriter effecting an insurance has, therefore, to consider every particular appertaining to the vessel—owners, class, cargo dangerous or otherwise, dura-



"BUT NOT AGAINST WATER." (*A Sketch at Lloyd's.*)

tion of voyage, and weather likely to be encountered, and many other items too numerous to mention here.

The underwriters who meet daily at Lloyd's Rooms, Royal Exchange, to effect insurance upon ships, are almost entirely guided in these risks by the information furnished to them, which is of the most extraordinarily minute character, in *Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping*, a bulky volume, published annually at the sister institution in White Lion Court, Cornhill. *Lloyd's Register*, which is now the sole presiding authority over the classification of British shipping, has existed for little more than half a century as at present constituted. But this well-nigh perfect organisation is the direct outcome of the previously existing registries. These in their turn grew from the simple ships' lists which originated in Lloyd's Coffee-house, and were passed from hand to hand as written documents, until they attained the dignity of type in 1726, when *Lloyd's List* was first published. The affairs of the Registry are managed by a large and representative committee of underwriters, merchants, and shipowners drawn from the shipping ports throughout the United Kingdom; and surveys are carried on all over the world by a large staff of surveyors, embracing some of the foremost naval architects and marine engineers of the day. The widespread confidence felt in the rules and regulations of the Registry is amply shown by the fact that of the merchant ships of every type and nationality built in the United Kingdom, no less than ninety per cent. are voluntarily submitted to the society's survey and classification. The duties of the society now extend to many branches. It watches over the building of steel, iron, wood, and composite vessels, and periodically surveys the many thousand ships bearing its classification; it carries on the inspection during and after construction of engines and boilers of steam-vessels; it controls and regulates the testing of anchors and chains under the provisions of the "Chain and Anchor Act" of 1871; it undertakes the testing of steel at all the large steel works in this country and on the Continent where material for ship and boiler construction is manufactured, and performs a like duty in the inspection of heavy ship and engine forgings and castings; it provides for the survey and classification, under special rules, of yachts, and also



TAKING A VOTE IN THE SHIPPING PARLIAMENT.
(*A Meeting of the Committee of "Lloyd's Register."*)

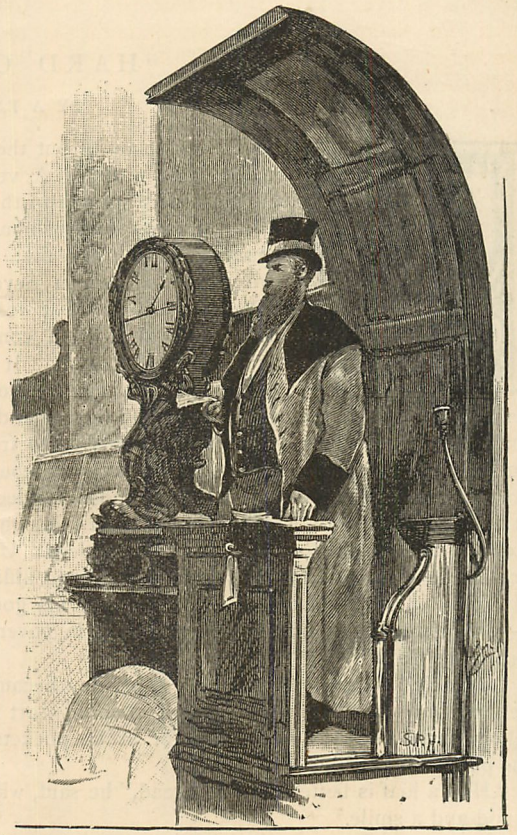
of vessels built for particular purposes; it assigns maximum load-lines to vessels in accordance with the rules and tables adopted by the Load-line Committee, upon the basis of the tables promulgated by the society in 1882; and, apart from the Classification Registers for ships and yachts, it also publishes a herculean work—*Lloyd's Universal Register*—which contains most elaborate information of the ships of commerce and of war, of all nationalities, from China to Peru.

The information given in the Classification Registers concerning every ship surveyed and classed is of the most exhaustive description, comprising—among other important particulars—tonnage, dimensions, freeboard, engines (with name of builders), materials, repairs of ship, where built (with name of builders), owners, port of ownership, and date of last survey. The talismanic charm of "A 1," which, it is interesting to notice, first appeared in 1775, is only applied to vessels of first rank. The relative grades of excellence of iron vessels classed "A 1" are denoted by numerals prefixed, thus—"100 A 1," "90 A 1," and so on. An interesting fact is recorded in the *Annals of Lloyd's Register*, which shows the vast recent strides in the art of steam navigation. What excites little attention in 1888 was in 1801, less than a century ago, a fear and wonder! In the latter year, a Mr. Symington built for Lord Dundas the first practical steamboat, which he called the *Charlotte Dundas*. In proof of the extraordinary speed then attainable, we read that this steamboat "towed two loaded vessels against a strong breeze along the Forth and Clyde Canal to Port Dundas, a distance of *16½ miles, in six hours*. This vessel had to be laid up for several years in consequence of the fear of the proprietors of the canal *that the wash of the boat would injure the banks*."

Harking back to our worthy host of the coffee-house, it is due to Edward Lloyd to mention that he started a weekly newspaper called *Lloyd's News*, in September, 1696. The press in those days was shackled with many restrictions, and the infant enterprise of Lloyd was arrested suddenly five months later by Government, owing to some unguarded criticism of certain proceedings of the House of Peers. But phœnix-like from the ashes of the dead journal arose in 1726 the renowned *Lloyd's List*, which, continuing until July, 1884, was on that date incorporated with what now is known as *The Shipping and Mercantile Gazette and Lloyd's List*.

The present journal therefore is, with the exception of *The London Gazette*, the oldest newspaper in existence.

The writer has lying before him a facsimile of *Lloyd's List* of Tuesday, April 9th, 1745, and it is interesting to note the enormous advance of the newspaper press since that year. The paper in question consists of a small slip, 11 inches by 3¼ inches, printed in "battered" type on both sides. There is a quaint legend under the heading of this diminutive journal to the effect given at the foot of this page.



A SKETCH AT LLOYD'S.

In this particular issue of April 9th, 1745, three small paragraphs sufficed for the whole of the casualties of the maritime world! Of these we select the last and longest paragraph, and invite attention to the peculiar grammatical construction and orthography:—

> The Falcon Privateer, Capt. Stonehouſe, was drove aſhore the 5th Inſtant in Kingſtead, and ſoon fill'd, and overflowed, even to the Main Top; ſhe is ſince drove up Briſtol River, where ſhe now lyes acroſs, ſo that no Ship can get in or out.

Lloyd's List has grown since 1726 from a meagre and almost insignificant slip to the dimensions of the modern daily newspaper.

RICHARD HOLLAND.

> —Subſcriptions are taken in at Three Shillings per Quarter, at the Bar of *Lloyd's* Coffee-Houſe in *Lombard-Street*.
> Such Gentlemen as are willing to encourage this Undertaking, ſhall have them carefully deliver'd according to their Directions.

Imprint of *Lloyd's List*, April 9th, 1745.

"HARD OF HEARING."

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

HERE'S ne'er an ill but there micht be a waur." A very old-fashioned proverb that, from a very old-fashioned country—a country first in every genuine reform nevertheless—a country that wears its "auld duds" till confident the new ones fit. It is a proverb that enjoins contentment with our lot, that imparts courage under the minor misfortunes of life, that forbids us to fret, and helps us to carry a cheerful heart and countenance, when things seem dark and gloomy indeed. It is a proverb with which I have more than once stopped the nagging of an ungrateful patient. Ungrateful to Heaven, I mean, who has seen fit to afflict him only in the third degree—doubtless for his good—while hundreds around him were pining in poverty as well as pain.

I condoled with an old sailor the other day because he had only one leg. He was a cheerful sort of fellow, and I think a bit of a wag, for as he pocketed the penny I gave him—

"Half a loaf is better than no bread," he said, with a nod and a smile.

But what, you may ask, has all this got to do with deafness? I am coming to that straight. I myself, then, like millions more, am deaf—in *one* ear. But I do not go about with a grave face on that account. "There's ne'er an ill but there micht be a waur." I might be deaf in both. Yet the same proverb might be quoted by any one completely deaf. Has he not other senses left?

As it may be a caution to others what to avoid in order to retain complete hearing, I may as well state how I received my own disability. I jumped into a hansom one day in London, and told the fellow to drive me to a place which, though I did not know it, lay in an almost direct line five miles to the north. It blew a blizzard all the way. Would I have the window down? No, I preferred the fresh air. So I sat like a stoic in the teeth of the snow, pale, nursing my wrath at my own folly in not asking the distance, and angry at myself for being angry. At last I reached my journey's end, half frozen. All that day there was a singing in the right ear, and by next morning the hearing was gone. It is five years since, and there is still the same trouble. But mark that the causes were the exposure to the high, cold wind, and the excitement of my own fuming, which drove the blood to my head. I tried all ordinary remedies in vain. I ought to have gone to a specialist, but I put the "evil" day far off. The fact is, I was a little afraid, for expert aurists go through so many wonderful movements, blowing smoke through the head, boring with silver probes, turning and twisting, and, in a word, treating it as if it were the head of a violin, and the ears were the pegs, that I dreaded damage to the one sound organ.

At a review and sham fight some time after I met a friend, and naturally told him of my recent affliction.

"Well," he said, "I should think being deaf was rather an advantage on a day of this sort."

But although he spoke in jest, there really are advantages and disadvantages in being deaf in one ear. The disadvantages are probably most disagreeably felt at table, when you may have to turn a deaf ear to the one you specially desire to be agreeable to. If this happens to be a lady, who has read your last book or admired your last picture, it is doubly disagreeable. There are two ways of getting over this: first you may screw your head round towards her till the chin rests on the shoulder, but this looks awkward; or you may turn the back of your head towards her, when, singular to say, you can hear all she says, but this would look doubly awkward, not to say ridiculous. Another disadvantage at table comes from the inability a semi-deaf person has of locating sounds. Some one has said a good thing, or some one from some part of the table has addressed you, but, for the life of you, you cannot tell which way to look in replying. There is this same disadvantage in the street. You hear a carriage coming rapidly along, and you want to get out of the way quickly, but you must look both ways before you start; your one ear will not tell you its direction.

The advantages, however, are not to be despised. Not more than half that is said in this world is worth listening to. That is consolatory. You can turn a deaf ear to all lingual disagreeablenesses. Even when induced to go to a lecture which turns out a delusion, you can lean your hearing side on your hand, and, while pretending to listen attentively, be alone in your own world thinking your own thoughts. But perhaps the chief advantage is this:—wherever you are at night you can obtain refreshing sleep. Dogs may bark, doors may bang, cocks may crow, hooters howl, and railway engine-drivers whistle out the whites of their own eyes, but they cannot annoy you. You are lying on your side, deaf ear uppermost, in dreamless, wholesome slumber.

But again the half-deaf individual has reason for thankfulness in remembering that, as a rule, the same causes that rendered him deaf in one ear might have deprived him of the use of both.

Nevertheless, I do not counsel the reader who becomes suddenly half-deaf to follow my example and neglect having the services of an expert aurist, if any such person practises within a reasonable distance. Much may be done—everything, in fact—if good treatment is had at the very commencement. Remember this, pray, or you may fall into evil, heartless hands: by an expert aurist I mean a thoroughly

qualified medical practitioner, who devotes his time to this branch of surgery. Their addresses, if unknown to you, can be had from your own family physician, who, however, will usually be able to put you to rights without your going to further expense.

It would take a much longer paper than I have space to write to describe the anatomy of the ear, and the pathology of the different kinds of deafness. It is a most intricate structure, fearfully and wonderfully made, and consisting of tubes external and internal, a drum, muscles, nerves, and bones of its own, all lying inside one of the hardest and strongest bones of the human body. This latter was specially designed by Nature to shield it from blows. It is supplied with air by a long tube called the eustachian, opening into the back part of the throat.

This tube I mention specially, to account for the fact of people becoming deaf through bad colds, or swelling of the tonsils. Observe that the ear must be supplied with air, or hearing becomes an impossibility. You hear this air crackling in the ear when you go through the process of swallowing the saliva. Well, if it is closed by the products of inflammation, or if it be shut up as to its mouth by the pressure of a swollen tonsil, it is obvious enough partial or complete deafness will be the result for the time being.

This is sometimes called throat deafness, and, like every other form of the complaint, requires special treatment. It is, perhaps, one of the commonest, if not *the* commonest kind. If caused by the pressure of the tonsil it is merely mechanical, and the remedy is removal of the cause. When, however, it is caused by the extension of inflammation of mucous membrane during a cold, it may or may not depart with the cold. It would then have to be seen to surgically, and the passing of a catheter might be necessary, a simple but delicate operation which only a professional man could be trusted to perform.

Another very common species of deafness is that caused by obstruction of the external tube of the ear with wax, which may be dissolved out or syringed out by a practised hand, when the cure would be complete.

If the drum of the ear be eaten through by ulceration, no permanent cure is of course to be expected, but a visit to a clever aurist may send the patient home rejoicing nevertheless.

There are inflammations of various other portions of the ear which I need not mention, all of which cause deafness. There is also a kind of deafness caused by paralysis of the nerves which carry the impression to the brain from the ear.

Many forms of the complaint are accompanied, especially at the outset, by disagreeable noises in the organ, or apparently in that part of the brain adjoining. It is as if one were actually listening to the rush of the blood through the vessels of the brain. I am not sure that it is not so, and that one cannot even judge of the state of his circulation by these sounds alone. Life's stream does not seem always to flow alike; at times it is but shallow, and we hear the water singing over its pebbly bed, as a poet would say; at other times it is more full, and goes roaring and surging along; anon it appears to meet with an obstruction which causes it to bubble and hurtle and boil, till the obstruction be removed.

But this same singing in the ears may occur in those who are not deaf, and if it continues long, it is well to consult your physician, especially if you be fat and plethoric, for it may be an early symptom of apoplexy, or what is called "a stroke."

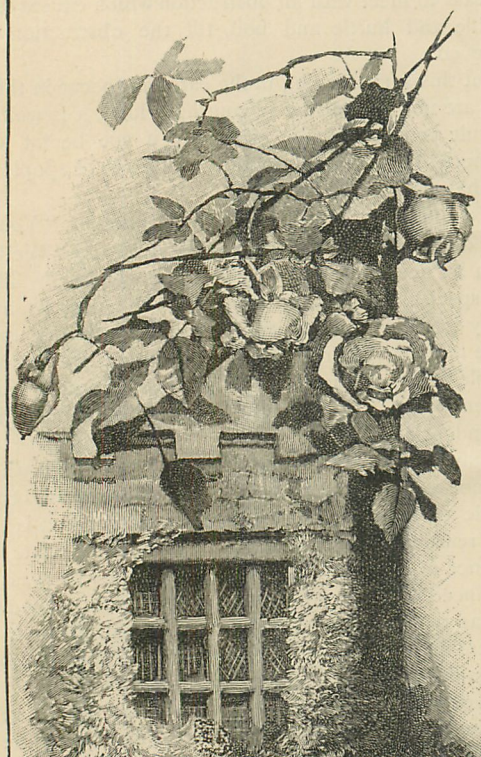
We often hear one friend say to another, "You're very deaf to-day," and perhaps the reply is, "Well, I am a bit deaf to-day, I vary with the weather." This is a species of deafness common in the nervous, and really arises from debility, consequent perhaps upon some temporary derangement of the digestive organs. People subject thereto should live carefully and abstemiously. They should try to live so as to be independent of the use of drugs.

I have heard it said that the deaf hear better when any noise is going on, probably because then other people are talking loudest. I really believe that is the true reason. But my grandfather used to relate an instance of the deaf colonel of a regiment who was so convinced of the truth of this opinion, that whenever he had to converse on parade with any of his men or officers, he used to have the drummer to beat up close alongside.

There is one affection of the ear which is of a very disagreeable kind, and which I must mention while I think of it: running from the ear. If the exuding matter were non-offensive it would be bad enough, but from being mingled, I suppose, with the secretion of wax, it is fetid. The most simple form is that occurring in children of a strumous diathesis, where it proceeds simply from the outer canal of the ear. It is not then dangerous in itself, and is remediable by great attention to health, and injections of an astringent and disinfectant nature applied by means of a little syringe.

And now having come nearly to the conclusion of my paper, what have I to say about the treatment of deafness? Very little, I fear. Were I talking to students it would be different; but the ear is such a delicate organ that in nine cases out of ten meddlesome domestic surgery makes matters worse. Each case must be treated on its own merits, and *the sooner the better*—simple cases by your own medical adviser, the more difficult by those men who make the ear a speciality.

But as prevention is better than cure, I may mention that no one should expose his ears to draughts, especially blizzards; that the less interference with the ear at all times the better; for example, picking the ear, or poking pins or penholders in it, does not conduce to contemplation; that wearing cotton wool in the ears is a stupid and dangerous practice, and more likely to induce cold than prevent it; that scrubbing the ear out of a morning with the corner of the towel is bad practice; and finally, that boxing a child on the ear may lead to permanent deafness.

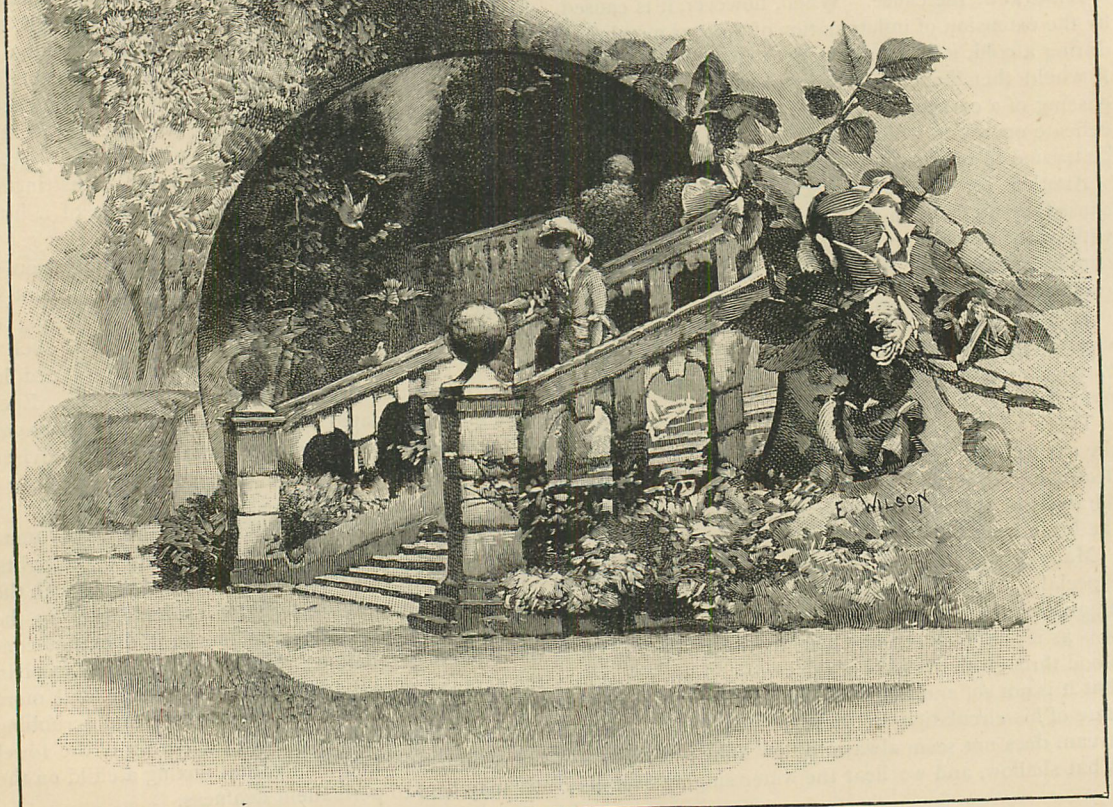


THE GARDEN IN JUNE.

A GLORIOUS month this in the garden! So glorious indeed that we find it difficult to keep out of it, and the intense freshness and life in everything around us is an unceasing delight. Yet we must not forget that this very enjoyment of the garden in June pre-supposes plenty of work in the months gone by that have now made it capable of being enjoyed. Such magic, however, is there in June, that it would seem almost to have the power of giving a sort of gaiety and beauty even to the garden of "a house to let," with its tall green overgrown grass waving about everywhere in the June breezes like a miniature corn-field, dotted here and there with a showy self-sown poppy and a gaudy dandelion, the lilac and laburnum by their very luxuriance betraying a stoic indifference to the absence of the gardener.

Let then the moral of this little summer day effusion be *this:* if nature unadorned, even under circumstances the least advantageous, be beautiful, what can we not make of our gardens by *assisting* nature?—for, after all, gardening is nothing more than this.

We will get to work then at once. And one little



commonplace, but very necessary matter, strikes us at once; we were alluding just now to the tall over-grown grass; it certainly has a beauty in those few days before the scythe lays it low in the hay-field, but what shall be said of an over-grown lawn? Can anything be more unsightly in the garden? And in June, when—in homely phrase—we "can almost see things grow," there is a temptation to pass the lawn by because of the press of work in other departments. But we must not forget that for nearly half the year the lawn often gives us positively no trouble at all, so that two or three hours every week must not be grudged for it now, especially since the mowing machine has almost decimated the labour that we used to bestow upon it. A lawn that has gone too long without the use of the machine, should have the scythe taken over it first of all, and even then when everything is done you will find that all looks lumpy and that the grass is varying in colour; indeed some little time must elapse before it can recover itself.

Passing along by our now gay flower borders, we notice that the annuals where they were sown to bloom will be improved by thinning out, so as to avoid over-crowding; in fact, this overcrowding of flowers is simply unsightly and untidy, and what is more, in a warm and rainy season they will grow so entangled that they will decay away altogether. And then again, this month we begin preparations for our rose-budding, which in a favourable season can positively be undertaken by the end of it. Notice, then, very carefully the stocks you intend to bud upon; if, for example, you find one branch very much stronger than any of the others, you may safely rely on it by itself, as it will be sure to maintain its lead; cut away, about this time, branches that you see you will not be able to bud upon, and this will still further throw vigour into your strong branch.

For the maintenance of bloom in the garden, bear in mind that seed sown in June will flower well before summer is over. Our dahlias we go on planting out, giving them at the time a good watering: by this we mean a good soaking, and let it be when the sun has gone down. A good plan for the trapping of the earwig that is so partial to the dahlia, is to put round your young plants one or two small reeds, or bean-stalks, or indeed anything tubular, which will divert the earwig from the dahlias when young, and before their opening bloom, a little later on in the season, offers such a welcome shelter to the enemy of the garden.

The kitchen garden keeps us this month naturally very busy with the hoe, as with our now rapidly growing crops the weeds will flourish also unless kept properly under. Do not bury or dig your weeds in, but let the pigs have them. And already you will be beginning to have at times a vacant spot in the kitchen garden, that is to say, a used-up crop. Have then these finished beds at once dug, and where necessary manured, and made ready for the reception of another crop, and always avoid growing the same sort of vegetable on the same ground time after time, or you will get a very impoverished and scanty crop. Scarlet runners are good hardy fellows, and will last on to the frost, so they may even now be sown for a late crop, though of course it will be all the better if you have some ready to plant out now from your seed-bed, which will come on earlier. Spinach again, as well as your peas, should be still sown in succession, and this more particularly if your consumption is a large one; it is important also to see that your peas have sticks given to them in good time: the absence of the sticks means having about half a proper crop.

But the fruit garden also will need our attention; let us hope that the gooseberry caterpillar, of which we have so often spoken, will not this season trouble us. A careful and judicious thinning out of wall-fruit that has set too thickly is always necessary in this month. Look well before you begin, and be very careful not to injure the fruit that you select to remain. An over-stocked tree will exhaust itself, give poor fruit this year, and probably none in the next.

"GOING A-BORROWING."

MONEY advanced privately and without publicity at five per cent." —"no inquiry fees"—"no delays"—"money lent by a private gentleman upon note of hand only"—what an apparent help and advantage to the struggling tradesman or, let us say, to a poor widow seeking to eke out a small income by embarking in a despairing effort at letting furnished apartments, or some such similar enterprise! And, considering that many of these accommodating offices offer "five per cent. per annum for deposits," the question very naturally suggests itself as to how the philanthropic lenders can possibly "make it pay." Let us quietly consider it.

First we will take up one of the daily papers and glance down the column headed "Money," and containing the advertisements of the money-lending offices. The wonderful sameness of the wording of the announcements and of the inducements held out immediately suggests itself. "Letters of application promptly attended to"—so they are, with a form to fill up and a demand varying from five shillings to two guineas for "inquiry fee," "solely to prevent fraudulent persons and others not requiring loans from putting the office to expense." Here at once is a contribution to the office expenses, and cases have

often been prosecuted in which bogus offices have lived on these fees; never granting loans, but after a few days "regretting that, as a result of the inquiry, the advance cannot be made." But generally the victim, partly unwilling to avoid the exposure of his having applied, and partly because he cannot afford the time and money to prosecute, is compelled to sit quietly under the loss.

"Money lent in sums under £30 on personal security and without publicity." Why under £30?—because, under the last Act, a Bill of Sale is not legal under this amount, and personal security is then the only practical security to be given, unless the borrower has some negotiable document to lodge, and in that case it would be cheaper to sell or negotiate it. And personal security *does* mean publicity—amongst one's friends at any rate, or how else can the surety be obtained?

"Without deductions of any kind"—true, for the interest and other charges are added to the principal, and the whole has to be paid in weekly or monthly instalments. We shall see the working of this later on.

"Distance no object"—no, for the office is first secured by its inquiry fee for any moderate distance, and railway fare is always demanded in addition if the applicant lives only the length of a moderate journey from the lender.

"Respectable householders can have sums of £30 and upwards without sureties," &c. Here we have the granting of a Bill of Sale hinted at and demanded—and a Bill of Sale is ruinous to a small tradesman, and indeed to almost every one. These documents have to be registered within seven days of their being granted—and these registrations are published in the commercial registers issued by private inquiry offices and subscribed to by most houses of business. Consequently the loan soon becomes known to every firm with whom the borrower deals, nor can the effect of it on his credit be long delayed. Every borrower, whether private or in trade, must have one or more friends employed in commerce to whom the news must come, and we all know that tales of such a nature do not lose in the carrying.

"Loans granted at five per cent." Five per cent. per what? Not per annum, but hardly ever less than *per month!* And thus we might for a considerable space criticise the advertisements, but our object will be best gained by giving a few cases of the working of some loan offices.

The writer's first experience with this particular profession occurred some few years back when, by a small-print entry in a trade journal, he found that a friend had given a Bill of Sale to a well-known money-lender for £127. On inquiry it transpired that (under the idea, too, that there would be "no publicity") the document had been given for a loan of £100, repayable, principal and interest, by ten monthly instalments of £12 14s. each, equivalent to an interest at the rate of about 55 per cent. per annum—or nearly "5 per cent." *per month.* Negotiations were opened with the money-lender (down in the basement of a house in a City thoroughfare) with a view of paying off and taking over the loan, when the very handsome offer was made of giving a quittance for £120—being, as the loan had then been only made a month, a modest interest at the rate of 240 per cent. per annum for the time! But fortunately there was a flaw in the Bill of Sale itself, the Act in force at the time stipulating that the effect of the document must be explained to the borrower by an independent solicitor. In this case the lender's solicitor only had witnessed the signature to a ready-printed Bill of Sale, and so, in fear of the loss of the principal and of exposure, the lender was glad to accept £107 8s. 4d. in settlement of the loan—even then obtaining the handsome rate of 89 per cent. per annum for the time the advance had been made.

It is very rarely, however, that the needy and ignorant borrower has friends to come forward to help him. Finishing the record of the above instance, it will not be surprising that, considering the above figures, the friend in question (being found to have a small capital) was offered 10 per cent. per annum, payable quarterly, on any amounts he might care to place on deposit with the money-lender, the deposit to be secured on mortgages of leasehold property. Mortgages of what nature? at once suggests itself. Doubtless the short leases of needy tradesmen who had borrowed from the office—leases at full rents and of very little value.

This may be said to be an extreme case, so now let us consider the practice of the more respectable class of the money-lending profession, and later treat of the methods of less reputable offices.

Our borrower, then, tempted in his distress by one of the seductive advertisements referred to, falls into the hands of one of the best offices. Filling up the application form with his name, address, profession, amount required, &c., if the amount be under £30 he must tender one or more friends as security; if over £30, a Bill of Sale on his furniture or fixtures, &c., in trade will be wanted. He then will have to pay inquiry fees, for an official from the office to inquire as to the position both of himself and of his friends, or to visit his home to appraise the value of his security, as well as to examine as to any previous Bills of Sale, if any. And here, in passing, let us inform our readers that these loan offices register all applications at the Trade Inquiry Offices, so that they (and any other subscriber to those offices) can always ascertain whether any loans have at any time been previously negotiated. If such be found to be the case, the loan office inquiry will extend to waiting upon the other lenders, in order to see if these previous loans had been paid.

These inquiries being satisfactory, the borrower will find he will have to pay 5 per cent. *per month* for the loan, or, what amounts to the same thing, the sum of ten per cent. upon the amount borrowed (in addition to the inquiry fees already paid), this ten per cent. being added to the sum borrowed, and the whole paid off in monthly instalments extending over not more than twelve months. Thus if £50 be the actual cash borrowed, twelve instalments of £4 11s. 8d. each would have to be paid, the interest, as already pointed out, approaching 60 per cent. per annum.

But he will not get all his £50. Out of it he will have to pay solicitor's fees, and the expenses of stamping and registering his Bill of Sale. Should, too, he fail to meet the regular payments, he may have his home sold off to pay not only the instalment due, but the whole amount unpaid of the loan and interest, as if payments had been continued to the end. At best he will escape with heavy fines added to the debt, and which must be paid before he gets his discharge.

Should a loan be required on deeds, reversions, life policies, or other similar security, the formalities and cost would be very nearly the same. Better by far would be absolute sale at once in the open market, than to be open to the possibility of finding the security sold "for a mere song," and without the power to interfere, should even one of the monthly repayments not be made at the due date.

Sometimes it will be found that in the case of personal security, and at times when tangible security is given (among lower-class money-lenders), the borrower and his friends will be required to insure their lives in an assurance office—not always one of the best. In such a case the lender, in addition to his heavy interest, will reap a commission for introducing the assurers.

Our applicant, however, may not fall into the hands of one of the higher-class offices, and then at best will have to pay a higher rate of interest, be mulcted in heavier fees, run the chances of heavier fines, and be less mercifully dealt with should he make defaults in his payments. Allusion has already been made to professing lenders whose only object is to extort fees; but there is another class—not companies or societies—who advertise for borrowers, but themselves have no money to lend. These gentlemen, when application is made, "introduce" the applicant to a money-lender, making a heavy charge for the introduction to an office to which the borrower might have gone in the first instance. A case of this sort came recently under the notice of the writer, in which, for a loan of £15, and interest £1 10s., to be paid in ten monthly instalments of £1 13s. each, the borrower actually received :

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Loan	... ...	15 0 0
Less Inquiry Fee	0 7 6	
,, Solicitor's Fee	1 1 0	
,, Introducer's Fee	2 2 0	
		3 10 6
		£11 9 6

That is to say, his loan of £11 9s. 6d. net cost him £16 10s., which would be paying in all very nearly 100 per cent. per annum.

There is a word to be said, in justice, on behalf of the better class of the fraternity. Money-lenders, as a body, are particularly open to fraud, and those who have the slightest reputation to lose would rather put up with a loss than have daylight thrown into their business by prosecuting the offender. But they must "make their money," then, at the expense of the honest, and this only enforces the adage that "the good must pay for the bad."

Now let us take a passing glance at the less reputable members of the fraternity. Many cases appear in the daily papers of the doings of money-lenders, who for divers reasons are not afraid of appearing in court—nor have some of the "society" papers been backward in exposing cases. The lender who charges £100 for the loan of £400 for three months (cent. per cent.), or £350 for a loan of £1,650 for two months, does business on a large scale, it is true, but the same principle applies as in the other cases we have had before us. The discounting of bills or promissory notes at the rate of from 60 to 80 per cent. per annum also agrees with the figures previously given.

The lending of money to mere boys on the security of their expectations is a practice which has resulted in great evil. Say that a lad of nineteen wants to supplement his allowance (not sufficient for his *luxuries*) by £50 a month. In two years he would receive £1,200; but for this, at 80 per cent., he would have to pay on his majority no less than £3,120! to say nothing of the loss on what he had purchased, at exorbitant prices and out of the proceeds, from the lender's friends and introductions, and out of which the lender would have made a heavy commission.

Writers of fiction have often amused their readers with tales of borrowers who, in addition to paying a heavy interest, have taken a portion of the loan in comparatively worthless wine, cigars, jewellery or clothing, &c.—all at very high prices. Unfortunately such cases are founded upon fact, and many have even recently come to light. Some time back a jury decided that, under certain conditions, jewellery even might be considered a "necessity" for a minor, and this afforded another opening for money-lenders to administer at exorbitant charges (from 50 to 100 per cent. more than the value) to the extravagant tastes of mere lads with an "expectancy" before them.

In a veiled form another species of borrowing has come into vogue of late years. To take "on the purchase and hire system" furniture, pianos, or what not, goods one does not actually need and cannot afford to at once pay for, is only to borrow the money for them at a heavy rate of interest. It stands to reason that the vendor must be paid for running the risk of fraud and bad debts, and must have interest upon the capital sunk in the purchase or manufacture of the goods, and it stands to reason also that this cannot be obtained without a very heavy increase on the sum he would be willing to receive for them were the buyer to go to him "cash in hand." Unfortunately, too (although firms of undoubted honesty have adopted the "hire system"), this system has of late been made by unscrupulous dealers an opening to induce the hirer to place himself in the hands of money-lenders, pure and simple, for supplies of cash.

Another form of veiled borrowing is the practice of buying goods on credit, even in the humblest form, for the tradesman must be reimbursed for the use of his capital and for his risk from less scrupulous customers. Enough, however, has been said to show that "he who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing;" that it is best to "cut your coat according to your cloth," and pay cash for all you require, buying better and cheaply by doing so.

W. J. W.

A FAMILY OF BOYS, AND HOW THEY WERE STARTED IN LIFE.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

THIRD PAPER.

MANY—very many months had gone by without a single letter or line being received at Wilton Grange from the exile St. Clair. This was passing strange, and caused a deal of anxiety to the young man's mother, and to Squire Marshfield himself, though he took every care to conceal it. "What can have happened?" repeated the mother over and over again. "It is not as though he were a bad correspondent."

No, this was true enough. St. Clair had written over a dozen letters, even on the voyage out. Everything was so new to him at sea; he had so much to tell of life on shipboard, of the captain, sailors, and passengers, of gales of wind, of calms, of the strange denizens that dwelt deep down in the blue silent ocean, but sometimes came up to stare at the ship, of the strange sea-birds that came wildly screaming round the quarter whenever they sighted land, and of the strange bright stars they saw at night. Then, on his arrival at Sydney, the letters had still continued. They were fresh and breezy for a time, and full of hope; letters that seemed to have borrowed fire from the land of promise. But woe is me! they got fewer and shorter, and less hopeful at last. Then one came to say he was starting off down to the bush, and would write on his arrival.

The poor squire was fidgety. He thought, though he did not say so, that his poor boy had fallen into temptation, had fallen among thieves. He did not openly blame his brother, the uncle who had taken up his abode for a time in England, but reminded him that it had been *his*—the uncle's—advice that St. Clair should leave these shores all but penniless, and on arrival in Australia take the first work his *hands*, not his *head*, found to do.

There were times when Mrs. Marshfield lost heart altogether, and wringing her hands, would exclaim, "Oh! my boy is ill, he is dying—he is dead!"

And always on an exhibition of this sort the squire sent for the brother, and he laughed her out of it. Australia wasn't like Guernsey, he would say, nor was Queensland a portion of Wales. Letters got lost in queer ways, and the only wonder was that any managed to come home at all. Making all due allowance for a mother's feelings, he must add she was very silly, and so on and so forth.

Meanwhile, home cares must be attended to. Fred was doing well, and so was Stephen, but John was getting ready to fly, and Egbert, though some years younger, thought of going to sea. I do not blame Egbert. In a family of five healthy English lads, there ought to be one sailor-boy.

Egbert would have gone as apprentice, but advice came in time. Good old Captain Ringbolt told his father plainly that the merchant service was not what it ought to be!

"Too many foreigners, my dear sir, before the mast, too much "talk" in the cabin, too much red tape on shore. It isn't sailors they need nowadays, but engineers. There is always room for mates, but no man would like to be always a mate, and he might wait for a ship a long time unless he had influence. And one voyage over, he would want influence again to get another."

"It sounds somewhat odd, Captain Ringbolt," said the squire, "to hear you running down your own cloth, or shall I say canvas?"

"Sounds, sir? Running down, sir?" exclaimed old Ringbolt. "True, but I speak from experience. The merchant service—I mean that branch of it on which a young man of pluck enters as midshipman and rises through the various grades to commander—does not offer the same advantages of a career that it used to in my early days. And just let me point to one thing in proof of what I say."

"Yes?"

"The number of commanders serving as mates. I wouldn't mind, sir, a son of mine being a middy or a mate in the merchant service, *if*, sir, I felt sure of his walking his own quarter-deck at the tail of the chapter."

"Well," said Marshfield, "Egbert has made up his mind to go to sea in some capacity."

Mrs. Marshfield sighed, and Ethie looked sad.

"Good, and your boy is clever, and has an aptitude for business; make him a purser, or a doctor."

"A paymaster?" said Ethie.

"Yes, my dear, pursers like to be called paymasters nowadays, and mates have bloomed into first and second officers."

Meanwhile, young John Marshfield had cut the Gordian knot of destiny for himself. Egbert could go and be a sailor if he liked. There was a touch of romance in the idea; anyhow, it would suit Egbert. As for John, he had no more poetry about him than a miller. He would stop on shore, and be a veterinary surgeon. Other fellows did well at this; why shouldn't he?

When he told Captain Ringbolt of his intention, that bluff old tar raised his snow-white eyebrows in some surprise.

"What!" he cried, "Squire Marshfield's son a farrier!" He spoke the words in somewhat the same tone of voice Rob Roy uses, when he shouts, "The sons of MacGregor, weavers!"

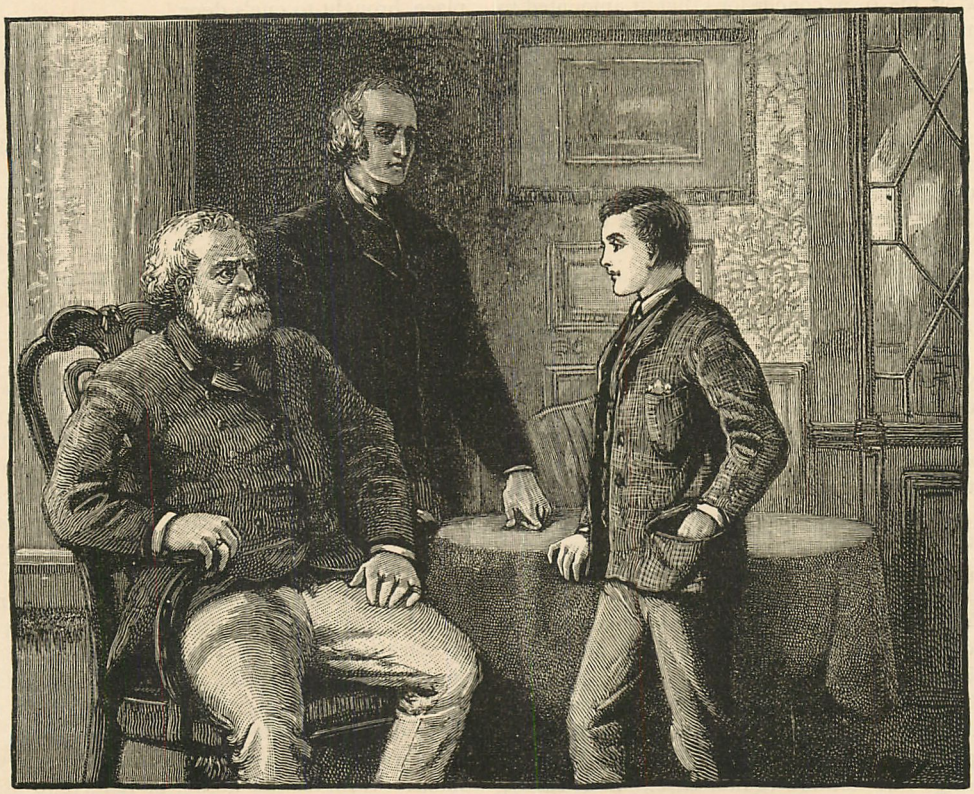
"Squire Marshfield's son a farrier! My lad, I'd rather you'd go to sea as steward in a Spanish orange-boat, or be 'capting bold' of a dredge machine on the

Clyde, than you should stop on shore to shoe horses!"

But John was not to be moved. He had plenty of proof that the veterinary profession was not only an honourable one, but lucrative as well, while attendance at classes would cause no great drain on his father's resources. It *had* been intended that John was to be farmer, and stay at home to look after the now reduced acres of Wilton. Farming, however, John had come to think meant lots of worry, lots of hard, not over-cleanly work, and not a deal to show for it at the year's end. To be sure, farmers always were and will be a class of people—these are the squire's own words—who do more than a fair share of grumbling, and who, if they hadn't bad crops, bad weather, and exacting landlords to growl at, would pick faults with the paper on their dining-room walls. But, he added, for all that it is a quiet and easy life, with ordinary luck.

That was precisely where the shoe pinched the squire. He had not had ordinary luck—so he thought.

But John had two friends in the village down yonder, whom he often went to see. One was the surgeon, a young man whose father had spent a round thousand on his class fees and keep, in a period of about six years, at college and medical hall. He had done well at the classes, taken prizes every year, had been a clinical clerk, a junior house-surgeon in the hospital, a general favourite with the professors, and had graduated with the highest honours. Well, he did *locum tenens* for a year after he became a fully-fledged medico, but he got tired of this, and as he did not care to enter either army or navy, "to be kicked about," as he expressed it, "all the best years of his life, only to retire at last with a jaundiced liver and a pound a day," he took his first chance and settled down in the village here, to "waste his sweetness on the desert air," as he phrased it.



"'WHAT!' HE CRIED, 'SQUIRE MARSHFIELD'S SON A FARRIER!'" (*p.* 404).

He told John it would be only for a time; he flattered himself he was too talented to stay long in a country village, and as soon as he could scrape a few pounds together he would buy a share and live happy ever after. This was Dr. Devon's dream.

Alas! there are many like him, who settle down and live and die in obscure country places. Money is hard to scrape together there. The brightest talents go to rust, and ambition itself decays.

No, Dr. Devon was not a man to be greatly envied, albeit he had a nice genteel cottage, a nice garden, and a nice old gardener, whose nice old wife looked after things out-doors and in.

But there was John's other friend, a rough-and-right sort of young fellow, who had succeeded a vet. of the

old school. Sims was his name; Mr. Sims, V.S., or M.R.C.V.S., in full. Simply that. His house was a big lump of a brick building, actually abutting on the street. Sims did not mind; he hated what he called second-class gentility. Well, his learning, as the good folks called it, had not cost him a deal, in either time or money: he had been no down-drag to his parents, but he was doing a roaring business. He had three good horses, and was well received by the farmer folks all round the country. He did not have a deal of night-work like the doctor, and in winter he could often afford a day to follow the hounds.

So knowing these facts, John begged to be excused for drawing his own conclusions, but it amounted to this, that he would be a veterinary surgeon or a soldier. Oh! many a good man has carried a rifle for Her Majesty. But John knew that it would not come to this.

"Where is your pride of birth?" said Captain Ringbolt to him one day.

"In my pocket," replied John, in his blunt way. "And," he added, "I mean to weight it down with well-won gold."

But John was not quite the age to go up to classes yet; he was only fifteen.

"Father," he said to the squire one day, "I'm going to assist Sims for a couple of years."

"Very well, my boy; I won't thwart you if your mother doesn't."

Mother didn't. She only stipulated that he should come home every night.

"That will suit me all to pieces!" said John. Slang may be expressive at times, but in this case it was hardly so.

"And," said his mother, "I'm sure your father will let you have the old grey pony to ride."

I'm afraid it was rude in John, but he could not for the life of him help laughing aloud, and the squire joined him.

"Really, mother, I can't fancy myself astride of old Tommy. Tommy means well, he is a pony of excellent disposition, and all that, and he can't help his head being like Ethie's guitar-case; and really, mother, you haven't noticed how long my legs have grown of late."

So John went to Sims as pupil, and he really did well by doing so. He gained a ground-work of experience that did him excellent service in future years. He soon became an adept in the every-day operations of a veterinary surgeon, and his eye became educated to illness.

And let me say, parenthetically, that aspect in sickness assists the medical practitioner to a very great extent in diagnosis, but it helps the veterinary surgeon even more. Your human patient can speak and describe his symptoms, and point to the quarter where the pain lies, but the dumb beast can only look pleadingly in your face; yet each serious illness has an aspect of its own, and experience alone can photograph this on the brain so that it never can be lost.

In due time John went away to London to attend classes.

He had been advised at first to go to Glasgow. "The examinations are easier," some one told him. "They'll run you through for about £150, and in little over two years; while you can live in Glasgow for half nothing."

But this particular somebody was wrong, for the examinations for both the medical and veterinary degrees are of very high standing in Scotland, a fact to which more than one "plucked" medical student can ruefully testify. The living is *not* cheaper in Glasgow, but the latter city is quite as healthy as London, and the opportunities of spending a holiday amidst wild and beautiful scenery are, in the former place, brought to one's door.

However, to make certain, John wrote to the Secretary of the Veterinary College, 83, Buccleuch Street, and received a courteous reply and all information, but finally decided to attend the Royal Veterinary College, Camden Town, N.W. I do not think he had any cause for regret in the long run.

London gave him one advantage—he was within hail of home; and Mr. Sims was always glad to have him back during the long vacations. Not that John spent all his time with this worthy vet., for he remembered the old saying about "All work and no play," and so spent weeks on walking tours through the charming scenery of Wales and Cornwall.

John found that before his admission as a student he must pass an examination in arts; one, too, which is considered by many to be moderately stiff. The exam. may be either of the following: (1) That of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain. (2) That held by the Committee of Council on Education for Government Certificates. (3) That required by the General Medical Council to qualify for registration as a medical student; or (4) the Special Examination of the Veterinary College, which latter John chose. It consisted chiefly of a good knowledge of English composition, arithmetic, Latin translations, some French and German, with the writing of an essay or thesis on a given subject.

He was advised before he went up to study certain books. Well, for the matter of that, John Marshfield studied all books relating to any branch of his profession which he could borrow, but he did not buy. Surely, he thought, my professors will recommend the books I should lay out money on. And he was right: they did.

The College year began on the first of October, being divided into three terms, two winter and one summer. The curriculum was of three years' duration, and there were three professional examinations. After having attended one winter and one summer session, and being eighteen years of age, he passed the first of these on chemistry, botany, and materia medica, including pharmacy and toxicology. After his nineteenth year, and corresponding studies, came his examination on physiology and histology, and the anatomy of the horse and other domestic animals. At twenty he passed his final with flying colours. He was examined as to his knowledge of morbid anatomy and pathology, veterinary medicine, and surgery;

therapeutics, the principles and practice of shoeing, and the examination of horses.

At twenty-one there was a new sign-board put up over the village forge ; an additional name was added to that of Sims, and on the door of a neat cottage, with a pretty and well laid-out garden, might have been seen a brass plate, bearing the inscription, "John Marshfield, M.R.C.V.S." For the country all round was an agricultural one, and there was room and work enough for two veterinary surgeons.

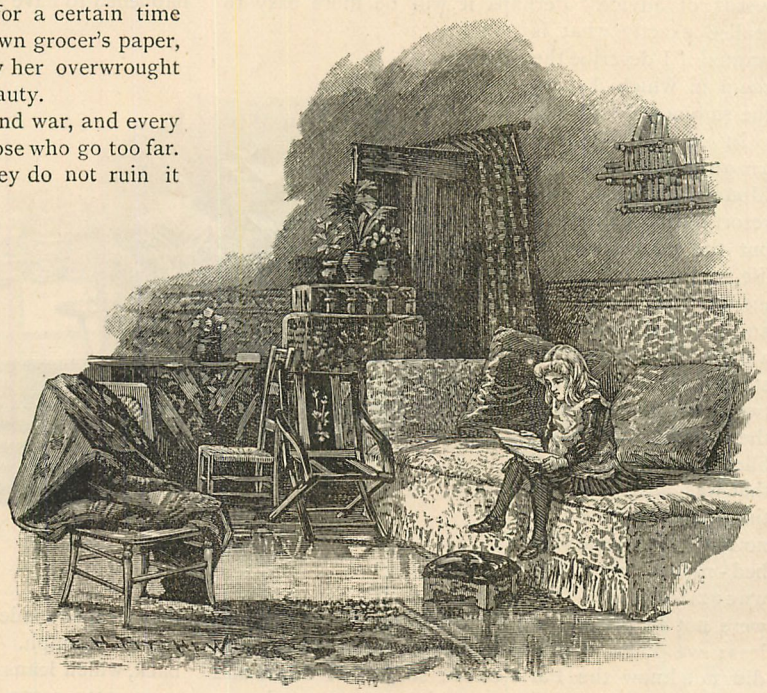
CHARMING ROOMS.

A GREAT deal has been written about the unconscious influence which objects are supposed to exercise over human beings. In many cases the subject has been decidedly strained, and I must confess that as a commonplace, unromantic woman, I have found its votaries rather a trial. For instance, when one gentleman visitor, after a single horror-struck glance at my Philistine drawing-room, pulled out a piece of cretonne (blue lilies upon a yellow ground) which he carried about to comfort his soul with, I, in my ignorance, thought he had escaped from a neighbouring asylum, and rang the bell violently for assistance. I also found it difficult not to shake the young lady who, coming to dine at our house with the trimmings of her dress torn and dirty, and her gloves buttonless, remarked that the love of beautiful scenery was quite played out ; for her part, she had never seen anything in it in comparison to the old Chippendale furniture and art papers, objects that so excite her imagination that she is obliged to retire for a certain time every day into a room hung with brown grocer's paper, and under its quiet influence steady her overwrought nerves, and muse in silence upon beauty.

Of course we know that in love and war, and every other campaign, there are always those who go too far. They hurt the cause a little, but they do not ruin it unless it has no good in it at all. It is certainly true that over many people a beautiful harmonious room has a most soothing influence. They may not be able to give you its prevailing colour, or describe any article of furniture, but unconsciously they are at their best when in it. Women who have much more to think of than art pots and cretonnes, know this well.

Some of the most charming rooms in Europe are those of certain lady diplomatists. There are fire-sides before which more plans have been over-ruled, more promises given, than men care to think of ; out in the November fog, restored to their sober senses, they wonder how they came to be so foolish, and do not realise that their rashness was as much due to the delightful fire, the shaded light, the atmosphere of roses and violets, and the *tout ensemble* of rest and repose, as to the clever wiles of the woman who outwitted them.

We all stamp our image on our rooms, more or less. While we live in them they are part of ourselves, but how soon they change ! To enter a room whose occupant has gone is almost as sad as to gaze at a dead face. The features are all the same, but we look in vain for the old expression. Stand in the study of a busy man one day after his death. There is a bright fire on the hearth. Here is the chair where he sat, his writing-table, with the letters and telegrams of yesterday unopened. There is a book he was reading. His favourite photographs stand in a row, his stick in a corner, his guns, his pipes, even his dog ; all is exactly the same, and yet how different ! Did the



OUR COUCH.

chairs ever stand primly like that? Was the table ever so tidy? It is hard to say where the change is, but somehow the personality has gone. There is an air of desolation over everything—a desolation which will continue till a new master comes, or till a woman brings her work-basket and rocking-chair, and croons her baby to sleep before the fire.

In a short time many of the inhabitants of charming rooms will be busy packing. They will be putting away treasures and covering their furniture with dust-cloths, for they must leave all their household idols, and take wing, to seek for health and life in more genial lands.

Many who are going for months, and who still want to have something they can call home, avoid hotels, and go to large and airy apartments which have been "highly recommended." Ten years ago there were a certain number of foreign health-resorts to which every one went; now each doctor has a place of his own to recommend. The invalid may be hurried to all parts of the world, the most obscure and un-get-at-able places being apparently the most salubrious.

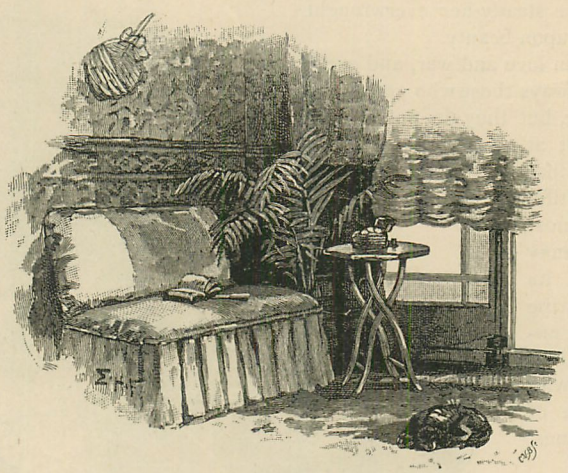
Many little trials await these invalids, and one of which I would warn them will be from their apartments. The rooms described as "large and airy" will be found bare and ugly, devoid of almost everything in the way of furniture; of course I am speaking of rooms in new places, winter places especially. Now, a dreary room has a very depressing effect, be its occupant in good health or bad; and so a few stores taken from England, the slightest increase in our luggage, will make just the difference between a dreary room and a charming one.

I should like to give intending travellers a few words of advice. Perhaps it will be more easy to realise exactly what is wanted if I describe the room in which I pass the summer.

In a little village among the Vosges Mountains, in a health-resort far from anything but the necessaries of life, we found our apartments. They were large and airy and as bare as a barn. One large table stood against the wall, two chairs on each side, the earthenware stove filled up the middle, and that was all. The sitting-room boasted of nothing else, though the bed-rooms were not uncomfortable. We were not in prison, and fortunately were not penniless; we knew the London shops pretty well, and did not know the Paris ones: so we sat down and thought, and then sent a very moderate order to England. I will try and draw you a picture of our room as it is. The floor, which is plain unstained wood, is always kept highly polished, and for a summer room I like the light boards much better than the dark staining. It is often cold up among our mountains, and we have two Deccan rugs for the sake of warmth. They are in two shades of blue, with a white and blue border, and are six feet long by four feet wide, and cost eight and ninepence each. Our two windows are hung with Indian Dhurrie curtains; they are not made from ordinary Indian Dhurries, but are made in the curtain with a dado; ours are yellow and dark blue, in stripes half-way down, when they break into broad bands of white, blue, yellow, peacock-green, and red. They are very pretty, and look just the thing for a foreign room. They are four yards long, and are seven and elevenpence each. I give the price for a guide.

Our little chairs ought to be admired. We bought them at a fair three miles away. Never in England have I seen anything so cheap or so pretty. They are common wooden chairs with rush seats, but their backs are well cut, and they are stained terra-cotta colour. They cost me exactly one franc and a half, fifteenpence in English money. There is a pretty occasional chair with a cane seat which I bought at the same place for two and a half francs. Certainly, my slight experience of French furniture has been that it is wonderfully cheap.

My couch and settee are what I am naturally most proud of. Did you ever see such a comfortable and pretty couch? Our landlady lent us a small iron bedstead, the kind often used for servants, without a high back. We made a cover to fit the mattress and pillows, of plain white calico, using it simply because we happened to have some with us. This cover was, in its turn, covered with a very pretty muslin of blue and terra-cotta colour. It is fifty inches wide, and sixpence three-farthings a yard. The cover fits all over the bed, and comes down at the end and at each side, where it is finished all the way round with a wide frill of the lined muslin. These muslin covers are very pretty, and if lined will wear well all through a season. For pillows, we used our down cushions, which we never travel without, and in their satin covers of blue and terra-cotta, they seemed made for their place. The settee was still more a triumph. It is a long low seat with cushioned back, which leans against the wall. It is covered with terra-cotta serge fifty-two inches wide. Its foundation was one of our largest boxes. We happened



THE SETTEE.

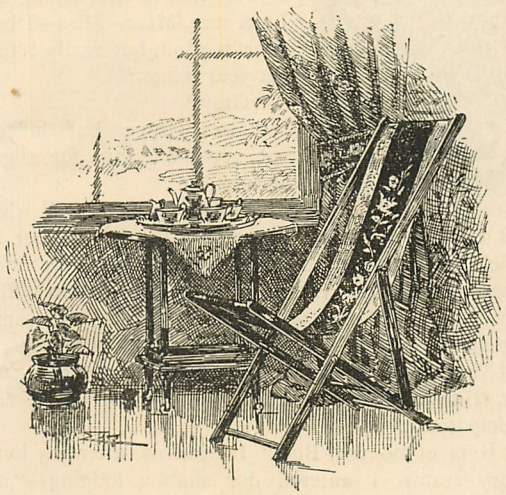
to possess a long wooden one, so we set it in its place, and opened it, and nailed the open cover to the wall. We got a piece of board cut exactly the same size as the top of the box, and nailed this on for a seat. We had two large pillows, and by means of long pieces of tape nailed to the box and tied across, fastened these to the seat and back of the box. We then made a loose cover of the serge for the back of the box, pillow and all; and another cover for the seat, which being tight, fitted neatly into the back, and then with tiny tacks we nailed the serge in thick folds all round the box. The result has been a strong, soft, and very pretty seat, and one which it will be perfectly easy to unpack and take away. We are well off for tables, for we had found a very large one in the room; and as we were sending to England, sent for a pretty little folding tea-table enamelled in white paint. It only cost five and ninepence, so we can afford, when we go, to leave it as a present for our landlady.

Among the small things in our room we have some pretty oak footstools carved by the people here. I have often seen them in England. We rather like our set of shelves. When we first came we missed our mantel-shelves. The walls looked so bare with no fireplace to break them; so, having with us one of the expanding hanging rails at sixpence-halfpenny each, we converted it into a set of very pretty shelves. When these rails are open there are three rows of pegs; we had three shelves of wood cut the right length. We fastened the pegs on the wall, and laid the shelves upon the three rows of pegs. There is no need to fasten them on, as they are perfectly safe and never fall off. We gave pegs, shelves, &c., a coat of white enamel, and were very pleased with the result.

The china stove makes a good stand for plants when the days are too hot for a fire.

You will see by this little description that our room is bare enough now, though it is greatly improved. There are many things which we might have taken had we only known. However, we have now to be contented with what we have, and all our friends say that our room is "charming." It certainly feels more like home than it did.

We could have been more economical and have made it nearly as pretty by substituting straw mats for the Deccan rugs, and muslin curtains for our thicker ones. It would then have cost about a quarter of the price; but in the case of invalids, comfort must be the first consideration. As it is, we have not spent much money. Had we sent our orders to several shops we should of course have had to pay more for the transit; but as I got everything from one firm, I had only one package to pay for. I strongly recommend all travellers to do the same. Go to a large furniture shop and have a parcel made up. Be sure to take at least two down cushions, a thick rug or some red blankets, a folding bath of wood or india-rubber, a stock of towels, a little table-linen, a dozen yards of India muslin in plain colours: there are beautiful shades of orange, just the thing for foreign rooms; some cretonne or serge; either some thick curtains, which are now very cheap, or some pretty muslin to make thin ones. Whether to take floor-covering or not depends a great deal upon your destination. Straw mats are cheap and very useful, especially if



OUR HAMMOCK CHAIR.

some shot is sown at the edges to keep them from turning up. If you are going to a cold place it would be wise to take a Windsor carpet. The smallest measures eight feet by seven, and costs about eighteen shillings, and they can be bought at all prices and sizes upwards. The Windsor carpets are the best to take, as they are not so heavy as many others. A folding camp bedstead at thirty shillings makes a delightful couch with pillows and a pretty rug. If you are going to Italy, don't buy your rugs till you get there, for the Italian rugs are most beautiful, and last for ever.

The American hammock chair, which can be adjusted to every incline and folded perfectly flat, should certainly not be left behind, especially when its price is only two and sixpence. I have seen these chairs made most ornamental by a covering of serge or velvet, put on after the wood back has been painted to match or contrast.

May I as a last piece of advice beg 'that some interesting work be put in the parcel? Buy a quarter of a yard of serge in every bright colour sold. Join these strips together so as to form a curtain in diagonal stripes; work on the join a pattern in light silks. The patterns should be as different as possible, to add to the effect. For instance, after a row of daisies have a row of stars and moons, then have some sunflowers, and a flight of moths or butterflies, or a row of mice. While away you will probably see some foreign flower or seed which you can introduce. See that every stripe is different, and then if it is well worked and lined with silk or satin, a most handsome and rare curtain will be the result.

OLIVER AND I.

A TALE IN TWO CHAPTERS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PROBATION OF DOROTHY TRAVERS," ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"YOU will excuse me saying so, I am sure, Miss—Miss—I beg your pardon, but really I forget your name."

"Grey."

"Miss Grey; but indeed you are too pretty for a governess."

I knew perfectly well what was coming. I had foreseen it in the manner in which she had eyed me from head to foot ever since I had entered the room, growing more sternly disapproving with each glance; and since the same reproach, couched in varying forms of phraseology, had been conveyed to me exactly six times that day, I should have been very simple if I had not anticipated it.

"It is of no use, Bob," I cried as, after my long weary tramp, I entered our shabby lodging—"no use. I am a great deal too pretty. They all say so, and I can't help it. What shall I do?"

Bob and I were twins, and we were both exactly nineteen. We had lost our mother when we were children, and our father was worse than dead to us, for to him we owed it that we were reduced to the straits we were now in. A man of good birth and fortune, he had years ago run through every penny he possessed, and all our short lives had hitherto been passed in flying from one place to another from the pursuit of his creditors. When we had been younger, this perpetual packing up and going off at a moment's notice had been a constant delight to us; but now that we were grown up the comedy had turned into grim tragedy, of which the last act had been played a few weeks ago, when our father had fled and left us, his two only children, to shift for ourselves as best we could.

After the first burst of despair at finding ourselves abandoned to our fate, we had made up our minds with all the rapidity and confidence of youth. Bob, wild to become a soldier, but without the education or the money to enter the service as a gentleman, was to enlist, and quickly work his way up by means of desperate deeds of valour; whilst I was to find a situation as a governess in an ideal family, who would treat me as one of themselves. We were very young and very foolish; but, at any rate, we were brave and we were proud.

"We will not be troublesome poor relations to any one," we had said, knowing that our father had by his conduct estranged all our relatives; "we will just go our own way, and try always to remember who we are."

But now, how was I to carry out my share in the programme in the face of my own beauty, which was always being thrown in my teeth? Even if I had had the wish to do so, I had not the power to make myself old or ugly; and it seemed that it was indispensable that a governess should be either one or the other. Utterly dispirited and wearied out, I sank into a chair and, hardly listening to Bob's well-meant efforts at consolation, caught up a newspaper, behind whose shelter I proceeded to give way to a good steady fit of crying as the best relief to my disappointed feelings.

"Wanted, for a situation in the country, a governess for two little children. She must be young, nice-looking, and lady-like. Apply to Mrs. Vibart, 60, Half Moon Street, at twelve in the morning."

Through my tears my eyes suddenly lighted on this advertisement. I turned the paper round. Why, it was a fresh one that I had not seen in the morning. Apply! of course I would apply. Was I not young, was I not good-looking, and was I not lady-like? Certainly I should get the situation. Bob thought so too: in fact, he was quite confident of it; and, comforted for all our disappointments, we both went to bed, and slept soundly until the next morning.

The next day, punctually at twelve o'clock, I found myself in Half Moon Street, and on inquiring for Mrs. Vibart, was shown up into the drawing-room. It was occupied, but not by a lady. A man of about thirty years of age was striding up and down the room, evidently in a state of impatience, for as the landlord of the house—they were clearly apartments—opened the door to admit me, he came rushing towards me, then, seeing that he had made a mistake, withdrew with a murmur of apology.

On my part, somewhat confused by this reception, I retired to the furthest corner of the back drawing-room, leaving him in possession of the front room.

After a few seconds of making a feint of reading the newspaper, he re-commenced his quarter-deck action, varying it from time to time by standing at the window and looking up and down the street. I had nothing to do but to watch him, although I should have preferred reading his discarded newspaper. By degrees, however, I became interested in him. I liked his face; I liked his brown eyes and square jaw; and I liked him all the better that he never gave so much as a glance in my direction. Suddenly, whilst I was wondering whether he could possibly be Mr. Vibart, he stopped, then advancing towards me—

"Do you know," he asked abruptly, "when Mrs. Vibart is likely to be in?"

For the first time our eyes met, as I answered monosyllabically, "No."

Then he smiled. I never saw a face light up from a smile as his did.

"I imagine," he said courteously, "that we are both waiting for Mrs. Vibart?"

I smiled too. I have unfortunately a sense of the ludicrous, and there had been to me something comical in our both occupying the small sitting-room for the same purpose without addressing a word to one

another. Now that he had broken the ice I was resolved that I would speak the truth, even to this stranger; nevertheless, I felt myself blushing crimson as I stammered out, "I am waiting to see her about a situation as governess to her children," and then I looked to see what effect this communication would have on him, almost afraid lest he too should at once say I was too pretty. But no; after suppressing a slight movement of surprise, he began to discuss the causes of Mrs. Vibart's absence in a general kind of way, but by no means returning my confidence by stating the reason of his presence. Meanwhile the door-bell kept sounding, and each time it rang my friend jumped up and went to the window, to come back disappointed, finally settling himself in a chair by my side, and entering into a conversation which to me was wholly engrossing, to him but a means of passing the time.

At last, just after the clock had struck a quarter-past two, and I was seriously thinking of going away, there was a sound of many voices on the stairs, a tramp of feet, laughter, and, finally, the throwing open of the drawing-room door and a confused babel of voices. My companion rose, and now he was more nervous than I was. Under his bronze and tan he turned pale, and there was a certain stiffness in his gait and manner that I had not noticed before, as he turned to a lady who had just entered the room, followed by two young men.

"Lilah!" he said.

She gave a tiny, half-smothered shriek, partly real, partly affected.

"Good gracious, Oliver!" she cried, "are you arrived?"

"It seems so," he answered grimly, almost harshly, it struck me.

"Why, my dear boy, I never expected you until to-morrow, or you know"—here she looked up into his face with the sweetest half-shy expression—"that I would have been at home to receive you."

"I thought I wrote to you?"

"Oh! yes, yes," impatiently, "but you must forgive me; I have no memory. I forget everything since my illness, you know. To show you how bad I am, I had utterly forgotten that I had put an advertisement in the *Post* for governesses, and now Mr. Hayes tells me the dining-room is full of them, and I am famishing. What am I to do? Do tell me."

She looked round her in a beseeching, helpless kind of way, and one of the young men who had accompanied her into the room burst out laughing.

"Ask them to lunch with you," he said.

I, in my corner, felt a strange inclination to cry, as much for my friend as myself. Somehow, he looked so sorry for himself.

"There is a lady waiting for you here," he said gravely, turning towards where I was standing.

I coloured crimson, for all eyes were directed towards me.

"Are you come after my situation as governess?" asked Mrs. Vibart, in her high treble.

"Yes," I answered.

"Then you must be so good as to wait, please, for I must have some food. Come down-stairs," turning to the three men. "Oliver, what are you stopping for?"

Poor Oliver! If ever I saw a man with disappointment and bewilderment written on every feature of his face, it was written on his. With downcast eyes he followed Mrs. Vibart a few steps out of the room, and then he came back.

"Are you going to wait?" he asked.

"I think so," I answered simply. "You see, it is a great thing for me that Mrs. Vibart does not insist upon my being plain."

Somehow he was a person who provoked confidence. He looked rather surprised, but asked for no explanation.

"Are you not hungry?" he inquired.

I was ravenous, having breakfasted on very little at eight, and being blessed with a healthy appetite; nevertheless, I answered, promptly and mendaciously, "Not in the least;" whereupon he once more withdrew, leaving me to speculate on what had brought him to Half Moon Street, and on Mrs. Vibart. Oh, how lovely she was! how beautifully dressed! how dainty and winsome, and yet——

The door opened, and enter Oliver, bearing a tray; on it a plate of chicken. He smiled shyly.

"I thought you must want some luncheon," he said. "I do not know if you like chicken, but——"

I suppose my face betrayed my feelings, for he said very gravely—

"Why did you say you were not hungry?"

I blushed. "Because—because——"

"Never mind," he answered quietly; "I knew you were."

Without another word he turned on his heel, and, shutting the door behind him, left me to my chicken and my thoughts.

Half an hour later I was walking home as if on air. Mrs. Vibart had engaged me as governess to her two children, at what seemed to me a most liberal salary of forty pounds a year.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

I HAD been at Croyland, Mrs. Vibart's country place, a month, and was as happy there as a girl of nineteen, who has to put restraint upon herself the whole of the live-long day, can expect to be. I liked my pupils. I had a pretty school-room and bed-room; and, moreover, a little drama was being enacted under my eyes that was becoming to me of such absorbing interest that I dreamt of it at night, and gave it my waking thoughts in the morning. The heroine of it was Mrs. Vibart; the hero my old friend Oliver, transformed into Captain Drummond; the subordinates, an old deaf aunt of Mrs. Vibart's, who acted as her chaperone, a singularly uninteresting girl cousin, and a changing pair of young men, who varied with every week. The children and myself did not count, as we only showed ourselves at luncheon-time, when we ate our meal in silence, prepared to retire to our school-room as soon

"FOR THE FIRST TIME OUR EYES MET" (*p.* 410).

as ever we had finished it, leaving our betters to linger over their talk.

During the month I had not at all made up my mind about Mrs. Vibart. One day I liked her—that was when she called me "my dear," patted me on the shoulder, and said she looked on me as an elder daughter—the next I positively hated her, when she would meet me as though she had never seen me before, talk to me of my "pupils and their studies," and convey to me how very necessary it was that a governess should be exceedingly discreet in her behaviour. A little, vain, shallow woman, living on admiration, there was not much to interest one in her, except in as far as she concerned Captain Drummond, who, I must confess, engrossed a good deal of my thoughts, and who was so perfectly different from her. I suppose so long as time lasts the Hetty Sorrels of this world will attract the Adam Bedes, the very strength and uprightness of the latter character finding a fictitious fascination in the weakness and shallowness of the former.

Bit by bit, partly from old deaf Mrs. Barbour, partly from my own observation, and partly from Mrs. Vibart herself, I found out in what relation she and Captain Drummond stood to one another. Years ago they had been boy and girl together, respectively the son and daughter of the clergyman and squire of a country parish in a remote part of England. As boy and girl they had loved each other, and plighted their troth, when stern fate, in the shape of the parents on both sides, had intervened, and bidden them think no more of such nonsense. Oliver had

been sent to India, and Lilah told to return to her studies and not give way to idle sentiment. This behest she had obeyed to such purpose that two years later, generously released by Oliver from any tie to himself, she was married to a rich stockbroker, under whose auspices she bloomed from the trusting, ignorant, country girl into the married woman of the most fashionable modern type. What she would eventually have become it is impossible to say, for six years after her marriage Mr. Vibart died, and she was left a rich widow with two children. It was then that, eighteen months after this event, Oliver, having ceased all intercourse with her during the six years of her married life, wrote to her from India, and once more proposed to make her his wife, he having meanwhile come into a considerable fortune. On receipt of his letter, she telegraphed to him to return at once to England, as she could not possibly give him an answer without seeing him again. It was this return, and his meeting with Mrs. Vibart, to which I had been an unwilling witness.

And now, week after week at Croyland, he was still awaiting her fiat. I could not make him out at all. That he was unhappy, very unhappy, I was certain. His grave, earnest face seldom relaxed into a smile. Through Mrs. Vibart's endless sallies, through all the nonsense her attendant young men talked, he would preserve the same unchanging demeanour, which, as the days wore on, grew yet stiffer in proportion as Lilah exhibited to him more and more of her real character.

Not but what he could be cheerful and lively enough if he chose, as I could testify on my first arrival at Croyland, when he had come in, evening after evening, to the school-room to romp with the children. This, however, had only gone on for a few days ; for the last three weeks he had not set foot in my domain, and if I and the children met him in the garden he would only give us a nod and a smile, and pass on without speaking.

It was all very strange ; how was it going to end, and what did it signify to me?

It ended, as I learnt afterwards from Oliver himself, in his sternly demanding from Mrs. Vibart, at the end of seven weeks, during which time he had given her every opportunity of studying himself and his fortunes, an answer to his proposal. This he had the greatest difficulty in extracting from her, and it was not until after endless temporising, beating about the bush, and trying hard to retain him in her train, by putting him off indefinitely, that he compelled her to come to the point, and give him the refusal she was so loth to speak, deeming it far better that he should hang on as one of her appendages, to be discarded or not in the course of time, according as she found some one else to suit her better or not, as the case might be.

That very afternoon he went away. I happened to meet him in the garden just before he started, and I never saw a man so transformed in so short a space of time. He looked ten years younger ; he smiled and laughed, he joked the children, and when he bade me good-bye, "We shall meet again some day, Miss Grey," he said ; and although I did not know how or where, I believed him, and lived on that assurance during the dreary weeks that followed. For, truth to tell, with Captain Drummond gone, the weeks were dreary, in spite of the house being full of company, and young men and gaiety the order of the day.

The fact was, I was very anxious about Bob. He had not enlisted ; his letters were as vague as his conduct, and all he told me was that he had made a very good friend, who gave him excellent advice, and who would probably get him an appointment of some kind or other. Altogether, I felt so worried about him that at last I asked Mrs. Vibart for a day's holiday to go up to London and see him. She was very good-natured in granting my request, and I wrote to Bob to say that I was coming, and that he was to meet me at the station, as I had not many hours to spare. But when I reached Waterloo, of Bob there was no sign. Up and down the platform I sought his fair hair, and erect youthful figure, but all in vain, and with every minute I grew more convinced that something had gone wrong with him.

In an agony of apprehension, I was making my way out of the station, when all at once, to my delight, I saw Captain Drummond advancing towards me. He came up with both hands extended.

"I was looking for you," he said, with his cheery smile ; "Bob sent me as his substitute."

"Bob," I stammered ; "why, do you know Bob?"

"Of course I do," he answered. Then, seeing my look of utter bewilderment, "I will tell you all about it when we have reached our destination," he continued, as he hailed a hansom and put me into it, placing himself by my side. To my amazement he directed the cabman to drive, instead of to Bob's humble lodgings, to Onslow Square ; but by this time I was feeling so shy, mystified, and altogether uncomfortable, that I could not bring myself to ask any questions, more especially as my companion remained as silent as myself, and did not seem inclined to volunteer any information.

When, however, the cab drove up at No. 112, Onslow Square, I could contain myself no longer.

"Oh ! please tell me what it means," I exclaimed, turning to Oliver. "This house, I know, belongs to a cousin of my father's, a Mr. Courthope, who has not spoken to him or to us for ages."

"And who last year married my sister," he added, as the door opened, and he led the way up-stairs to the drawing-room.

One glance at the kindly face of Mrs. Courthope, its sole occupant, re-assured me, as she took my hand in hers and made me sit down on the sofa by her side, whilst Captain Drummond quietly left the room.

Then I learnt, for the first time, that my father was very ill in America, and that he had only this morning telegraphed for Bob, who had immediately started for Liverpool, leaving Captain Drummond, who it seemed had sought him out and made his acquaintance immediately on his return from Croyland, to meet me at the station. It all seemed like a dream, as I listened to the gentle, sympathetic voice that spoke so kindly of my poor father; and when at

luncheon-time my cousin, whom I had never seen, but often heard of as the incarnation of all that was detestable, presented himself, I found him to be as nice and as pleasant as his wife.

Altogether, it was a wonderful day to me, for whilst Mrs. Courthope went to dress, to take me in her carriage to the station, and I remained in the drawing-room turning over photograph books and looking about me at all the pretty things with the eager curiosity of nineteen, the door opened, and Oliver walked in.

Somehow there was something in his face which put me all in a tremble; in a moment, as by a flash of inspiration, I knew what was coming, and when, two minutes later, he was telling me that he loved me, and wanted to make me his wife, my heart was beating so that I could not answer him. But I suppose he understood me, for he went with me to the station, and the last thing I saw as I steamed back to Croyland was his face smiling at me from the platform.

* * * * *

Oliver and I were married the very same day that Mrs. Vibart exchanged her name for that of Lewis, and became the wife of another very rich City man.

"Ah! dearest," said my husband, as we stood together on the deck of the steamer that was to bear us across to America—our wedding trip—where my father, although still far from well, was on the high road to recovery, "what should I have done if she had accepted me? I had proposed to Lilah Maurice; I was not prepared for Lilah Vibart, and the moment I saw her come into the room in Half Moon Street I felt that my old love was as dead as if I had seen her in her coffin. There was not a bit of Lilah Maurice left about her."

A CHAPTER ON "SWEET PICKLES."

BY P. HOWARD DAVIS.

"SWEET Pickles!" What a paradox! yet what a bewitching, entrancing, delicious novelty for our English tables! Try "sweet pickles" with hot meats, fish, stews, ragouts, &c. Try "sweet pickles" with cold meats. Try "sweet pickles" with a piece of nice bread and butter when your appetite is jaded or cloyed. Put "sweet pickles" on your table in pretty glass dishes, and note how your friends will be pleased with, and surprised at, this innovation. We use chutneys, why not then use the "sweet pickles" which are so popular in the United States?

Ah! perhaps you don't like the peculiar name. Well, "there's not much in a name," says somebody, and as Shakespeare remarks—"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," so would "sweet pickles" be equally delicious if called anything else. Possibly you would like the words "spiced fruits" better; that being so, "spiced fruits" they shall be.

Of course there are varieties of these spiced fruits too numerous to mention; by this I don't mean variety in the fruits, but variety in the methods of preparation and the consequent results. All are good, but some are good—for nothing.

My fancy takes me into an English kitchen, where everything is as clean as paint; the housewife or cook wears a nice white apron, weighs and measures all her ingredients, and follows implicitly the instructions given in CASSELL'S MAGAZINE—a copy of which lies open before her on the kitchen table for frequent reference. From such a source our "sweet pickles" or "spiced fruits" will be delicious enough to set before a king.

The very best and nicest all-round "spiced fruits" (for we will so name them) are made by the undeviating rule of proportion as under:—

7 lbs. pared and trimmed ripe fruit.
4 lbs. pounded white sugar.
1 pint strongest malt vinegar.
Whole cinnamon, } To taste.
" cloves, } To taste.
" ginger, } Tied up in muslin.

A few of the special, fine, delicate, or extra juicy fruits require the proportions to be varied, and of these particular mention will be made. Apples, peaches, and pears should be peeled; stone fruits of all kinds, tomatoes, and fruits with thin but toughish skins, should be "docked" or pricked; fine berries will be treated of elsewhere.

The method is simple. Lay the prepared fruit in a preserving kettle, in alternate layers, with the sugar; heat slowly—very slowly—till all comes just to a boil, when at once add and stir in the vinegar and spice. Allow five minutes' actual boiling—not more—and then remove the pan from the fire. With a skimmer pick out the fruit and allow it to cool; put the syrup, with the spices in it, back on the fire, and let it boil till quite thick. By this time the fruit (being only lukewarm) should have been put in slightly warmed glass bottles, pots, or jars, and the thick boiling syrup should be poured in over it. Let all get stone-cold, and then

close the spiced fruit in such a way as to render it air-tight.

Let me give a word or two of kindly warning. Sometimes it happens that the spiced fruit (if not quite air-tight) will show signs of fermentation. The reasons for this are twofold: first, the contents are not air-tight; and, second, the fruit has been removed from the pan with too much of the half-cooked syrup adhering to it. The remedy is to draw the corks or coverings of the vessels the fruit is in, and then, while uncovered, stand them in a large pan, with enough cold water to reach within an inch or so of the mouths. Put the pan on the fire till the fruit is scalding hot, but not boiled. When cold, seal the bottles, &c., so that they *will be* air-tight.

These spiced fruits improve very much with age, and should rarely be eaten in less than a month from the time they are prepared.

EXTRA RECIPES.

Blackberries. — The best proportions are: Seven pounds of picked, dry, ripe, fresh fruit, to three and a half pounds of sugar, one quart of best strong vinegar, one and a half ounces each of cloves and cinnamon, and half an ounce of whole ginger. The method is as given above.

Cherries.—I shall have to allow my readers to use discretion in putting up this spiced fruit; it varies rather considerably in the quantity of saccharine matter it contains, and no rule can be laid down to apply to black, red, and white cherries, and the varieties of each. The formula *I* have generally adopted for black cherries will be a guide—simply that, and nothing more. Fourteen pounds of picked, dry, sound fruit, four pounds of white sugar, one gallon of the strongest brown (malt) vinegar, and a table-spoonful each of ground cloves and ground cinnamon tied in a piece of thick clean calico.

Currants.—The same remark applies as to cherries. My proportions for black currants were: Eight quarts of berries—free from stalk, leaves, &c.—four pounds of sugar, and only one pint of vinegar—with spices as for cherries. These require an hour's boiling, and are not fit for use in less than three months.

Green Gooseberries.—Eight quarts of trimmed fruit to six and a half pounds of sugar, one pint of best vinegar (the fruit is very acid itself), and one ounce each of whole cloves, cinnamon, allspice, and ginger. Use half the sugar to all the berries, and a tumblerful of water (or slightly more), and allow to boil from two to three hours, according to the class of fruit. When nearly done, add the rest of the sugar, and boil all for half an hour. When *quite* done, remove from the fire, add the spices and vinegar, stir, cover the pan with its lid, and stand at the side of the fire to simmer for another half-hour.

Pears.—Peel, core, and quarter a peck of nice juicy and sweet pears. Steam them over boiling water till they are so perfectly tender as to go into pulp if squeezed between the thumb and finger. Remove, and allow to get cold. Make a syrup with three pounds of sugar, one and a half pints of vinegar, and half a pint of fresh cider, in which is a small bag of the usual mixed spices. When the syrup thickens, put the fruit gently in, and let all boil for half an hour. Now bottle, &c., as usual.

These spiced pears will be found to be the very pink of perfection for imparting a particularly appetising zest to made dishes and entrées of all kinds. They are also excellent when spread on bread and butter, or taken with blancmange or oatmeal porridge —in fact, "sweet pickled pears" are the handiest things imaginable in a house.

Many years ago, when I lived in California, I knew a lady from Florida who made the most exquisite sweet pickles of lemon and orange peels that I ever tasted. They were the envy of our social circle, and were sent far and wide as special presents. A bottle of Madame B——'s sweet lemon pickle was something to be proud of; it was something which nobody could match, and its preparation was most religiously kept as a mystery. Madame B—— was inexorable; she had "taken great pains to perfect the recipe, and it was preposterous to expect it to be given away, as though it was of no value." But on the eve of my departure for Europe, the old lady relaxed her arbitrary decision; she unbent, and positively gave me the recipe! Unfortunately, I have never been able to personally put it to use during the whole seventeen years I have had it, but I have given copies of it to my friends very frequently, and have always heard it highly spoken of. Here it is:—

SWEET LEMON PICKLE.

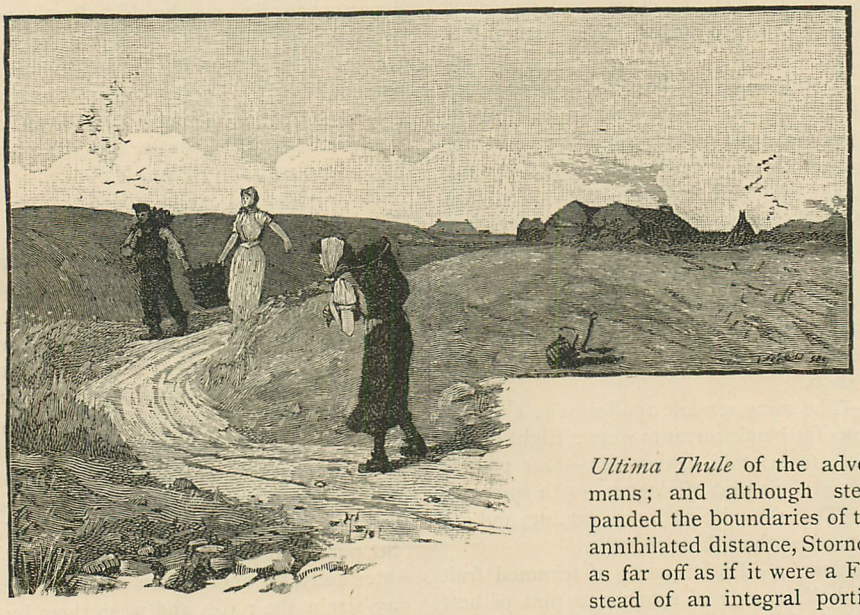
Cut the rinds from the lemons and oranges in large pieces, and then with a sharp knife shave away as much of the inner white pith as will only leave a paper thickness of it adhering to the yellow. Use three parts of lemon-peel to one part of orange-peel. Cut these rinds into pretty cuttings, thin strips, dice, &c., or with small tin pastry-cutters into various small-sized designs. Make a brine of salt, saltpetre, and water, strong enough to float an egg on its surface; put the cut rinds into it, and allow them to remain there for ten days. Take them out of the brine, and put them into clean water to soak, changing the water daily, for another ten days. On the twenty-first day strain the rinds, and wash them by holding them in a colander under the water-tap; then cover the rinds with clear water in the preserving-kettle, heat slowly, and boil for just five minutes. Now take the rinds out, *plunge them instantly into ice-water*, and leave them in it till next day, when strain it off, and give the peels a very, very gentle boil up for five minutes in strong alum-water; simmer very gently in this, as a hard boil will ruin them. Change *directly* from the alum to the ice-water again, and let the rinds lie in it quite undisturbed for four hours. It is now time to boil up again; use the same water as the peels are in, boil for five minutes, and let them lie over-night in the water they were boiled in, so that they will be nice and tender. Twenty hours after, strain away the water, and put the rinds in the preserving-pan, with enough fresh cold water to cover them, and sufficient

sugar to make it sweet, but not a syrup. Let the rinds simmer gently in this for ten minutes; strain them, and spread them on large dishes to cool. (The sweet lemon-water from the last boiling makes a pleasant beverage.)

The actual syrup is now to be prepared. This requires sugar to the same weight as the peels, half a pint of water for every two pounds of sugar, and half an ounce of sliced white ginger to every gallon of the finished pickle. Melt the sugar in the stew-pan, and when the syrup is quite hot, but not boiling, put the rinds into it, replace the lid, and simmer them till they look quite clear. Take them out; spread them on dishes to cool once more, and commence to work up the syrup by putting into it: for every pound of sugar, one pint of the strongest malt vinegar; to every gallon of finished pickle, one heaped-up tablespoonful of powdered turmeric; also put in mace and cinnamon, or cloves and allspice, to taste. Boil up this syrup to perfect it into a fine, bright, golden-yellow, thick liquid, and then put in the rinds for a final slow simmering of fifteen minutes' duration. Remove from the fire, and, when slightly cooled, fill into glass jars or bottles, and seal them up air-tight.

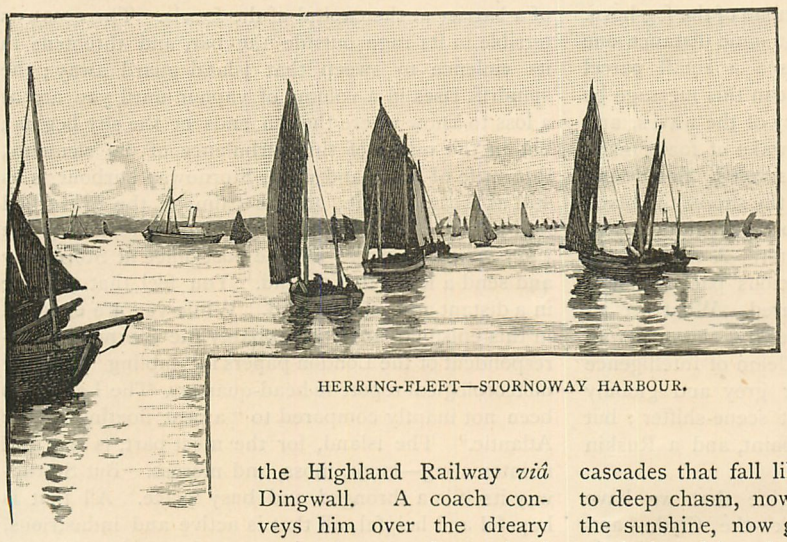
This recipe is seemingly complicated and troublesome, but will amply repay all the requisite attention. One taste of the resulting pickle will be a reward which is not to be soon forgotten or thought lightly of. In my own case, the enchanting flavour of it, seventeen years ago, haunts me still.

FAR-AWAY STORNOWAY.



POTATO-LIFTING.

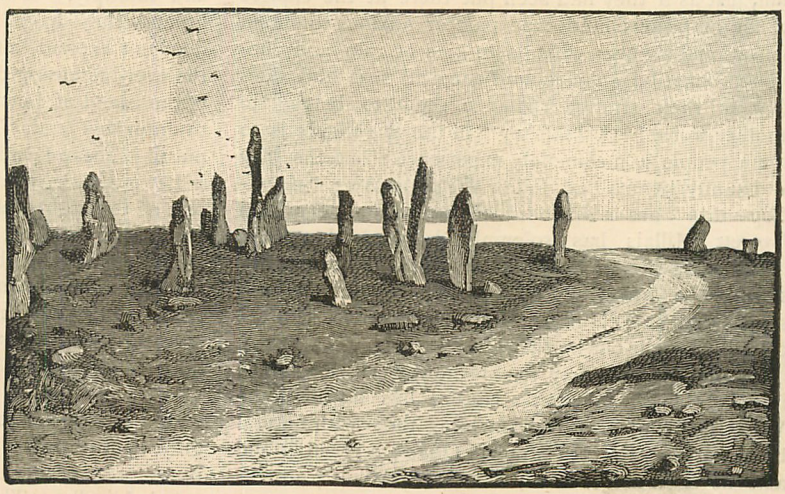
MR. WILLIAM BLACK, whose charming story, "A Princess of Thule," is the best possible guide to the inhospitable Hebrid Isle of which Stornoway is the capital, contends that whoever has been to the Lewis knows that ever after it remains in his memory as a strangely remote and inaccessible place, "seeming further away than Gibraltar, or Newfoundland, or St. Petersburg, or any spot, indeed, that is a familiar geographical expression." The brilliant novelist accounts for this fancy, arising in part from the exceeding loneliness and desolate grandeur of the scenery on the West Coast of Scotland. The Lewis was certainly the *Ultima Thule* of the adventurous Romans; and although steam has expanded the boundaries of the world and annihilated distance, Stornoway remains as far off as if it were a Fiji island, instead of an integral portion of Great Britain. It is near to us, and yet it seems remote. If time is an object, you can get from Glasgow to Stornoway and back within the week, having an entire day to explore the interesting island, and enjoying a sea-voyage, in a swift, and even luxurious steamer, that in its scenic glories, its historical associations, and its health-inspiring air, is not surpassed in the wide world. If you wish to still more economise your hours, and are at the same time prepared to sacrifice a little of your enjoyment, you can travel by train to Strome Ferry and take the steamer thence to the island of Lewis. There is for the tourist tribe an even more accelerated route, whereby you can be in Inverness in the morning and at Stornoway at night. The passenger leaves Inverness for Garve by



HERRING-FLEET—STORNOWAY HARBOUR.

the Highland Railway *viâ* Dingwall. A coach conveys him over the dreary mountainous and moorland wilds to Ullapool—a wild stag or two diversifying the monotony of the journey—where the mail steamer is in waiting to take him down the bold and beautiful reaches of Loch Broom, and thence across the rough and rushing waters of the Minch to Stornoway, the voyage being reduced to something like forty miles. The steamer route from Glasgow to Stornoway, by the Mull of Kintyre, is nearly 400 miles, and the cabin fare there and back is forty-five shillings, a rate so cheap as to induce the belief that the shipowner begs his ships, steals the coal, and gets the crew to work for nothing. If you are only a moderately good sailor, let me commend you to take one of the deep-sea steamers from Glasgow or Greenock to the far North. The *Clydesdale* is the oldest vessel on this route, and has weathered storms in which stout vessels have perished. My experiences of her sea-going qualities have been very pleasant ones. The *Claymore* is the newest, and is a floating palace ; while the *Clansman* may be called the classic ship of a splendid fleet that numbers under its flag such superb craft as the *Columba* and the *Iona*. The Stornoway steamers leave Glasgow every Monday and Thursday, arriving at Stornoway on the Wednesday and Saturday, returning on the Thursday or Monday. It is a magnificent trip. You live on the ship just as if it were your own pleasure - yacht, without its risk, expense, or trouble. The sail abounds in scenic surprises, and happy and unexpected departures from the formal time-table, for the steamer will alter her course for the purposes of trade, running up the sinuous lochs that indent the mainland like Norwegian fjords, and calling at lonely and unfrequented piers to deposit cargo or take up wool.

These short cruises off the beaten track are pleasant incidents in the voyage, and you take away ineffaceable memories of places where the mountains run down in sheer precipices to the sea, and where the only sounds are the breaking waves, the cry of wild-fowl, and the distant murmur of cascades that fall like liquid lace from rocky shelf to deep chasm, now gossamer-like and glistening in the sunshine, now gloomily grand in the rain and wind that drive the spray in rags of flying cloud. Other interludes occur, too, that defraud the trip of monotony. Suddenly, when you are miles away from land, the engines cease their throbbing, and everybody wonders why the great screw ceases to churn the water. Far away to the right a small boat is curtseying on the waves, making for the steamer with strained earnestness. It is a rude boat propelled with long, heavy oars, that a Viking might have pulled, and a rag of rusty sail. It comes to us from one of the islands with a box of salmon and a catch of lobsters. The bearded fishermen, with blue eyes and yellow hair, scramble with their spoils up the heaving gangway ; and in another minute the screw throbs again, and the little boat with its sweeping oars and tawny sail drops away far behind, a mere speck in the dark blue plain of sea. And while you are studying the colour of this mighty water-way, the purples and light greys, the cool greens and metallic blues, the changes made by transient gleams and sunny rifts in the delicately pencilled sky,



DRUIDICAL STONES, CALLERNISH.

you are startled by the unearthly moan of the fog-horn. You see the captain, as you pass at some distance one of the islands, throw into the sea a small parcel wrapped in brown paper. What can this message be that he has committed to the mercy of the waves, and which now seems lost in the wide wake of foam made by the great steamer's vibrating screw? Something of consequence, for—look!—from the shores the black hull of a small boat, with a sail no bigger than a sea-bird's wing, is moving on the water. A man and a boy pull vigorously after the precious package, now left far behind, and it is recovered. What are its contents? Simply a Glasgow weekly newspaper to give these simple islanders some gleam of intelligence of the great world outside their grey and gloomy shores. The *Clansman* is a great scene-shifter; but the pictures a Turner only could paint, and a Ruskin only describe.

In the meantime, let us imagine that we have left that river of ink and stink—the Clyde—and started on our devious course, passing Bute, Milport, and Ailsa Crag; sailing under the jagged Alps of Arran; been rocked to sleep round the rocky and turbulent Mull of Kintyre, and in the early morning have sighted Islay and Jura and Scarba, and stepped on the quay at Oban at luncheon-time; to resume the voyage along the Sound of Mull, by Ossian's shores of Morven, along the intricate Sound of Sleat, by Muick, Eigg, Rum, and under the impressive mountains of Skye, until the Minch, with the rollers of the broad Atlantic sending showers of spindrift, like spun-glass, over the bows of the *Clansman*, gives us our first glimpse of the Lewis, appearing like a purple cloud lying amid the green white-crested waves that now and again fall hissing on the deck. This catalogue of places might have been cut haphazard out of the pages of a time-table; but to the voyager to the Hebrid Isles what revelations of scenic beauty do these mere names suggest; what panoramas of lake linked with lake, valley entwined with valley; what mountain grandeur and gloom; what visions of islands picturesquely placed between the sea and the setting sun, just as if they had been put there at the caprice of an ambitious landscape painter anxious to obtain sensational effects; what memories of rain and sunshine, beautiful colours, and magical seas and skies that in their strange radiance seem to belong to another world! A "saft tey" in the Highlands is to some people a melancholy experience; but the blue and sunny gleams that follow the depressing "drip—drip—drip" are a splendid compensation. Sir John Everett Millais has solemnly declared that three hours' sunshine in Scotland is worth three months' sunshine at Cairo; and he is responsible for the neat saying that "Scotland is like a wet pebble, with the colours brought out by the rain."

In the spacious bay at Stornoway all England's ironclads might anchor. Nature has favoured the West Highland ports by providing them with natural breakwaters. Kerrera protects Oban; a green island acts as a closed doorway when the Atlantic attacks Tobermory; and a similar island serves the purposes of a barrier at the capital of the Lewis. The ocean is terrible in its rage outside the bar, and threatens in its violence to sweep that island guard away; the spindrift rises in a volume of vapour until you are at a loss to know where the sea ends or the sky begins; but in the midst of this turbulence of the elements, this strife of wave and wind, Stornoway harbour is as still as a canal basin, and as calm as the proverbial mill-pond. The first thing you do after leaving the *Clansman* is to make for the post-office at Stornoway and send a letter to England. You feel that you are in a distant and foreign land. While you are engaged in this epistolar anxiety, probably the Stornoway correspondent of the London papers is "cabling" his daily meteorological report to head-quarters. The Lewis has been not inaptly compared to "a peat floating in the Atlantic." The island, for the most part, is flat and uninteresting—moor, moss, and morass. But Stornoway itself is a thronged and busy place. All that is hopeful and helpful, all that is active and industrious, all that is courageous and resourceful, in the island of Lewis—an island sixty miles long and twenty-five miles broad—is congregated and concentrated in the streets and quays of Stornoway. Stornoway is the Great Yarmouth of the Hebrides. Next to Wick, it is the great seat of the herring fishery.

The inhabitants of the Lewis are two distinct races. The fisherfolk, energetic and hard of endurance, as prosperous as they are dauntless, are descendants of the Norsemen, and have the salt blood of the Vikings in their veins. Blue-eyed, fair-haired, tall, and stalwart, they have the Scandinavian type of face, and are full of courage and fertile of resource. The "crofters" are of the Celtic type, with all the Celt's constitutional failings. The "bee-hive" dwellings of the Lewis peasantry are little better than the huts of the Esquimaux. They possess neither window nor chimney. The interior is always filled with a thick cloud of stinging smoke from the mouldering peat fire; and the refuse placed under the rude, unmortared, turf-covered walls, is more fertilising than fragrant. In these humid hovels the people marry and multiply. But the patch of poverty-stricken ground they have placed under partial cultivation does not expand, although it is expected to support the ever-increasing demand made on it. Five-sixths of the island of Lewis is a morass. It would not pay to drain this land. The only profitable use it can be put to is sheep-farming.

Lewis Castle, the residence of Lady Matheson, is one of the sights of Stornoway. It is an imposing castellated building, standing on a terrace above the rocks, overlooking the beautiful bay, the wide Atlantic plain, and the distant mountains of Ross and Sutherland, rising vague and spectral in the pale greys and ethereal blues where the sea and sky absorb each other. The green plantations that surround Lewis Castle come as a grateful surprise to the eye tired with stern rocks, sombre shores, morose moors, and grey, neutral tints. In this fine domain there are ten miles of carriage-drives and five miles of winding, wooded walks. The conservatories make the Lon-

doner think of Kew Gardens. They form a tropical scene of flowers and fruit, of sweet smells and captivating colours in the midst of surroundings the most rugged, and a climate the most inhospitable. The contrast between the black and barren moors and this glass-closed world—these green terraces and wooded hills—is a very striking one, and the visitor to Stornoway should not omit visiting the Castle, where he will be received with true Highland courtesy.

It is customary to speak of the Lewis and the Harris as if they were two separate islands, whereas they are one, and known under the generic name of the "Long Island." The isthmus between West and

STORNOWAY.

East Lochs Tarbert forms a natural boundary between the Harris and the Lewis, the former being in Inverness-shire, and the latter in the county of Ross. Lord Dunmore once owned the island of Harris, but in 1871 he sold half of it to Sir Charles Scott. On his own half Lord Dunmore farms extensively. His flocks of Cheviots and herd of West Highland cattle are the pride of the Hebrides. The character of the scenery of the Harris is identical with that of the Lewis. A treeless waste of bare rock and black bog, it is the most dreary desert to which you could in an uncharitable moment wish to banish your bitterest enemy. The village of Tarbert, however, is superior to the hamlets in the Lewis. Some of the houses are so far civilised as to have slated roofs; and in these cheerful cots are spun the famous Harris tweeds. The machinery is primitive; but the quality of the wool is undeniable, and the cloth has a high reputation.

The most picturesque part of the Lewis is on the north-west side of the island. Here the coast scenery is weird and wild. Always bold and impressive, at some points it is savagely sublime. There are strangely indented headlands, their black heights half shrouded in mist, with the Atlantic ever booming with a sullen roar at their base, and sending up the iron crags columns of smoking spray. A favourite tourist resort is Callernish, with its "Druidical" stones. You drive right across the island to get to this isolated spot. There is a good carriage-road through the mountainous moorland, and you pass on the way those depressing evidences of the wretched hand-to-mouth existence of the peasantry to which allusion has been made. The "Druidical" stones are of great antiquarian interest, although they are a puzzle to learned archæologists. There are forty-eight roughly-hewn pillars of gneiss, standing on a lonely wind-swept plateau overlooking the Atlantic. These mysterious megalithic memorials recall the voiceless monuments of Stonehenge, and the inscrutable cromlechs on the Carnac plain of Brittany. A little further north of Callernish, and passing the remote inn of Garra-na-hina, which is so associated with sweet Princess Sheila, and the King of Borva, and John the Piper, is another relic of a far-off and forgotten past, dim, distant, legendary, traditional. The Pictish tower at Carloway stands on a bleak table-land overlooking the grey and gusty sea. Boulders of glistening gneiss protrude out of the barren heath. The walls of this ancient round tower—perhaps once the fortalice of one of the austere old Norsemen—are unmortared, yet the thickness of the walls has laughed to scorn the strenuous

Atlantic gales for centuries. The curious staircase between the double walls shows how well preserved is this relic, which has sent amiable archæologists into most edifying disputes regarding its origin and history.

When you have returned from these wild solitudes to the busy streets of Stornoway, there is that sunset splendour of sea and sky that makes the grey Lewis an enchanted island. The fishing-fleet is going out of the broad bay, with the blood-red flame upon two hundred ruddy sails. The jet-black hulls of these boats move through water that is metallic in its ruby radiance. It is a plain of liquid light, luminous with reflected colours that have all the wonders of the prism. Late now is the evening; but the light lingers long in these northern latitudes. The glowing radiance has not quite died out of the west before there is a blush of rose-colour in the eastern heavens that tells of the dawn of a new day to the sons and daughters of men.

EDWARD BRADBURY.

MONICA:

OR, STRONGER THAN DEATH.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Torwood's Trust," "Oliver Langton's Ward," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

WIDOWED.

THE boat launched by the rescuing party vanished in the darkness. Monica stood where her husband had left her, in the shelter of the cliff, her pale face turned seawards, her eyes fixed upon the glimmering crests of the great waves as they came rolling calmly onward, in their resistless might and majesty. Beatrice had twice come back to her, to assure her with eager vehemence that the danger was very slight, that it was lessening every moment as the wind shifted and abated in force—dangerous, indeed, for the poor fellows in the doomed vessel that had struck upon the fatal reef, but not very perilous for the willing, eager and experienced crew that had started off to rescue them. Beatrice urged this many times upon Monica; but the latter stood quite still and spoke not a word; only gazed out to sea with the same strange, yearning gaze that was like a mute farewell.

Was it only an hour ago that she had been with her husband at home, telling him of the dim foreboding of coming woe that had haunted her all that day? It seemed to her as if she had all her life been standing beside the dark margin of this tempest-tossed sea, waiting the return of him who made all the happiness of her life—and waiting in vain.

Beatrice looked at her once or twice, but did not speak again. Presently she moved down towards the water's edge. Surely the boat would be coming back now!

Suddenly there was a glad shout of triumph and joy from the fisher-folk down by the brink of the sea.

"Here she is!" "Here she comes!" "Steady, there!" "Ease her a bit!" "This way now!" "Be ready, lads!" "Here she comes!" "Now then, all together!" "After this wave—NOW!"

Cries, shouts, an eager confusion of tongues—the grating of a boat's keel upon the beach, and then a ringing, hearty cheer.

"All safe?"

"All saved—five of them and a lad." "Just in time only." "She wouldn't have floated five minutes longer." "She was going down like lead."

What noise and confusion there was—people crowding round, flitting figures passing to and fro in the obscurity, every one talking, all speaking together—such a hubbub as Beatrice had never witnessed before. She stood in glad, impatient expectancy on the outskirts of the little crowd. Why did not Randolph come away from them to Monica? Why did she not hear his voice with the rest? Her heart gave a sudden throb as of terror.

"Where is Lord Trevlyn?"

Her voice, sharpened by the sudden fear that had seized her, was heard through all the eager clamour of those who stood round. A gleam of moonlight struggling through the clouds lighted up the group for a moment. The words went round like wild-fire: "Where

is Lord Trevlyn?" and men looked each other in the face, growing pale with conscious bewilderment. Where, indeed, was Lord Trevlyn? He was certainly not amongst them; yet he had undoubtedly steered the boat to shore. Where was he now? Men talked in loud, rapid tones. Women ran hither and thither, wringing their hands in distressful excitement, and hunting for the missing man with futile eagerness. What had happened? Where could he be?

Suddenly a deep silence fell upon all; for in the brightening moonlight they saw that Monica stood amongst them—pale, calm, and still, as a spirit from another world.

"Tell me," she said.

The story was told by one and another. Monica was used to the people and their ways. She gathered without difficulty the substance of the story. The boat had reached the sinking vessel without overmuch difficulty or danger. She was a small coasting ship, with a crew of seven men and a boy. Two of the former had already been washed away, and the vessel was sinking rapidly. The five survivors were easily rescued; but the lad was entangled in the rigging, and was too much exhausted to free himself and follow. Lord Trevlyn was the first to realise this, and he sprang out of the boat, at some peril to himself, to the lad's assistance. Nobody had been able to see in the darkness what had passed, but all agreed that the lad had been handed to those in the boat by a pair of strong arms, and that after an interval of about three minutes—for the boat had swung round, and had to be brought back again, which took a little time—a man had sprung back into the stern, had shouted "All right!" had seized the tiller, and sung out to the crew to "Give way, and put off!" which they had done immediately, glad enough to be clear of the masts of the sinking vessel, which were in dangerous proximity.

No one had been able in the darkness to see the face of the steersman; but all agreed that the voice was "a gentleman's"; and most mysterious of all was the fact that the boat had been steered to shore with a skill evincing a thorough knowledge of the coast, and that not a man of those who now stood round had ever laid a hand upon the tiller.

A thrill of superstitious awe ran round as this fact became known, together with the terrible certainty that Lord Trevlyn had *not* returned with them. Was it indeed a phantom hand that had guided the frail bark through the wild, tossing waves? The bravest man there felt a shiver of awe—the women sobbed and trembled unrestrainedly.

The boat was put to sea once more without a moment's delay. The wind was dropping, the tide had turned, and the danger was wellnigh over. But there was little room for hope, and old men shook their heads at the bare idea of the survival of any swimmer who had been left to battle with the waves round the sunken reef on a stormy winter's night.

Monica stood like a statue; she heeded neither the wailing of the women, the murmurs of sympathy from the men, nor the clasp of Beatrice's hands round her cold fingers. She saw nothing, heard nothing, save the tossing and the moaning of the pitiless sea.

The boat came back at last—came back in dead, mournful silence. That silence said all that was needed.

Monica stepped towards the weary, dejected men who had just left the boat for the second time.

"You have done all that you could," she said gently. "I thank you from my heart."

And then she turned quietly away to go home—alone.

No one dared to follow her too closely; even Beatrice kept some distance behind, sick with misery and sympathetic despair. Monica's step did not falter. She went back to the spot where her husband had left her, and stood still, looking out over the sea.

"Good-bye, my love—my own dear love," she said, very softly and calmly. "It has come at last, as I knew it would when he held me in his arms for the last time on earth. Did he know it, too? I think he did just at the end. I saw it in his brave, tender face as he gave me that last kiss. But he died doing his duty. I will bear it for his sake." Yet, with an irrepressible gesture of anguish she held out her arms in the darkness, crying out not loudly, indeed, but from the very depth of her broken heart, "Ah, Randolph—husband—my love! my love!"

That was all; that one passionate cry of sorrow. After it calmness returned to her once more. She stepped towards Beatrice, who stood a little way off, and held out her hand.

"Come, dear," she said. "We must go home."

Beatrice was more agitated than Monica. She was convulsed with tearless sobs. She could only just command herself to stumble uncertainly up the steep cliff-path that Monica trod with ease and freedom.

The moon was shining clearly now. She could see the gaze that her companion turned for one moment over the tossing waste of waters. She caught the softly-whispered words, "Good-bye, dear love! good-bye!" and a sudden burst of tears came to her relief; but Monica's eyes were dry.

As they entered the Castle hall, they saw that the ill news had preceded them. Pale-faced servants, both men and women, stood about, awed and trembling, waiting, as it seemed, for their mistress. A sound as of hushed weeping greeted them as they crossed the threshold.

No one ever forgot the look upon Monica's face as she entered her desolated home. It was far more sad in its unutterable calm than the wildest expression of grief could have been. Nobody dared to speak a word, save the old nurse who had tended Randolph from childhood. She stepped forward, the tears streaming down her wrinkled cheeks.

"Oh, my lady! my lady!" she sobbed.

Monica paused, looked for one moment at the faithful servant, then bent her head, and kissed her.

"Dear nurse," she said gently, "you always loved him;" and then she passed quietly on to the music-room—the room that she and her husband had quitted

together less than three hours before—and shut herself up there—alone.

Beatrice dared not follow. She let Wilberforce take her up-stairs and tend her like a child, whilst they mingled their tears together over the brave young life cut short in its manhood's strength and prime. Randolph's nurse was no stranger to Beatrice, and it was easy for the good woman to speak with authority to one whom she had known as a child, and force her to take some nourishment, and exchange wet garments for dry. She could not be induced to go to bed, exhausted though she was, but the wine and soup did her good, and the burst of weeping had relieved her overcharged heart. She felt more like herself when, after an hour's time, she went down-stairs again; but, oh! what a different self it was from that of a few hours back!

It was by that time eleven o'clock. Monica was still shut up in the music-room. Nothing had been heard of Beatrice's brother; she had hardly even given him a thought. She went down slowly to the hall, and found herself face to face with Tom Pendrill. He wore his hat and great-coat. He had evidently just arrived in haste. As he removed the former she was startled at the look upon his face. She had not believed it capable of expressing so much feeling.

"Beatrice," he said hoarsely, "is it true?"

He did not know he had called her by her Christian name, and she hardly noticed it at the moment. She only bent her head and answered—

"Yes, it is true."

Together they passed into the lighted drawing-room, and stood on either side the glowing hearth, looking at each other fixedly.

"Where is Monica?"

"In the music-room, alone. They were there together when the guns began. It will kill her, I am certain it will!"

"No," answered Tom quietly; "she will not die. It would be happier for her if she could."

Beatrice looked at him with quivering lips.

"Ah!" she said at last. "You understand her!"

"Yes," he answered absently, looking away into the fire. "I understand her. She will not die."

Both were very silent for the time. Then he spoke.

"You were there?"

"Yes."

"Tell me about it."

"You have not heard?"

"Only just the barest outline. Sit down and tell me all."

She did not resent his air of authority. She sat down, and did his bidding. Tom listened in deep silence, weighing every word.

He made no comment on the strange story; but a very dark shadow rested upon his sharp-featured face.

He was a man of keen observation and acuteness of perception, and his mind often leaped to a conclusion that no present premises seemed to justify. Not for a moment would he have given utterance to the question that had suggested itself to his mind; but there it was, repeating itself again and again with persistent iteration—

"Can there have been foul play?"

He spoke not a word, his face told no tales; but he was musing intently. Where was that half-demented fellow, Fitzgerald, who some months ago had seemed determined to drink himself to madness or death? He had not been heard of for some time past; but Tom could not get the question out of his mind.

In the deep silence that reigned in the room every sound could be heard distinctly. Beatrice suddenly started, for they were aware that the door of the music-room had been opened, and that Monica was coming towards them. The girl turned pale, and looked almost frightened. Tom stood up as his hostess appeared, setting his face like a flint.

The long hour that had seemed like a life-time to the wife—the widow—how could they bring themselves to think of her as such?—had left no outward traces upon Monica. Her face was calm and still, and very pale, but it was not convulsed by grief, and her eyes did not look as though they had shed tears, although there was no hardness in their depths. They shone with something of star-like brightness, at once soft and brilliant. The sweet serenity that had long been the habitual expression of her face seemed intensified rather than changed.

"Beatrice," she said very quietly, "where is your brother?"

"I don't know."

"Has he not come in?"

"Not that I know of."

"We must inquire. He has been so many hours gone. I am not comfortable about him."

"Oh, never mind about him," said Beatrice quickly. "He will be all right."

"We must think of him," she answered. "Tom, it was good of you to come back. What brought you? Did you hear?"

"I heard a rumour. Of course I came back. Is there anything I can do?" He spoke abruptly, like a man labouring under some weight of oppression.

"I wish you would go and inquire for Lord Haddon. Randolph sent him to the life-boat station, because he believed he would ride over faster than anybody else. I think he should be followed now, if he has not come back. I cannot think what can have detained him so long."

"I will go and make inquiries," said Tom.

"Thank you. I should be much obliged if you would."

But as it turned out, there was no need for him to do this. Even as Monica spoke they became aware of a slight stir in the hall. Uncertain, rapid steps crossed the intervening space, and the next moment Haddon stood before them in the doorway, white, drenched, dishevelled, exhausted, leaning as if for support against the framework, whilst his eyes sought those of his sister with a strange look of dazed horror.

"Beatrice!" he cried, in a strained, unnatural tone, "say it is not true!"

Monica had stepped forward, anxious and startled

at his appearance. The look upon her face must have brought conviction home to Haddon's heart, and this terrible conviction completed the work begun by previous over-fatigue and exhaustion. He made two uncertain steps forward, looked round him in a dazed, bewildered way ; then putting his hand to his head with a sudden gesture as of pain, called out—

"I say, what is it?—Look out!" and Tom had only just time to spring forward and guide his fall as he dropped in a dead faint upon the couch hard by.

"Poor boy!" said Monica gently ; "the shock has been too much for him."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

MONICA.

LORD HADDON was carried up-stairs by Tom's direction, and put to bed at once, but it was a very long time before he recovered consciousness, and the doctor's face was grave when he re-joined Monica and Beatrice, an hour later.

In time they learned that he had reached the lifeboat station, only to find the boat out in another direction, that he had lost his way in the darkness, and had been riding for hours over trackless moors, wet through by driving storms of rain, obliged often to halt, despite the cold and wet, to wait for passing gleams of moonlight to show him his way ; and this after a hard day's shooting and a long fast. He had reached the Castle at last, utterly worn out and exhausted, only to hear the terrible news of the death of his best friend. The shock had been too much, and he had given way.

He awoke to consciousness only in a high state of fever, with pain in every joint ; and Beatrice, in answer to Tom's question, admitted that her brother had had a sharp attack of rheumatic fever some three years before, and had always been rather susceptible to cold and damp ever since.

Tom looked gravely at Monica.

"I was afraid he was in for something of that kind."

"Poor boy!" she said again, very gently. "I am so sorry. You will stay with us, Tom? It will be a comfort to have you."

"Of course I will stay," he replied, in his abruptest fashion. "I shall sit up with Haddon to-night. You two must go to bed at once—I insist upon it."

"Come, Beatrice," said Monica, holding out her hand. "We must obey orders, you see."

As they went together up the broad staircase, Beatrice said, with a little sob—

"I cannot bear to think of our giving you all this trouble—just now."

Monica stopped her by a kiss.

"Have you not learned by this time, Beatrice, that the greatest help in bearing our own sorrows is to help others with their burdens? I am grieved for you, dear, that this other trouble should have come ; but Tom is very clever, and we will all nurse him back to health again. Good night, dearest. You must try to sleep, that you may be strong to-morrow."

The next day Lord Haddon was very ill—dangerously ill. The fever ran very high, and other unfavourable symptoms had shown themselves. Tom's face was grave and absorbed, and Raymond, who came over at his brother's request, looked even more grave. Yet possibly this alarming illness of a guest beneath her roof was the very best thing that could have happened, as far as Monica herself was concerned. But for his illness, Beatrice and her brother must have left Trevlyn at once : it was probable that Monica would have elected to remain there entirely alone during the early days of her widowhood. Alone in her own desolation, more heart-breaking than any wild abandonment of grief, alone without even those last melancholy offices to perform, without even the solemn pageantry of a funeral to give some little occupation to the mind, to bring home in its own peculiar way the fact that a loved being has passed away from the world for ever.

Randolph had, as it were, vanished from this life almost as if spirited away. There was nothing to be done, no obsequies to be performed. For just a few days a faint glimmer of hope existed in some minds that a passing vessel might have picked him up, that a telegram announcing his safety might yet arrive ; but at the end of a week every spark of such hope had died out, and Monica, who had never from the first entertained any such illusions, put on her heavy widow's weeds with the steady unflinching calmness that had characterised her throughout.

She devoted herself to the task of nursing Lord Haddon with untiring care and skill. All agreed that it was the best thing possible for her to have her thoughts and attention occupied in some quiet labour of love like this, and certainly her skill on his behalf was such as to render her services almost invaluable to the patient.

Haddon lay for weeks in a very critical state, racked with pain and burning with fever. Without being always delirious, he was not in any way master of himself, and no one could soothe, or quiet, or compose him, during these long weary days, except Monica. She seemed to possess a power that acted upon him like a charm. He might not always know her—very often he did not appear to recognise any one, but he felt her influence all the same. At her bidding he would cease the restless tossing and muttering that exhausted his strength and gave him much needless pain. He would take from her hand food that no one else could persuade him to touch. She could often soothe him to sleep, simply by the sound of her voice and the touch of her hand upon his burning brow.

"If he pulls through, it will be your doing," Tom sometimes said to her. And Monica felt she could not do enough for the youth who had suffered all this in carrying out her husband's last command, and who had given way later on hearing of the fate that had befallen his friend.

A curious sort of bond seemed established between those two, which he felt with a sort of keen joy almost akin to pain, when at last the fever was subdued, and he began to know in a feeble, uncertain sort of fashion, what it was that had happened, and how life had been going with him during the past weeks.

It was of Monica he asked for the account of that terrible night, and from her lips he learned the story to which none else had dared to allude in her presence. It was he who talked to her of Randolph, recalled incidents of the past, talked of their boyish days and upon his head, her eyes looking gently and kindly into his, was all and more than he could wish. His intense loving devotion gave him a sort of insight into her true nature, and he knew by instinct that he did not hurt her when he talked to her of him who was gone.

"'WHERE IS LORD TREVLYN?'" (*p.* 420).

the escapades in which they had indulged together, passing on to the increase of mutual understanding that had bound them together as manhood advanced.

Nobody else talked to her like this. Haddon never could have done so had not weakness and illness brought them so strangely into close communion one with another. His feelings towards Monica were those of simple adoration—he worshipped the very ground she trod on. He often felt that to die with her hand Perhaps from no other lips could Monica have borne that name to be spoken just then; but Haddon in his hours of wandering had talked so much of Randolph, that she had grown used to hear him speak of the husband she had loved and lost, and she knew by the way in which he had betrayed himself how deeply and truly he loved him.

When the fever had gone, and the patient lay white and weak, hardly able to move or speak, yet with a

mind cleared from the haunting shadows of delirium, eager to know the truth of all that had passed, it had not seemed very hard then, in answer to the wistful look in the big grey eyes, and the whispered words from the pale lips, to tell him all the story ; and the ice once broken thus, it had been no effort to talk of Randolph afterwards, and to let him talk of him too.

This outlet did her good. She was not a woman to whom talking was a necessity, yet it was better for her to speak sometimes of the sorrow that was weighing upon her spirit ; and it was far, far easier to do this to a listener like Haddon, who from his weakness and prostration could rise to no great heights of sympathy, could offer no attempt at consolation, could only look at her with wistful earnestness, and murmur a broken word from time to time, than it would have been to speak to those who would have met her with a burst of tears, or with those quiet caresses and marks of sympathy that must surely have broken down her hardly-won composure and calm.

So this illness of Haddon's had really been a boon to her, and perhaps to others as well ; but for a few weeks Monica's life seemed passed in a sort of dream, and she was able to notice but little that went on around her. She was wrapped in a strange trance—she lived in the past with her husband, who sometimes hardly seemed to have left her. Only when ministering to the needs of the young earl did she arouse herself from her waking dream, and even then it sometimes seemed as if the dream were the reality, and the reality a dream.

Tom was a great deal at Trevlyn just now. For a long time Haddon's condition was so exceedingly critical that his presence was almost a necessity, and when the stage of convalescence arrived, Monica needed his help in getting through the business formalities that began to be necessary when all hope of Randolph's rescue became a thing of the past.

Monica was happy at least in this—there was no need for her to leave her old home—no new earl to claim Trevlyn, and banish her from the place she loved best in the world. The Trevlyns were a dying race, as it seemed. Randolph and Monica were the last of their name, and the entail expired with him. Trevlyn was hers, as well as all her husband's property. She was a rich woman, but in the first instance it was difficult to understand the position. She naturally turned in her perplexity to Tom Pendrill, who was a thorough man of business, shrewd and hard-headed, and who, from his long acquaintance and connection with Trevlyn, understood more about things there than anybody else she could have selected. He was very good to her, as she always said. He put himself entirely at her disposal, and played the part of a kind and wise brother. His dry, matter-of-fact manner of dealing with transfer of property, and such-like matters, was in itself a comfort. She never was afraid of talking things over with him. He kept sentiment studiously and entirely in the back-ground. Although she knew perfectly that his sympathy for her was very great, he never obtruded it upon her in the least ; it was offered and accepted in perfect silence on both sides.

Mrs. Pendrill was a good deal at Trevlyn, too. She yearned over Monica in the days of her early widowhood, and she had grown to be very fond of Beatrice and her brother. Haddon wanted so very much care and nursing that Mrs. Pendrill's presence in the house was often a help to all. Whilst Monica was in the sick-room, she and Beatrice spent many long hours together, and a curious kind of intimacy sprang up between those two, who were so far from each other in age and position. Haddon, too, was fond of the gentle-faced old lady, and he loved sometimes to get her all to himself, and make her talk to him of Monica.

His illness had left its traces upon Haddon. He had, despite his five-and-twenty years, seemed but a lad all this while ; but when he left his bed, it was curious to see how much of boyishness had passed out of his face, how much quiet, thoughtful manliness had taken its place.

Nobody quite knew how or why this change had been so marked. Perhaps the shock of his friend's death had had something to do with it ; perhaps the danger he had himself been in. Very near indeed to the gates of death had the young man been. He had almost trodden the shadowy valley, even though he had retraced his steps to the land of the living. Perhaps it was this knowledge that made him pass as it were in one bound from boyhood to manhood—or was there some other cause at work ?

His face wore a look of curious purpose and resolution, oddly combined with a sort of mute, determined patience : his pale, sharpened features, that had changed so much during the past weeks, varied in expression even more than in contour. His grey eyes, once always full of boyish merriment and laughter, were grave and wistful now : the eyes of a man full of thought, expressive of a hidden yet resolute purpose. These hollow eyes followed Monica about with odd persistency, and rested upon her with a curious sense of content. When he grew a little stronger, and could just rise from the sofa and trail himself across the room, it was strange to mark how eager he was to render her those little instinctive attentions that come naturally from a man towards a woman.

Sometimes Monica would accept them with a smile, oftener she would restrain him with a gentle commanding gesture, and bid him wait for that till he was stronger ; but she accepted his chivalrous admiration in the spirit in which it was offered, and let him look upon himself as her especial knight, as well he might, since to her skill and care, Tom plainly told him, he owed his life.

She let him talk to her of Randolph, though none of the others dared to breathe that name. Sometimes she played to him in the dimness of the music-room—and even he hardly knew how privileged he was to be admitted there. She regarded him in the light of a loved brother, and felt tenderly towards him as one who had done and suffered much in the same cause that had cost her gallant husband his life. What he

felt towards her would be more difficult to analyse. At present he simply worshipped her, with a humble, devout singleness of purpose that elevated his whole nature. The vague, fleeting, distant hope that some day it might be given to him to comfort her, had hardly yet entered into the conscious region of thought.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

HAUNTED.

CHRISTMAS had come and gone whilst Lord Haddon lay hovering between life and death. As the year turned he began to regain health and strength; but his progress was exceedingly slow, and all idea of leaving Trevlyn was for the present entirely out of the question. A journey in mid-winter was not to be thought of. It would be enough to bring the whole illness back again; and Monica would not listen when he sometimes said, with diffidence and appeal, that he feared they were encroaching too much upon her hospitality and goodness. In truth, neither brother nor sister was in haste to leave Trevlyn, or to leave Monica alone in her desolate widowhood; and as Haddon's state of health rendered a move out of the question, the situation was accepted with the more readiness.

Monica was able now to resume something of the even tenor of her way, to take up her daily round of duties, and shape out her life in accordance with her strangely altered circumstances.

All the old sense of dread connected with the sea had passed quite away. It never frowned upon her now. It was her friend always—the haunting presentiment of dread had passed away with the actual certainty. Henceforward nothing could hold for her any great measure of terror. She had passed through the worst already.

Sometimes Monica had a strange feeling that she was not alone during her favourite twilight pacings by the sea. She had a sense of being watched—followed—and the uneasiness of the hounds added to this impression. It troubled her but little, however. She had no fears for herself—she knew, too, that she was a little fanciful, and it was hardly likely in reality that her footsteps were dogged.

But one dim January evening, as she pursued her way along the margin of the sea, she was startled by seeing some large object lying dark upon the pebbly beach. Her heart beat more fast than was its wont, for she saw as she approached that it was the figure of a man, lying face downwards upon the damp stones.

He did not look like a fisherman, he was too well dressed, and there seemed something not altogether unfamiliar in the aspect of the slight, well-proportioned figure. For a moment she could not recall the association, but as the dogs ran up snuffing and growling, the man started and sat up, revealing the pale, haggard face of Conrad Fitzgerald.

Monica recoiled with an instinctive gesture of aversion. She had not seen him since those summer days when she had been haunted by the vision of his vindictive face and sinister eyes. But how he had changed since then! She could not help looking at him, he was so pale, so thin; his face was lined as if by pain, and his fiery eyes were set in deep hollows. There was something rather awful in his appearance, but he did not look so wicked, so repulsive, as he had done many times before.

A strange look of terror gleamed in his eyes as they met those of Monica.

"Go away!" he cried wildly. "What do you come here for? Why do you look at me like that? Go away—in mercy, go!"

Monica was startled at his wild words and looks. Surely he was mad. But if so, she must show no fear of him; she knew enough to be aware of that.

"What are you doing out here in the dark?" she said. "You ought not to be lying there this cold night. You had better go home, or you will lose your way in the dark."

He laughed wildly.

"Lose my way in the dark! It is always dark now—always, since that dark night—ha! ha!—that night!" His laugh was terrible in its wild despair. "Why do you look at me? Why do you speak to me? You should not! You should not! You would not if——oh, go! are you a ghost too?"

Such an awful look of horror shone out of his eyes that Monica's blood ran cold. His gaze was fixed on vacancy. He looked straight at her, yet as if he did not see her, but something beyond. The anguish and despair painted upon that wild, yet still beautiful, face smote Monica's heart with a sense of deep sorrow and pity.

"I am no ghost, Conrad," she answered gently, trying if the old name would take that wild madness out of his eyes. "Why are you afraid? What are you looking at? There is nothing there."

For his eyes were still glaring wildly into the darkness beyond, and as Monica spoke he lifted his arm, and pointed to something out at sea.

"Don't look at me!" he whispered hoarsely, yet not as if he addressed Monica. "Don't speak to me! If you speak, I shall go mad! I shall go mad, I say! Why do you haunt me so? Why do you look always like that? Why did you give me the chance? I had a vow—a vow in heaven—or hell! Ah! ha! Revenge is sweet, after all!" and he burst into a wild, discordant laugh, dreadful to hear.

Monica shuddered, a sense of horror creeping over her. She did not catch the whole of his words, lost as that hoarse whisper sometimes was in the sullen plash of the advancing waves. The words were not addressed to her, but to some imaginary object visible only to the eye of madness. She attached no meaning to what she heard. She had no clue by which to unravel the workings of his disordered mind. Yet it was terrible to see his terror-stricken face, and listen to the exclamations addressed to a phantom foe. She tried to recall him to himself.

"Conrad, there is no one here but ourselves. You have been dreaming."

Conrad turned his wild eyes towards her, but continued to point over the sea.

"Can you not see him? There—out there! His head—his eyes—ah, those eyes!—as he looked *then*—then! Ah, don't look so at me, I say! You will kill me!"

He buried his face in his hands and shuddered from head to foot. Monica, despite the shiver of horror that crept over her, felt more strongly than anything else a deep pity for one whose mind was so visibly shattered. Much of the past could be condoned in one whose mental faculties were so terribly unstrung. She came a step nearer, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"You should not be out here alone," she said. "You had better go home. It is growing dark already. If you will come with me to the lodge, I will see that you have a lantern; or, if you like, I will send a servant and a lantern with you." She felt, indeed, that he was hardly in a condition to be out alone. She wished Tom Pendrill could see him now. But at the touch of her hand Conrad sprang back as if she had struck him. His eyes were full of shrinking horror.

"Go away!" he said fiercely, "your hand burns me—it burns me, I say! How can you look at me or touch me? What have I done that you come here day by day to torment me? Is it not enough that *he* leaves me no peace night or day?—that he brings me down to this cursed place, whether I will or no—but you must haunt me too? Ah, it is too much—it is too much, I say!"

She could not catch all these rapidly-uttered words, but she read the hopeless misery of his face.

"I do not wish to distress you, Conrad. Will you go home quietly now? You are not well; you should not be out here alone. Have you anybody there to take care of you?"

He laughed again, and flung his arms above his head with a wild gesture of despair.

"You say this to me—you! you! It only wanted this. Oh, this—it is too much!"

He turned from her and sprang away in the darkness. She heard his steps as he dashed recklessly up the cliff-path—so recklessly that she half expected to hear the sound of a slip and a fall—and then as he reached the summit and turned inland they died away into silence.

Monica drew a long breath of relief when she found herself alone. There was something inexpressibly awful in talking alone to a madman in the dimness of the dying day, in hearing his wild words addressed to some phantom shadow seen only by his disordered vision. She shivered a little as she turned homewards. She could stay no longer in that lonely place.

She met Tom looking out for her return. He said something about her staying out too long in the darkness. She laid her hand on his arm, and pacing up and down the dark avenue, she told him of her adventure with the madman.

"Tom, I am certain he ought to see a doctor. Will you not see if you can do something for him?"

She could not see the expression of Tom's face. Had she been able to do so, she would have been startled. His voice was very cold as he answered—

"I am not a lunacy commissioner, Monica."

She was surprised, and a little hurt.

"You are very hard, Tom. You saw him once before, why not again?"

"If he, or his friends for him, require medical advice, I suppose they are capable of sending for it," he said, adding—with sudden fierceness, as it seemed to her—"Monica, Conrad Fitzgerald, ill or well, is nothing to you. It is not fit you should waste a single thought upon that scoundrel!"

She was surprised at his vehemence; it was so unlike Tom to speak with heat. What had there been in her account of that meeting to discompose him so greatly? Before she could attempt to frame the question, he had asked one of her—asked it abruptly, as it seemed irrelevantly.

"How long has Fitzgerald been in these parts?"

"I do not know. I have never seen him till to-night, nor heard of him at all."

"Nor I. Go in, Monica. It is too late for you to be out."

"And you?"

"I will come presently."

"And you will think about what I asked you?"

"I will think about it—yes."

The tone was enigmatic. She could not make Tom out at all, but she went in at his bidding. She knew he wished to be alone, that he had something disturbing upon his mind, though what it was she could not divine.

Tom, as it turned out, had no choice in the matter; for Raymond sent him next day a message to the effect that Fitzgerald's servant had been to him with a very sad account of his master, who seemed to be suffering under an acute attack of delirium tremens. He thought his brother, who had seen him once before, had better go the next day in a casual sort of way, and see if he could do anything. Fitzgerald was furious at the idea of having a doctor near him; but possibly he would not regard Tom in that light, and the servants would do all they could to obtain for him access to their master. They were terrified at his ravings, and half afraid he would do himself or them an injury if not placed under proper control.

So Tom, upon the following afternoon, started for the old dilapidated house, without saying a word to any one as to his destination, and was eagerly admitted by a haggard-looking servant, who said that his master was "terrible bad to-day—it was awful-like to hear him go on," and expressed it as his opinion that he was almost past knowing who was near him, he was so wild and delirious. He had kept his bed for the past two days, having been very ill since coming in, wet and exhausted, on the night Monica had seen him. Between the attacks of delirium he was as weak as a child; and with this amount of warning and explanation, Tom was ushered up-stairs.

An hour later he left that desolate house with a quick, firm tread, that broke, as he turned a corner and was concealed from view, almost to a run. His

face was very pale; it looked thinner and sharper than it had done an hour before, and his eyes were full of an unspeakable horror. Now and again a sort of shudder ran through his frame; but no word passed his tightly-compressed lips. He hurried through the tangled park as if some deadly malaria lurked there. He hardly drew his breath until he had left the trees and brake behind, and had plunged into the wild, trackless moor; even then, goaded by his thoughts, he strode blindly along for a mile or more, until at last, breathless and exhausted, he sank face downwards upon the heather, trembling in every limb.

How long he lay there he never knew. He was roused at last by a touch upon his shoulder, and raising himself with a start, he looked straight into the startled eyes of Beatrice Wentworth.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

LOVERS.

TOM sprang to his feet, and the two stood gazing at one another for a moment in mute surprise.

"You are ill," said Beatrice; "you are as white as a sheet. What is the matter?"

She spoke anxiously. She looked half frightened at his strange appearance; he saw it, and recovered himself instantly. It was perhaps the first time he had ever been taken unawares, and he was not altogether pleased that it had happened now.

"What are you doing out here all alone?" he asked peremptorily.

"What are you doing lying on the ground on a cold January evening?" she retorted. "Do you want to get rheumatic fever, too?"

"Answer my question first. What are you doing out here, miles away from home, with the darkness coming on, too?"

"I lost my way," she answered carelessly. "I never can keep my bearings in these strange wild places, where everything looks alike."

"Then I must take you home," said Tom shortly.

"You said you were going to dine at St. Maws to-night," she objected.

"I shall take you home first," he said.

"It will be ever so much out of your road. Just show me the way. I shall find it fast enough."

"I dare say—after having lost it in broad daylight. You must come with me. I cannot trust you."

Beatrice flushed hotly as she turned and walked beside him. Was more meant than met the ear?

"There is not the least need that you should," she said haughtily, and seemed disposed to say no more.

Tom spoke first, spoke in his abrupt peremptory fashion. He was absorbed and *distrait*. She tried not to feel disappointed at his words.

"Lady Beatrice, is it true that you knew Randolph Trevlyn intimately for many years?"

"Ever since I can remember. He was almost like a brother to us."

"Do you know if he ever had an enemy?"

Beatrice looked up quickly into his pale face.

"Why do you ask?"

"That is my affair. I do not ask without a reason. Think before you answer—if you can."

"Randolph was always such a favourite"—she began, but was interrupted by a quick impatient gesture from Tom.

"Don't chatter," he said, almost rudely, "think!"

Oddly enough this brusque reminder did not offend her. She saw that Tom's nerves were all on edge, that they were strung to a painful pitch of tension. She began to catch some of his earnestness and determination.

Beatrice was taken out of herself, and from that moment her manner changed for the better. She thought the matter over in silence.

"I have heard that Sir Conrad Fitzgerald had an old grudge against him."

"Ah!" breathed Tom softly.

"But I fancied, perhaps, that Monica's influence had made them friends. Randolph knew some disreputable story connected with Sir Conrad's past life—Haddon knows more about it than I do—and he always hated him for it."

"Ah!" said Tom again.

"Why do you ask?" questioned Beatrice again; but he gave her no answer. He was wrapped in deep thought. She looked at him once or twice, but said no more. He was the first to speak, and the question was a little significant.

"You were down on the shore with Monica and Trevlyn that night, were you not?"

"Yes."

"Was Fitzgerald there, too?"

She looked at him with startled eyes.

"No; certainly not."

"Can you be sure of that? Was there moon enough to show plainly everything that went on?"

Beatrice put up her hand to her head.

"No," she answered. "I ought not to have spoken so positively. It was too dark to see anything. There might have been dozens of people there whom I might never have seen. I was much too anxious and excited to keep a sharp look-out—why should I?—and there was not a gleam of moonlight till many minutes after the boat got back, and the confusion was very great all the time. Why do you talk so? Why do you ask such a question?"

She spoke with subdued excitement and insistance.

"Somebody was in that boat, unknown to the crew," he answered significantly.

"Was there?"

"Somebody steered the boat to shore. You do not share, I presume, in the popular belief of the phantom coxswain?"

Beatrice stopped short, trembling and scared.

"You think——?" but she could only get out those two words; she knew not how to frame the question.

He bent his head. "I do."

But she put out her hand with a quick, passionate gesture, as if fighting with some hideous phantom.

"Ah! no! no! It could not be. It would be too unspeakably awful—too horrible! How do you know?

How can you say such things? What has put such a hideous thought into your mind?"

"I come from standing by Fitzgerald's bed, listening to his words of wandering, his delirious outbursts. It is plain enough what phantoms are haunting him now—what pictures he is seeing as he lies in the stupor of drink and opium. He is trying to drown thought and remorse; but he has not succeeded yet."

Beatrice shuddered strongly, and faltered a little in her walk. Tom took her hand and placed it within his arm.

"You are tired, Beatrice?"

"No; but it is so awful. Tom"—calling him so as unconsciously as he had called her Beatrice—"must Monica know this? Oh! it was cruel enough before—but this——"

"She shall never know," said Tom quickly. "To what end should we add this burden to what she carries now? No one could prove it—it may be even now that it is some sick fancy engendered by the thought of what might have been. Mind you, I have no moral doubts myself; but the man is practically mad, and no confession or evidence given by him would be accepted. He has fulfilled his vow—he has murdered—practically murdered his foe; but Monica must be spared the knowledge: she must never know."

"No, never! never!" cried Beatrice; and her voice

"IT WAS THE FIGURE OF A MAN LYING FACE DOWNWARDS UPON THE DAMP STONES" (*p.* 426).

expressed so much feeling, that Tom turned and looked at her in the fading light.

"Have you a heart after all, Beatrice?" he asked.

She made no answer; her heart beat wildly, answering in its own fashion the question asked, but not in a way that he could hear.

"Beatrice," rather fiercely, "why did you not marry that marquis?"

"Because I loathed him."

"You did not always loathe him?"

"I did, I did, always."

"You flirted with him disgracefully, then."

She looked up with something of pleading in her dark eyes.

"I was but eighteen."

"Do you never flirt now?"

She looked up again, her eyes flashing now.

"What right have you to ask such a question?"

"The right of a man who loves you," he answered, in the same half-fierce, half-bitter way—"who loves you with every fibre of his being; and although he has proved you vain and frivolous and soulless once and again, cannot tear your image from his heart. Do not think I am complaining. I suppose you have a right to please yourself; but sometimes I feel as if no man had ever been treated so abominably as I have been by you."

"You by me!" she answered, panting in her excitement, "when it was you who left me in a fury, without one word of farewell."

"I thought I had had my *congé* pretty distinctly."

"You had had nothing of the kind—nothing but a few wild confused words from a mere child, frightened and bewildered by happiness and nervousness into the silliest of speeches a silly girl could make at such a moment. But you cannot understand—you never will—you are made of stone, I think."

He turned upon her quickly.

"I wish I were, sometimes," he said; "I wish it when I am near you. You make me love you—I am powerless in your hands, and you—you——"

"I love you with all my heart. I have never loved anybody else, and you have behaved cruelly, disgracefully to me always." The words came all at once in one vehement burst of passion.

He stopped short, wheeled round, and stood facing her. He could only just see her face as they stood thus in the gathering dusk.

"Beatrice," he said slowly, "what did you say just now? Say it again."

Defiance shone out of her eyes.

"I will not!" she said, her cheeks flaming.

He took both her hands in his and held them hard. "Yes, you will," he answered. "Say it again."

She was panting with a strange mixture of feeling; the earth and sky seemed to spin round together.

"Say it again, Beatrice."

"I said—I loved you; but I don't—I will never, never say it again——"

She got no farther, for he held her so closely in his arms that all speech was impossible for the moment.

"That will do," he answered. "I don't want you to say it again. Once is enough."

* * * * *

"Monica," said Beatrice in the softest of whispers as she came into the quiet room where her brother lay asleep upon the sofa, and Monica sat dreaming beside the fire. "Ah, Monica, Monica!" and then she stopped short, kneeling down, and turning her quivering face and swimming eyes towards the face bent tenderly over her.

Somehow it was never needful to say much to Monica. She always understood without many words. She bent her head now, and kissed Beatrice.

"Is it so, then, dear?" she asked.

"Did you know?"

"I knew what you told me yourself, and I could see for myself that he had not forgotten any more than you."

"I did not see it."

"Possibly not—neither did he; but sometimes love is very blind—and very wilful too."

Was there a touch of tender reproach in the tone? Beatrice looked at her earnestly.

"I know what you mean," she said. "We both wanted to be master; but I think—I am afraid—he will have the upper hand now."

But the smile that quivered over the upturned face was full of such sweetness and brightness that Monica kissed her again.

"You will not find him such a tyrant as he professes to be. Tom is very generous and unselfish, despite his affectation of cynicism. I am so glad you have made him happy at last. I am so glad that our paths in life will not lie very widely apart."

Beatrice took Monica's hand and kissed it.

"I am so happy," she said simply. "And I owe it all to you."

Monica caressed the dark head laid against her knee, as Beatrice subsided into her favourite lowly position at her friend's feet. Presently she became aware that the girl's tears were falling fast.

"Crying, dearest?" she questioned gently.

A stifled sob was the answer.

"What is the matter, my child?"

"Randolph!" was all that Beatrice could get out. Somehow the desolation of Monica's life had never come home to her with quite the same sense of realisation as now, in the hour of her deepest happiness.

"He would be glad," answered Monica, steadily and sweetly. "He loved you dearly, Beatrice; and he and Tom were always such friends. It was his hope that all would come right. If he can see us now, as I often think he can, he will be rejoicing in your happiness now. You must shed no tears to-night, dearest, unless they are tears of happiness."

Beatrice suddenly half rose, and flung her arms round Monica.

"How can you bear it? How can you bear it? Monica, I think you are an angel. No one in this wide world was ever like you. And to think——" she shuddered strongly and stopped short.

"You are excited and over-wrought," said Monica

gently. "You must not get yourself knocked up, or Tom will scold me when he comes back. See, Haddon is waking up. He had such a bad headache, poor boy; I hope he has slept it off. You must tell him the news—it will please him, I am sure."

"You tell him," whispered Beatrice, and slipped away.

Haddon was quietly pleased at the news. He liked Tom; he had fancied that he and Beatrice were not altogether indifferent to each other, and this conclusion did not take him altogether by surprise. He was sorry to think of losing Beatrice, but not as perplexed as he would have been some months before.

Certainly it seemed as if the course of true love as regarded Beatrice and Tom, after passing its early shoals and quicksands, was to run quietly and smoothly enough now. He came back from St. Maws in time for dinner, and announced his plans with the hardihood characteristic of the man.

"Aunt Elizabeth is delighted, Beatrice, and so is Raymond," he said. "I have told them that we are to be married almost at once—within two months, at least—oh, you needn't look like that. I think I've waited long enough, pretty well as long as Jacob——"

"Did for Leah—and didn't like her in the end—don't make that your precedent."

"Well, don't interrupt," proceeded Tom imperturbably. "We've got it all beautifully arranged. I'm going to take part of the regular practice, as Raymond has always been bothering me to do ever since it increased so much, and we're to have half the house for our establishment, and he and Aunt Elizabeth the other. It was originally two houses, and lends itself excellently to that arrangement, though I dare say practically we shall be all one household, as you and our aunt have managed to hit it off so well. Monica, can't Beatrice be married from Trevlyn when Haddon is well enough to give her away? It would save a lot of bother. I hate flummery, and I'm sure she does too. Come now, Beatrice, don't laugh. Don't you think that would be an excellent arrangement? Here we are; what is the good of getting all split up again? You'll be losing your heart to another marquis if I let you out of my sight."

Her eyes were dancing with mischievous merriment. She was more than ready to enter the lists.

"Just listen to the tyrant—trying to keep me a prisoner already! trying to take everything into his own hands—and not content without adding insult to injury!"

His eyes too were alight; but his mouth was grim.

"I have not forgotten how you served me last time, my lady."

"At Oxford?"

"At Oxford."

"Monica, listen. I will tell you how I served him. I had eyes for no one but him, silly girl that I was; I was with him morning, noon, and night. Child as I was at the time, careless and inexperienced, even *I* was absolutely ashamed at the open preference I showed him; I blush even now to think of the undisguised way in which I flung myself at a particularly hard head. And yet he pretends he did not understand! If that be so, then for real, downright, hopeless stupidity and obtuseness, commend me to an Oxford double-first-class-man!"

Beatrice might get the best of it in an encounter of tongues, but Tom had his own way in the settlement of their affairs, possibly because her resistance was but nominal. What, indeed, had they to wait for, when they had been waiting so many long years for one another?

Nothing clouded the horizon of their happiness. Even the hideous shadow which had been in a sense the means of bringing them together seemed to have vanished with the sudden disappearance of Conrad Fitzgerald from the neighbourhood. Upon the very day following Tom's visit to him he left his house, ill and weak as he was, to join his sister at Mentone. His servant accompanied him. The desolate house was shut up once more, and Tom Pendrill sincerely hoped that the haunting, baleful influence of that wild and wicked nature had passed from their lives for ever.

And Beatrice after all was married at Trevlyn, in the little cliff church that had seen the hands of Randolph and Monica joined in wedlock. She resisted a good while, feeling afraid that it would be painful to Monica, this second bridal, and that within a few months of her own widowhood. But Monica took part with Tom, and the bride-elect gave way, only too delighted at heart to be with Monica to the very last.

It was a very quiet wedding—as quiet as Monica's own—even the people gathered together in the little church had hardly changed. Only one short year had passed since Monica in her snowy robes had stood before that little altar, with the marriage vow upon her lips—only a year ago, and now?

Yet Monica's face was very calm and sweet. She shed no tears, she seemed to have no sad thoughts for herself, however others might feel. One pair of grey eyes seldom wandered from her face as the simple ceremonies of the day proceeded. One heart was far more occupied with thoughts of the pale-faced widow than of the blooming bride.

Haddon quitted Trevlyn almost immediately after his sister. The words of thanks he tried to speak faltered on his tongue, and would not come.

Monica understood, and answered by one of her sweetest smiles.

"You were Randolph's friend; you are my friend now. You must not try to thank me. I am so very glad to think of the link that binds us together. I shall not lose sight of you whilst Beatrice is so near. You will come again some day?"

"Yes, Lady Trevlyn," he answered quietly, "I will come again;" and he raised the hand he held for one moment very reverently to his lips.

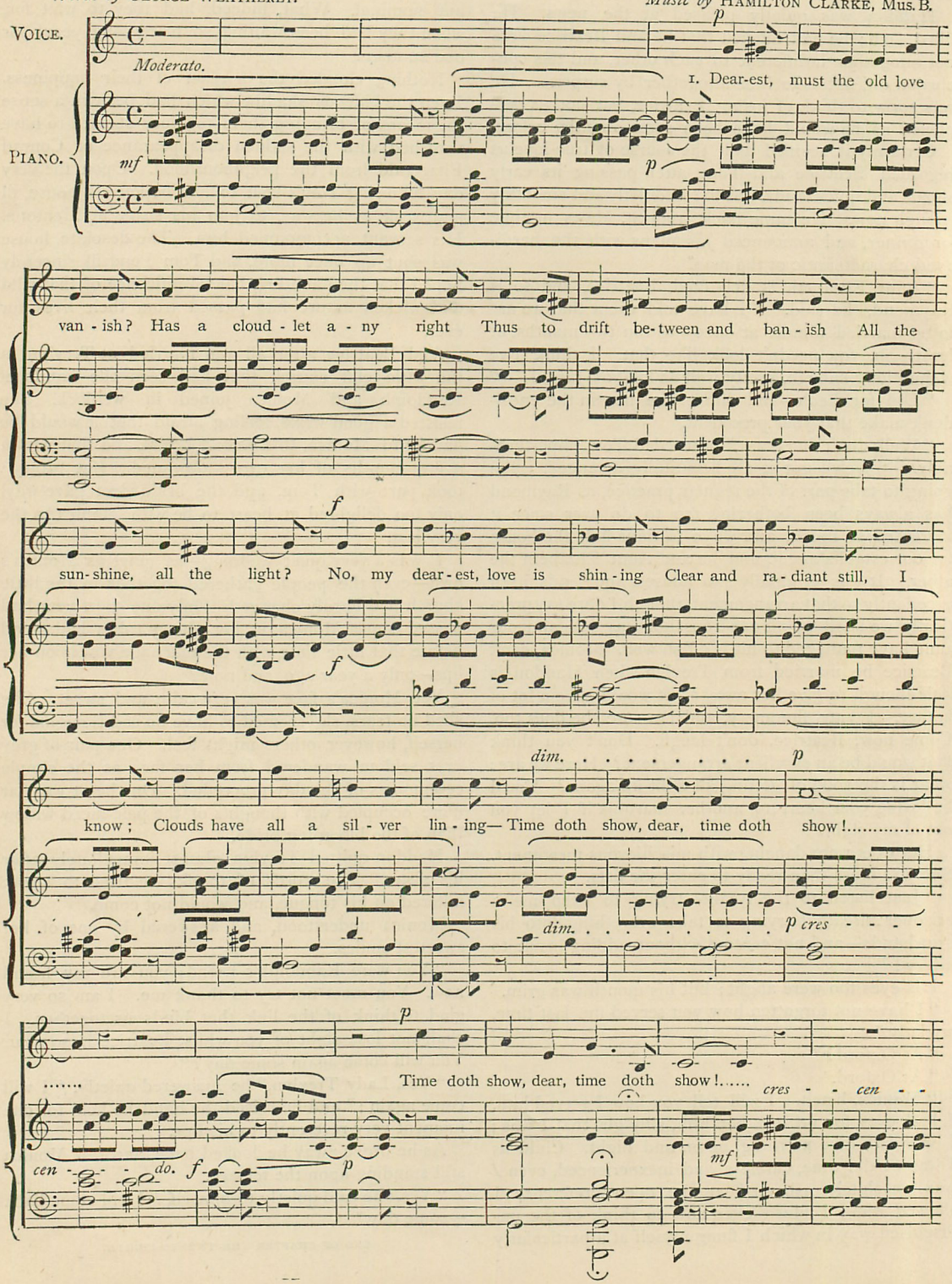
As he drove away he looked back, and saw Monica still standing upon the terrace.

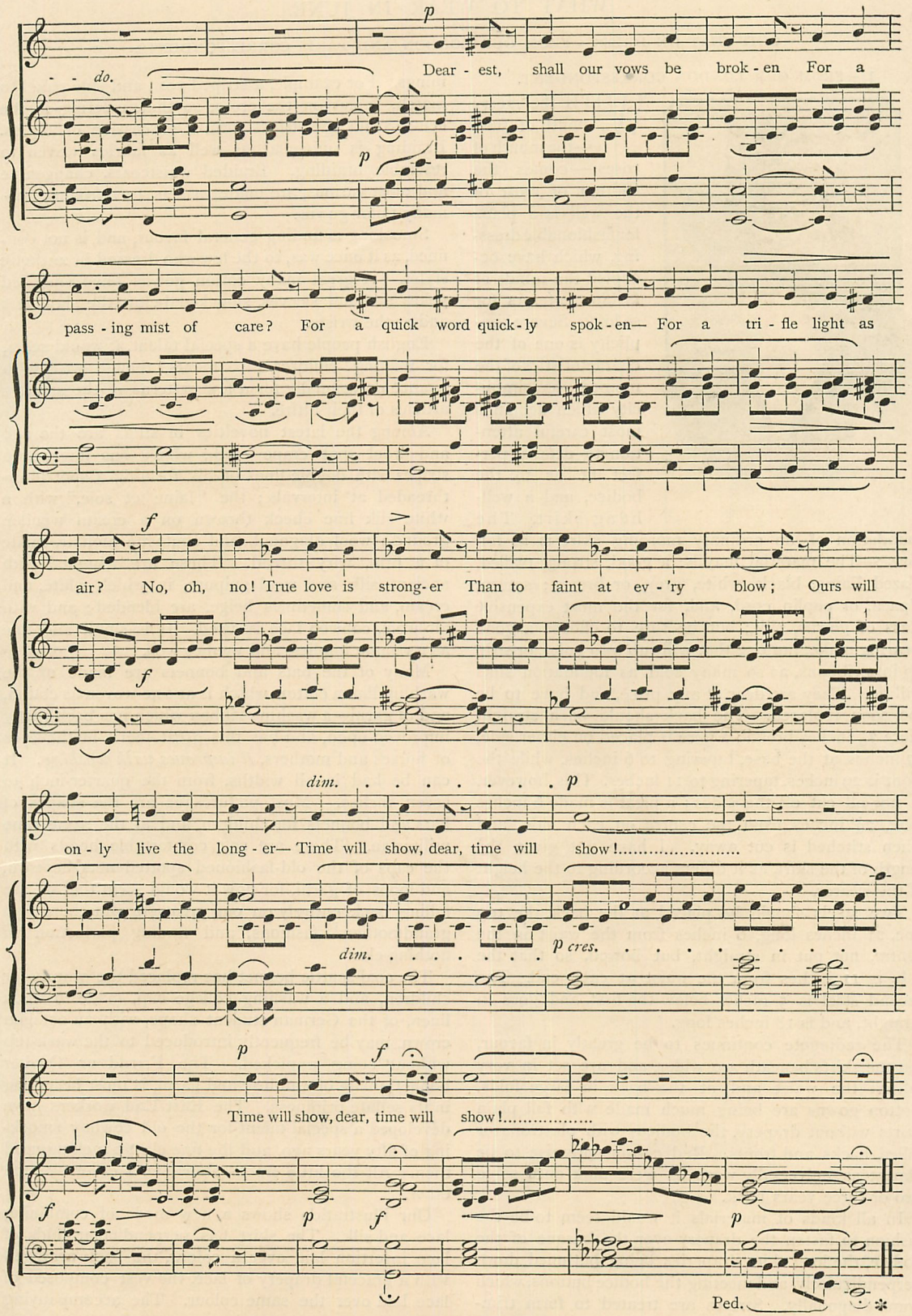
"Yes," he said quietly to himself, "I will come back—some day."

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

Time will Show!

Words by GEORGE WEATHERLY. *Music by* HAMILTON CLARKE, Mus. B.




p
do.
Dear - est, shall our vows be brok - en For a
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pass - ing mist of care? For a quick word quick - ly spok - en— For a tri - fle light as
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air? No, oh, no! True love is strong - er Than to faint at ev - 'ry blow; Ours will
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WHAT TO WEAR IN JUNE.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

WITH the merry month of June —the month of roses — comes the fruition of most of the well-laid plans for fashionable dressing, which have occupied the minds of fashion caterers for so long. Severe simplicity is one of the characteristics of the moment—a simplicity which demands most careful attention to details, perfect fit as to the bodice, and a well-hung skirt. The foundation of an ordinary morning skirt is as follows :—The material may be a good, strong, twilled, glazed lining, black, white, grey, or brown ; sateen, alpaca, or poplin cord, and, for the most expensive class of gowns, silk ; but be sure to choose a good wearing make, not one that will rub into holes, or strip up into ribbons, as so many sold as foundation silks will do. They are dear at any price, and have to be too soon replaced. The back should be a straight piece 35 inches broad ; a gore is placed on either side, 17 inches at the base, tapering to 6 inches, while the front is 29 inches, tapering to 11 inches. This, however, is not all cut off the sides ; a pleat is made 6 inches long, 2½ inches from the centre on each side, and when stitched is cut away. I have not given the length of the skirt, as it differs according to the height of the wearer.

Two steels should be placed at the back, the top one, 21 inches long, 6 inches from the waist in the centre, not put in straight, but bowed, so that the side is 11 inches from the waist at each end. The second steel is 5 inches below the first, and goes in straight, and is 18 inches long.

The redingote continues to be greatly in favour, but the skirts beneath are wider, and are set in very full at the waist and at the back in large folds. Cotton gowns are being much made with full plain skirts without drapery, the bodices with plastrons or fulled backs and fronts. Red cottons promise to be almost as universally worn as were pink ones some two or three years back.

In all kinds of materials it would seem to be the fashion to fasten the drapery over the basque of the bodice, the long skirt draperies being buttoned down perpendicularly, and meeting the bodice buttons, which come diagonally. Stripes are treated to form trimmings. For example, a striped vest, and side panel to match, is cut on the cross, so that, meeting in the centre seam, the stripes form a succession of angles. Braiding is universal, as well as fabrics woven to resemble braiding. Braided waistcoats, changeable and most various, are made in sets, to introduce into many tailor gowns.

Smocking is finding general favour, and is not confined, as it once was, to the few who dressed in æsthetic styles. A great many cotton gowns have smocked yokes and full sleeves, smocked below the shoulders and at the wrists.

English people have a special talent, it would seem, for making children's garments, though we fly to France occasionally for a few patterns of the smarter articles of their attire.

Among the latest novelties in stuffs are the silk and wool spot crape cloth, which has interwoven stripes with double lines of silk forming a spot inter-threaded at intervals ; the "laine et soie," with a white silk line check thrown on a cream woollen ground ; wool diagonal, and soutache mohair, made of a firm, wiry thread. These are trimmed with ancient silk and wool guipure, in which white, and cream, and sometimes beige, are blended ; and with all wool, cobweb lace is used. It is small and fine as its name implies, and washes well.

Many of the hats and bonnets are made of the washing llama cotton, which is as fine-woven as cotton, and of garni—a washing ribbon which has been vastly improved upon, and has this great merit in the eyes of nurses and mothers, *it improves with washing*. It can be had in all widths, from the quarter-inch to seven inches. Most picturesque are the shapes of hats and bonnets for children, and at the same time utilitarian. There are soft comfortable hoods with the caps of the old-fashioned spotted nets beneath, and loops of garni, for now it would seem that we are falling back entirely on our great-grandmothers' and grandmothers' fashions, and finding perfection in nothing else.

The coal-scuttle bonnet has replaced the granny for children, and a washing college cap, made in thick linen, of the German student shape, with an octagon crown, may be frequently introduced to the wash-tub without being unpicked. The Friend or Quaker bonnet, made of cambric and garni, is most becoming in its sedate primness. The East End workers have developed a special talent for the old cowboy smocking of fifty years ago, and the fine elastic tucking used then. All the little frocks show signs of one or the other.

Our illustration shows a new mode of combining lace and silk. The skirt has perpendicular folds of lace insertion laid over a colour, the back arranged with a graceful drapery of lace, the vest composed of lace laid over the same colour. The accompanying

figure is clothed in a striped woollen gown, with the fashionable cascade of pinked-out silk forming the panel. The mantelette is made of black silk and has bell sleeves attached; it is of the graceful form which Marie Antoinette loved, and which displays a slender figure to the best advantage. The hat has a high crown and is turned up high in front, with feathers peeping over the brim. The bows are made in the new ribbon with a satin edge, which conceals a wire, so that they remain in any position they are placed in—a very admirable arrangement, especially as it does not in any way add to the cost of the ribbon.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Materials in Paris are cheap, but making-up and workmanship of all kinds are expensive. Some of the mousselines de soie and gauzes are being converted into all or part of evening gowns, and very pretty are the white—not cream—grounded crêpes with small flowers sparsely scattered and apparently painted on them in natural colourings. Some of the new gauzes are indented like crocodile's scales. Drap Ernam, with silk stripes on a low-toned ground, and beige, are the two favourite woollens for ordinary walking-gowns, and nearly all are brightened up by narrow lines of colour, woven on a darker ground, and simply made.

Parisiennes have adopted the blouse belted bodice for ordinary gowns, which is good news for the home dressmaker, as they are easily carried out, but to set well they require a foundation beneath that really fits; and any fulness should be drawn into as small a space as possible—consistent with comfort—at the waist.

Woven borders appear on printed cottons, mousselines de laine, silk toiles, and many classes of woollens. These borders are useful for trimming, but I do not recommend them to those whose gowns have to last a long time, for they are marked and easily remembered. Panels are things of the past, as far as the latest fashions are concerned, and all the beautiful embroideries introduced into expensive gowns are worked on solid front breadths ungored. In this class of goods Paris is unrivalled; the designs are all Directoire; the Greek key pattern sometimes appears as bordering, but also roses in relief fashioned on white crêpe worked in gold spangles and cord, which are only a portion of an elaborate design carried up to the waist. Wheatsheaves are a favourite pattern in gold cord, pearls, and spangles, and the tinsel threads, dyed to every tone in vogue in the Pompadour period, are employed for the floral sprays on white satin. Silver is much used, but is too perishable to find general favour; crystal beads lined with gold or silver have much the same effect, and last well.

Millinery is undergoing a radical change. The bonnet-shapes are smaller, but the trimmings are placed so as to give them exceeding height. Very few find their way to England, but Frenchwomen wear the large brim, such as was in vogue fifty years ago, overshadowing the face. The strings are important-looking, but they commence from the top of the bonnet often, and we shall hear again of the old complaints of earache and neuralgia, produced by the head being unduly exposed. The brims are wide at the top, and curve towards the ears. They are lined, and often a wreath of roses appears beneath them.

Curious and quaint peasant head-dresses have given inspirations to some of the new ideas in bonnets. Many of them show a super-crown made of a circular piece of pleated black lace, wired, so that it stands up like the cap of the Maconnaises. Wire is all important, and some of the new ribbons have invisible

CONFIDENCES.

wires, so that the bows remain in the shape in which they are placed—firm and erect.

Hats are braided with flowers, but have little other trimming; the under side of the brims frequently show adornment, for they are of a different colour from the outside. For example, a black or blue hat would show white beneath, a red hat would show blue made in the same straw plait. Our initial letter gives a good idea of the style of such hats. Here the outside is a brilliant red, the inside showing above the face, black. The crown is hidden by a kerchief of crêpe de Chine with embroidered border, a bunch of poppies in front. The sailor shape with very much widened brim in the front and narrow at the back is the dominant idea, but the most becoming to a pretty woman is a three-cornered black straw, the white showing on the outside at the upturned corners, surmounted by a wealth of flowers and streamers of ribbon. Large hats are the fashion for full dress, with plenty of flowers or plenty of feathers. No half-measures prevail, and liberality in trimming is essential. The wide brims are turned up to suit the face—no two alike, so it would seem. I have seen hats with only a portion of the brim not entirely composed of flowers, and bonnets with merely a soft tulle crown, all the rest summer or spring blooms.

The ribbons used in millinery are all shot, and some have distinct moire stripes on one side only, and some are divided down the middle into two colours—black and red, maize and blue; but they are wide and important-looking whatever the combination.

A QUIET CHAT.

Our little group shows a child's frock simply made in brown and fawn striped woollen, trimmed with brown velvet, forming a sort of habitshirt with epaulettes and girolle. The hat has all the trimmings placed at the back. Her mother is entirely clothed in the new blue nun's-veiling, made with the full pointed bodice, having revers and the basque outlined by an applied band; the cords placed on the skirt are repeated on the front and cuffs. Her friend has a handsome grey cloth coat laced with gilt cord, and opening over a white cloth waistcoat; front breadths and panels richly worked in gold, the same appearing at the cuffs. Both ladies wear bonnets which form a point above the face.

FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS.

MRS. VAN KOERT'S TEAPOT.

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER.

IT used to be said, that of all the Anglo-maniacs in New York a year or two ago, when the passion first became rampant, no one was so completely possessed by it, or developed its symptoms so distinctly, as Mrs. Van Koert. Search might be made throughout the brown stone mansions in the enviable quarter where they flourish, without discovering a dwelling more saturated with the atmosphere Britannic.

To begin with, the summons of your knock at the outer door was instantly answered by a colossus in plush, while in the pleasant dimness of the hall behind stood the butler, both men having that air of old retainership and eminent respectability which we know is stamped on every menial in the "little island." Elizabethan chairs, which had evidently been well in use ever since their construction, were placed about the vestibule, while beside the wide fireplace in the hall itself was a large settle in carved oak, black with age, and flanked by an ancient table with strangely-knotted legs. Corner cupboards filled with old china, old pewter vessels of mysterious shapes, a finely-worked sampler, a tapestry screen, some antlers, foxes' brushes, riding-whips and sticks, several old portraits, and some good hunting sketches, furnished an apartment which caused every one from over the water to exclaim on entering, "Why, we might be at home!"

To those ladies (and there were some) of her set who were somewhat envious of the completeness with which Mrs. Van Koert was able to carry out her hobby, the idea occurred that it was scarcely fair to persons travelling in search of "fresh fields, and pastures new," to have specially recommended to them spots like those left behind. This, doubtless, was mere envy; and, at all events, each additional English treasure was eagerly scanned and admired by all the circle of Mrs. Van Koert's friends, and, with never-failing punctuality, English men and women within reach of the lady's nets of invitation were brought captive to her drawing-room.

"You *must* go to Mrs. Van Koert's; so English, you know," would be said at the clubs to every newly-introduced stranger. "Why, certainly! quite too lovely, purfectly sweet, take you there myself," the ladies cooed to every dame and damsel on her travels. Mrs. Van Koert was in fact English, and it was understood that her friends and relatives in the Old Country were people of position who, from time to time, gave or bequeathed to her the wares which she valued so highly and displayed so lavishly. Mr. Van Koert was merely a useful appendage, engaged in making the money which his wife was quite happy to spend for him. He never interfered, objected, or

remarked about her hobby, her dress, or her entertainments, and the chief thing noticeable about him was that America was evidently the country he preferred; his own room was furnished entirely with American goods, the clothes he wore were snipped and sewn by American tailors from native cloth, and as far as he could arrange it, he fed upon American products.

One afternoon a select company of Mrs. Van Koert's intimates were assembled in an admiring bevy round the tea-table. The latest addition to the lady's collection was on view, in the shape of a charming old Queen Anne tea-service, with silver tray, teapot and stand, cream-jug, sugar-basin, and set of spoons; all somewhat worn, it is true, but delightfully suggestive of old English country houses, or dainty town-bred dames with Georgian hoops, or with short waists, and sandals. The richness of a set of Crown Derby mugs in all their glory of red, blue, and gold, completed the picturesque appearance of the table. A few months ago Mrs. Van Koert had been enraptured by a set of handleless cups of Chelsea ware with which one of her "people" had been good enough to supply her. Now that their counterparts were to be seen in the drawing-rooms of sundry of her acquaintances, she had become the fortunate possessor of the brilliantly-tinted mugs with their deep saucers. Admiration for these treasures exhausted all the adjectives of the beholders' vocabularies, and, as they sipped their tea, the talk wandered to other topics.

"I met Lord Hunterscombe yesterday," said Elmira Welland; "he looks exactly like the groom father engaged last fall, and has just the same way of rubbing up his hair whenever you speak to him."

"He is a very amiable youth," said Miss Pamela Greening, "and he is getting together a team so that he may have a coach to drive us all about in."

"I do not know him," said Mrs. Van Koert; "with whom is he staying?"

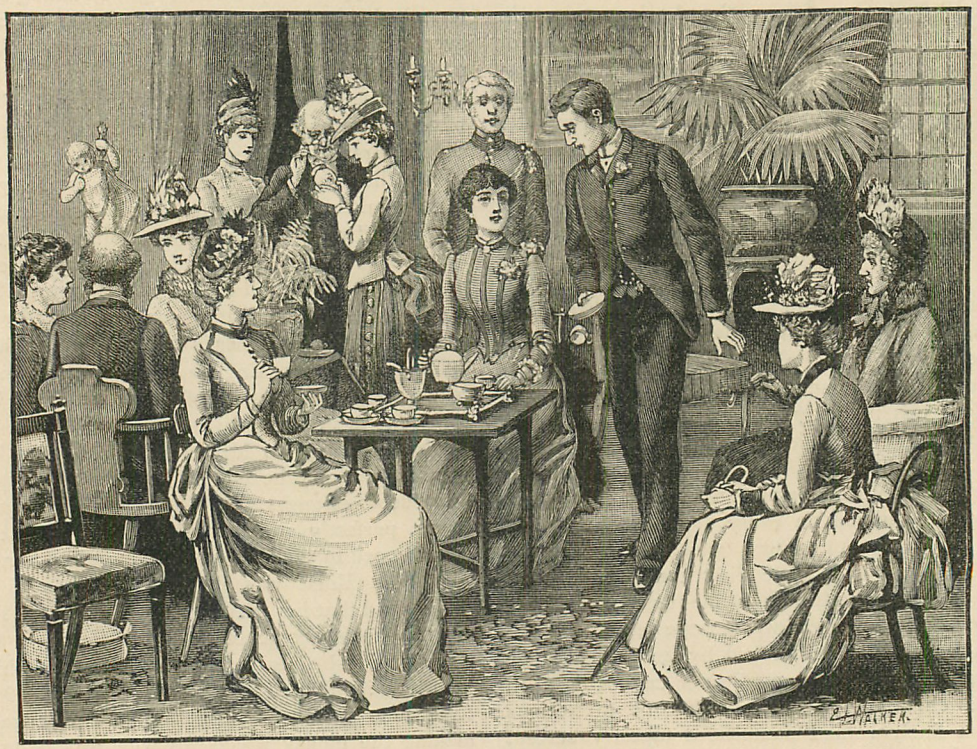
"He is travelling with a friend, Dr. Silvester, of Boston, and they are at Tiffany's," was the reply; "of course he will come here."

"I shall be very happy to see him," said Mrs. Van Koert.

"Do you know any of his people?" asked another of the ladies; "he is a son of the Earl of Hawkesbury."

"No," returned the hostess, "they do not belong to my county."

A short time after, another of Mrs. Van Koert's afternoons was enlivened by the appearance of the newly-arrived Lord Hunterscombe, and his friend from Boston. The usual remarks were made, and the guest said all that was expected of him as to the furniture and decorations, or rather he assented to all the remarks made by Dr. Silvester, who had been much in England, about the chairs, tables, needlework, *et hoc genus omne*. Lord Hunterscombe was a good-natured young man, who spoke often of his mother and sisters, and seemed to consider travelling rather as a duty than a pleasure; he mentioned to Miss Greening that his father had sent him abroad, and that he "didn't much mind comin' as the huntin' was over, and he didn't care for fishin'."



"HE ALLOWED THE TEACUP TO SLIP TO THE GROUND" (*p.* 439).

Miss Greening remarked to her friends that no doubt the Earl of Hawkesbury believed "home-keeping youths have ever homely wits," and had sent his son away to smarten up; and announced she was willing to accelerate the process by her cheerful chatter. Conversation was brisk, and the somewhat highly-pitched voices of the girls, with their carefully enunciated "g's," contrasted with the soft tones of the Boston doctor, and the clipped English of the young lord's bass. Tea was brought in by the respectable butler and the tall footman, and the chink of china, and rattle of teaspoons, mingled with the buzz of talk.

Lord Hunterscombe, with a merry reply on his tongue to Miss Greening's last sally, advanced to the little table to secure a cup of tea for the young lady, and a gleam of sunshine lighted up the silver pot which Mrs. Van Koert uplifted in her delicately ringed fingers.

"My gracious!" ejaculated Lord Hunterscombe, under his breath, as, with his eyes fixed on the teapot, he allowed the teacup to slip to the ground, and, falling on his knees to pick up the pieces, raised a blushing face to Mrs. Van Koert, while he apologised for his carelessness. After this mishap he found plenty to say to his hostess, and delighted her by the warmth with which he praised her silver, taking each piece out of her hands and "examining it with the eye of a connoisseur," the lady remarked.

"Looking as if he would like to tote it away!" Miss Greening observed to her neighbour.

Lord Hunterscombe became very silent after his admiration of the tea equipage, and it required all the energies of the young ladies to extract half a dozen words from him.

"Seems as if he positively had an idea in his head, and it made it ache!" said Miss Elmira Welland.

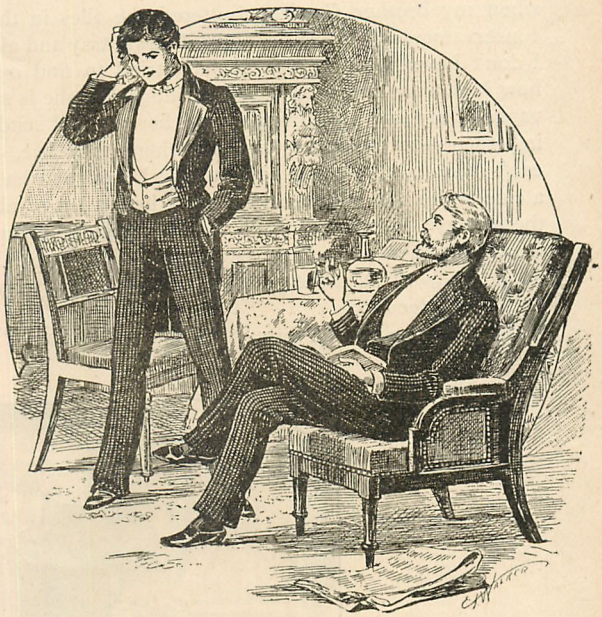
In a few days his lordship had hired a coach, and mustered a team, and might be seen driving about the Central Park with the most charming set of girls to be found in New York. Miss Greening and Mrs. Van Koert were perhaps more often favoured with an invitation than any one else, and the intimacy that had sprung up between the trio entailed upon the lovely young lady a good deal of chaff from her friends, and inquiries as to whether she intended joining the ranks of the Anglo-American aristocracy.

"No fear," she would answer merrily. "It isn't me he thinks about, it's Mrs. Van Koert—they talk by the hour about England, and old china, and silver, and oak; but they don't seem to have any acquaintances in common in the Old Country."

One evening, after a pleasant dinner-party at Mrs. Van Koert's, Dr. Silvester was amusing himself with a cigar and a book before turning in, when a rap at his door disturbed him, and his young friend entered, looking dreadfully perturbed.

"What is the matter, Hunterscombe?" said the doctor, "you look quite unhappy; come and have a cigar."

"No, thank you, I can't smoke to-night; I want your advice," was the reply, as the young man rubbed his hair about wildly, sat down, got up again, began fidgeting with the knick-knacks on the mantelpiece,



"'TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT.'"

and showed various other signs of discomfort and nervousness.

"He has fallen in love with Pamela Greening," thought the doctor. "I wonder what the earl will say.—Come, my dear fellow," he observed aloud, "I can't prescribe for you till I know your symptoms—tell me all about it; is there a woman in the case?"

"Oh dear, no!" said Hunterscombe briskly; "at least—that is—well, the fact is, a wretchedly unpleasant thing has happened, and I really don't know what to be at. About a year and a half ago there was a robbery at home—at Hawkescliffe, you know—and my mother has never got over the vexation it caused her. We lost no end of old silver, and have never been able to trace it in the least. There was a tea-set mother used every afternoon, a little cream-jug she always had with the first strawberries, and all that sort of thing. Mother is a great invalid, and trifles worry her, she can't get over them easily, so we thought a great deal about the robbery."

"I don't call that exactly a trifle," interrupted the doctor.

"You might have knocked me down with a feather that first day at Mrs. Van Koert's, doctor," continued Hunterscombe, not heeding the remark; "for there was mother's teapot on her table! I could have sworn it, then; but I have since looked at it carefully, and there is no mistake about it. Mother was a Laguerre, and on the pot is their crest, and the motto 'Gare la guerre.' The stand does not match it, but has a different crest and motto; it belonged to a great-aunt of father's. To-night, when the coffee came in, I looked at the pot——"

"Yes," interrupted the doctor, "I saw you, and began to wonder at your admiration."

"It wasn't that," said poor Hunterscombe; "it was because I found the very dent that was made in it

when my brother Geoffrey buttered the tiles in the conservatory, and the butler slipped down, tray and all. I don't know what to do. I have tried to find out how Mrs. Van Koert came by the things, but she is so vague—only says something about 'her people' sending them—but who they are, or where they live, I can't make out. I wrote home to say I thought I had a clue to the lost silver, and I have here a list of all the things; so there would be no difficulty about identifying them; but how to approach the subject I do not know!" And the poor young man looked very unhappy indeed.

Dr. Silvester felt for him. "It is very awkward," he said, "and it seems impossible to believe she should not be able to give a clear explanation of how she came by the teapot. Shall I try to manage it?"

"Would you?" said Lord Hunterscombe, jumping up. "Oh! I should be so awfully obliged. Promise anything in reason if you can get the teapot. A new set shall be sent, and no bother or worry, you know. Of course, I would never mention a word about it, only mother would be so delighted if I could take back her teapot!" and with his good-natured face wreathed in smiles, the young man wrung his friend's hand and departed.

Dr. Silvester did not resume his novel, but pondered over the unpleasant task he had set himself. How should he put the necessary questions to Mrs. Van Koert, without wounding her susceptibilities, or humiliating her? It would need all his powers of diplomacy, he felt sure.

Two days afterwards, however, he took his courage in both hands, and went to call on the lady at an hour when he did not think she would be surrounded by visitors.

Ushered into the much-draped morning-room at Mrs. Van Koert's, he found her at her writing-table, engaged with a pile of red and black tradesmen's books. Her surroundings were so refined, and so English, that he felt the greatest difficulty in believing the story told him by his young friend. "Of course the things are hers, and most probably belonged to her great-grandmother," he thought. Still, his word was given, and he must make the plunge; after a few commonplaces, he dashed boldly into the subject, by saying—

"Lord Hunterscombe's mother is, as perhaps you have heard, a very great invalid; he is a devoted son, and wishes to take home for her a special souvenir of his travels."

"MRS. VAN KOERT SUDDENLY BURST INTO TEARS" (*p.* 441).

"Yes?" said Mrs. Van Koert; "but I don't fancy it is very easy here to find anything they have not in Europe."

"It is strange," was the rejoinder, "but Hunterscombe has been immensely struck with your silver tea-service. His mother lost one precisely like it about a year and a half ago; it was stolen; and she has fretted about it ever since. He has been wondering if you would permit him to have it, in exchange for one as much like it as possible—or if you would prefer——"

"Dr. Silvester!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Koert, "I really do not understand. What possible good could my tea-service be to Lady Hawkesbury?"

"It is so strangely like the missing one," continued the doctor gingerly, "that Hunterscombe thought if it had no special value to you as an heirloom——"

"It belonged to my people——" began Mrs. Van Koert, in the usual tone; but some twinkle in the doctor's eye, or some twitch of disobedient muscles

"FLOATING, FLOATING, FLOATING STILL—
THOU AND I TOGETHER."

"*ON THE RIVER*" (*p.* 441).

about his mouth, arrested her speech, and she exclaimed, "Do you insinuate——?"

The doctor's mellifluous tones took up his unfinished sentence—"which I hardly think it can be, as Hunterscombe says the crests and mottoes are those of his mother's and father's families, and curiously enough, there are certain marks and dents in the tea and coffee pots, which he remembers in the ones at home—one was in fact made by his brother in a prank. It is strange, is it not? and, dear Mrs. Van Koert," he pursued, as the lady sank into a chair, "I fear he will not be content without close inquiry as to how you became possessed of them. Will you not reconsider the matter? or tell me exactly from what part of England they came?" The doctor rose, as he spoke, and advanced gently towards Mrs. Van Koert, who suddenly burst into tears and sobbed vehemently.

"Dear madam, do not distress yourself!" said the doctor. "Of course the explanation will be perfectly simple, and you may rely on my discretion."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Van Koert, between her sobs; "they did not come from England, but I wanted some so much, and Wedenheller showed them to me before any one had seen them, so I—bought them."

The doctor with difficulty stifled a whistle, as he heard the name of the well-known bric-à-brac dealer. His store, then, was the ancestral home of Mrs. Van Koert, and he the purveyor of her lovely English properties! "What a fortune he must have made out of her!" was his inward comment, as he soothingly said, "Ah, then it is quite easy. Lord Hawkesbury will forward you another set, and I will make inquiry of Wedenheller as to how he got them."

"No, no! pray do not do that!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Koert; "it would be sure to make him angry; it might get him into trouble, and he would never, never let me have anything again!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the doctor, "do you mean to say you had any doubt as to——?"

"Well," replied the weeping lady, "they were so lovely; but they were battered, and he did not ask a very great price for them, so I thought it could not matter."

"I feel a little astonished at your courage," observed the doctor drily; "and where was her conscience?" he asked himself. Aloud he continued—"Then I may tell Hunterscombe you will let him have the things, and that you regret that you did not make more special inquiries about them?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Van Koert, "tell him that if you like; but pray do not make a talk, and do not let me see the young man again!"

The doctor departed. The silver was duly forwarded to Hawkescliffe, and the ailing countess made happy by its appearance once more on her table; but her queries to her son as to where he discovered the articles have been met by such obstinate reticence on his part, that her curiosity is still unsatisfied, and the history of Mrs. Van Koert's teapot will never be known to her.

The lady herself went early to the springs that year, and on her return exhibited a mania for old Dutch furniture and ware, which has since been exchanged for one in favour of Venetian antiques, and her friends remark that she has apparently faded from the remembrance of "her people" in the Old Country as completely as she has forgotten them and their art treasures.

M. R. L.

ON THE RIVER.

GLIDING, gliding, gliding on,
O'er the rippling river,
Ere the sunlit day be done,
Ere the stars shine, one by one,
And the shadows quiver;
Gliding, gliding, gliding on,
Gliding o'er the river.

Floating, floating, floating still—
Thou and I together—
Dews the royal lilies fill,
Banks are blowing, and the hill
Crownèd shines with heather;
Floating, floating, floating still—
Thou and I together.

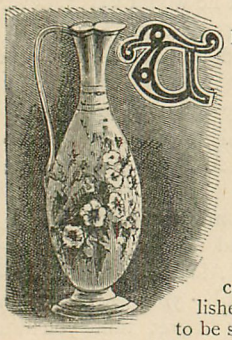
Silver, silver, silver stream,
Bear us thus for ever;
If the glory be a dream,
Let the vision fadeless seem,
Let me waken never;
Silver, silver, silver stream,
Bear us on for ever.

Drifting where the flowerets lie,
Now to slumber hushing,—
Tell me, love—if thou and I
Nevermore shall say "Good-bye"?
Earth and clouds are blushing;
Drifting on, 'neath sunset sky,
Where the flowers are hushing.

Golden, golden, golden eve!
Come, enwrap the river;
Sweetest benedictions leave,
And immortal garlands weave,
While thy shades down-quiver;
Side by side—oh, golden eve!—
Gliding down the river.

MARGARET HAYCRAFT.

OUR AMATEUR FREE UNIVERSITY.



THE Pass Lists which we give below are, as our readers will see, less crowded than those for the two preceding months, a result which we attribute rather to the greater difficulty of the work for March than to any falling off in the ardour of our Undergraduates. Several unsuccessful competitors in the first two months' course have written to ask us whether they may again compete for any of our prizes. Of course they may. Many a man who met with a reverse at the outset of his University career has afterwards achieved its highest successes. A crowning triumph will more than compensate for an initial failure.

We hope to give next month the award in the February work (Literary Course); but, before we go any further with the Literary Course, we must open a new section in the

DOMESTIC COURSE.—HOME-MADE SCHOOL CAKE.

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best Home-made School Cake, to weigh about 2 lbs. Each cake must be accompanied by the declaration required under Section 3 of the General Rules, published in our December number. The declaration should be enclosed in a stout envelope, which is then to be securely attached *to the cake* itself by means of a piece of tape; and *no communications other than those so attached to the cakes will receive attention.* With this declaration there should be enclosed in the envelope a brief description of the ingredients employed, and the time occupied in (1) making and (2) baking the cake. All specimens must be carefully packed and sent off to the Editor on June 18th, so as to reach him not later than June 20th, on the morning of which date the award will be made. Intending competitors are reminded that to send in their specimens before the date named is to prejudice the prospects of their own work. Professed cooks or bakers will not be eligible to take part in this Competition. With this exception the section is open to every reader, subject to the General Rules. Diplomas of Honour and Certificates of Merit will be respectively awarded to all those candidates whose specimens are approved by the Examiners. After the completion of the awards, the cakes will be distributed among the children of various orphanages selected by the Editor.

PASS LISTS (MARCH PORTION).

The successful candidates may have their Certificates posted to them on their sending to the Editor a fully-addressed label, together with Two Penny Postage Stamps, to defray cost of postage and roller. The Editor cannot be responsible for loss or damage to Certificates in the Post.

LITERARY COURSE.

SECTION I.—PARAPHRASE.

The Prize of Half a Guinea is awarded to ELIZABETH A. ALDRIDGE, Ilkeston, Nottingham.

CERTIFICATE OF HONOUR.

Name.	*Address.*
Axtens, Frances E.	Redland, Bristol.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

Berridge, Agnes M.	Oundle.
Brigstocke, Giulia	Homburg.
Brunsdon, Annie M.	Hereford.
Doughty, B.	Brixton, S.W.
Duffett, B. E.	Red Hill.
Gordon, A. J.	Kirkcudbright, N.B.
Hill, Annie	Shipton-on-Stour.
Holliday, Harriet M.	Oxford.
Hordle, Emma M.	Wareham, Dorset.
Johnson, Ethel	Carlow.
Kinhead, Marian W.	Portadown.
Knibb, Florence	Northampton.
Leader, Lilian T.	Sheffield.
Leader, Maud M.	Sheffield.
Mammatt, Mary	Ashby-de-la-Zouche.
Mayne, E. F. C.	Portadown.
McGillivray, Margaret	Kilmelford.
Ruffy, E. L.	Kettering.
Sampson, Annie...	Maryport.
Sams, Helen S.	Bath.
Sizer, Kate T.	Colchester.
Thornham, Clara	Hull.
Whitby, J. E.	Plymouth.
Willson, Eliza	Thetford, Norfolk.
Woods, Leonard W.	North Shields.

SECTION II.—TRANSLATION.

The Prize of One Guinea is awarded to AGNES W. JACKSON, Fulbrook House, Grange Road, Ealing, London, W.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR.

Cudmore, D.	Dublin.
Daniel, Margherita N.	Athlone.
Danvers, O.	Ealing.
Drummond, Catherine A. ...	Irvine, N.B.
Gras, Juliette	Gard, France.

Name.	*Address.*
Hebblethwaite, Isabel	Boston Spa.
Jones, Annie	Middlesbrough.
Neville, Beatrice A. N. ...	Norwich.
Neville, Florence	Norwich.
Warters, Mima	Hull.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

Brigstocke, Giulia	Homburg.
Burch, Ellen F.	Regent's Park, N.W.
Coetlogon, Eva H. de	Tetsworth.
Drake-Brockman, E. A. ...	Sandgate.
Drake-Brockman, L. J. ...	Sandgate.
Dyson, Helena	Ealing, W.
Freeman, Lucy I.	Norwich.
Hebblethwaite, Constance I. ...	Boston Spa
Horwood, Elizabeth	Brackley.
Ingram, Bessie	Durham.
Prescott, Frances Mary ...	Dublin.
Putron, Maud M. de	Bexley.
Rylatt, Mary A.	Builth Wells.
Tredgold, Dora E.	Portsmouth.
Woods, L. W.	North Shields.

SECTION III.—PIANOFORTE PIECE.

The Prize of Three Guineas is awarded to R. ERNEST BRYSON, 1, Chetwynd Road, Oxton, Birkenhead.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

Kenyon, Lizzie	Bowdon.
Palmer, Marian...	Camberwell Road, S.E.
Parker, Fred.	Leicester.
Whitcher, Kate	Stamford.
Williams, Arthur R.	Faringdon, Berks.

DOMESTIC COURSE.

SEWING MACHINE WORK. (JANUARY).

The Prize of Half a Guinea is awarded to Miss FLORENCE BURCH, 23, Oaten Hill, Canterbury, Kent.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR.

Benford, F. M.	Brighton.
Gardner, Alice	Liverpool.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

Orr, Jeannie M.	Bayswater, W.
Walker, Isabella	East Molesey.

N.B.—We regret that it is quite impossible to reply to any inquiries respecting unsuccessful efforts.—ED.

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Sewer Gas Destroyer.

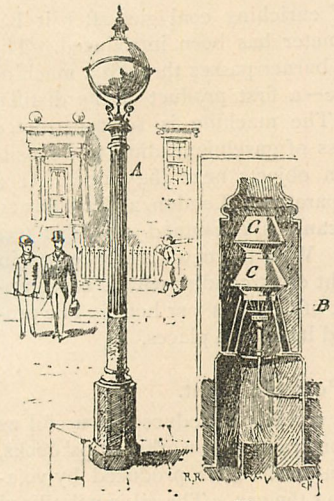


FIG. 1. FIG. 2.

Sewer gas ventilation ordinarily takes place by openings in the form of gratings or hollow shafts; but the delivery of polluted air in this manner into the atmosphere is obviously not satisfactory. A civil engineer has therefore introduced this gas destroyer, which "purifies the sewer air before it is delivered to the atmosphere." It consists in placing an air gas burner in the base of the ornamental iron column, A, Fig. 1, serving for a delivery shaft, and, at the same time, as a lamp-post if need be. The burner, B, Fig. 2, is surrounded by a conical iron casing, and surmounted by two conical iron chambers, C C. These are heated by the flame, and the sewer gas being sucked through is burnt in its passage, and all the germs destroyed. The first cone has a temperature of 620° F., or that capable of melting lead. The destroyer has been favourably reported on.

Steel Lace.

Fine lace of rolled steel has recently been made in Pittsburg, United States. It is said to be so light that it can almost be blown away by a breath. The pattern is stamped out of an unbrittle kind of steel, and not woven as in ordinary thread lace. A variety of qualities, light and heavy, have been made for the market; and if the new lace can be guarded from rusting it may become an article of wear.

The "City of New York."

The *City of New York* is, since the *Great Eastern* was withdrawn, the largest vessel afloat. She was recently built on the Clyde, for the Inman and International Company, and is designed for the safety and comfort of her passengers, as well as for speed. Her length is 560 feet; breadth, 63¼ feet; depth below the upper deck, 43¼ feet. Above the upper deck is a promenade deck, supported on stanchions, and running the whole length of the ship. There are fifteen water-tight compartments, separated by steel bulk-heads, extending from the keel to the upper deck, that is to say, 16 feet above the water-line. Two of these compartments could be knocked into one without rendering the vessel unseaworthy. The boilers are separated into three groups by two of these compartments, and the engines are so arranged that if a breakdown occur at any time to either engines or screw-shaft, the vessel can proceed at three-quarters speed. She is a twin-screw vessel, and is capable of making about 20 knots an hour. The main saloon is in the form of a dome, 22 feet high, and fitted up in a very elegant style. There is also a drawing-room and library, as well as state-rooms and berths, lighted by electricity. The rudder and steering gear is entirely below water, a provision intended for the eventuality of the ship being used as an armed cruiser. The cargo is worked by twelve hydraulic derricks, working without noise—a convenience to the passengers. In short, the *City of New York* is an important advance in shipbuilding, in the direction of safe and comfortable travelling at sea. She is designed for the Atlantic passage.

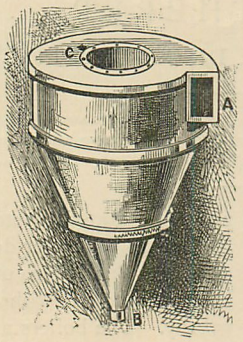
Brazing by Gas.

Mr. Thomas Fletcher, of Warrington, the well-known chemist, has introduced a new method of welding by means of compressed oxygen and coal gas, and found that with a half-inch gas supply pipe a joint could be brazed in a two-inch wrought-iron pipe in about a minute. Welding was also performed by this method, using a small blow-pipe. The cost of oxygen made by Brin's process is inconsiderable, and the oxygen blast renders welding possible, whereas with the air blast it is impossible, owing to the formation of magnetic oxide on the surface to be welded.

Roses for Fencing.

Experiments have recently been made in Austro-Hungary with various kinds of quick fencing for railways, especially with a view to keeping out snow-drifts; and it is stated that the choice has fallen on rose-plants, the Rose of Provence, or more properly "Provins," being preferred. A fence 6½ feet high and 3¼ feet thick is found sufficient to check snowdrifts. Of course the blooms of the rose are a source of profit as well, since they are marketable; and it need hardly be said that their appearance is delightful. In some parts of the Continent fruit-trees are used as fences for railways; and it is to be hoped that some attention will be given to the matter in the United Kingdom, to the end that our railway lines may be improved from a pleasing as well as a utilitarian point of view.

A Dust Collector.



The apparatus which we illustrate is an American contrivance for collecting flour or other dust in mills. It is a conical funnel of sheet-iron, into one side of which, at the top, A, the dusty air is forced by exhaust fans. The entering current of air revolves within the cone, and by centrifugal force the dust is delivered to the sides of the cone, and finally discharged at the bottom, B, while the cleaned air escapes by the orifice, C. It has been used to collect powders in chemical works, and also the sawdust or shavings from wood-working machines.

The New Mining Explosive.

A harmless explosive for mining purposes is a desideratum, and it is interesting to find that "hellhofite," a new material prepared on the Continent, has properties which render it fit for practical uses. It is a red caustic liquid formed by a combination of the nitro-products of tar oils with nitric acid. It can also be obtained in a solid form, the liquid being absorbed by the fossil earth known as "kieselguhr." The cartridges containing it may be driven forcibly into the blast-holes. They are fired by caps containing fulminate of mercury. A Royal Commission in Prussia has made a long series of experiments with it in a fiery mine, and finds it 30 per cent. more powerful than nitro-glycerine. It is also far more powerful than Nobel's gelatine dynamite. As regards its safety in mines, on one occasion there was 10 per cent. of fire-damp in the air, and although coal-dust was strewn for a distance of ten metres, no flame arose from the explosion. The products of combustion are also said to be neither dangerous nor disagreeable, and the price of the material is less than that of dynamite. Moreover, the tendency of its breaking power in a mine is rather to rift than shatter. For these considerations the new explosive seems to have a future before it in the mining world.

Pickled Tea.

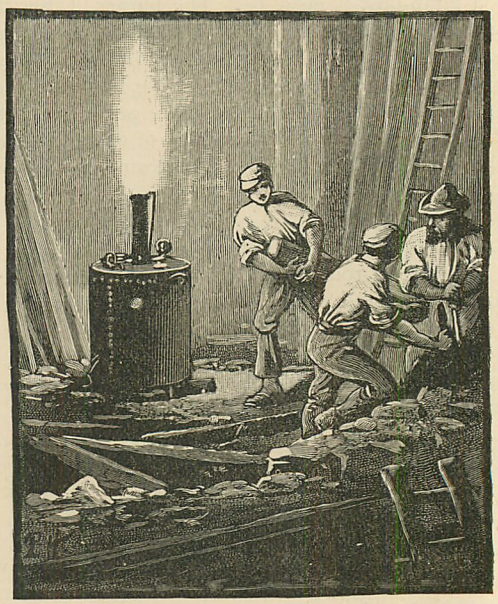
At Kawya, a village on the Chindwin River in Upper Burmah, the natives cultivate tea under the shade of high trees. The first pickings are made when the plant is three or four years old ; and when it becomes old it is cut down and the fresh suckers from the root cultivated. The leaves, after being plucked, are steeped in boiling water for a short time, then strained, kneaded, and pressed into bamboo baskets. This "pickled tea" fetches four rupees per 100 lbs. It is called "lepet" by the Burmese, and is floated down the river in hollow bamboos, under the surface of the water. Salt, sesamum oil, and other ingredients are sometimes mixed with it. The taste and smell are not agreeable to Europeans, but the Burmese are very fond of it. The district of the Chindwin River is said to be favourable for the cultivation of the tea-plant. Pickled tea reminds us of the old Scotch woman whose son, a sailor, brought her home a pound of tea from China. She boiled it a long time to make it tender, then mashed up the leaves with butter and served them hot. We may add that tea is now cultivated in Natal and Jamaica.

Enriching Gas.

A new method of enriching coal gas after it has passed through the meter has been introduced. The gas on its way to the burner passes through a machine charged with gaseline—a first product of the distillation of petroleum. The machine is so constructed that there is no excess of gaseline leading to deposits in the pipes or upon objects near the flame. At a recent trial of the apparatus in London, a Bray burner, giving a light of 18 candles, consumed 4·1 cubic feet of City gas per hour. With the new Lawrence gas in question it gave a light of 25 candles with a consumption of 2·25 cubic feet of City gas per hour. The process has been adopted in several places.

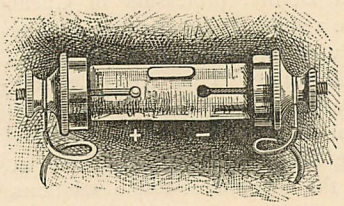
A Portable Light.

The "Doty" light, recently introduced, is useful as a portable light for construction of works, ships' decks, and out-of-door operations. It is produced by volatilising oil and burning the gas. The oil is volatilised by the heat of the flame in causing it to pass to the burner, a spiral tube surrounding the flame. The cost



is stated to be about 6d. per hour for a 500-candle light ; one supply of oil lasting 13 hours. The figure shows the oil reservoir and apparatus, with the flame issuing from the burner. So powerful is the light that a newspaper can, it is stated, be read at a distance of 135 feet from it.

An Electric Pole Indicator.



Our engraving shows a useful little instrument for electricians and other persons having to do with electric light installations. It consists of a glass cylinder, fitted at the ends with metal caps and terminals for connecting the instrument in circuit with the wires conveying the current. From these caps project two electrodes in the clear liquid with which the cylinder is filled. When the instrument is connected in circuit, a purple tinge appears in the liquid at the negative (—) electrode, thus indicating the negative pole of the circuit. When the current is interrupted, the purple is re-absorbed. The apparatus is strong, and small enough for the pocket.

Blotting Paper for Copying.

We are informed that the copying paper described on page 319 of our April issue, from particulars derived from a German journal, has been patented in this country; its manufacture is therefore protected by our patent laws.

Improved Fire-Guards.

Some new fire-guards have lately been introduced by a London firm, which combine with the advantages of the ordinary guards a novel attachment that enables them to be used for toasting, or for holding plates or dishes in front of the fire. The illustrations show the new device at work. Fig. 1 represents the simpler form of the guard, which is hung by hooks to the bars of the fireplace. Two chains are secured to these hooks, and, passing through the meshes of the brass network forming the guard, are fastened at their

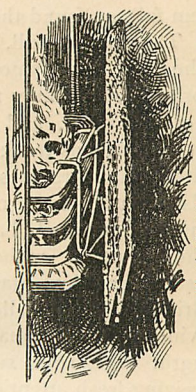


FIG. 1.

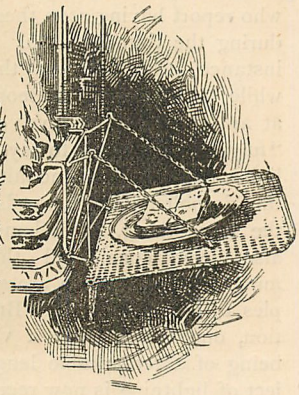


FIG. 2.

other extremity to a brass rod, which is allowed to hang freely in front of the screen when the latter is in use as a fire-guard. But when the screen is to be used for holding a plate, &c., it is allowed to fall forwards until it is caught by the brass rod, as shown in Fig. 2, when it forms a perfectly secure and very handy shelf immediately in front of the fire. Fig. 3 shows a more elaborate form of the guard, intended for use on a tiled hearth, and in which the folding screen is supported, when lowered, by pins in the folding sides of

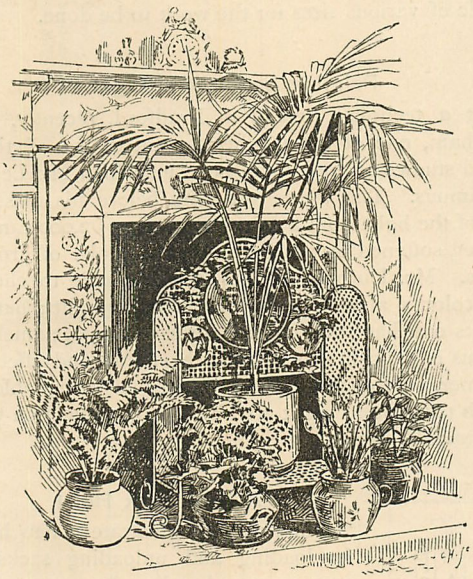


FIG. 3.

the contrivance. It will be seen that in this latter form the screen stands on feet in front of the fire, and is not suspended from the bars by hooks. These new screens are so made that in summer they can be turned to admirable account in the decoration of the fireplace, as one of our illustrations shows.

Repairing Torn Music Sheets.

All musicians know what trouble is caused by the tearing of sheets of music, particularly of song-music, along the fold between the pages. To repair the damage thus caused, a new vellum tape has lately been introduced, which promises to be a very effectual help. Down the centre of the slip is ruled a blue line, and the tape is gummed on each side of this line, almost, but not quite, up to it, so that the centre of the slip is left ungummed all the way along. In use the slip is damped and the damaged sheets are laid on it so that the torn fold just touches the centre line. The slip is then folded over and the binding is complete. This tape will be equally useful for repairing manuscript or printed folios.

A Pneumatic Chisel.

A pneumatic tool for working in all kinds of stone and metal, and for caulking steam-boilers and iron tanks, has been devised by Mr. J. S. MacCoy and others. It works on the principle of the rock-drilling machine, and consists of a rapidly reciprocating piston, working in a small cylinder, and driving by impact, through the agency of compressed air, the working

chisel or other cutter. The tool is held in the hand of the workman, and connected by tubing with a supply of air under pressure. It is started and stopped instantly by the workman, and a tool with a cylinder, 1 inch in diameter, working with air at a pressure of 40 lbs. on the square inch, delivers 15,000 strokes per minute, the noise being a kind of buzz. The tool is made of various sizes for the work to be done.

Painting by Electric Light.

At a technical school in Bradford, recently, Mr. Durham, one of the teachers, painted one of those rapid studies of the human head for which Mr. Legros is famous. The whole was done before his class by aid of the light from a Pilsen arc lamp of 2,000 candle-power, softened by passing though a globe of ground glass. Mr. Durham testifies to being able to choose his colours almost as well as if in daylight; but he points out that there is still a desideratum, namely, a means of diffusing the light in a simple and effective manner. Of course the advantages of being able to teach painting at night are obvious in connection with workmen's classes.

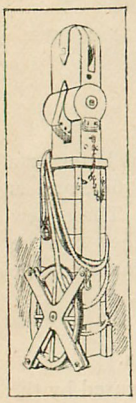


FIG 1.

A New Sack Hoist.

Our woodcuts illustrate a new hoist for loading and unloading sacks of corn or merchandise, by means of a horse. It consists of a socket let into the ground, and having a post which fits into it. The post is furnished with a movable head, for meeting the load at any angle. A pulley is fixed in the head by a quadrant and pin. The first figure shows the post in detail, and the second its use in hoisting sacks from a barn to load a waggon. By this arrangement, four sacks can be hoisted in a minute, according to the statement of the inventor.

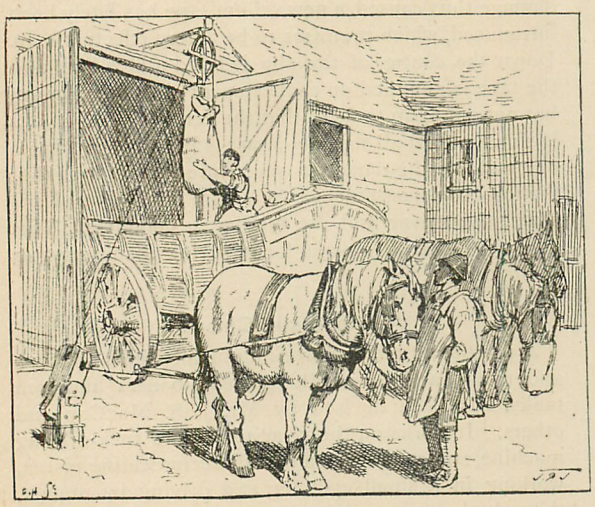


FIG. 2.

Uninflammable Wood.

M.M. Boudin and Donny, professors of Ghent University, have made a series of experiments for the Belgian Minister of Public Works on means for rendering wood non-inflammable. They conclude from these researches that while wood cannot be rendered absolutely uninflammable, it can be rendered partially so, and not apt to take fire. Of the methods now in use for treating wood, the injection of saline solutions appears to them impracticable and perhaps dangerous in timbers of large size, though applicable to small pieces of wood. A concentrated solution of phosphate of ammonia is recommended as best to use, notwithstanding its high price. In most cases, however, the method of coating the wood with a paint is the only practical solution of the problem, and the substances most recommended for this purpose are asbestos and cyanide of potassium.

Thunderbolts.

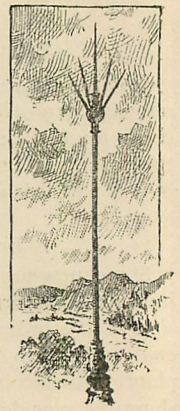


FIG. 1.

The idea of "thunderstones," that is to say, stones or missiles of similar nature thrown to the earth in thunderstorms, is a very ancient one, but has not properly been investigated. According to Mr. Symons, of the Royal Meteorological Society, thunderstones have no existence. In other words, as he points out, a flash of lightning is a discharge of electricity, and unaccompanied by solid projectiles. In a recent paper he has shown that several reputed thunderstones he has examined turn out to be very mundane articles, such as a bit of coal, a nodule of sandstone, a piece of cinder, and, in one case, a cannon-ball. The fact that such alleged thunderstones are sometimes found in the pit made by a flash of lightning in the ground, may account for the statements of those who report having seen them fall, or found them during the thunderstorm. The cannon-ball, for instance, might "attract" the flash. Mr. Symons, while believing in "meteorites" which may fall at any time irrespective of lightning, and in "fulgurites," that is to say, the vitreous track of lightning in sand, has no faith in thunderstones or thunderbolts, if both words are used to signify the same thing. "Belemnites," a fossil, have also been considered thunderstones without much reason. There are some excellent examples of fulgurites in the British Museum collection, one taken from a vineyard in Germany being of a remarkable length. The whole subject of lightning is now receiving fresh attention, and the necessity of properly protecting houses by lightning-rods, and periodically testing them, has been ably discussed. Every summer we are visited by thunderstorms, which do considerable damage to life and property. At a recent exhibition of the Royal Meteorological Society, at

25, Great George Street, Westminster, a variety of approved lightning-rods was on view. One of these, the tape form of copper rod, is illustrated in Fig. 1, with a circular band for chimney-stacks. Fig. 2 shows the pointed tip for chimney-stacks. These are considered good forms. A curious fact brought out by the exhibition is that copper rods are apt to decay in the neighbourhood of stables, owing to corrosion by the uric acid formed about the stable. The Siemens portable lightning-rod testing apparatus was also exhibited. A good conductor should not have a higher electrical resistance than 10 ohms from the point to the ground, including the "earth" contact. Exceptionally good conductors have only about 5 ohms.

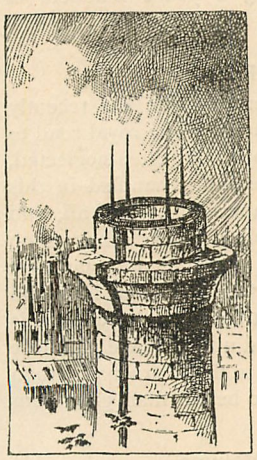


FIG. 2.

A high resistance in the rod is due either to a flaw in the conductor or a bad earth connection; and in such a case the rod may be a source of danger rather than security, since the discharge is apt to find its way through some part of the building to the ground, rather than entirely by the rod. It is, therefore, important to test lightning conductors from time to time, and the magneto-electric tester of Siemens, which we illustrate in Figs. 3 and 4, is very serviceable for the purpose, and requires no battery. The apparatus consists of a magneto-electric machine, M, which generates the testing current by turning a handle, and a Wheatstone bridge (Fig. 4). The latter comprises a ring of German silver wire, forming two branches. A contact lever, P, moves over the ring, and is used as a battery key. A small galvanometer, G, shows the indications of the testing current. A brass sliding piece, *s*, puts the galvanometer needle in and out of action. There are also several connection terminals, *b b'*, *l*, &c., and a comparison resistance, R

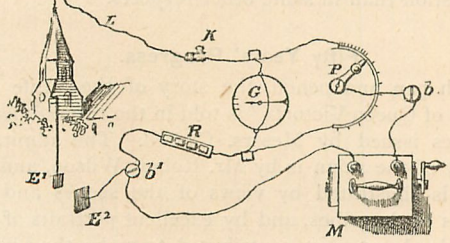


FIG. 3.

(Fig. 3). A small key, K, is fixed to the terminal, *l* (Fig. 4), and used to put the current on the lightning-rod or take it off at will. A leather bag, A, at one side of the wooden case (Fig. 4), holds a double conductor leading wire, which is used for connecting the magneto-electric machine to the bridge. On turning the handle of M, the current is generated, and on closing the key, K, it circulates from the terminals of the machine through the bridge and the lightning-rod joined with the latter. The needle of the galvanometer is deflected by it, until the resistance in the box, R, is adjusted to balance that in the rod. When this is so, the galvanometer needle remains at rest. In this way the resistance of the rod is told, and any change in it noted. In order to effect the test it is necessary to have two earth plates, E^1 and E^2, one (E^1) that of the rod, and the other (E^2) that for connecting to the testing apparatus by the terminal *b* (Fig. 3). The whole instrument only weighs about 9 lbs. In order to test the "earth" alone, a copper wire should be soldered to the rod at a convenient height above the ground, and terminal screws fitted to it, as shown at T (Fig. 4), so that instead of joining the whole rod in circuit with the apparatus, only that part from T downwards is connected. The Hon. R. Abercromby has recently drawn attention to the fact that there are three types of thunderstorm in Great Britain. The first, or squall thunderstorms, are squalls associated with thunder and lightning. They form on the sides of primary cyclones. The second, or commonest thunderstorms, are associated with secondary cyclones, and are rarely accompanied by squalls. The third, or line thunderstorms, take the form of narrow bands of rain and thunder—for example, 100 miles long by 5 to 10 miles broad. They cross the country rapidly, and nearly broadside on. These are usually preceded by a violent squall, like that which capsized the *Eurydice*. Mr. Abercromby has proposed a scheme for the regular observation of lightning-storms in the United Kingdom.

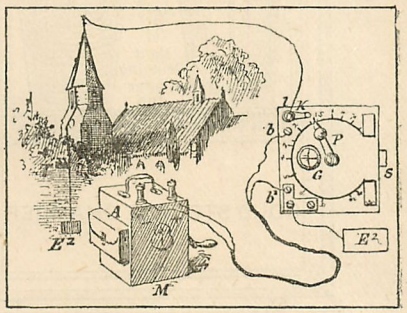
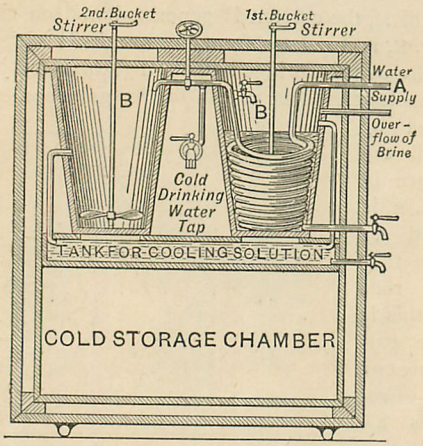


FIG. 4.

A Field Refrigerator.

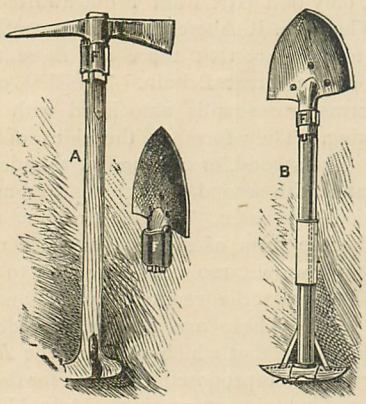
Dr. F. W. Chapin has devised a field refrigerator for use in the army, the chemical agent used being nitrate of ammonia, which rapidly cools any liquid to which it is added. The nitrate is placed in water, and recovered from it, after use, by evaporation. The apparatus, as shown in the figure, consists of two collapsible india-rubber buckets, B B, one of which contains a coil of india-rubber tubing, which is immersed in the nitrate of ammonia solution. The water flowing through the tube, A, is thus cooled for consumption. To form ice, some of this cooled water is run into the second bucket, and nitrate of ammonia added, and stirred up to form a freezing mixture, which is allowed to run into the tank below, where it cools any articles in the storage chamber underneath. The



refrigerator, when open, is 3 ft. by 2 ft. by 1 ft. 6 in. in size; but when closed, for transport, 3 ft. by 1 ft 6 in. by 10 in., and weighs under 100 lbs., with nitrate for four days' service.

A Combined Pick and Spade.

A combined pick and spade, likely to be useful in the army, and for colonists or others, is shown in our engraving. The pick or shovel blade is fastened to the haft by means of a ferrule, F, of peculiar make.



Two army kinds are made—one, A, for cavalry, and the other, B, for infantry; a wooden haft being employed in the former sort, and a hollow steel haft in the latter.

A Handy Pamphlet Case.

All book-lovers know, from painful experience, the trouble which a number of pamphlets cause in a library. It is very difficult to keep them tidily in their places, or to find any particular work with anything like ease. To remedy this, many pamphlet cases have been introduced, all more or less successful. A new one has recently been patented, which seems to us admirably adapted to answer its purpose. In external appearance it resembles a volume, and is fitted inside with a sliding case, in which pamphlets, sheets of exercises, and notes, or other papers may be placed, and readily referred to by means of the bevelled edge of the case, which admits of their being turned over without being actually withdrawn. An index sheet is provided on the inner case. Large sizes of these cases are made for holding files of magazines, one being specially adapted for holding a year's numbers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE.

"The Way to Fortune."

A collection of essays under this title has recently been issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The royal road to success is marked by well-known, but often-neglected, guides, most of which are pleasantly handled in this series of chatty, anecdotal papers. Last of all, and in our opinion rightly so, comes "luck," concerning which the writer makes the following apt quotation from Sydney's "Arcadia:"—"Since a man is bound not farther to himself than to do wisely, chance is only trouble to them that stand upon chance." Those who want their young friends to find a truer way than this "chance" road, cannot do better than give them this work.

The 122nd Volume

of "Cassell's National Library" is Mr. Coventry Patmore's "Victories of Love," a sequel to the popular "Angel in the House," which has already been included in this series. Among other recent volumes of this library are Sir John Malcolm's "Sketches of Persia," Reynolds's "Discourses on Art," and Fox's "History of James the Second."

A Sixteenth-Century Minister.

Among "Twelve English Statesmen," Cardinal Wolsey's place will surely not be disputed. His strangely-varied career offers many points of difficulty to the would-be historian, and we turned with much interest to Professor Mandell Creighton's contribution on this subject to Messrs. Macmillan's series. We leave the little work with great regret. The picture that Wolsey's life and work presents is fascinating. But justice is done to Wolsey's far-reaching plans at home and abroad, their successes are noted, and their failures are not glossed over. It is as a statesman that the author deals with the Cardinal, and in this capacity his career was doubtless less open to question than in some other respects.

Fifty Years' Progress.

With pen and pencil, the story of the "Life and Times of Queen Victoria" is told in the two handsome volumes issued by Messrs. Cassell. The admirable history of the reign is by Mr. Robert Wilson, and his work is illustrated by views of the scenes and incidents he describes, and by excellent portraits of the men who have most contributed to make the history of the period. The events and movements of the reign are well described, without any of that party spirit which so often disfigures records of contemporary progress. In "Culmshire Folk," we have from the same publishers a re-issue, in single-volume form, of a clever story which has already achieved in three-volume form a considerable measure of success.

MONICA:

OR, STRONGER THAN DEATH.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Torwood's Trust," "Oliver Langton's Ward," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

"AS WE FORGIVE."

A YEAR had passed away since that fatal night when Randolph had left his wife standing on the shore—had gone away in the darkness and had returned no more: a year had passed, with its chequered lights and shades, but the anniversary of her husband's death found Monica, as he had left her, at Trevlyn—alone.

Many things had happened in that year. Beatrice had married, and settled happily in the picturesque red house at St. Maws as Tom Pendrill's loving, brilliant wife. Monica had been to Germany once again, to assure herself with her own eyes of the truth of the favourable reports sent to her. She had had the satisfaction of seeing how great an improvement had taken place in Arthur's condition; had been convinced that although the cure was slow—would most likely need a second, possibly even a third year before it would be absolutely complete, yet it was practically certain, if he and those who held his fate in their hands would but have patience and perseverance. The boy was quite happy in the establishment of which he was a member. He had gone through the most trying part of the treatment, and was enthusiastic about the kindness and skill of his doctor. He had made many friends, and had got over the home-sickness that had occasionally troubled him at first. He was delighted to see Monica again. He was insistent that she should come to see him often; but he did not even wish to return to Trevlyn till he could do so whole and sound, as a man in good health and strength, instead of a helpless invalid.

Monica was summoned from Germany by the news of the dangerous illness of Lady Diana, who died only a few days after the arrival of her niece. She had been talking of making a permanent home at Trevlyn now that Monica was so utterly alone, but her death stopped all such schemes; and so it came about that in absolute solitude the young widowed countess took up her abode for the winter in the great silent Castle beside the sea.

The sea still exercised its old fascination over Monica. Her happiest hours were spent wandering by its brink or riding along the breezy cliff. It was a friend indeed to her in those days; it frowned upon her no more. It had done its worst already—it had taken away the light of her life. Might it not be possible—was there not something of promise in its eternal music? Could it be that in some unexpected, mysterious way it would bring back a portion of the light that had been taken away—would be the means of uniting once again the hearts that had been so cruelly sundered? Strange thoughts and fancies flitted often through her brain, formless and indistinct, but comforting withal.

Returning to the Castle at dusk one day after one of these solitary rambles, she found an unusual bustle and excitement stirring there. Mrs. Wilberforce hurried forward to explain the cause of the unwonted tumult.

"I hope I have not done wrong, my lady. You were not here to give orders, and I could only act as I felt you would wish. A lad came running in with a scared face not half an hour back, saying there was a man lying at the foot of the cliffs, as if he had fallen over. I scarce think he can be alive if that be so; but I told the men that if he was—as there is no other decent house near—I thought you would wish——"

"That he should be brought here. Quite right, Wilberforce. Is there a room ready? Has Mr. Pendrill been sent for?"

"The groom has gone this twenty minutes—living or dead, he must have a doctor to him. The maids are getting the east room ready, yet I doubt if he can be living after such a fall."

"He may not have fallen over the cliff. He may have been scaling it, and have dropped from but a small height. See that everything likely to be needed is ready. He will be here almost immediately now."

She went up to the bed-room herself, to see if it were ready should there be need. It was probably only some poor tramp or fisherman who had met with the accident—no matter, he should be tended at Trevlyn, he should lie in its most comfortable guest-chamber, he should have every care that wealth could supply. Monica knew too well the dire results that might follow a slip down those hard, treacherous cliffs, not to feel peculiarly tender and solicitous over another victim.

The steady tramp of feet ascending the stairs and approaching the room where she stood, roused Monica to the knowledge that the injured man was not dead, and that they were bringing him up to be tended and nursed as she had directed. The door was pushed open; six men carried in their burden upon an improvised stretcher, and laid it just as it was upon the bed.

Monica stepped forward, and then started, growing a little pale ; for she recognised in the death-like rigid face before her the well-known countenance of Conrad Fitzgerald.

She could not look without a shudder at that shattered frame, and Wilberforce shook her head gravely, marvelling that he yet breathed. None save professional hands dared touch him, so distorted and dislocated was every limb ; and yet, by one of those strange coincidences not altogether uncommon in cases of accident, the beautiful face was entirely untouched, not marred by a scratch or contusion. Death-like unconsciousness had set its seal upon those chiselled, marble features, and had wiped from them every trace of passion or of vice.

Tom Pendrill was amongst them long before they looked for him. He had met the messenger not far from Trevlyn, and had come at once. He turned Monica out of the room with a stern precipitancy that perplexed her somewhat, as did also the expression of his face, which she did not understand. He shut himself up with his patient, retaining the services of Wilberforce and one of the men.

It was two hours before she saw him again.

Monica wandered up and down the dark hall, revolving many things in her mind. What had brought Conrad so suddenly back at this melancholy time of the year ? She had believed him abroad with his sister, with whom he seemed to have spent his time since his disappearance early in the year. What had brought him back now ? And why did he so haunt the frowning, treacherous cliffs of Trevlyn ? Was he mad ? But why did his madness always drive him to this spot ? She asked many such questions of herself, but she could answer none of them.

At last Tom came down. His face looked as if carved in flint. She could not read the meaning of that strange look.

"Is he dead ?" she asked softly.

"He cannot last many hours. If he has any relations near, they should be telegraphed for."

"His sister is in Italy, I believe. There is no one else that I know of."

"Then there is nothing to be done. He is sinking fast. He cannot live many hours. I doubt if he will last the night."

Monica's face was pale and grave. "Poor Conrad!" she said, beneath her breath.

Tom started, and made a quick movement she did not understand.

"No one could wish him to live," he began, almost roughly ; "he has hardly a whole bone in his body."

"Is he conscious ?"

"No, nor likely to be. It is not at all probable he will ever open his eyes again. He will most likely sink quietly, without a sound or a sign. I have done all I can for him. Somebody must be with him to watch him, I suppose. It can only be a question of hours now." A dark cloud hung upon the doctor's brow. His thoughts were pre-occupied, he had fallen into deep reverie. Presently he spoke again—a sort of mutter between his teeth.

"He ought not to be allowed to die here—under *this* roof. It is monstrous—hateful to think of! Nothing can save him ; yet I suppose it would be murder to move him now."

Monica looked up quickly. "Move him ! Tom, what are you thinking of ?"

"I know it cannot be done," was the answer, spoken in a stern, dogged tone. "Yet I repeat what I said before : he ought not to be under this roof."

There was a gentle reproach in the look which Monica bent upon him.

"My husband's roof and mine will always be a refuge for any whose need is as sore as his. Sometimes I think, Tom, that you are the very hardest man I ever met. His life, I know, is terribly stained ; yet it is not for us to judge him."

It seemed as if Tom were agitated. He gave no outward sign, but his face was pale, his manner curiously harsh and peremptory.

"You do not know," he said. "Your husband——"

She stopped him by a gesture.

"My husband would be the first to bid me return good for evil. You know Randolph very little if you do not know that. Conrad is dying, and death wipes out much. He is about to answer for his life to a higher tribunal than ours. Ah ! let us not condemn him harshly. Have we not all our sins upon our heads ? When my turn comes to answer for mine, let me not have this one added—that I hardened my heart against the dying, and denied the help and succour mutely asked at the last hour."

"Monica," said Tom, with one of those swift changes that marked his manner when he was deeply moved, "were I worthy, I would kiss the hem of your garment. As it is, I can only say farewell. God be with you !"

He was gone before she could open her lips again. She stood in a sort of dream, feeling as if some strange thing was about to happen to her.

Night fell upon the Castle and its inhabitants, but Monica could not sleep. If ever she closed her eyes in momentary slumber, the same vivid dream recurred again and again, till she was oppressed and exhausted by the effort to escape from it. It was Conrad, always Conrad, begging, praying, beseeching her to come. Sometimes it seemed as if his shadowy form stood beside her, wildly praying the same thing—to come to him—to come before it was too late.

At last she could bear it no longer. She rose and dressed. The clock in the tower struck four. She knew she could sleep no more that night. Why should she not take the watch beside the unconscious, dying man, and let the faithful Wilberforce get some rest ?

She stole noiselessly to the sick-room. There had been no change in the patient's state. He lived, but could hardly live many hours. Wilberforce would fain have stayed, but Monica dismissed her quietly and firmly, preferring to keep her watch alone.

Profound silence reigned in the great house—silence only broken from time to time by the reverberating strokes of the clock in the tower, or by the sudden sinking of the coal in the grate and the quiet fall of the cinders. There was something inexpressibly solemn

in the time, the place, and the office thus undertaken by Monica.

Conrad lay dying—Conrad, once her friend and playmate, then her bitterest, cruellest foe; now?—ah yes, what now?—she asked that question many times of herself. What strange, mysterious power is that of death! How it blots out all hatred, anger, bitterness, and distrust; and leaves in its place a sort of tender, mournful compassion. Who can look upon the face of the dead, and cherish hard thoughts of him that is gone?

Not Monica, at least. Conrad had been to her as the evil genius of one crisis of her life—of more had she but known it. She had said in her heart that she could never forgive him, that she would never voluntarily look upon his face again, and yet here he lay dying beneath her roof, and she was with him. She could not, when it came to the point, leave him to die alone, with only a stranger beside him. He might never know, his eyes would probably never open to the light of this world again; but she should know, and in years to come, when time should, even more than now, have softened all things to her, she knew that she should be glad to think she had shown mercy and compassion towards one in death, who had shown himself in life her bitterest foe.

Very solemn thoughts filled her mind as she sat in that quiet room in which a strong young life was quickly ebbing away. Would the sin-stained soul pass into the shadowy land of the hereafter in silence and darkness, without one moment for preparation—perhaps for repentance? Would some slight gleam of consciousness be granted? would it be vouchsafed to him to wake once more in this world, to give some sign to the earnest, silent watcher whether he had tried to make his peace with God before he was called to his last account?

The lamp burned low: flickered in its socket. That strange blue *film*, the first forerunner of the coming day, stole solemnly into that quiet room. Suddenly Monica became aware that Conrad's eyes were open, and fixed intently upon her face. She rose and stood beside him.

"You are here!" he said, in a strange low voice. "I felt that you would hear me call—and would come. I knew I could not—die—till I had told you all."

She did not know how far he was conscious. His words were strange, but his eye was calm and quiet. He took the stimulant she held to his lips. It gave him an access of strength.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"At Trevlyn."

An odd look flitted over his face.

"Ah! I remember now—I fell. And I have been brought to Trevlyn—to die—and you, Monica, are with me. It is well."

She hardly knew what to say or how to answer the strange look in those dying eyes. He bent a keen glance upon her.

"Will it be soon?" he asked; and she knew that the "it" meant death. She could not deceive him. She bent her head in assent, as she said—

"Very soon, I think."

His eyes never left her face. His own moved not a muscle, but its expression changed moment by moment in a way she could not understand.

"There is not much time left, Monica. Sit down by me where I can see you. I must make a confession to you before I die."

"Not to me, Conrad," said Monica gently. "Confess your sins to our Father in Heaven. He alone can grant forgiveness; and His mercies are very great."

"Forgiveness!" the word was spoken with an intensity of bitterness that startled Monica. The horror was deepening each moment in his eyes. She began to feel that it was reflected in her own. What did it all mean?

"God is very merciful," she said gently, commanding herself so that he should not perceive her agitation.

"You do not know," he interrupted, almost fiercely. "Wait till I have told you all."

"Why should you tell me, Conrad? I know much of your past life. I know that you have sinned. Ask God's forgiveness before it is too late. It is against Him, not me, that you have sinned."

"Against Him *and* you," he answered, with a grave intensity of manner that plainly showed him master of his faculties. "Listen to me, Monica—you shall listen! I cannot carry the guilty secret to the grave. Death looks me in the face—he holds me by the hand, but he will not let me leave this world till I have told you all."

A sort of horror fell upon Monica. She neither spoke nor moved.

"Monica, turn your face this way. I want to see it. I must see it. You remember the night, a year ago, when—your husband—went away?"

She bent her head in silence.

"Did you know that I was there—in the boat with him?"

She raised her head, and looked at him speechlessly.

"I was there," he said, "but nobody knew, nobody suspected. I was on the shore before you. I saw you cling to him. I heard every word that passed. I think a demon entered into my soul as you kissed each other that night. 'Kiss her!' I said, 'kiss her—you shall never kiss her again!' Monica, I think sometimes I am mad—I was mad, possessed, that night. I had no will, no power to resist the evil spirit within me. He went down to the boat. I followed. In the black darkness nobody saw me swing myself in. You know the story the men told when they came back—it was all true enough. The crew of the sinking vessel had been rescued. Your husband left the boat to help the little lad. I followed him, unknown to all. He had already handed the boy into the boat when I came stealthily up to him; the boat had swung round and for a moment was lost in darkness before it could be brought up again. This was my chance. It was pitchy dark, and he did not see me, though I was close beside him.

I had the great boat-hook in my hand; we were both sinking with the sinking vessel. I steadied myself, and brought the metal end of the weapon with all my strength upon his head. He sank without a cry. I saw his head, covered with blood, and his glassy eyes above the water for a moment—the sight has haunted me ever since—then I sprang into the boat. 'All right!' I shouted, and the men pulled off with a will, without a suspicion or a doubt. Almost before the boat reached the shore I sprang out and vanished in the darkness before any one had seen me. My vow of vengeance was fulfilled. I murdered your husband, Monica—do you understand?—I murdered him in cold blood! What have you to say to me?"

She sat still as a marble statue, her hands closely locked together. She spoke no word.

"I thought revenge would be sweet; but it has been bitter—bitter—bitter! I have known no peace night or day. I have been ceaselessly haunted by the sight of that ghastly face—ah, I see it now! Every time I lie down to sleep I am doomed to do that hideous deed again. I have fled time after time from the scene of my crime, only to be dragged back by a power I cannot resist. I knew that a terrible retribution would come; yet I could not keep away. And now—yes, it has come—more terrible than ever I pictured. I am dying—in his house—and you—his wife—are watching over me. Ah, it is frightful—frightful! Is there forgiveness with God for sin like mine? You say His mercies are great. Can they cover this hideous deed? Monica, can *you* forgive?"

He spoke with the wild, passionate appeal of despair. The anguish and remorse of his face were terrible to see; but Monica did not speak. She sat rigid and still, as pale as death, her eyes glowing like living fire in the wild conflict of her feelings. This was terrible—too terrible to be borne.

"Monica, I am dying—dying! The shadows are closing round me. Ah, do not turn away! It is all so dark; if you desert me I am lost indeed. If you were dying you would understand. Monica, you say God is good—merciful. I have asked His pardon again and again for this black sin, and even as I pray it seems as if you—your pale, still face, rises ever between me and the forgiveness I crave. I read by this token that to you I must confess this blackest sin; of you I must ask pardon too. I have repented. I do repent. I would give my life to call him back. Monica, forgive—forgive! Have mercy upon a dying man. As you will one day ask pardon at God's hands even for your blameless life, give me your pardon ere I die!"

Who shall estimate the struggle that raged in Monica's soul during the brief moments that followed this appeal—moments that to her were like hours, years, for the concentrated passion of feeling that surged through them? She felt as if she had grown sensibly older, ere, white and exhausted by the conflict, she won the victory over herself.

She rose and stood beside him.

"Conrad, I forgive you. May God forgive you as I do."

A sudden light flashed into his dim eyes. The awful, unspeakable horror passed slowly away. The deep darkness lifted a little—a very little—and Monica saw that it was so.

"I think—you have—saved me," he whispered, whilst the death-damp gathered on his brow. "Monica, you will have your reward for this—I know it—I feel it. Ah! is this death? Monica—it is coming—teach me to pray—I cannot—I have forgotten—help me!"

"I will help you, Conrad. Say it after me. 'Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven; Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses; As we forgive——'"

"'As we forgive——'" Conrad broke off suddenly; a strange look of gladness, of relief and comprehension, flashing over the face that had been so full of terror and anguish. "'As we forgive'—and you have forgiven—then it may be that He will forgive too. I could not believe it before—now I can—God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Those were his last words. Already his eyes were glazing. The hush as of the shadow of death was filling that dim room. Monica knelt beside the bed, a sense of deep awe upon her, praying with all the strength of her pure soul for the guilty, erring man—her husband's murderer—now dying beneath his roof.

And as she thus knelt and prayed, a sudden sense of her husband's presence filled all her soul with an inexpressible, indescribable thrill of mingled rapture and awe. She trembled, and her heart beat thick and fast; whether she were in the spirit or out of the spirit she did not know. And then—in clear immeasurable distance, far, far away, and yet distinctly, sweetly audible, unmistakable—the sound of a voice—Randolph's voice—thrilling through infinity of space—

"Monica! Monica! My wife!"

She started to her feet, quivering in every limb. Conrad's eyes were fixed on her with an inexplicable look of joy. Had he heard it too? What did it mean—that strange cry from the spirit-world in this hour of death and of dawn?

She leant over the dying man.

"Conrad," she said, in a voice that was full of an emotion too deep for any but the simplest of words, "I forgive you—so does Randolph; and I think God has forgiven you too."

The clear radiance of another day was shining on the earth as the troubled, erring spirit was set free, and passed away into the great hereafter whose secrets shall be read in God's good time, when all but His word shall have passed away.

Let us not judge him—for is there not joy with the angels in heaven over one sinner that repenteth?

Yes, all was over now: all the weary warfare of sin and strife; and with a calm majesty in death, that his beautiful face had never worn in life, Conrad Fitzgerald lay dead in Castle Trevlyn.

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

LORD HADDON.

"AND you forgave him, Monica, you forgave him? The man who had killed your husband!"

It was Beatrice who spoke, and she spoke with a sort of horror in her tone. Tom stood a little apart in the recess of the window, a heavy cloud upon his brow. Lord Haddon was leaning with averted face upon the high carved mantel-shelf.

They had all come over early to Trevlyn to hear the fate of the hapless man who had died in the night. Beatrice felt an unquenchable longing to know if he had spoken before he died—if by chance the terrible secret had escaped in delirium from his lips, and she had insisted on coming with her husband. Her brother, who had arrived unexpectedly the previous evening, had made one of the party. He was hungering for another sight of Monica, and Trevlyn seemed to draw him like a magnet.

"HE TURNED HIS HEAD AND LOOKED AT HER" (*p.* 455).

Monica's face had told a tale of its own when she had first appeared; and the whispered question on Beatrice's lips—"Did he speak, Monica? Did he say anything?"—elicited a reply that led to explanations on both sides, rendering further reserve needless; and Monica told her tale with the quiet calmness of one who has too lately passed through some great mental conflict to be easily disturbed again.

But Beatrice, fiery, impetuous Beatrice, could not

understand this calm. She was shaken by a tempest of excitement and wrath.

"You forgave him, Monica? Ah! how could you? Randolph's murderer!"

"Yes, I forgave him."

"You should not! You should not! It was not—it could not be right! Monica, I cannot understand you. I think you are made of stone!"

She said nothing; she smiled. That smile was only seen by Haddon. It thrilled him to his heart's core.

"How came you to be with him at all?" said Tom, almost sternly. "It was not your place to be there. It was not fit for you."

"I think my place is where there is sorrow and need and loneliness," answered Monica, very gently. "He needed me—and I came to him."

"He sent for you?"

"I think he did."

"But you said——" began Beatrice.

Monica lifted her hand; she rose to her feet, passing her hand across her brow.

"You would not understand, dear. There are some things, Beatrice, that you are very slow to learn. You know something of the mysteries of life, but you do not understand anything of those deeper mysteries of death. I have forgiven a dying man who prayed for forgiveness with his latest breath—and you look at me with horror."

Beatrice gazed at Monica, yet she would not yield her point.

"Mercy can be carried too far——" but she could not say more, for the look upon Monica's face brought a sudden sense of choking that would have made her voice falter had she attempted to proceed. Her brother's murmured words, therefore, were now distinctly heard—

"Not in God's sight, perhaps."

Monica turned to him with a swift gesture inexpressibly sweet.

"Ah! you understand," she said simply. "I am glad you have come just now, Haddon. I shall want help. Will you give it me?"

"I will do anything for you, and esteem it an honour."

She looked at him steadily.

"Even if it is for one who—for the one who lies upstairs now—dead?"

Haddon bent his head.

"Even for him—at your bidding."

"Thank you," she said.

"I will take you home now, Beatrice," said Tom curtly. "We are not wanted here."

Monica looked at him, as she gave him her hand, to see what this abruptness might signify. He returned her gaze with equal intensity.

"I believe you are an angel, Monica," he said, lifting her hand for an instant to his lips; "but there are moments when fallen mortals like ourselves feel the angelic presence a little overpowering."

Monica, as she had said, wanted the help of some man of business, as there was a good deal to be done in connection with Conrad's sudden death: a good many trying formalities to be gone through, as well as much correspondence, and in Lord Haddon she found an able and willing assistant.

He saw much of Monica in those days. He was often at Trevlyn—hardly a day passed without his riding or driving across on some errand or another—and she was often at St. Maws, for Beatrice's momentary flash of anger had been rapidly quenched in deep contrition and humility; and both she and her husband treated Monica with the sort of reverential tenderness that seemed to meet her now on all hands.

Lord Haddon watched her day by day, wondering if ever he should dare to breathe a word of the hopes that filled his heart, reading in her calm face and in the sisterly gentleness and fondness with which she treated him how little conscious she was of the purpose that possessed his soul. Sometimes he paused and shrank from troubling the still waters of their sweet, calm friendship, but then again the thought of leaving her in her loneliness and isolation seemed too sad and mournful, if by any devotion and love he could lighten the burden of her sorrow, and bring back something of the lost happiness into her life. Haddon was very humble, very self-distrustful; he did not expect to accomplish much, but he felt that he would gladly lay down his life if by that act he could do anything to comfort her. To die for her would, however, be purposeless: the next thing was to try and live for her.

And so one day, as they paced the lonely shore together, on a chill, cloudy winter's afternoon, he put his fate to the touch.

She had noticed his silence—his abstraction: he had not been quite himself that day. Presently they reached a sheltered nook amongst some rocks not far from the water's edge, and she sat down, motioning him to do the same. She looked at him with gentle, friendly concern.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked. "Have you something on your mind?"

He turned his head, looked into her eyes, and answered—

"Yes."

"Can I help you?" she continued, in the same sweet way. "You help me so often, that it is my turn to help you now if I can."

He looked at her in a way she could not altogether understand.

"Monica," he said, "may I speak to you?—may I tell you something? I have tried before, and failed; but I ought not to go on longer without speaking. Have I your permission to tell you what is on my mind?"

He did not often call her by her Christian name: only in moments of excitement, when *his soul* was stirred within him. The unconscious way in which it dropped now from his lips told that he was deeply moved. A sort of vague uneasiness arose within her, but she looked into his troubled, resolute face, and answered—

"Tell me if you wish it, Haddon"—although she

shrank, without knowing why, from the confession she was to hear.

"Monica," he said, not looking at her, but out over the sea, and speaking with a manly resolution and fluency unusual with him, the outcome of a very earnest purpose, "I am going to speak to you at last, and I must ask you beforehand to pardon my presumption, of which I am as well aware as you can ever be. Monica, I think that no woman in the wide world is like you. I have thought so ever since I saw you first, in your bridal robes, standing beside Randolph in that little church over yonder. When I saw you then—nay, pardon me if I pain you; I should not have recalled the memory, and yet I cannot help it—I said within myself that you were one to be worshipped with the truest devotion of a man's heart; and the more I saw of you in later life, the deeper did that feeling sink into my soul. He, your husband, had been as a brother to me, and to feel that I was thus brought near to you, admitted to friendship and to confidence, was a source of keen pleasure such as I can ill describe. You did not know your power over me. I hardly knew it myself; but I think I would at any time have laid down my life either for him or for you. I know I would that fatal night—but I must not pain you more. When I awoke, Monica, from that long fever, to find you watching beside me, to hear that he, my friend, was dead, and you left all alone in your desolation — Monica, Monica, how can I hope to express to you what I felt? It is not treachery to his memory—believe me, it is not. If I could call him back, ah! how gladly would I do it!—at the risk of my life if need be—but that can never, never be! I know I can never fill *his* place. I know I am utterly unworthy of the boon I ask; but if a life-long devotion, if a love that will never change nor falter, if the ceaseless care of one who is yours wholly and entirely can ever help to fill the blank, can in ever so small a degree make up to you for that one irretrievable loss, believe me, it is the greatest happiness I can ever know. Monica, need I say more? Have I said too much? I only ask leave to watch over you, to comfort you, to love you; I ask nothing for myself—only the right to do this. Can you not give it to me? God helping me, you shall never repent it if you do."

A long pause followed this confession—this appeal. Monica's face had expressed many fluctuating feelings as he had proceeded with his speech. Now it was full of a sort of divine compassion and tenderness: a look sometimes seen in a pictured saint drawn by a master-hand.

"You are so good," she said, in a low tone: "so very, very good; and it grieves me so sadly to give you pain."

He turned his head and looked at her. His eyes darkened with sudden sorrow.

"I have spoken too soon," he said, in the same gentle, self-contained way. "I have tried to be patient, but seeing you lonely and sad makes it so hard. I should have waited longer—it is only a year now since. Monica, do not think me hard or callous to say it, but time is a great softener—a great healer. I do not mean that you will ever forget; but years will go by, and you are still quite young, very young, to live your life always alone. Think of the years that lie before you. Must they all be spent alone? Monica, do not answer me yet; but if in time to come—if you want a friend, a helper—let me—can you think of me——? Ah! how can I say it? Can I ever be more to you than I am now? You understand: you have only to call me, to command me—I will come."

He spoke with some agitation now, but it was quickly subdued. It seemed as if he would have left her, but she laid her hand upon his arm and detained him.

"Haddon," she said softly, "I am lonely and I do want a friend. You have been a friend to me always; I trust and love you as a brother. May I not do so always? Can you not be content with that? Must it end with us, that love and trust? I should miss it sorely if it were withdrawn."

Her sweet, pleading face was turned towards him. There was a sort of struggle in the young man's mind: then he answered quietly.

"It shall be so, if you wish it," he said. "My chiefest wish is for your happiness. But——"

She checked him by a look.

"Haddon, I am Randolph's wife!"

His eyes gave the reply his tongue would never have uttered. She answered as if he had spoken.

"Yes, he is dead. Did you think that made any difference? Ah! you do not understand. When I gave myself to Randolph, I gave myself for ever—not for a time only, but for always. He is my husband. I am his wife. Nothing can change that."

"Not even death?"

The words were a mere whisper; yet she heard them. It seemed as if a sudden ray of light shone upon the face she turned towards him. He was awed; he watched her in mute silence.

"Ah! no," she said very softly, "not death—death least of all. Death can only divide us, it cannot touch our love. Ah! you do not know, you do not understand. How can I make it clear to you? Love is like nothing else in the world—it is us, our very selves. *Somewhere*——" Monica clasped her hands together, and stretched them out before her towards the eternal ocean, with a gesture more eloquent than any words, whilst the light upon her face deepened in intensity every moment as her eyes fixed themselves upon the far horizon—"*Somewhere* he is waiting for me to come to him—he, my husband, my love; and though he may not come back to me, I shall go to him in God's good time, and when I join him in the great, eternal home, I must go to him as he left me—with nothing between us and our love; and there will be no parting there, no more death, and no more sea."

Her words died away in silence; but her parted lips, her shining eyes, the light upon her face, spoke an eloquent language of their own. Her companion sat and looked at her in mute, breathless silence, not unmixed with awe.

He knew his cause was lost. He knew she could never, never be his ; yet, strange to say, he was not saddened or cast down, for by this revelation of her innermost heart he felt himself uplifted and ennobled. His idol was not shattered. Monica was, as ever, enshrined in his heart—the one ideal woman to be worshipped, reverenced, adored. Even in this supreme hour of his life, when the airy fabric of his dreams was crumbling into dust about him, he had a perception that perhaps even thus it was best. He never could be worthy of her, and now he might still call himself her friend ; had she not said so herself?

There was a long, long silence between them. Then he moved, kneeling on one knee before her, and taking her hand in his.

"Monica," he said, "I understand now. I shall never trouble you again. You have judged well, very well ; it is like you, and that is enough. But before I go may I crave one boon ?"

"And that is ?"

"That you forget all that I have said, all the wild, foolish words that I have spoken ; and let me keep my old place as your brother and friend."

She looked at him with her own gentle smile.

"I wish for nothing better," she answered. "I cannot afford to lose my friend."

He pressed her hand for one moment to his lips, and was gone without another word.

Tears slowly welled up in Monica's eyes as she rose at last, and stood looking out over the vast waste of heaving grey sea—sad, colourless, troubled.

"Like my life," she said softly to herself. And yet she had just put away a love that might at least have cast a glow upon it, and gilded its dim edges.

She stretched out her hand with a sort of mute gesture of entreaty.

"Ah ! Randolph, husband, come back to me ! I am so lonely, so desolate !"

Even as she spoke, the setting sun as it touched the horizon broke through the bank of cloud which had veiled it all the day, and flooded the sea as with liquid gold—that cold grey sea that she had just been likening to her own future life.

She could not help an involuntary start.

"Is it an omen ?" she asked ; and, despite the heavy load at her heart, she went home somewhat comforted.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

CHRISTMAS.

IT was Christmas Eve ; the light was just beginning to wane, and Monica's work was done at last. She was free now until the arrival of her guests—the Pendrills and Lord Haddon — should give her new occupation in hospitable cares for them.

Monica had been too busy for thoughts of self to intrude often upon her during these past days. She wished to be busy ; she tried to occupy herself from morning to night, for she found that the aching hunger of her heart was more eased by loving deeds of mercy and kindness than in any other way—self more fully lost in ceaseless care for others. But when all was done, every single thing disposed of, nothing more left to think of or to accomplish—then the inevitable reaction set in, and with a heart aching to pain, almost to despair, Monica entered the music-room, and sat down to her organ.

She played with a sort of passionate appeal that was infinitely pathetic, had any one been there to hear ; she threw all the yearning sadness of her soul into her organ, and it seemed to answer her with a promise of strong sympathy and consolation. Insensibly she was soothed by the sweet sounds she evoked. She fell into a dreamy mood, playing softly in a minor key, so softly that, through the door that stood ajar, she became aware of a slight subdued tumult in the hall without, to which she gave but a dreamy attention at first.

The bell had pealed sharply, steps had crossed the hall, the door had been opened, and then had followed the tumultuous sounds expressive of astonishment that roused Monica from her dreamy reverie. She supposed the party from St. Maws had arrived somewhat before the expected time, and rose and had made a few steps forward when she suddenly stopped short and stood motionless—spell-bound. What was it she had heard ?—only the sound of a voice—a man's voice.

"Where is your mistress ?"

The words were uttered in a clear, deep, ringing tone, that seemed to her to waken every echo in the Castle into wild, surging life. The very air throbbed and palpitated around her—her temples seemed as if they would burst. What was it she had heard ? What voice was it that moved her so strangely ? Why did she stand as if carved in stone, growing white to the very lips, whilst thrill upon thrill ran through her frame, and her heart beat to suffocation ? What did it all mean ? What was that voice she had just heard—that voice from the dead ? *Who* was it that stood in the hall without ?

The door was flung open. A tall, dark figure stood in the dim entry.

"Monica !"

Monica neither spoke nor moved. The cry of awe and of rapture that rose from her heart could not find voice in which to utter itself—but what matter ? She was in her husband's arms. Her head lay upon his breast. His lips were pressed to her cold face in the kisses she had never thought to feel again. Randolph had come back. She could not speak. She had no will to try and frame a single word. He held her in his arms ; he strained her ever closer and closer. She felt the tumultuous beating of his heart as she lay in his arms, powerless to move or think. She heard his murmured words, broken and hoarse with the passionate feeling of that supreme moment—

"My wife ! Monica ! My wife !"

And then for a time she knew no more. Sight and hearing alike failed her ; it seemed as if a slumber from heaven itself sealed her eyes and stole away her senses.

When she came to herself she was on a sofa in her

"RANDOLPH READ THE LETTERS IT BORE" (*p.* 459).

own room, and Randolph was kneeling beside her. She did not start to see him there. For a moment it seemed as if he had never left her. She smiled her own sweet smile.

"Randolph! Have I been asleep—dreaming?"

He took her hands in his, and bent to kiss her lips.

"It has been a long dream, my Monica, and a dark one; but it is over at last. My darling, my darling! God grant I may not be dreaming now!"

She smiled like a tired child. She had a perception that something overpoweringly strange and sudden had happened, but she did not want to rouse herself just yet to think what it must all mean.

Two hours later, in the great drawing-room ablaze with light, Monica and Randolph stood together to welcome their guests. She had laid aside her mournful widow's garb, and was arrayed in her shimmering bridal robes. Ah, how lovely she was in her husband's eyes as she stood beside him now! Perhaps never in all her life had she looked more exquisitely fair. Happiness had lighted her beautiful eyes and had brought the rose back to her pale cheeks: she was glorified—transfigured—a vision of unspeakable beauty.

He had changed but slightly during his mysterious year of absence. There were a few lines upon his face that had not been there of old: he looked like a man who had been through some ordeal, whether mental or physical it would be less easy to tell; but the same joy and rapture that emanated, as it were,

from Monica was reflected in his face likewise, and only a keen eye could read to-night the traces of pain or of sorrow in that strong, proud, manly countenance.

Monica looked at him suddenly, the flush deepening in her cheeks.

"Hush! They are coming!" she said, and waited breathlessly.

The door opened, admitting Mrs. Pendrill, Beatrice, and Tom. There was a pause—a brief, intense silence, during which the fall of a pin might have been heard, and then with one long, low cry, half-sobbing, half-laughing, Beatrice rushed across the room and flung herself upon Randolph.

Monica went straight up to Mrs. Pendrill, and put her arms about her neck.

"Aunt Elizabeth, he has come home," she said, in a voice that shook a little with the tumult of her happiness. "He has just come home—this very day. It is like a dream, but he says it is true. Help me to believe it. You must help me to bear this—as you helped me to bear the other."

Tom had by this time grasped Randolph by the hand; but neither trusted his own voice. They were glad that Beatrice covered their silence by her incoherent exclamations of rapture, and by the flow of questions no one attempted to answer.

It was all too like a dream for any one to recollect very clearly what happened. Raymond and Haddon came in almost at once, and a new element was added to the scene. How the dinner passed off that night no one afterwards remembered. There was a deep sense of thankfulness and joy in every heart; yet of words there were few. But when gathered round the fire later on in the evening, when they had grown used to the presence amongst them of one whom they had mourned as dead for more than a year, Randolph was called upon to tell his tale, which was listened to in breathless silence.

"I will tell you all I can about it; but there are points yet where my memory fails me, where I have but little idea what happened. I have a dim recollection of the night of the wreck, and of leaving the boat; but I must have received a heavy blow on the head, as the doctors tell me, and I suppose I sank, and the men could not find me. But I was entangled, it seems, in the rigging on a floating spar, and must have been carried thus many miles; for I was picked up by an ocean steamer bound for Australia, which had been driven somewhat out of its course by the gale. It was not supposed that I could live after so many hours' exposure. I was quite unconscious, and remained so for a very long time. There was nothing upon me by which I could be identified, and of course I could give no account of myself. On board the boat were a kind-hearted wealthy Australian couple who had lately lost an only son, to whom they fancied I bore some slight resemblance. Perhaps for this cause, perhaps from true kindness of heart, they at once took me under their special care and protection. There was plenty of space on board the vessel, and they looked after me as if I had been indeed their son. They would not hear of my being left behind in hospital on the way out. They took me under their protection until I should be able to give an account of myself.

"Of course I knew nothing about all this. I was lying dangerously ill of brain fever all the while, not knowing where I was or what was happening. When we reached Melbourne at last, and I was conveyed to their luxurious house on the outskirts of the town, I was still in the same state, relapse following relapse every time I gained a little ground, till for months my life was despaired of. I was either raving in delirium or lying in a sort of unconscious stupor, and without all the skill and care lavished upon me, I suppose I must have died. But I did not die. Gradually, very gradually, the fever abated, and I began to come to myself: that is to say, I began to know the faces around me and to recognise my surroundings; but for the rest I knew no more who I was nor whence I had come than the infant just born into the world. My memory had gone, had been wiped clean away; I had no idea of my own identity, no recollection of the past. The very effort to remember brought on such pain and distress that I was imperatively commanded to relinquish the attempt. Gradually some things came back to my mind: I could read, write, understand the foreign tongues I had mastered, and the sciences I had studied in past days. As my health slowly improved this kind of knowledge came back spontaneously and without effort; but my personal history was as a blank wall, against which I flung myself in vain. It would yield to no assaults of mine. Distressed and confused, I was obliged to give up, and wait with what patience I might for the realisation of the hope held out cheerfully by the clever doctor who attended me. He maintained that if I would but have patience some strong association of ideas would some day bring all back in a flash, and meantime all I had to do was to get strong and well, so as to be ready for action when that day should come. I was restless sometimes, but less so than one would fancy, for the blank was too complete to be distressing. My good friends and protectors were unspeakably kind, and did everything in their power to insure my mental and physical well-being; I recovered my health rapidly—very soon my memory was to come back."

Randolph passed his hand across his eyes. No one spoke; every eye was fixed upon his face.

"It did so very strangely: it was one hot afternoon in November—our summer, you know"—he named the date and the hour, and Monica heard it with a sudden thrill. Allowing for the discrepancy of time, it was during the moments that she had watched by Conrad Fitzgerald's dying bed that her husband's memory was given back to him.

"I was looking over some old newspapers, idly, purposelessly, when I came upon a detailed account of the wreck, and of my own supposed death. As I read—I cannot describe what it was like—my memory came back to me in a great flood of dazzling light. It seemed, Monica, as if my spirit were carried on wings to Trevlyn, as if I were hovering over you in

some mysterious way impossible to describe. I called your name aloud. I felt that I was close to you, at Trevlyn; it is useless to attempt to define what I felt. When I came to myself they told me I had fainted; but that was not so. I had been on a journey, that is all, and had returned. My memory was restored from that hour, clearly and distinctly; the doctor thought there might be lapses, that I might never be the same man again as I had been once; but I have felt no ill-effects since. Little more remains to be told. My first instinct was to telegraph; but not knowing what had happened in my absence, knowing I must long have been given up for lost, I was afraid to do so, lest hopeless confusion should result. Instead, I took the first home-bound steamer, and reached London late last night. I found out at the house there where Monica was, and came on here by the first train. I have come back home to spend my Christmas with you."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

THE LAST.

"MONICA, I could not tell you last night—it was all so sudden, so wonderful—but I think you know, without any words of mine, how glad, how thankful I am."

It was Haddon who spoke, spoke with a glad, frank, joyous sincerity, that beamed in his eye and sounded in every tone of his voice. Monica gave him both her hands, looking up into his face with her sweetest smile.

"I know, Haddon; I know. I am sure of it. Is he not almost a brother to you? and are you not the best of brothers to me?"

"At least I will try to be," he answered gladly. "I cannot tell you how happy this has made me."

She was glad, too: glad to see him so happy, so heart-whole. He had loved her with the loyal love of a devoted chivalrous knight, had loved her for her sorrow and her loneliness; but she was comforted now, and he was able to rejoice with her. It was all very good—just as she would have it.

Ah! what a day of joy and thanksgiving it was! How Monica's heart beat as she knelt by her husband's side that glad Christmas morning, in the little cliff church, when, in the pause just before the General Thanksgiving, the grey-headed clergyman, with a little quiver in his voice, announced that Randolph Trevlyn desired to return thanks to Almighty God for preservation from great perils, and for restoration to his home.

Her voice faltered in the familiar words, and many suppressed sobs were heard in the little building, but they were sobs of joy and gratitude, and tears of healing and of happiness stole down Monica's cheeks. It was like some beautiful dream, and yet too sweet not to be true.

In the afternoon Monica and Randolph went out alone together; first into the whispering pine-woods, and then out upon the breezy cliff, hard beneath their feet with the winter's frost.

He let her lead him whither she would. He had no thought to spare for aught besides herself. They were together once again. What more could they need?

But Monica had an object in view; and as they walked, engrossed in each other, in sweet communion of soul and interchange of thought, or the almost sweeter silence of perfect peace and satisfaction, she led him once more towards the little cliff church; though only when she was unlatching the gate to enter the quiet grave-yard did he rouse himself to the sense of their surroundings.

"Why, Monica," he said, "why have you brought me here? We are too late for service."

"I know," she answered; "but come. I want to show you something."

Her face wore an expression he did not understand. He followed her in silence to a secluded corner, where, beneath a dark yew-tree, stood a green mound, at the head of which a wooden cross had been temporarily erected.

Randolph read the letters it bore:

"C. F.," followed by a date, and beneath, the simple familiar words—

"*He rests in peace.*"

Strange, perhaps, that Monica should have cared for this lonely grave, in which was laid to rest one who had, as she believed, robbed her life of all its brightness and joy. Strange that she, in the absence of friend or kinsman, should have charged herself with keeping it, and erecting there some monument to mark who lay there low. Strange—yet so it was.

Her husband looked at her questioningly.

"Conrad's grave — yes," she answered quietly—"Randolph, look at the date."

He did so, and started a little.

"He died at dawn that day, Randolph. You know what was happening then at the other side of the world?"

There was a strange look of awe upon her face as she spoke, which was reflected in his also. She came and stood close beside him.

"Randolph, do you know that he was there—that night?—that he tried to kill you?"

He had taken off his hat as he stood beside the grave, with the instinctive reverence for the dead—even though it be a dead foe — characteristic of a noble mind. Now he passed his hand across his brow and through his thick dark hair.

"I thought that was a delusion of fever—a sort of hideous vision founded on no reality. Monica, was it so?"

"It was."

"How do you know?"

"I had it from his own lips."

He gazed at her without speaking; something in her face awed and silenced him.

"Randolph, listen," she said. "I must tell you all. Six weeks ago, the evening before *that* day, he was brought, shattered and dying, to Trevlyn; he had fallen from the cliffs; no skill could serve to prolong his life. I knew nothing then—he was profoundly unconscious, yet as that night wore away some strange intuition

came upon me that he wanted me, that he was beseeching me to come to him. I went—he was still unconscious. I sent Wilberforce away and watched by him myself. Randolph, at dawn he awoke to consciousness—he told me all his awful tale—he said he had murdered you—I believed it was true. He was dying—dying in darkness and in dread, and he prayed for my forgiveness as if his salvation hung upon it. Randolph, Randolph, how can I tell you? I cannot, no, I cannot—no one could understand." For a moment she pressed her hand upon her eyes, looking up again in a few seconds with a calm glance that was like a smile. "He was dying, Randolph, and I forgave him—I forgave him freely and fully—and he died in peace. Stop, that is not all. Randolph, as I knelt beside his bed, praying for the erring spirit then taking its flight, I felt that you were with me; I had never before felt the strange overshadowing presence that I did then—you were there, your own self. I heard your voice far away, yet clear and distinct, ringing through immeasurable space. I heard the words you spoke—'Monica! Monica! My wife!' I think Conrad heard it too, for he died with a smile on his lips. Randolph, I am sure that you were with me in that strange, awful hour. I knew it then—I know it better now. Randolph, I think that love is stronger than all else—time, space, death itself. Nothing touched our love. I think it is like eternity."

A deep look of awe had stamped itself upon Randolph's face. He put his arm round Monica, and for a very long while they stood thus, neither attempting to speak or to move.

At last he woke from his reverie, and looked down at her with a strange light shining in his eyes.

"And you forgave him, Monica?"

She looked up and met his gaze unfalteringly.

"I forgave him, Randolph; was I wrong?"

He stooped and kissed her.

"My wife, I thank God that you did forgive him. His life was full of sin and sorrow, but at least its end was peace. May God pardon him as you did—as I do."

There was a strange sweet smile in her eyes as she lifted them to his.

"Ah, Randolph!" she said softly, "I knew you would understand. Oh, my husband, my husband!"

He held her in his arms, and she looked up at him with a sweet, tender smile. Then her eyes wandered dreamily out over the wide sea beneath them.

"There is nothing sad there now, Randolph. It will never separate us again."

He looked down at her with a world of love in his eyes; yet as they turned away his glance rested for one moment upon the lonely grave he had been brought to see, and lifting his hat once more, he murmured beneath his breath—"He rests in peace."

Then drawing his wife's hand within his arm, he led her homewards to Trevlyn, whilst the sun set in a blaze of golden glory over the shining sea.

THE END.

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

DESERVEDLY famous as a logical advocate of Scientific Temperance and a genial preacher of the laws of health, there is yet nothing of the ascetic about Dr. Richardson. In fact, if any one were to ask us to describe this eminent man of science in one word, we should say he seems the very embodiment of health and happiness. The agonies of neuralgia or the tortures of mental depression seem never to come nigh to him. With all his profound learning and his persistent and close study, there is nothing of the pedant; and with all his deliberate denunciation of alcohol, there is, we repeat, nothing of the ascetic about him. As one sees him at home, the thought rises in the mind: Here is a man who thoroughly enjoys life, in a healthy, rational, and wholesome manner—enjoys it, aye, even to the very finger-tips.

And why should he not? If every one were able to live as he does, in accordance with the laws of life and of health, there would be far fewer melancholy folk. So we think as we mark his buoyant cheerfulness as he is busy in his study. Those people who sneer at abstainers as sour-tempered and unsociable can never have come within the range of Dr. Richardson's cheery companionship.

He is a busy man. "You must excuse me for being occupied while we talk," he says. "I have to lecture to-night, and I am just looking through some of the diagrams." And ever and anon a call-pipe warns him that a patient or a visitor wishes to see him.

We are conversing in his study, a finely-proportioned apartment on the ground-floor, looking out on Hinde Street, just where it opens on to Manchester Square. Here have been forged some of his notable thunderbolts launched at the drink traffic. The room is walled with books.

"Yes," says the doctor, as his eye ranges lovingly over the numerous and well-filled shelves—"yes, I have about four thousand volumes, all good literature. I love books. They always are good companions, and they never quarrel."

Beside the fire-place is a series of shelves filled with MS. books, containing reports of speeches, addresses, criticisms, &c. Just in front of him is the

shelf of his own volumes, which now include some thirty notable and real additions to standard English literature.

"That," said he, touching one small book with pardonable love and pride, "that has had an enormous circulation—nearly three hundred thousand; it has sold wonderfully in America; it has been translated into Dutch, and, curiously, it is the only book allowed in the Dutch prisons except the Bible." This unique little volume is "The Temperance Lesson Book."

Gratefully yours
B. W. Richardson

There are three escritoires, or writing-tables, in the room; one is a richly carved old oak "davenport" — a gift from fellow-graduates. Another is for the *Asclepiad*, a quarterly journal of medical science and research, written entirely by Dr. Richardson. A recent number contained a history of the advances in medical science during the reign of the Queen.

Though a hard worker, Dr. Richardson believes in recreation. He enjoys the refined pleasures of literature and the fine arts, and quite agrees with Professor Huxley in holding a high opinion of a good novel, though books of biography are his favourites. Cycling is his principal out-door amusement, as the splendid machine, all shining with polished nickel, which we may see in the entrance-hall, testifies.

"Yes; I can do my thirty-four miles a day with ease," he says, "though I am not a young man" (he was born in 1828), "and could do double that distance if necessary."

Opening out of the study is a little back room for "minute researches." The doctor calls it his "clinical room." Here is a magnificent microscope, presented to him in 1868 by over 600 medical men. From the walls look down the faces of old friends, Graham, Forbes, Faraday, Owen; while in the large dining-room on the other side of the hall, with windows looking on to Manchester Square, is a fine bust of George Cruickshank, of whom Dr. Richardson was a great friend, and an upright statue in terra-cotta by Birch of Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood.

"Well, now," said he, "you want me to tell you how I came to take up my position on the temperance question. In 1863, and for a year or two before, I had been making some original researches into the properties of a rare chemical substance named Nitrite of Amyl. At that time I lectured on Physiology at the College of Dentistry, and Mr. Morrison of Edinburgh, who was a member of the Council, brought this Nitrite of Amyl to the College, and it was handed to me to experiment upon. The late Professor Guthrie had shown it to Morrison, telling him that, in distilling it, it caused flushing of the face. I soon discovered that it had an extraordinary effect upon the circulation, that it quickly made the face a bright red, owing to the rapid filling of the blood-vessels, and that it speedily sent up the beats of the heart.

"There! I feel it now," added the doctor, after breathing the vapour for a few moments from an inhaler. "I feel the glow!" And, sure enough, his cheeks were suffused with a blood-red crimson!

"Well, I read a paper on the subject at Newcastle in 1863; it was considered of great interest, and I brought it up next year. Then I went on to inquire into the Methyl series, and so step by step continued, reporting every year until, in 1866, I began with the Alcohols. It was at one time supposed there was only one of these, but there are now known to be several. Now, the first great fact that startled me when examining into the Alcohols was that they *unquestionably lowered the temperature of the body*. I did not then know that any one else had noticed this before me; but I know now that two or three others—Dr. John Davy (brother of Sir Humphrey), Dr. Rae, the Arctic explorer, and Dr. Lees, of Leeds, had all severally suspected this fact; but they had not proved it by experimental research. My great point was a demonstration by scientific instruments—by the perfect

thermometers now made. I proved my point not only on men, but on the lower animals—especially on pigeons, which show changes of temperature rapidly —and I was able to prove to demonstration that alcohol reduced the temperature of the bodies of animals.

"I announced this at Birmingham in 1866. There was a good deal of exception taken to it. Dr. Heaton, of Leeds, was of opinion that the experiments might be doubtful because they were not all conducted in the same temperature; and Dr. Helburne King, of Hull, thought that as one thermometer had been used throughout there might be some error. I thought myself this was rather a point likely to obtain accuracy. But still, I deferred publishing my address in order to make further inquiries.

"Everything confirmed my previous statements. After a temporary flush on the surface of the body, due to the action of the alcohol on the blood-vessels, there is a reduction of temperature, which reaches its maximum at a period of complete intoxication."

"Then how is it, doctor, people say alcohol warms them?"

"Because they feel the action on the surface," was the prompt reply, as though Dr. Richardson had often been asked that question before, and was quite prepared to reply to it.

"It is just like putting your hand before the fire," continued he, placing his hand momentarily before his bright stove, which the chilly morning rendered welcome. "You get heat on the surface, and feel it. And there is another illustration I have often used: it is like putting your hand into snow; your fingers are numbed, but in the reaction which takes place, the blood is driven to the surface, and you get the sensation of heat.

"Well, then, that was the first step—the startling fact that alcohol lowers temperature. Now for the second. This came from the study of anæsthetics. From the time of their introduction in 1846 I had been much interested in them. I remember as 'twere but yesterday sitting with fellow students in the anatomical theatre of Anderson's College, Glasgow, waiting for our professor, Dr. Moses Buchanan. He was delayed, and when at length he appeared he was so moved by the news he had heard that he could scarcely deliver it: viz., news which had come from America that surgical operations could be performed without pain by inhaling the vapour of ether, and that the experiment was about to be performed that day at the Royal Infirmary! Little more was thought of then. The students trooped in a body to witness the sight.

"Soon afterwards I began to make an inhaler, which gained me the friendship of the late Dr. John Snow, one of the earliest and most skilful administrators. Here is an inhaler made in 1849" (fetching one from a drawer in the clinical room) "for the better inhalation of ether. Then I began to test other agents for anæsthesia, and altogether I have introduced fourteen anæsthetic substances, one of which, methylene, has been, and still is, largely used. I am now on research for another which I hope will be best of them all.

"In watching the action of alcohol, I found there were just the same four degrees or stages as in the action of anæsthetics: viz., simple excitement without insensibility; excitement with commencing insensibility; insensibility absolute; and, lastly, death-like insensibility. I came, therefore, to the conclusion that alcohol does not act after the manner of a food, but of a chemical substance like an anæsthetic. This then was the second step.

"This was followed up by tracing the changes and the modifications which take place in the body from the continued use of alcohol. I was always a close student of the Registrar-General's Returns, and I was struck by the enormous mortality of persons dealing in alcohol; a tenth part of the deaths are due to its use. This is now a well-sustained fact. I connected it with the changes of organs of the body induced by alcohol, and extended the research by tracing the action of all the manageable alcohols, besides the common one, with particular reference to the effects of solubility and weight; and I concluded that fatal diseases could be definitely induced by alcohol—slow as well as acute poisoning could arise from it, with degeneration and complete change of the structure of the heart, the liver, the lungs, and other internal organs.

"We have now, then, reached the third step, or third conclusion: viz., that alcohol is a prolific cause of death, and of great harm to the internal organs of the body; it is, in fact, in its ordinary use, a slow poison."

Interrupting the thread of the narrative a moment, we suggested the question—

"What is the alcohol in common use?"

"The Ethylic. This is the alcohol invariably found in intoxicating drinks. It would be called common alcohol, and as it is more pleasant to the taste than any of the others its action is more insidious.

"A very singular series of circumstances," continued Dr. Richardson, "seem to have led me to my position. Thus, for fourteen years I was physician to the Hospital for the Diseases of the Chest, and from observations there I had come quite independently to the view that there was a small class of consumptives of middle age whose disease is due to alcohol. I called it Alcoholic Phthisis, or the Consumption of Drunkards."

All these things brought together led Dr. Richardson to deliver his first lecture to medical men on the subject. It dealt with the Physical Action of Alcohol, and was delivered in London on December 7th, 1869.

"There!" said the doctor, taking a handy MS. book from a shelf by the fire-place, and pointing to a page, "there it is, you see; there is the report in the *Medical Times and Gazette;* and"—running his finger along the columns—"there is the passage that has been so much quoted, and caused so much discussion and controversy:—

"'Speaking honestly, I cannot by the arguments yet

presented to me admit the alcohols through any gate that might distinguish them apart from other chemical bodies. I can no more accept them as foods than I can chloroform, or ether, or methylal. That they produce a temporary excitement is true; but as their general action is quickly to reduce animal heat, I cannot see how they can supply animal force. I see clearly how they reduce animal power, and can show a reason for using them in order to stop physical pain or to stupefy mental pain; but that they give strength —*i.e.*, that they supply material for construction of fine tissue, or throw force into tissues supplied by other material—must be an error as solemn as it is widespread. The true character of the alcohols is that they are agreeable temporary shrouds. The savage, with the mansions of his soul unfurnished, buries his restless energy under their shadow. The civilised man, overburdened with mental labour or with engrossing care, seeks the same shade; but it is a shade, after all, in which, in exact proportion as he seeks it, the seeker retires from perfect natural life. To resort for force to alcohol is, in my mind, equivalent to the act of searching for the sun in subterranean gloom until all is night.'

"That gives my argument in a nutshell, and every day I live I am more convinced of its truth. I am as sure of it as that two and two make four, and I arrived at it by a chain of logical reasoning and scientific research which has never yet been successfully disputed. My feet are planted on the rock of truth in this matter.

"Now came the struggle, whether I should continue a 'moderate' drinker or whether I should declare myself. And I determined to declare myself, and give up the use of alcoholic drinks altogether. I found I worked better for the determination and was every way healthier, and have never seen any reason to regret it, either in myself or others.

"You must understand, I did not at first give up prescribing alcohol in my practice. But then I found I never knew what I was giving, so I prescribed it pure, mixed with water in proper proportions, just like any other drug. Commonly it is called pure spirits of wine. Then I knew exactly what it did when prescribed. But I gradually began to give it up, even in that form, and now I scarcely ever prescribe it."

"What would you recommend as a substitute?"

"I don't believe in substitutes," was the doctor's prompt reply. "They deceive, morally and physically. For faintness I always prescribe a recumbent position, fresh air, cold water to the temples, and for a drink, hot milk and water or beef tea. It is fifteen years since I became an abstainer, and I have never seen an injury or failing of any kind from the adoption of Total Abstinence. I have never gone in for what may be called the enthusiasm of the matter; I take my stand on physical principles.

"On the whole, I think public opinion is coming round to our view. Everything is being given up but 'moderation;' on that point I think people are still deceived. They consider they are practising moderation; they are really producing disease insidiously."

The statistics of the Inland Revenue Returns show that the consumption of alcoholic liquors is steadily declining. And without in the least degree disparaging the noble work of many other men and women in the Temperance Cause, yet one of the most potent influences in that decline of the drink traffic has been the Scientific Temperance so logically wrought out and so persistently advocated by that genial man of science in Manchester Square.

TRIUMPHS OF TRADE.

THE SEA.

IF it be true, as Goethe once said, that "the eye only sees what it brings with it the power of seeing," it is easy to understand why trade should be dull and prosaic to many minds. They are ignorant of its past, and their imaginations cannot be touched into activity by simple and present things. Battles they may enjoy—in books; crusades will fire their minds, apart from their vast influence on trade; and the far-away and the unreal will seem to them poetic and delightful. Trade triumphs, however, are behind and about every great historic movement, and they seem, when surveyed in their long sequences, to leave little else for the historian, the geographer, or the poet. To live, men have streamed into Europe, crowded to America, and pushed into Africa and Asia. Cold and heat, hardship and privation, have been borne in the great quest for food, land, and wealth, ever since the world began. To call such records dull, is to libel the human race. It is in the reading, the deciphering of them, that the difficulty lies, and in the selection of effective illustrations from so wide a field.

The sea was to primitive man a dreadful and a little-known wilderness. It seemed to disjoin men, to hinder

"THEY HAD PIRATES TO FEAR" (*p.* 465).

trade, to coop up the human race. To-day it is the "ring of marriage with all nations." As upon the great deserts, merchants traded in caravans for safety and counsel, so they at first traded upon the sea in fleets, as soon as individual explorers had led the way, and commerce had any sort of organisation. Men were too timid to venture alone with their goods.

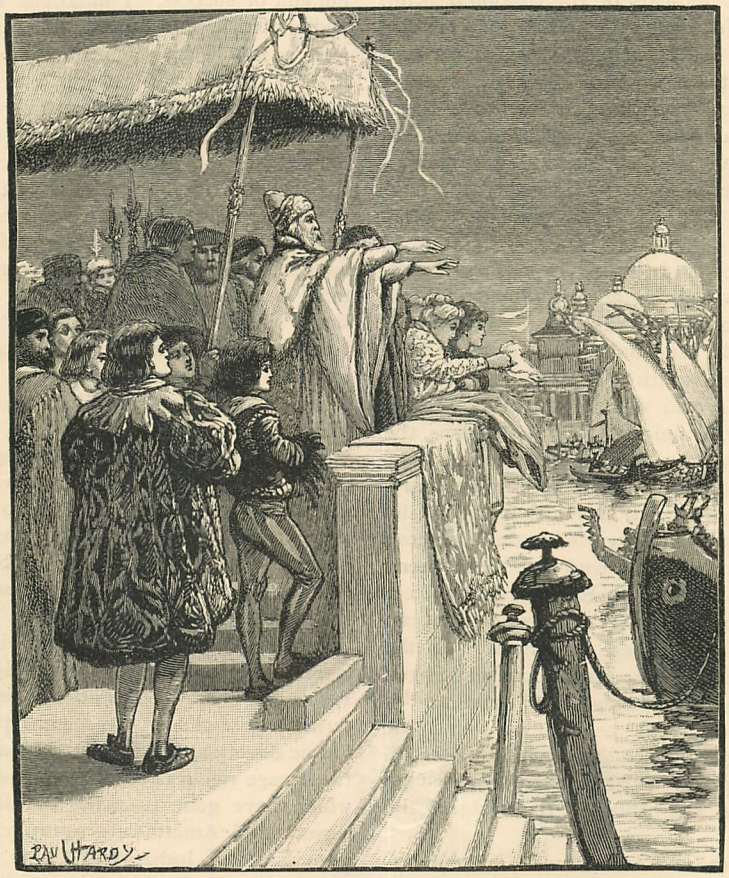
The picturesque element was undoubted. Take Venice as a type, not too remote in time for the modern mind. A green sea laves the feet of its white quays and palaces. Red-robed officials stand at the top of the quay-steps, and the doors of mansions, and on the Rialto. The public square is alive with the sound of fifes and trumpets, and processions of archers, mariners, and dignitaries pass along. Venetian beauties smile on the young patricians who are about to leave home for a long journey. The air is heavy with flags and pennants; it is a public holiday, for the fleet is going eastward on its annual journey, and going in a body under a Commodore elected by the Grand Council, who has his own train of music-men, his black-robed physicians, his pilots, scribes, and craftsmen bearing their tools. Each ship has been chartered by public auction, and is directed by a patrician. The fleet, with the blessing of the Doge, and the good wishes—alas! also the tears—of the people, will slowly make its way eastward, and when it has bought cargoes of silks, camlets, carpets, Persian shawls, and spices, sent by caravan to the Syrian ports and to Egypt, it will curve back towards the mouth of the Mediterranean, distributing its riches as it goes, and shipping others, until it has reached Portugal and can creep along to Antwerp, the centre of Western trade, and thence to the Thames, to assemble in state at Southampton for the homeward voyage, laden with English kerseys and cloths.

Continental wine fleets came to England in this way in the early time. Tossed into disorder, they reached the Thames, and when they neared the New Weir, the city boundary, they dressed up, raised their ensigns, and then came up to London Bridge, the mariners singing all the way, with lusty voices, their *Kiriele*, or song of thanksgiving and deliverance. Many Englishmen, in their river craft, and from their overhung doorways and dormer windows, used to think these foreigners made a needless fuss about a little toss on the German Ocean, or a hustle in the chops of the Channel; but then, as now, they had a wicked wit for men in strange garb, over-curious in their eating and drinking, and quick in speech.

The modern merchantman glides, or is tugged, down the Thames or the Mersey, attracts little attention, casts off its pilot, and plunges seaward, alone, without beat of drum or shriek of fife, or many-garbed and cheering crowd. Bound to India, China, Australia, or America, it is quiet, self-contained, provisioned for a long period, and designed for an independent activity

"IN THE DUSKY ALE-HOUSES AT WAPPING" (*p.* 466).

extending over weeks and months. It is a type of knowledge, courage, and conquest. It represents the individualism of to-day, in all its quietness and power. Law, custom, amicable rivalry, and scientific inventions fence it round with inviolable freedom. Fleets are for war, not commerce, except it be the harvest of the sea.



THE DOGE BLESSING THE VENETIAN FLEET (*p.* 464).

The collective fleets had pirates and freebooters to fear. The men of commerce of one nation made war upon the men of commerce of another nation. Outside the Mediterranean, there was hardly any sea-law at all for centuries. Chaucer has given us his picture of the British merchant adventurer :—

> "Of nice conscience took he no keep;
> If that he fought, and had the upper hand,
> By water he sent them home to every land."

Queen Elizabeth, in her time, put money into some of these freebooting excursions. And, curiously enough, the British mariner, once the most desperate man afloat, is now the most law-abiding. He was then an innovator ; he is now supreme.

No news of the fleets reached the more distant port of embarkation for months ; they plunged upon a path that had no records. Now, the individual ship runs up its flags for a talk with a passing vessel homeward bound. Keen eyes watch for its arrival ; and at Lloyd's there will be a short telegraphed history of its career. The mystery of the deep has diminished. When Drake had his first view of the Pacific, it was from a tree he had climbed on the Isthmus of Darien, and he resolved to "sail an English ship in those seas." Now all is known, sounded, surveyed, and mapped. The paths of the sea are familiar ; even its ways of behaviour are known and localised. It is under dominion.

The vessels in which our forefathers voyaged or traded were very small, according to our present notions. Sir Humphrey Gilbert crossed the Atlantic in a vessel of ten tons. When Sir Francis Drake ploughed a furrow round the world, every one of his five vessels was under 100 tons. Modern seamen could not be induced to voyage to India, China, or America, in some of these cockle-shells. But with more of the power of knowledge, there is less need for the old individual hardihood.

In 1621 it was considered wonderful when the British Levant Company sent out ships, "not yearly, but monthly." This implied more system in obtaining

return cargoes, the great difficulty of early trade. The staple-ports were designed to deal with the matter, but outside them the merchant adventurer had to wait for months, and was often tempted to plunder some more fortunate vessel. The old Greek mariners, according to Herodotus, after discharging their cargoes, landed upon some convenient spot, sowed corn, waited until it ripened, reaped it, and then went homeward! But now the industry of the Hindoo peasant, or the Russian moujik, or the Western farmer, enables the trader to store his corn, make his biscuit, and maintain himself in the most barren regions, amongst the Northern icebergs, or the intricacies of a Saragossa sea. The sea enables us to get immense food-supplies cheaply, and by their means we can cross it safely with cargoes of iron and skins, with cotton bales and shirtings, with Canadian pines and West Indian sugars.

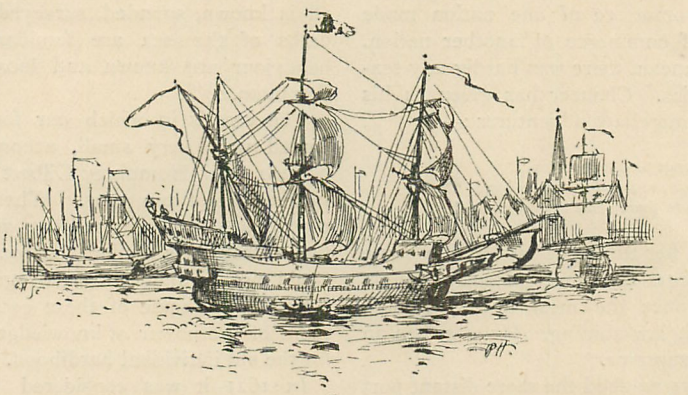
The old jealousies and heart-burnings are past. The world is always wanting news, and geographical secrets cannot be kept. It was one of the accusations against the old Hudson's Bay Company that they would not explore north of Churchill, "for fear," said Dobbs, "they should discover a passage to the west ocean of America, and tempt, by that means, the rest of the English merchants to lay open their trade." They give out, he adds, that "the climate, and country, and passage thither are much worse than they really are," to prevent undue curiosity. Captain Middleton put two Indians on an island and left them there, because they wished to come to England and make a fuss, which might lead to further discoveries, confirming his own, which he wanted to conceal. In the dusky ale-houses at Wapping, many an ear-ringed sailor shook his head knowingly when some newly-returned navigator declared he had *not* found the North-West Passage. "The frozen straits is all chimera," is the language attributed to some of them by a wise man of the last century. It smacks of the tavern.

The effort to get more Eastern trade, led and sustained the search for the North-West Passage to India; and out of its varied results, and the battling on the "Spanish main," we finally acquired the dominion of the sea—we laid our hand "upon the ocean's mane," as Byron puts it.

It used to be a common saying with the Dutch that they would make the English "wear their old shoes." The Dutch had certainly a fuller command of the sea until after the Civil War, though long before then English merchants had been seeking new shoes in the North, the East, and the West, with a considerable amount of success. Plantations had been formed in India, Africa, and North America; rich companies were in full working; and brave navigators gave their lives to the task of seeking a new way to the East amidst the icebergs and Arctic terrors of the North.

The more successful sea-kings we all know. Their names are as "household words" amongst us. But the pathos of the fate of some of them is less familiar. It has been declared that our maritime supremacy is quite as much due to Sebastian Cabot as to Cromwell's navigation laws, and yet the veteran Bristol adventurer was neglected in his old age, and we do not know where or when he died. The fate of Henry Hudson, who did more than "leave his name upon a canton," is even more touching. Henry Green and others mutinied against Hudson, in the bay named after him, on the ground that he was concealing provisions whilst they were starving. They put "the master," bound, into a shallop, "with the poore, sicke, and lame," and sent him adrift to an unknown death and a nameless grave. The ringleaders were soon afterwards killed by savages. Scarcely less tragic was the fate of Mitrovitch, a Spaniard, who entered the Pacific in the first steam-ship. Affrighted natives, poor trade, and disappointment, impelled him to fire a pistol into a barrel of gunpowder and blow up his vessel and crew. But who can properly feel the sufferings, or describe the mental phantasmagoria, the heroic devotion, the fidelity, the simple manliness, yea, the savage rigours and bursts of "storm and pressure" which have gone to make our knowledge of Arctic regions and American geography, of the great far-away East, of India, and China, and the isles, and our glorious and admitted maritime supremacy? It consists of epic fragments, which some coming Homer may string together.

EDWIN GOADBY.



HOW WE GIRLS EARNED OUR LIVING.

A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

BEATRICE was, for some time, the only one of us who had not found her vocation, and yet she was so helpful: had learned from Auntie Puss to be such a dainty and economical cook, from Clemency so much about dressmaking, and from Madame Erckmann how to manage and give expression to her voice, that Auntie often used to say to the rest of us (though not to Beatrice herself) what a nice wife she would make if "Mr. Right" ever came along—ornamental, and with one real accomplishment, besides the good useful qualities and gifts that make a man's home comfortable, and insure his income being made the most of.

Beatrice's turn, however, came at last, and a lucky one it was, though it did not sound very flourishing at first. She was diligently reading down the long columns of advertisements in a weekly paper, as she did now and then, in the hope that something might turn up, when she came upon the following :—

"A lady, in delicate health, wishes to meet with a young lady to assist her occasionally in preparing for dinner parties, &c.—Apply personally, before 1 p.m., to Lady Charlotte Farquhar, Warwick Street, Pimlico."

"Occasionally," said Beatrice to herself, "that would not take me from home altogether, and yet I might earn a little." She took no one into her confidence, and started off early the next morning, so that she might reach Warwick Street about noon. She found that the house was a modest one, and the door was opened by a neat housemaid, who at once took her to her mistress. Lady Charlotte Farquhar proved to be a kind, unceremonious, but highly-bred woman, who frankly told Beatrice that she was poor, that is to say, she was the seventh daughter of a peer who had very little money to give his girls, and had married a gentleman in the War Office, whose pedigree was longer than his rent-roll, and who was in pretty much the same position as herself.

"We must live in this part of town," said Lady Charlotte; "and life would be very dull if we could not sometimes ask a few friends and relations to dinner, for we have no children in whom to take an interest. If our little daughter had lived, she would have been about your age, my dear, but she died before she was two years old."

"In what way do you think I could help you?" asked Beatrice, who wished to know exactly what Lady Charlotte had in her mind.

"By doing what I used to do myself, and a little more," was the reply; and she told Beatrice that before bad attacks of bronchitis weakened her, and made her liable to catch cold, even in going about the house, she had been accustomed to lay the table herself when she gave a little dinner party, to cook certain dishes, for which she was quite famous in her own family, and to see most things in readiness before changing her dress and receiving her guests. She said she had never kept more servants than a cook and a housemaid, never had in a charwoman or a hired waiter, and spoke very highly of her servants as the result of her own training. She kept Beatrice to luncheon with her, and my sister observed that the fine table-cloth and napkins had been much darned, and that the silver spoons and forks were antique and very curious. The viands were a small piece of cold roast beef, two baked potatoes, and part of a cold rice pudding, all very plain, but very nicely sent to table on dishes that, from Beatrice's description, Auntie Puss said must have been Wedgwood.

Lady Charlotte lent her a book of written recipes to study, which she said had belonged to her Scotch mother, and said that the dishes she wanted prepared for her forthcoming dinner party were braised duck *aux navets*, the old-fashioned preparation of beef known as minced collops, a ribbon jelly, and a Bakewell pudding. The cook could manage everything else. So Beatrice was dismissed, and bidden to take care of the precious manuscript book, and bring it, with her large apron, the following Tuesday.

You may be sure that when Tuesday came Beatrice was up early, for she wanted to do all she could to help Auntie before she started, and she had undertaken to be in Warwick street by ten o'clock. She had not only her cooking-apron, but also a pair of holland sleeves, but before she put them on Lady Charlotte sent for the cook, and said—

"Miss Beatrice has come to help us to-day, cook, and she will come downstairs and attend to a few dishes, just as I used to do when I was stronger."

On the day when Beatrice first called, she had been recognised as a lady by being kept to luncheon, and the servants, taking the cue from their mistress, treated her as such.

The first thing to be done was to unpack two baskets that had just come from Lady Charlotte's brother in the North, or rather from his place, for he was in town, but the head gardener and bailiff had had orders to send her flowers, vegetables, and fruit. The first basket, however, contained a dish of speckled mountain trout, packed in bracken, and they were speedily consigned to the cook. Beatrice said it was quite a treat to unpack the flowers and fruit: great heads of early rhododendrons, tea roses, pelargoniums, and a quantity of

lilies of the valley; a couple of bunches of grapes, which Lady Charlotte told her were worth a guinea a pound in Covent Garden, half a dozen peaches wrapped in cotton-wool, and some early strawberries, "British Queens" and "Presidents." She then spread a couple of newspapers on the dining-room table, and found her way to a little pantry, where she was directed to look

"LADY CHARLOTTE PROCEEDED TO AMUSE HERSELF IN ARRANGING THE FLOWERS."

on a shelf for four glass trays, two long and two semi-circular, and eight specimen glasses. She washed them all out at a small sink, where hot and cold water was laid on, and took them and a large jug of cold water to Lady Charlotte, who drew up her chair to the table, and proceeded to amuse herself in arranging the flowers. Beatrice then descended to the kitchen, where she found the cook had prepared everything for the jelly, and the materials for the Bakewell pudding were at hand, that there was a nice piece of steak ready for the minced collops, and that the duck and the turnips were in the larder, and the necessary pots and pans quite clean and ready for use. She had several times made jelly for Mrs. Wilson, and Auntie said she could not have done it better herself—and minced collops were by no means unknown at home, but the braised duck was new to her, though Auntie had assured her that she could not go wrong, as she was a born cook, and had a good recipe.

Perhaps braised duck *aux navets* will be new to a good many people, so Beatrice has copied the recipe for me.

Fry a duck in butter in a braising-pan till it is browned nearly all over. Then take it out, and mix with the fat in the pan a table-spoonful of flour; add a quart of brown stock, and when it boils put the duck in again, with four onions and three shalots quartered, three carrots cut in fours, two bay-leaves, a sprig of parsley, and half a tea-spoonful of Nepaul pepper. Let it braise till tender—an ordinary duck will take two hours—then pour off the stock, strain the vegetables out of it, and put it again into the pan with the duck.

Cut half a dozen large or eight smaller turnips into little pieces the size and shape of the divisions of an orange, throw them for a minute into boiling water, and then on a sieve to drain. Put a table-spoonful of

white pounded sugar into a clean frying-pan, hold it over the fire to get quite hot, add an ounce of butter, and shake it about well. Throw in the turnips, fry them, turning and shaking all the time, till they are nicely browned all over. Take a little of the stock from the duck, and with a knife scrape whatever sugar may remain at the bottom of the frying-pan, so that it is all well mixed, and then put turnips and all into the pan where the duck is. It can then be put in a cool place, and made hot again when wanted.

When the duck was safely in the pan for its two hours' braising, Beatrice flavoured and strained the jelly, and returned to the upstairs pantry, where she washed the dessert-dishes, polished all the wine-glasses with a leather, and arranged the fruit with the aid of the vine-leaves that had come with it, and such leaves and flowers as Lady Charlotte had over. She next cleared away the *débris* from the table, and the housemaid brought luncheon.

After this she washed quite a store of the curious old silver in hot water, with silversmiths' soap, and polished it with a dry leather; and when Lady Charlotte brought down a snowy damask table-cloth, as fine and soft as silk, and eight napkins to match, Beatrice laid the table under her directions, with the dessert-dishes inside the narrow glass trays of flowers, and a specimen glass with a lovely rose in it to each person. She would not have been able to do all this if she had not been shown, for in our modest way of living, even in our best days, dinner parties were unknown, and if they had not been, we should not have had them quite in the same style. There were two lovely old Venetian jugs to be filled with filtered water, and a quaint engraved claret-jug, and a pair of still more curious decanters, were put ready for Mr. Farquhar to decant the wine into when he came home. Everything that could possibly be wanted was placed on the sideboard; and while Lady Charlotte went to dress, Beatrice went back to the kitchen to turn out the jelly, assist in dishing up, and finish the duck and collops for table. She had been told that the six expected guests were all relatives and old friends, and included the Earl of Cawdor and his bride, who had only just come to London after their honeymoon.

Beatrice's post during dinner was the little pantry, from whence she came, to and fro, to the dining-room door for spoons and forks, which she rapidly washed and took back; and she also helped to bring up the sauces, &c., while the housemaid carried the heavier dishes. Such complete and thoughtful preparations having been made beforehand, the maid waited very easily on the party, who were all on the pleasantest and friendliest terms with one another, and with their host and hostess. The dishes were few, but good, and Beatrice, on one of her journeys to the half-open door, heard Lord Cawdor say to his bride—

"You must be sure and taste Cousin Charlotte's 'minced collops,' Gracie: she has been famous for them as long as I can remember;" and over the Bakewell pudding she heard his reminiscences of a Derbyshire village, where he was once reading with a tutor, and they had Bakewell pudding every day.

Beatrice made the coffee herself, and sent it up; and when the ladies were in the drawing-room, Lady Charlotte left them for a minute to shake hands with and thank her, and gave her a half-sovereign in a small envelope, saying it was all she could afford, and she felt that it did not repay Beatrice for what she had done, but she hoped she would call and see her one morning and have a chat.

Beatrice got home soon after ten o'clock, and delighted us very much by relating her experience. Auntie Puss thought the half-sovereign very poor pay, but reminded Beatrice that she was only a beginner, though she had begun under very good auspices.

Beatrice quite felt that she had made a friend, and went to see Lady Charlotte Farquhar about a week after. She advised her to attend a course of lessons at the South Kensington School for Cookery, which she did, and profited by them very much, because she learned how to cook with more ease and comfort to herself than she could have done if untaught. She had a great deal of natural taste, and showed herself quite an adept in arranging flowers, after a little practice. Lady Charlotte recommended her to many hostesses, who were glad of her services, and able to pay her well. To some she went only to lay and decorate the table and arrange the dessert, and to others to cook special dishes.

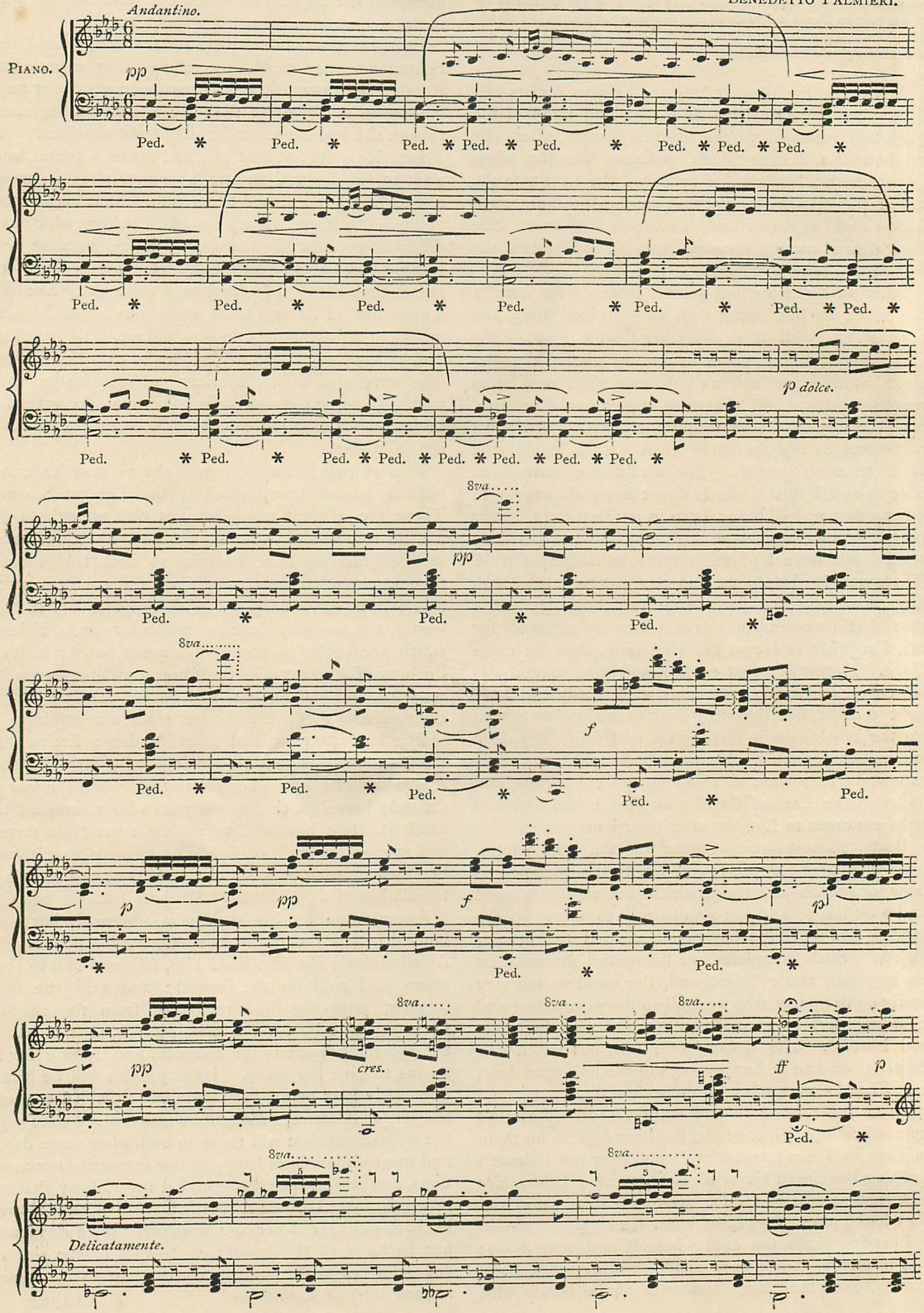
This is two years ago, and she is now entering on her busiest time, which is the London season. There are a great many families rich enough to go a little into society, who do not keep *chefs*, and who are delighted to have Beatrice to cook things that they would otherwise order from the confectioner's. She is often very busy, too, with suppers, &c., in the winter, and sometimes she has orders for special dishes, which she cooks at home, and sends out. I believe this way of earning a living is not at all uncommon in America, and no doubt it will be frequently done in London, now that some one has made a beginning.

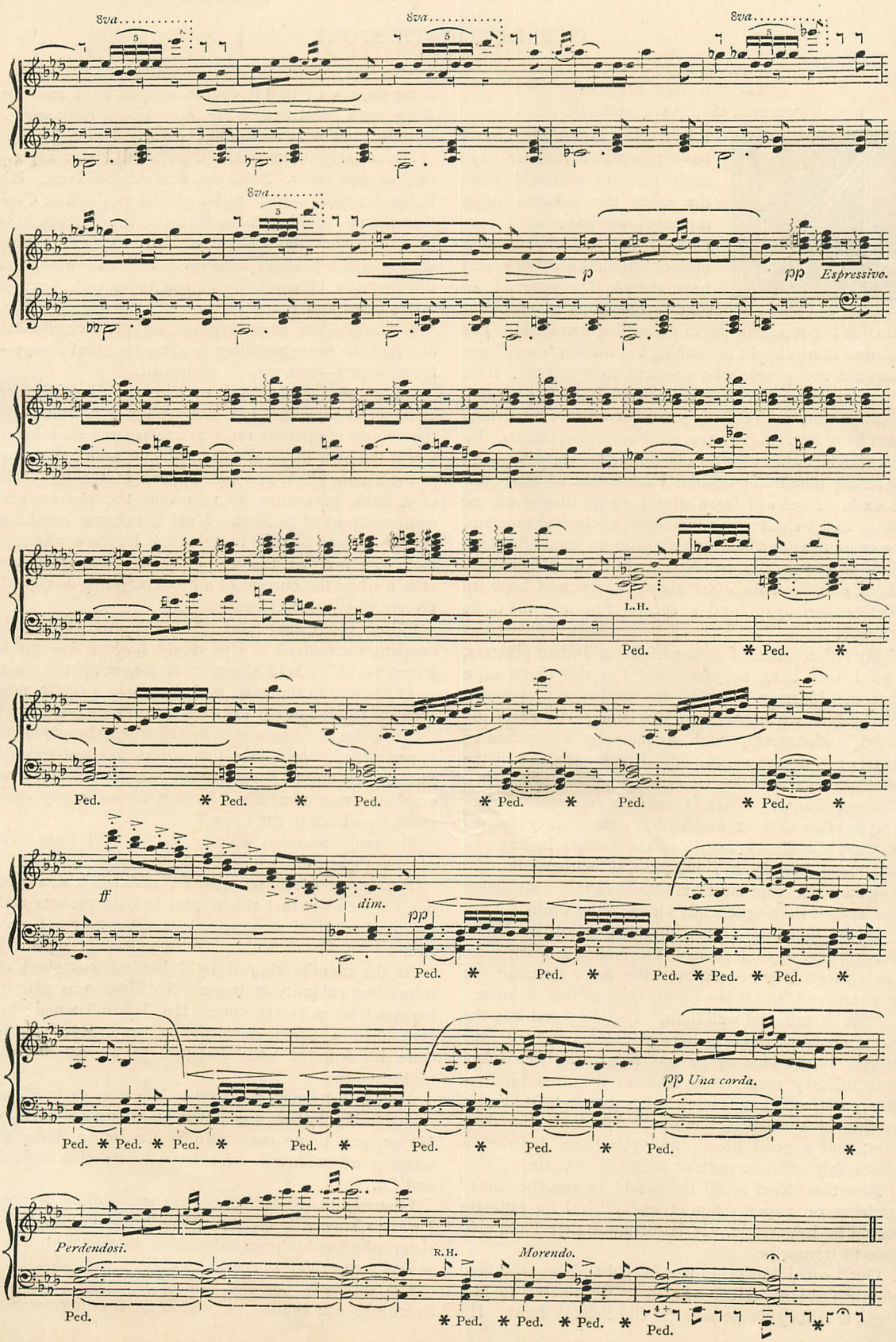
The last letter we had from Madame Erckmann told how she was passing along a busy street in the Australian city where her lot is cast, when she saw a runaway horse knock down a man who attempted to catch it. She hastened to raise the prostrate form, and saw, with a thrill of sickening emotion, that it was her husband: shaggy, shabby, unkempt, and wearing the clothes of a stockman. He breathed his last in a few minutes, for his skull was fractured, but she fancied he knew whose arms supported his poor head. At all events, she identified him, followed him to the grave, and paid for the funeral; and said she felt happier, after she had recovered from the shock. Clemency will be Mrs. Linskill, junior, next month; she is coming home to be married, and Auntie Puss means to give her away. I fancy Ellen will be Mrs. Somebody Else before very long, and though I cannot answer for Beatrice, *I* am still heart-whole. I dare say the woman's chrism will come to both of us some day, and meanwhile we are happy in our respective occupations, and still happier to hear that the railway shares in which dear old Auntie Puss invested her capital are likely to yield seven per cent. next year. We girls mean her to have all the benefit of it—that is, the single ones—for we wish nothing better than to continue to earn our own living.

E. Clarke.

Barcarolle.

Benedetto Palmieri.

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OUR DUPLICATE STORY.

RECORD THE FIRST.

WRITTEN BY GLADYS VAUGHAN.

NOEL SOUTHGATE and I have recognised that we have each hitherto withheld from the other the solution of a mystery; we have been content in the enjoyment of a mutual blissful knowledge, and have shrunk, I suppose, from putting questions which would involve the resuscitation of disturbing memories. For all that there should be nothing but frankest confidence between two people who propose to spend their lives together, and I have suggested, and Noel has agreed, that we shall each write a plain narrative of the events that have immediately preceded our engagement. By exchanging what will be our duplicate story, we shall severally obtain the desired explanation of what now is dark. Noel will learn why I so positively refused him; and I shall understand how, at the last moment, he came to alter a matured purpose, to jeopardise brilliant prospects, and with—so far as I can discern—no shred of reason for entertaining a renewed hope, to visit Selston again, and a second time ask me to be his wife.

My father came of a race of West Indian planters, and I was born in Jamaica. On the death of a maternal kinsman, who left my mother a property in Derbyshire, we removed to England. The tie of my father's partnership with a company whose offices were at Kingston continued. But for the aid of the revenue thus accruing we could not have remodelled Selston Manor. When I was seventeen I lost my only brother of fever, and, within a month, my idolised mother, of a disease for which the doctors had no certain name, but which I believe was neither more nor less than the sapping of vitality by grief. My father and myself were practically alone in the world.

In the following year I first met Noel Southgate. For a friend's eye, I penned the annexed description. Owing to a changed address the letter containing it was returned, and it lies on my desk at this moment.

"He is tall and well-built," I said; "and has the alert, erect carriage generally associated with the army. In my hearing he has repeatedly been taken for a military man. Add features the least bit irregular, but still handsome; crisp, black hair; and a moustache that abets the officer delusion; very dark eyes, and a good brow; and you have, I fancy, a reasonably accurate portrait of Mr. Southgate."

Now that Noel is all the world to me, the feat of evolving on paper so quiet and critical an estimate would be impossible. It is fortunate that I am able thus to transcribe.

Our acquaintanceship was brought about in a very simple fashion. Noel was distantly related to Mr. Rigg, of Abbey House and the Old Selston Bank. He came on a visit to his cousin, and, as papa and Mr. Rigg were great friends, as also Edith Rigg and I, introductions were matters of course.

It was early summer, and Noel and I saw a great deal of each other. Noel, too, was colonial-born. His father occupied a responsible official position at Cape Town, and Noel had been studying law and awaiting his call to the English bar, with the idea of treading closely in his parent's footsteps. Not only was there this measure of similarity in our experience, but our tastes in art and literature proved to be closely allied. We admired the same landscapes, pictures, books; and had the same ambition to compass great things—for amateurs—with palette and brush.

I think the golden link of love was forged before either of us knew it. Is it not usually so? But while the volume of memory remains unclasped I shall never forget the hour of awakening. I had an easel set up in the Manor Park, and was putting in the red roofs of a daub purporting to represent the nearest and quaintest part of Selston. Noel Southgate found me there. It may be that by this time he knew where to look. At first we talked lightly and aimlessly, but after a while the current of our conversation deepened. Overhead clouds were gathering.

"How the disappearance of the sun chills and deadens the outlook! One might fancy it was a different world," I said, stooping to gather up my tools. Noel assisted in the task, and there was a subtle, new sense of tension at my heart as he answered—

"Yes, the blankness may be felt when the sunshine has vanished. And how many lives are just exactly like a grey day! I sometimes fear that *now*"—the emphasis was marked—"it may be so in my case when I go back to the Cape."

My reply sounded wofully feeble. "I hope not, Mr. Southgate."

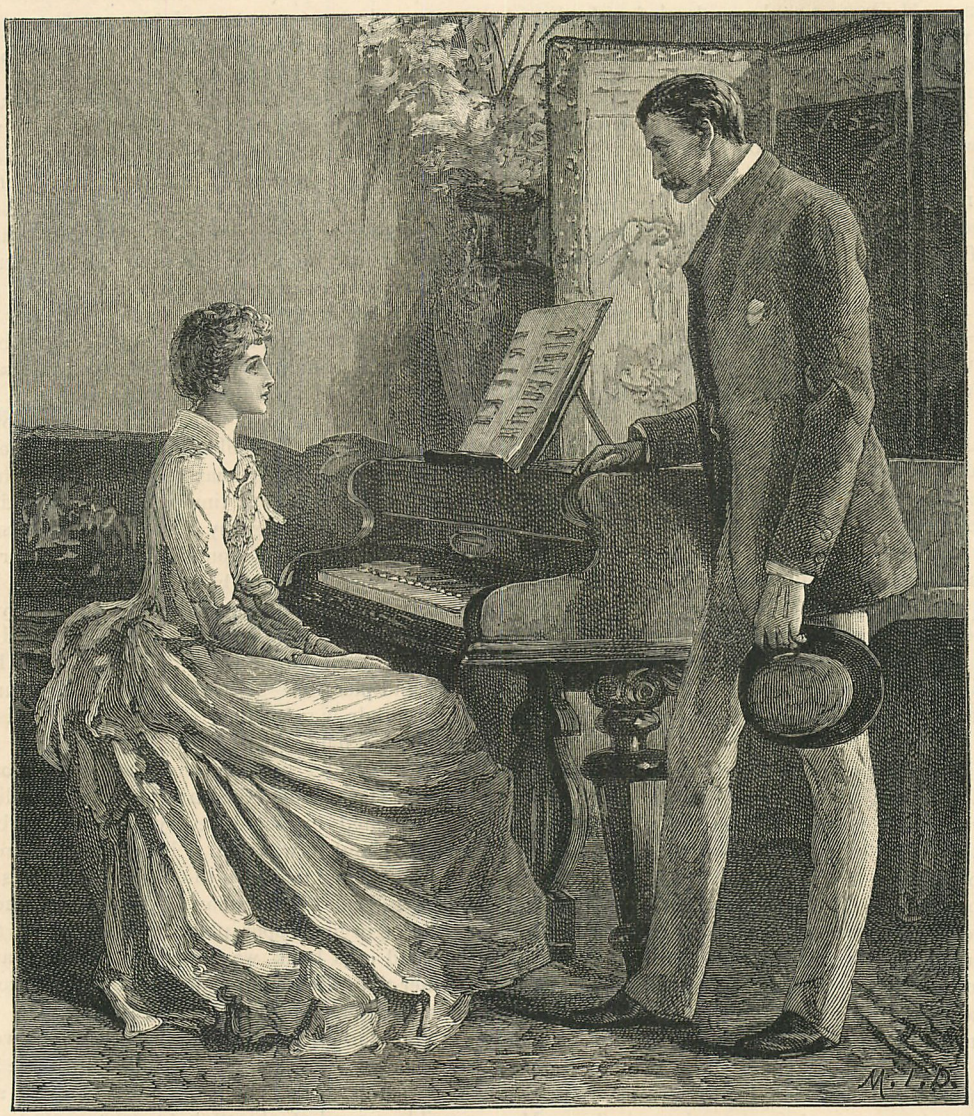
That night I realised that for me also it would be but a leaden sky that should roof in both present and future when Noel was gone. I was no longer fancy-free.

As the months slipped by I became conscious of impending calamity at home. My father was plainly harassed by a secret care. His hair whitened; he contracted a stoop suggestive of an invisible burden; his features grew haggard to an extent that frightened me.

At last I learned the truth. We were as good as ruined. My father was about to mortgage Selston Manor, and to go out again, in the forlorn hope of warding off bankruptcy from the house of Vaughan and Co.

I listened to the announcement with sinking spirits. I was to stay with my Aunt Norah, my father's half-sister, who lived in prim old-maidenly state at Croydon. It was a cheerless prospect.

But this was not the half of my misery. Noel Southgate was coming to Selston on the morrow, on



"NOEL SURPRISED ME AS I SAT BEFORE THE PIANO" (*p.* 474).

urgent business, and I well knew that his errand was to ask me for that which under these altered circumstances I dared not give. Had he not told me that his father was a proud man, who had disowned his (Noel's) only sister for marrying, as he conceived, beneath her? Did I not thoroughly understand that Noel for the time was dependent upon his parent, and that to marry a penniless wife might irretrievably ruin his prospects? I loved him, but I should say him nay.

And I did. It was a cruel ordeal. I had promised secresy concerning the precarious condition of our affairs, and so a full defence of my conduct was forbidden. Perhaps for Noel it was better that he should suppose my decision final, because due to lack of regard for him. If he went away with a different impression, the noble unselfishness of character and persistence of will for which I admired him would be almost certain to lead to subsequent difficulties and dangers.

"It is an honour for which from my heart I thank you, Mr. Southgate, and I am sorry that I cannot accept it," I said.

Poor Noel! His countenance changed; he stood like one suddenly stricken into stone. He resented the testimony of his ears.

"I think I must misunderstand you, Gladys—Miss Vaughan," he stammered; "please, tell me that I do. When success of every other kind—for which I have waited, ah, how eagerly!—seems to be in sight, can it be that you condemn me to the worst, the keenest of all disappointments?"

How I preserved my self-possession I am unable to imagine. My inmost soul was flooded with pity.

"It is the only possible answer, Mr. Southgate."

A fierce light flamed in his eyes. His voice was hoarse and grating.

"One further question and it shall be enough," he said; "would you speak as you have done if I—in my own right—were a rich man?"

I had no time for weighing words. The one thought that leaped to my brain, and found its way in halting phrases from my lips, was that if Noel had been thus completely master of his own fate and fortune, my negative would have been framed on other lines.

"Not—exactly," I mechanically admitted.

"Thank you. You are very candid. It is plainly time I went back to town." Bitterer tones may it never be my lot to hear.

And, almost before I recognised the dimensions of my mistake, Noel was gone.

That night I wrote in a little monthly pocket diary just three lines:—

"Noel has left me for ever. My lost love! And, through my own stupid blunder, he will think me as mercenary as heartless. It is not so."

The next day I packed together sundry gifts, and, with a concise little note, despatched them to Noel's London address.

One other paragraph and my story reaches its conclusion.

The visit paid by my father to Kingston was the means of detecting the systematic dishonesty of the company's manager, and of averting the threatened catastrophe. The rogue was cleverly caught, and was forced to disgorge his plunder. The enterprise in which so much of my father's capital was embarked was saved. But this happy event did not bring back Noel Southgate. I heard through Edith Rigg that he was summoned home to take a lucrative appointment which had fallen vacant, and that he was preparing to leave London by a steamer that sailed on the 20th of March. On the 19th of that month—two days ago—Noel surprised me as I sat before the piano in the Manor drawing-room—dreaming, not playing. My face and manner must have told him how welcome he was; and so, in due season, and when he challenged me, did my words.

RECORD THE SECOND.

WRITTEN BY NOEL SOUTHGATE.

IT was formerly my boast that I was superior to the callow weakness of falling in love. I had run a good many risks without finding either my digestion or my dreams in the remotest degree interfered with. I met pretty girls by the score, but my heart remained secure in my own keeping. Hence, as I remark, I was apt to look down from the heights of wisdom and self-complacency on Smith, Brown, and Robinson, who confessed themselves victims of the tender passion. Mine was the pride which, according to the proverb, goes before discomfiture.

I was marked for a prey as soon as my Cousin Humphrey had proposed to make me acquainted with a returned sugar-grower and his daughter, who lived at the next house to his (Humphrey's) own, beyond the margin of Selston borough. Not that at the moment I guessed as much. Doubtless I should have scoffed at a prognostication of the sort. It was but with a playful affectation of curiosity that I inquired if the young lady were of marriageable age, fair, and an heiress. And I am very confident that there was no disturbance of the ordinary rhythmic beat of my pulses as my three-fold question was answered with an affirmative to each of its divisions.

But I began to tremble when I first saw Gladys Vaughan;—she was, and is, beautiful. And there was about her a winning grace whose spell was rather to be traced to the loveliness of mind and soul than to that of face and figure. The latter I may not praise in this place as I would, inasmuch as what I am writing is intended primarily for my dear girl's own perusal. There was a time when I inquired in impotent self-upbraiding why I had not sought safety in early flight. I am of opinion now that, after a very few meetings, I should have taken with me, even to another land, haunting memories of a slight, sylph-like form, clear-cut oval features, a finely-curved mouth, eyes of richest hazel, large and liquid, and hair rippling and plentiful—gold or brown as the sun kissed it or withdrew. In that case a restless discontent would also have dogged me like my own shadow. No, it was better to tarry and outride the storm, and reach at last (I trust) the haven of married felicity.

I recanted in secret every one of my bachelor heresies; and it was but a little while before I was consciously making love to Gladys. My cousin, who, I take it, is a shrewd man of business, or he would hardly be in his proper place in these trying times at the head of a bank, was quick to see that a feeling warmer than friendship dominated my relations with Miss Vaughan, and he expressed satisfaction.

"Your father, as you and I both know, would be vexed beyond measure if you failed to make a really good match, Noel," he said; "but I don't see any possible ground of objection to your wooing and winning the little girl at the Manor. And I'll write and tell him so."

I have reason to believe the promise was kept, for in spite of the fact that I was now "called" and a properly qualified (except, I fear, in knowledge and brain power) fledgling barrister, my residence in England was not interrupted by a homeward summons. I was left to my own devices, and to pick up here and there a stray brief—crumbs from the well-spread table of an eminent Q.C. who was my father's friend.

"Letting I dare not wait upon I would" for a considerable time, I at last resolved to take the fateful plunge, sink or swim.

It was my fate to encounter a sharp repulse. To this day and hour there is a cloud of obscurity over the actual cause of my rejection, although if Gladys and I carry through our purpose in inditing these narratives, the time of full revelation is at hand. It was a

bitter cup to drain ; and the fond idolatry of my heart appeared to have been from first to last a mistake. I retreated with the conviction—founded upon words that did not sound equivocal—that my suit was contemned because of my comparative poverty. It was hard to be sent about my business, doubly hard to reflect that I had paid futile homage to a mercenary coquette.

After that I turned to work for comfort, and my professional progress was such as to render it likely that Gladys Vaughan might yet regret her decision.

And then very unexpectedly I received the offer, through my father, of a secretaryship in South Africa, which would put me on the high road to distinction in colonial politics. I closed with the proposal. In a week I had selected my outfit and taken passage on board a fine new steamer.

I was surprised to find how much of a wrench was implied in breaking up my bachelor quarters in the Temple, and in severing ties which, in some instances, had now existed for nearly a decade.

In looking over the unique collection of lumber—alas ! infinitely less precious than varied—that had to be disposed of through the summary execution of fire, or through negotiation with a *bric-à-brac* dealer, I came across a package that revivified the miserable past. I had never opened it since the postman delivered it at my door. But I well knew what it contained. The handwriting of the address was that of a woman I still loved—loved in defiance of my judgment, of my sense of ill-usage, of the weary efforts I had made to stifle the vain passion ; and within were my presents, relics of a dead hope.

I was in two minds about committing the package to the flames unopened. Happily I shrank from the perpetration of this revenge upon the old folly. Instead, I undid wrapping after wrapping until the contents—books, chiefly—were revealed.

There was one trivial item which perplexed me. It was a thin slip of a pocket volume labelled, in gilt letters across its morocco side, "Engagement Book : October." Cudgelling my wits to the utmost I could not remember giving Gladys this, or even seeing it before. To what purpose was it there ? I examined it more closely, and found the closing pages folded roughly back in such wise as to lend probability to the hypothesis of accident. This dainty register had been hurriedly put away between the leaves of a copy of "Ferishtah's Fancies," and was lying on my table by sheer inadvertence on the part of its owner.

Suddenly there was a tumult in my brain ; my pulses bounded with a new excitement ; I was in the grip of an unlooked-for but delicious bewilderment. On the leaf at which the miniature volume stood open I had read that in spite of appearances my love for Gladys Vaughan was reciprocated, that Gladys —in whatever mysterious manner—could escape from the accusation I had brought against her of a selfish, cruel indifference.

In two days' time I was due at Southampton to join the *Kimberley*. But that vessel sailed without me. I telegraphed to my father a message which he must have thought strange to the last degree. It was as enigmatical in what it reserved as it was simple in its terms. It ran thus :—

"Sorry to disappoint. If delay means resignation of appointment, I resign. Cannot leave England at date arranged. Letter follows."

And on the morrow I posted to Selston. Rose-red was Gladys as she saw her visitor ; and I was hugely mistaken or her whole demeanour was instinct with welcome.

On this occasion at least there was no beating about the bush.

"Perhaps I am too venturesome, Miss Vaughan, but I hope not," I said ; "I have surprised you, no doubt, and for that I apologise. I want to ask a single question. Will you let me ? I think you will. It is this. Was your verdict of last October conclusive, or subject to revision ? I repeat, and with added earnestness, what I had to tell you then. My heart, my life are yours, if you will take them."

Sweeter whisper never ended a long suspense :—

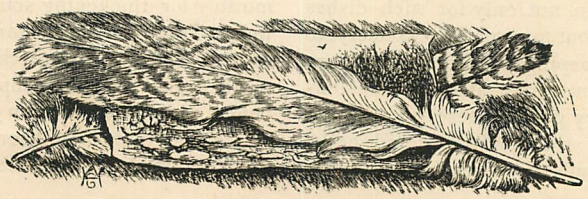
"Will you forgive me, Noel ?"

ADDENDUM BY GLADYS VAUGHAN.

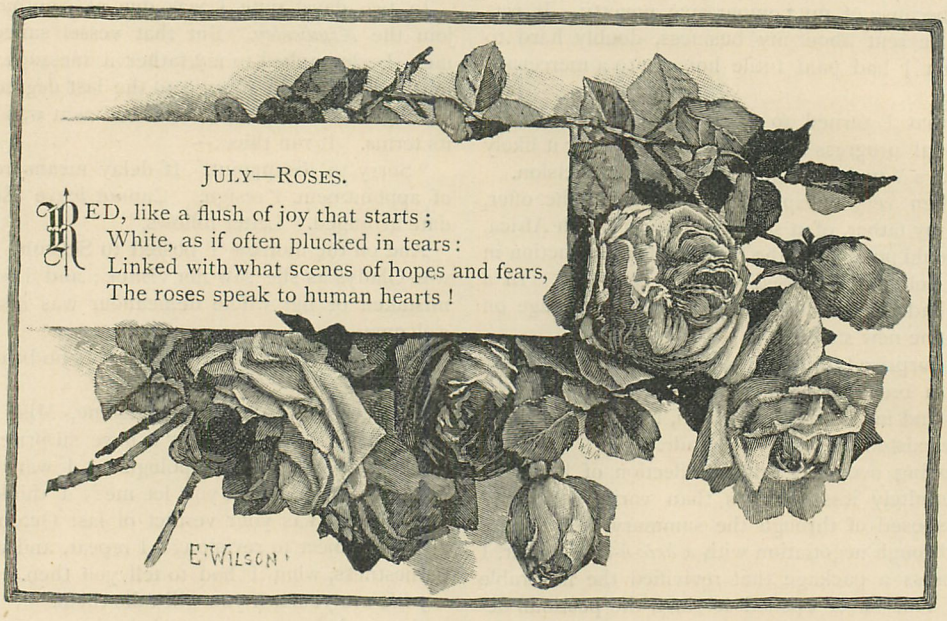
I HAVE Noel's leave to conclude our joint narrative. The task is easy. Papa's New Year's present was a dainty set of books, "Diary" and "Engagements." It was a pleasure to use these. In my agitation on the evening of my great renunciation, and writing as I did at dusk, I confounded the two books. I perfectly recollect slipping the one hurriedly away, somewhere, as I heard my maid's step at the door. But the next morning the diary was in sight behind some letters, and I was carelessly (from a sad heart) oblivious of my blunder. So the "Engagements" book was despatched to Noel. How my cheeks would have burned had I guessed ! Almost immediately I had to pack for Croydon in great haste, and I both overlooked my loss and left the October diary behind. It was immaterial, for a new month was coming in. I am thankful now for my fortunately-arranged "Comedy of Errors."

Noel and I have settled that he shall go to the Cape, unless his secretaryship proves to be forfeited—of which he has little real fear ; and that at the first opportunity—in a few months, he says—he shall return for his wife.

W. J. L.



FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS.



HASTY DISHES.

WHAT a host of housekeepers there are who may fairly be entitled good managers as long as the wheels of life run smoothly, but should any emergency arise, such as the arrival of unexpected guests, they will often meet it in as flurried and unprepared a manner as a week-old wife would do. We will, in the present paper, run through a brief list of dishes that may be made, cooked, and presented at table in half an hour's time, in many cases, assuming that the cupboard is not entirely bare, and that the groceries are of as varied a nature as is customary in present middle-class households: and what a comprehensive order *can* be given to one's grocer now, compared with one of a dozen years ago! And not only groceries, but vegetables must not be allowed to run out, or hasty dishes—many of the nicest—will be impracticable.

It will be found advisable, not only for such dishes as are here recommended, but for every-day cookery, to keep at hand a bottle of raspings, another of ordinary bread-crumbs, a small quantity of grated cheese—Parmesan is best, but ordinary good cheese *will* do for some dishes—and a nice variety of powdered herbs and spices. Where the supply of "stock" runs short, a few ounces of "glaze" will also be found invaluable, especially in the case of soups; for when a bowl is wanted in a hurry, a morsel of glaze dissolved in boiling water will form the base, which may be converted into many kinds of the well-known brown soups very readily. A spice-bag, filled with the following ingredients, will be found a great time-saver; it should be boiled in the soup until sufficient flavour has been extracted:—a tea-spoonful of peppercorns, a dozen cloves, a dozen allspice (pimento) berries, a blade of mace, a couple of bay-leaves, half a tea-spoonful of celery-seed, and a bunch of sweet herbs—thyme, basil, marjoram, &c.; these ingredients must be renewed as their strength decreases. A cheap colouring, equally useful for gravies or soups, can be made by boiling two ounces of the darkest chicory in a pint of cold water for a quarter of an hour, when it should be carefully strained, and bottled for use when quite cold.

We may take this opportunity of calling attention to "Rizine," as it has the merit of being prepared in less time than many farinaceous foods, and answers admirably for thickening soups and other savouries, as well as for making custards, blancmanges, and porridge. Macaroni, vermicelli, and other kinds of Italian paste, are all nice for soups, but should be parboiled before adding, or the soup will look muddy.

Crushed tapioca, a French preparation, is another excellent medium for thickening purposes, especially

for white soups; the liquid to which it is added must, however, be stirred continually, or it will turn lumpy. About fifteen minutes will cook it, and as soon as it looks transparent it is ready. This is largely used on the Continent in celery, onion, potato, and many other white purées, to which it imparts body and a velvety softness. Mention must be made of the numerous soups known as "desiccated," "prepared," and "dried." Many of them are excellent, and deserve all that is said in their favour, while their cost is merely nominal. In some instances a dash of extra seasoning would be considered an improvement; however, as a *base*, they are a great boon in the hands of a practical housekeeper.

Macaroni, usually associated with cheese in this country, can be most successfully utilised in a variety of ways. *Macaroni mince* is tasty-looking and delicious; any cold meat, poultry, or game can be used. It should be cut small and moistened with gravy, an equal weight of macaroni being separately boiled and cut up into quarter-inch lengths; the whole is then made hot in a stewpan, and piled high in a hot dish, with croûtons of fried bread as a garnish. If the meat used be white, viz., rabbit, veal, or chicken, a spoonful of cream is a good addition.

Cold fish, with any sauce, such as parsley, may be converted into a similar dish; then the base of the pile may be garnished with slices of pickled beetroot, gherkins, or walnuts.

Macaroni with tomatoes is thus prepared:—Turn half a pound of tomatoes into a saucepan, with a spoonful of stock or a bit of butter; let them cook until tender enough to pass through a coarse sieve or colander, then re-heat, season nicely, adding a few drops of lemon-juice or vinegar, and pour over a flat dish covered with nicely-boiled macaroni, *not* the pipe: *that* answers when it is to be cut into short lengths. Cover the surface with grated cheese and bread-crumbs, put a few bits of butter over, and brown it before the fire or in a sharp oven.

Preserved tomatoes answer for this as well as fresh ones, or tomato conserve will do. It may be well to point out that "conserve" is simply tomato pulp, while "sauce" is flavoured and seasoned. The latter keeps some time, but a bottle of conserve must be used in a few days, at most, after it is opened. No one, now, can object to preserved tomatoes, fruits, &c., on account of the taste of the tin, as they may be readily obtained in glass; and some firms now put up meat extracts and other goods in tins lined with earthenware; indeed, the packing of preserved provisions is now-a-days quite a special feature, and the demand for them increases daily. All that *are* in actual contact with the tin, such as salmon, lobster, and sardines, should be at once transferred to an earthen vessel, never left in the tin, then no harm is likely to result if they have been bought from a good firm, as it is the action of air upon the food while in an opened tin that works the mischief.

Besides the above-named, shrimps and prawns are very useful for hasty dishes; they are excellent curried, and those who are not *au fait* at making curries will be wise to use curry sauce, sold by all good grocers, with which a delicious curry may be quickly made.

Savoury toasts are invariably appreciated. Many can be obtained if a small jar of potted meat or fish is in the house. They are improved by moistening with gravy or butter, while, for the white kinds, cream or a spoonful of white sauce answers as well, or better; the toast should be free from crust, and buttered, then spread thickly with the preparation, cut into fingers, and made hot in the oven.

Sardine toast is excellent, made from boneless sardines, well seasoned, and flavoured with lemon-juice. The fish should be made hot before laying them on the toast; each piece to be large enough to hold one sardine.

Bombay toast will only suit those who like piquant flavours. To make it, put a table-spoonful of Indian chutnee, and the same of piccalilli, and good gravy, into a stewpan with any cooked meat or fish, cut small, sufficient in quantity to make the mixture of a suitable consistence; as soon as it is hot through it may be poured on to the toast, and that cut into squares. With cheese toast most people are familiar, but those who may have hitherto regarded a few ounces of cold meat as not worth re-serving will do well to make a few experiments in the way of toasts, for after one or two trials many varieties will suggest themselves, and they are now quite a feature of nice dinners.

The mere mention of batter suggests a long list of dainties that can be hastily prepared. *Golden fingers* are thick strips of cold beef, dipped into batter and fried brown; these, lightly piled on a hot dish and garnished with parsley, look very appetising. They can also be made from cold veal, each strip being rolled in a thin slice of boiled ham before coating with the batter. In this case, slices of lemon form a suitable garnish. The meat should not be over-cooked; hence this is a good way of using up the most underdone portions of a joint.

Cavalier's broil is very good. A cold shoulder or half-shoulder of mutton is the thing for the purpose; it should be neatly trimmed, or it will look uninviting, then scored right to the bone, and a mixture of butter and ketchup, or any good store sauce, with salt and pepper rubbed into the cut parts: the meat should be well coated all over with liquefied butter, then cooked on a gridiron over a clear fire until hot through. Any gravy left from the joint should be re-heated, and flavoured with vinegar from any nice pickles, some of the latter being cut up and used for garnishing the dish.

Bachelor's broil is similarly made, but curry powder is rubbed into the scored portions, and curry paste used for thickening the gravy, and the joint sent to table with a border of boiled rice.

Some of the tinned salmon, notably that put up in tins of 2 lbs., is in large pieces, and makes a very nice-looking dish. *Salmon au gratin*, prepared as under, will be found equal to that from the fresh fish. First drain it from the oil, and lay it on a trivet set in a baking-tin, then spread a sheet of white paper

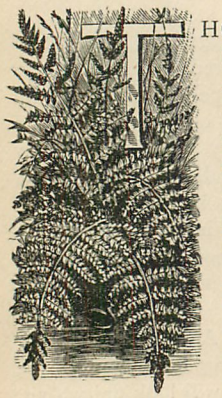
with some of the oil and lay it over the fish, which must first be seasoned with cayenne pepper and a few drops of essence of anchovies or shrimps. Cook in a good oven until hot, then remove the paper, sprinkle the fish with raspings, and in five minutes it will be hot enough to serve. Pour round it a little sauce, with chopped pickles added, or a border of pickles made hot in a spoonful of sauce.

Flaked haddock (dried) is a nice change from the usual ways of serving this popular fish. Choose a fleshy one, and pour boiling water over it, in which it should soak for ten minutes, covered to keep in the steam, then take out the bone, and flake the fish, free from skin. Put a pound, or thereabouts, in a saucepan with half a pint of milk and a seasoning of cayenne, bring it to the boiling point slowly, and let it simmer for ten minutes, then thicken with a little flour and butter, again boil up, and serve on a flat dish : hard-boiled eggs make a suitable garnish. The remains of any kind of previously cooked fish may be served in the same way, but will require the addition of salt, and any sauce may take the place of part of the milk.

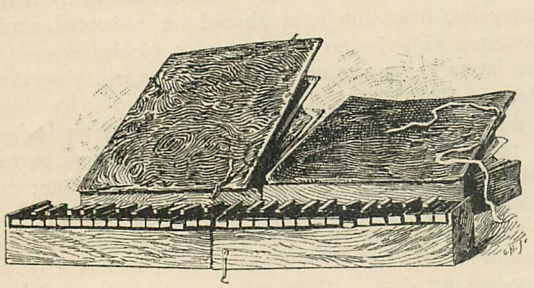
Eggs lend themselves very readily to great variety of treatment, so does cheese, and both are of great value for hasty dishes. The under-mentioned dish of the two combined will be new to most people, and well deserves a trial :—Slice thinly six ounces of rich cheese, Cheshire or Derbyshire, into a saucepan, add a little salt, pepper, and mustard, and a quarter-pint each of milk and cream ; stir until the cheese is melted, and the whole looks rich and custard-like, then pour on to a hot flat dish, and cover with poached eggs, five or six, and sprinkle them with grated Parmesan cheese and bread-crumbs ; transfer them to the oven until the surface is hot, then serve without delay. Cheese dishes of all kinds, to be worth eating, *must* be hot.

ANCIENT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.*

BY WILLIAM HUGGINS, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S.



THOUGH the last thirty years may be regarded as pre-eminently the Age of Science, scarcely less widespread and deep has been the increasing attention given during this time to music and to art. It is not surprising, therefore, that a subject like that of the present paper, which appeals almost equally to the students of music and of art, should be a very popular one. The crowds which gathered round the precious cases at the Music Loan Collection of 1885 witnessed to the widespread interest in the forerunners of our present musical instruments, alike from the side of historical development and from that of decorative art.



BIBLE REGAL.

The period during which the chief transformations in the direction of progress in musical instruments took place was one in which the workman, whether in wood or in metal, was also an artist. It was the period during which the masterpieces of painting which adorn our galleries were produced. In most cases these mediæval transitional forms of our modern instruments were also, in a very true sense, works of art. It so happens that these early instruments, from the very circumstance of their imperfections as musical instruments, lent themselves more readily to the moulding of the artist's hand, and to a rich and highly-coloured decoration. For example, the early ancestors of the pianoforte, in consequence of their very limited keyboard, and the small stress of their thin and short strings, were objects so graceful and pleasing to the eye, that the contemporary painter loved to introduce them as accessories into his pictures. An example even more marked is furnished by the small mediæval organs which, from the St. Cecilia panel of Van Eyck's "Adoration of the Lamb," painted in 1426, down to a well-known picture by Rossetti, have added much to the charm of many paintings. The higher musical perfection of the present organ, and of the grand pianoforte, has almost removed these instruments from the domain of the artist to that of the engineer. The unwieldy form of the "concert grand," from its great width of keyboard and its iron carcase—

> "Prone on the *floor*, extended long and large,
> *And stretching* many a rood,"

* "Musical Instruments: Historic, Rare, and Unique," by A. J. Hipkins. Illustrated by Fifty Plates in Colours, drawn by William Gibb. (A. and C. Black.) "The History of Music," by Emil Naumann, edited by Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., Mus.D. (Cassell and Co.)

cannot by any skill of the designer be moulded into the graceful form of an early spinet or harpsichord. All that is possible to the artist is to endeavour to soften its outlines by skilful decoration.

There is one exception, namely, the "king of instruments," the violin, in which the highest form of artistic expression was coincident with—or rather, it should be said, culminated at the hands of Stradivari, in the most perfect musical instrument. For the exquisite curves which can flow only from the hand of a true artist are precisely those which contribute greatly to the highest excellence of tone. The gem-like beauty of the old varnish is the outcome of qualities which, in the highest degree, bring about and preserve the elasticity and sonorous condition of the wood. There is no "modern" violin, for, in the work of Stradivari, music and art were mated in a perfect union, and no man has dared to put them asunder. Before his time, the early members of the violin family were indeed picturesque, and pleasing in their quaintness of form, but they were not a high expression of art.

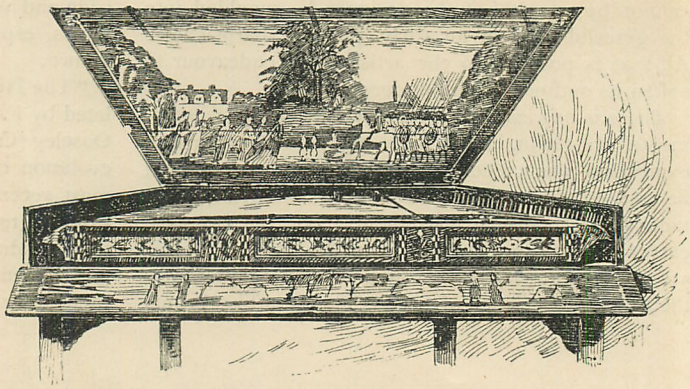
The treasures from many lands which filled the cases at the Albert Hall in 1885 were scattered the same year, and no official catalogue *raisonné* remains of these instruments, many of them of very great, and some even of unique interest. The splendid work on "Musical Instruments: Historic, Rare, and Unique," issued by Messrs. A. and C. Black, contains a record, in its fifty plates in colours, of over a hundred of the more interesting of the instruments of the Loan Collection. They have been drawn with extreme accuracy and very great sympathetic artistic feeling by Mr. Gibb. The text is from the pen of Mr. A. J. Hipkins, whose wide and accurate knowledge of early musical instruments, especially of the pianoforte class, is so well known.

"The History of Music," by Emil Naumann, translated by F. Praeger, and edited by Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley (Cassell), gives a philosophical account of the evolution of music from the earliest times up to the most recent developments of modern music. The work is greatly enriched by several chapters, of almost unique value, from the pen of the editor on the history and present condition of English music. In this book the history of musical instruments has received much attention, and is well illustrated by a large number of woodcuts of early instruments, and of pictures in which they were represented.

DOUBLE SPINET—BY HANS RUCKERS.

Let us glance first, aided by these two works, at the ancestry of the pianoforte. It need hardly be said that all musical sounds are produced by periodic waves of air striking our ears, and, consequently, all musical instruments are machines for setting the air into periodic motion. In the pianoforte this is done by strings, which are made to vibrate at will by striking the keys. The earliest musical sounds from strings were doubtless produced by the prehistoric savage twanging the stretched sinew of his bow. Passing at once from the Stone-man to about 1,000 of our era, we find Guido of Arezzo, who named the spaces on his monochord (which was essentially a bowstring stretched over a resonance-box) corresponding to his different syllables, ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la—claves or keys. Soon after came a four-stringed "monochord," and then the epoch-making step was taken of using a simple mechanism whereby the strings

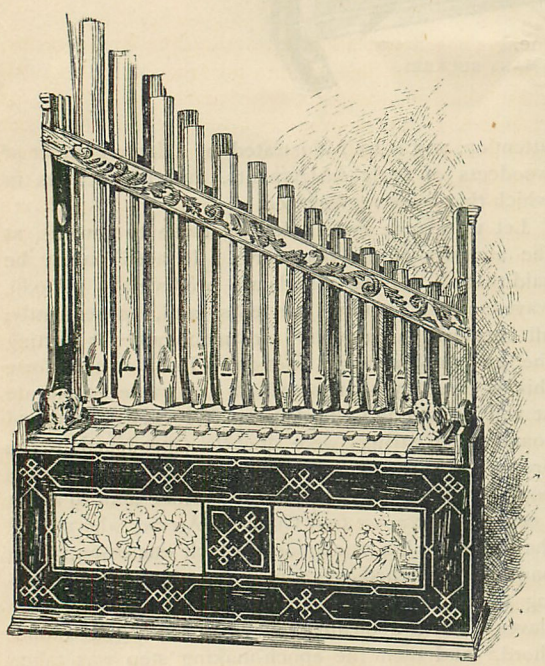
could be divided at the right point, and at the same time set into vibration. This arrangement consisted of levers, each having at one end a small, upstanding brass wedge, called a "tangent;" when the finger pressed down the other end of the lever, the "tangent" rose under the string, pushing it up slightly, and forming a temporary bridge, which, by its position on the string, determined the note, the blow at the same time setting the string into vibration; the part of the string not in use being damped by strips of cloth. The levers received the name that Guido had previously given to the spaces on his monochord, viz., claves or keys. In the earlier instruments two or more notes were produced on the same string by as many levers with their "tangents" striking the string at the places corresponding to the notes required. This was the earliest ancestor of the pianoforte, and was called the clavichord. Its date cannot be earlier than the middle of the fourteenth century, but it was already a popular instrument at the beginning of the sixteenth century.



DULCIMER.

In "Musical Instruments" the clavichord is represented by a late form of this instrument belonging to the early part of the last century. The compass is five octaves and a semitone, from the third E below to the third F above middle C. Chinese decoration was then in fashion, but the two music parties shown on the lid are playing on conventional representations of European fiddles and guitars.

There was also another line of descent of the pianoforte—a "maternal" ancestry—if the expression may be permitted. Through the earliest historic ages we find the development of instruments of the lyre class, in which the strings were plucked by the naked fingers, or by a quill or other elastic substance held in the hand, called a plectrum. These stringed instruments culminated in one direction in the mediæval psaltery, an instrument consisting of a resonance-box, over which were stretched a number of strings, which were played with a plectrum. Orcagna represents a psaltery in his "Trionfo della Morte," at Pisa (A.D. 1348). The strings are in groups, each group, as in a grand piano, tuned in unison to make one note. A representation by Orcagna of a similar psaltery, strung in threes, exists in our National Gallery. Such a "gay sautrie" was usually plucked with a plectrum, but sometimes by the naked finger, producing a different quality of sound. It can be shown from the theory of strings that a sharp point gives rise to a shriller tone, with a greater number of high tinkling upper partials, than the finger, but whichever way a string is plucked the intensity of the prime tone exceeds that of any upper partial. The simple but momentous invention of a method (probably suggested by the levers of the then existing clavichord) by which the plucking could be done mechanically turned the psaltery at once into a spinet. History is silent as to the name of the man who made this change, probably about the beginning of the fifteenth century. The early name of this instrument was the clavicytherium, or clavicembalo.



PORTABLE ORGAN.

One of the oldest known spinets, belonging to the first years of the sixteenth century, which was exhibited at the Albert Hall, has been faithfully drawn by Mr. Gibb. Mr. Hipkins remarks that this is probably the oldest spinet or keyboard stringed instrument existing. It is a spinet set upright. It has a narrow compass—three octaves and a minor third—from the second E below to the second G above middle C. In this instrument the strings are plucked with little tongues of wire, and not quills or leather, as in the later spinets. It is in a painted pine case; the stand and the paintings are of later date.

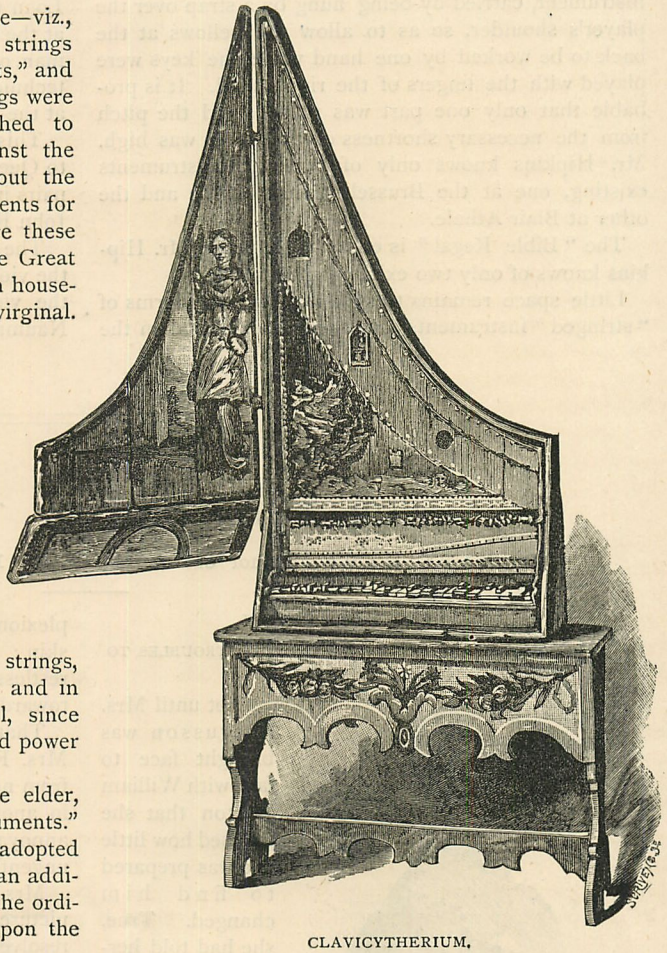
These two classes of instruments, both rightly re-

garded as common ancestors of the pianoforte—viz., the clavichord and its congeners, in which the strings were struck and divided by the brass "tangents," and the "instrumenti da penna," in which the strings were plucked by wires, quills, or leather, attached to "jacks," pushed by pressing the keys, against the sides of the strings—became fashionable about the same time, and continued the popular instruments for about three hundred years. So popular were these instruments in London, that at the time of the Great Fire scarcely a boat put off on the Thames with household furniture in which was not a spinet or a virginal. The two classes of instruments had their peculiar beauties and defects. The instruments of the clavicin order gave a small, colourless tone, which was independent of the force with which the keys were struck, so that these were not "piano e forte" instruments. Dr. Burney aptly describes the tone as "a scratch with a sound at the end of it." In the later virginals and harpsichords these defects were to some degree remedied by the use of metal strings, and by the addition of a second keyboard connected with different sets of strings, which could be brought into use at pleasure; and in 1769 by the addition of the Venetian swell, since transferred to the organ, which gave a limited power of expression.

A spinet by the famous Hans Ruckers, the elder, of Antwerp, is represented in "Musical Instruments." This instrument shows one of the expedients adopted to gain a more brilliant effect by means of an additional row of octave strings placed beneath the ordinary unison strings. The instrument rests upon the original arcaded stand.

The passage was not difficult from Pan's pipes, in which the shepherds delighted from the very earliest historic records, to the insertion of the different reeds into a common air-box. At first the air was supplied by two men blowing and taking breath alternately, and the rude device was adopted of silencing the pipes not required by placing the hand over them. Then the mechanical plan of a perforated slide and a couple of bags, or bellows, to supply the air was adopted, and the organ may be said to have been invented. Even in classic times the equality of pressure of the air was maintained by water-pressure. From our present point of view we have to speak only of the small, highly decorated organs of mediæval times. It may be said in passing that the earliest record of the decoration of larger organs gives the honour to England, for, according to Aldhelm, who died A.D. 709, the Anglo-Saxons ornamented the front pipes of their organs with gilding, and in the tenth century St. Dunstan is said to have made an organ with brass pipes.

The small mediæval organs, which were well represented in the Loan Collection, were of four kinds: the Positive, or stationary organ; the Portable organ, carried in processions; the Regal, which had beating-reed pipes; and the Bible Regal, in which the pipes were cut down so as only just to cover the reeds, and



CLAVICYTHERIUM.

the keyboard was hinged, so that the whole instrument could be folded up into the form of a book. All these small instruments, with narrow keys, may be regarded as representing, in a reduced size, the front portions of the visible speaking-pipes of the mediæval church organs.

The keyboard of the Positive organ in Van Eyck's picture of the "Adoration of the Lamb" shows the complete arrangement of chromatic keys, as in our modern instruments.

A Positive organ of the time of Louis XIII. was in the Loan Collection. It stands about six feet high, two feet six inches wide, and one foot four inches deep. It possesses three registers, with draw-stops on the right-hand side of the case. Two registers are of gilt tin pipes, the third of stopped wooden pipes. The three registers are at octave distances. It has painted doors and is surmounted by a crowing cock placed on the apex of the cornice.

The Regal with its beating reeds, which appear to have been first known in the fifteenth century, may be regarded as an early prototype of the modern harmonium. Nothing certain is known as to the derivation of the name "Regal."

The Portable organ was essentially a processional

instrument, carried by being hung by a strap over the player's shoulder, so as to allow the bellows at the back to be worked by one hand while the keys were played with the fingers of the right hand. It is probable that only one part was played, and the pitch from the necessary shortness of the pipes was high. Mr. Hipkins knows only of two such instruments existing, one at the Brussels Conservatoire and the other at Blair Athole.

The "Bible Regal" is exceedingly rare; Mr. Hipkins knows of only two existing specimens.

Little space remains to speak of the early forms of "stringed" instruments, but one lute exhibited in the Loan Collection has special erest as showing that at the early date of 1580 there was an English workman, one John Rose, whose work was not surpassed in technical finish nor in artistic feeling by any produced at the time in Italy.

This lute, traditionally supposed to have belonged to Queen Elizabeth, has ten wire strings, tuned in five pairs in unison, and played with a plectrum. Made by John Rose, in the Bridewell, London, 27th July, 1580.

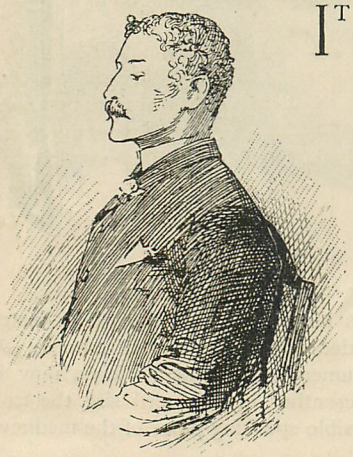
The early forms of stringed instruments, including the viol family and the more immediate ancestors of the violin, are well illustrated in the woodcuts in Naumann's "History of Music."

FOR THE GOOD OF THE FAMILY.

By KATE EYRE, Author of "A Step in the Dark," "A Fool's Harvest," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

IN WHICH MRS. FERGUSSON POURS OUT HER TROUBLES TO HER NEPHEW.



IT was not until Mrs. Fergusson was brought face to face with William Darton that she realised how little she was prepared to find him changed. True, she had told herself over and over again that the widower of forty, whose life had, of late years, been so eventful, would bear but a slight resemblance to the inexperienced boy-husband of twenty-two. But her imagination had failed in the somewhat severe task of re-moulding her nephew's face in accordance with the changes which she endeavoured to realise time and altered conditions must have wrought in it. It was, therefore, with no slight shock that she found herself standing opposite to a man whom she would probably not have recognised had she met him out of doors. The figure of the nephew whom her memory recalled was that of a rather tall young man of slight build; but the man who was advancing towards her, while he appeared to be of only middle height, was very broad; a short, thick, sandy beard grew on the once smooth chin; the down on the upper lip had developed into a moustache that almost hid the mouth; the hair, which was already getting thin, had receded from the temples; the boyishly fair, delicate complexion had given place to a coarse and rather florid skin; while the eyes, which had grown sly and restless, were directing questioning, uneasy glances towards Janet and Mrs. Fergusson.

That the man felt ill at ease was very apparent. Mrs. Fergusson was, however, suffering too severely from nervousness herself to observe signs of agitation in another, while Janet attributed his uneasiness to annoyance at meeting one who had witnessed his ungentlemanly behaviour in the railway carriage.

Mrs. Fergusson had, on several occasions, tried to picture the meeting, and while doing so, she had resolved to offer her nephew the kiss of peace. Surely, she thought, that much, at least, would be expected of her. But as her astonished gaze rested on the portly, almost middle-aged-looking man whom she was forcing herself to regard as her nephew, all intention of offering to embrace him faded from her mind.

"William, I am your aunt: your Aunt Ruth. You remember me; don't you?" she said, extending her hand towards him timidly.

"Remember you? Of course I remember you. Why shouldn't I?" he asked sharply, as he took her proffered hand.

"Yes, yes; of course you do," she replied, smiling nervously, and wondering how much of the very active part she had taken in bringing about her nephew's banishment was now present to his mind. How she wished she had been a little less energetic in those days! "I—I expected you would have come to see me, William."

"You expected I should have come to see you, did you, eh? Well, and so I should have, for the matter of that, as soon as I had had time to turn round a bit. When a man comes to his own after he's been kept out of it for eighteen years, there's a good deal for him to see to, and it all takes time, you know."

"Yes, I can understand that, William," replied Mrs. Fergusson, in a conciliatory tone. Poor woman! She felt that her nephew was reproaching her when he spoke of having been kept out of his own for so long, and all hope of inducing him to continue her allowance grew faint within her.

"And who may this young lady be?" asked William Darton, turning towards Janet.

"She is Miss Janet Slade: Mr. Slade's eldest daughter. You remember Mr. Slade, of Surrey Lodge?" replied Mrs. Fergusson eagerly, being only too glad that the conversation should drift away from unpleasant topics.

"To be sure I do. And how do you find yourself, miss? You were quite a little girl when I went away, and so was your sister—she was a nice little girl with flaxen hair—I remember her as well as possible. Your mamma, too: I used to think her a very nice-looking lady, and very pleasant in her ways, that's more. I hope she's pretty well, eh?"

Had it not been for her innate courtesy, Janet would have feigned not to see William Darton's outstretched hand. As it was, however, she placed her own within it somewhat reluctantly, saying with perfect calmness, as she did so—

"My mother has been dead for some years, Mr. Darton."

"You don't say so! Dear, dear! that's a bad job, ain't it? I expect I shall find things much changed since the old times; more's the pity."

"Eighteen years is a long time," said Janet, having recourse to this obvious truism for the sake of filling up what threatened to be an awkward pause.

"You're right there, Miss——Slade." Mr. Darton had, in truth, completed this sentence without the addition of the last word, which was evidently an after-thought. "But come, ladies, won't you take a seat? You must excuse me for having kept you standing so long; it was just the pleasure of seeing the old faces again, which made me forget myself," said Mr. Darton apologetically, and as he spoke he rang the bell violently.

"Here, John—Thomas—whatever your name is, bring up some of the best wine, at once; d'yer hear?" blustered the new master of Meadowlands, as the footman, whom Mrs. Fergusson had recognised as a new-comer, responded to the summons.

"That is a fresh face, is it not?" asked Mrs. Fergusson.

"They're all fresh faces, mum, for the matter of that. I just told Tomlinson to make a clean sweep of the servants before I arrived. I wasn't going to be dictated to in my own house, and told what my father did before me."

"Independent as ever, William," murmured Mrs. Fergusson approvingly.

"Yes, mum—aunt, I mean—you've hit the right nail on the head now."

Then the wine was brought in, and Mrs. Fergusson took a glass, so that her nephew might not see he had committed a breach of etiquette in offering it. But Janet, who, influenced by the belief that her labours amongst the working classes would be the more successful, had recently become a total abstainer, politely declined to take any.

"Oh, nonsense! you'll have just one glass, won't you? You won't get a chance of tasting wine like this again in a hurry," urged Mr. Darton.

"I really must not break through the rule I have made for myself, thank you, Mr. Darton; but I should like a biscuit, if I may have one."

"By-the-by, Miss—Miss Slade, didn't I see you in the train an evening or two ago? I've been puzzling my head where I've seen you before, and now it's just occurred to me."

Janet looked up in surprise. She had attributed William Darton's thinly-veiled uneasiness to his recollection of the firework night incident, and now, with apparent candour, he declared he had only just recognised his late travelling companion.

"I believe we travelled in the same compartment on Thursday evening last," said Janet simply.

"That's it; and you very good-naturedly paid the excess fare for a filthy dirty mechanic, who had the impertinence to get into a first-class carriage with a third-class ticket."

"I paid the excess fare for a working man who could not find room in his own class," replied Janet, with quiet dignity.

"Yes," continued Mr. Darton, not noticing in the least the implied reproof; "and I'm sure you meant well when you did it. All the same, you were making a mistake. Where's the use of ladies and gentlemen like you and me paying extra to travel in comfort, if a dirty lout of a fellow like that is allowed to poke himself in where he's not wanted?"

"To my mind, the circumstances were a little exceptional," replied Janet, without exhibiting the slightest annoyance at being reproved. "Do you notice many changes in Pelham Common?" she added, thinking that enough had been said about the railway incident.

"More in the people than in the place. Eighteen years haven't left many of us where we were."

"I think that observation applies with peculiar force to yourself, William. I wouldn't have believed you could have changed so much," remarked Mrs. Fergusson.

"Then that just proves you haven't thought at all about the matter," exclaimed Mr. Darton, with more energy than politeness. "Do you think the kind of life a man leads out at the Cape is likely to make him grow younger?"

"I have no doubt you have had a very hard life, William," said Mrs. Fergusson, with nervous hesitation, feeling painfully conscious that she had managed to say something that was not agreeable to her nephew. "I hope you will tell me all about it by degrees, because you know I shall always feel interested in whatever has happened to you. You were at Kimberley, were you not, when the news of your poor father's death reached you?"

"Yes," answered William Darton shortly.

"What were you doing there?" asked Mrs. Fer-

gusson, feeling that she was somehow failing to make herself as pleasant as she could have wished.

"Searching for diamonds, like many another fool."

"Dear, dear! And your poor wife—you lost her years ago, did you not?"

Mrs. Fergusson felt that an obligation was laid on her to say a word about the dead woman whom she had driven from home and country; and now they were on delicate ground, she thought she had better get that word over as quickly as possible.

"Yes, Polly died after I had been out there four or five years—she and both the little uns. It was a hard life for her, poor girl! and she was never what I call robust: more's the pity."

For a moment the slyness seemed to vanish from the eager, restless eyes, giving place to an expression of genuine regret.

Mrs. Fergusson was not a bad-hearted woman; it was, therefore, not only self-interest that prompted her to say—

"William, I want to tell you I am sorry I opposed your marriage. I thought I was acting for the best at the time, but now I see I was wrong."

"Yes, you did make yourself what I call officious with the old gentleman, didn't you?" replied Mr. Darton, with the manner of a man who had suddenly remembered something that had hitherto escaped his memory.

"I did it for the best, William; indeed I did," pleaded Mrs. Fergusson.

"Well, we won't quarrel over that now, M—aunt. I'm not what you may call a malicious man."

"That I am sure you are not. And I have seen trouble myself since you went away—nothing but trouble, I sometimes think."

"How's that?"

"I suppose Mr. Tomlinson told you your poor uncle has been dead some years?"—and Mrs. Fergusson's eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

"No; old Tomlinson didn't say anything to me about it. So Mr. Fergusson's dead, is he? Let me see: Uncle Reginald I used to call him, didn't I?"

"Yes, you did; and he was always very fond of you, William"—and Mrs. Fergusson raised the corner of her pocket-handkerchief to her eyes.

"And what's Lawrence doing? He must be a young man by this time."

"He was twenty-five last birthday. He has an appointment in a Government office. Not that it is what I should have chosen for him, or what his dear father would have wished had he lived; but what was I to do, left as I was?"

"Didn't Uncle Reginald leave much behind him, then?" inquired Mr. Darton, as he bent slightly forward, with the air of a man who felt that now at length they were talking about something worth discussing.

"He left nothing at all, poor dear. Oh, William! you can't realise what it has all meant to me"—and Mrs. Fergusson fairly broke down.

She had not intended to mention her troubles during the first interview, but now that the conversation had drifted into this channel of its own accord, she felt she ought not to let the opportunity slip by.

"But didn't the old gentleman help you?" asked Mr. Darton, evidently meaning his own father.

"That he did, William. He made me an allowance of two hundred a year, and your brother John was to have continued it if he had lived. It was hard work to make it do, and I never could save on it. And now it's gone, and I've nothing at all."

"Well, that's a rum go. I should have thought, under the circum*stances*, the old gentleman would have left you a tidy little sum."

"You see, he thought John would continue the allowance; it was an understood thing between them."

"And what have you been doing since the old gentleman—since my father, I mean, died?"

"I've been as careful as ever I could, William. No woman could have economised more, and that I will say for myself; never a new dress or bonnet since the black ones I was obliged to buy when your poor father and brother died; still, I've been obliged to get into debt a little," and here Mrs. Fergusson broke down again. "There are some things which people can't do without!" this last incontrovertible assertion proceeded in muffled tones from the depths of Mrs. Fergusson's pocket-handkerchief.

Mr. Darton rose, and standing with his back to the fire-place, and his legs wide apart, ran one hand through his hair, while with the other he jingled a large bunch of seals, which he wore attached to a massive gold chain. The man was evidently weighing something in his mind very seriously. Mrs. Fergusson sobbed on; while Janet, whose presence the chief actors in the little drama had well-nigh forgotten, looked from one to the other with deep interest.

"It seems to me, aunt," said Mr. Darton at length, speaking deliberately as if he intended to carefully weigh each word before uttering it, "that you've got yourself into a reg'ler mess. You've not a ghost of a claim on me; I suppose you understand that?"

By way of reply, Mrs. Fergusson only sobbed the louder.

"And what's more, the way in which you meddled with my affairs in the past would be enough to make most men refuse to have anything further to do with you."

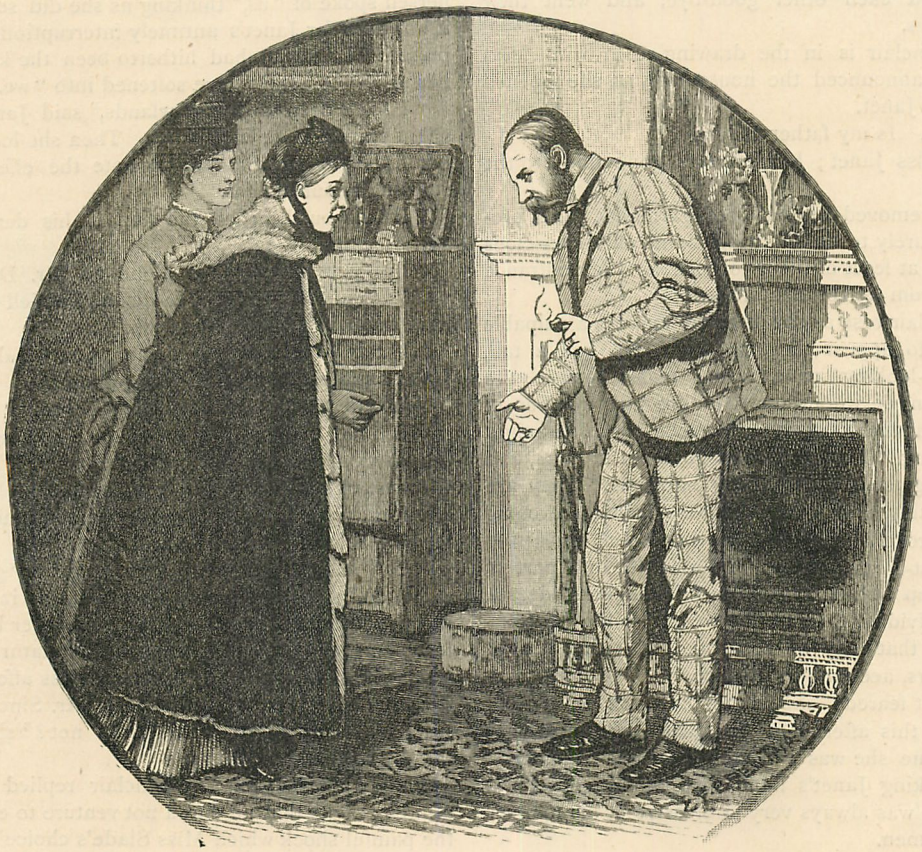
Here the sobs became hysterical.

"You quite understand? You've no claim on me whatever; and what's more, you've behaved in such a way that I'm no better than a fool for thinking of helping you. Do you understand all that?"

"Yes, William; I always did say you were a kind-hearted lad," came at length from the depths of the pocket-handkerchief.

"Now look here, Aunt Ruth, I'll tell you what I'll do for you," said Mr. Darton, still speaking with the same impressive deliberateness. "How much do you owe?"

"I—I don't think it's much more than a hundred pounds," replied Mrs. Fergusson, shifting her pocket-handkerchief in such a way that she was able to timidly raise one tearful eye to her nephew's face.



"'YOU REMEMBER ME; DON'T YOU?' SHE SAID" (*p.* 482).

"Nearer two than one, I expect," remarked Mr. Darton, with more shrewdness than politeness. "But never mind that. You just get and make out a list of all your debts, and I'll tell Tomlinson to see that they're paid."

Mrs. Fergusson was about to overwhelm her nephew with heartfelt thanks, but Mr. Darton interrupted her.

"You wait a minute, my good woman, until I've finished what I've got to say. Just you make out that list as I tell you, and I'll see that Tomlinson puts matters straight for you. Now, how much did you say my father used to allow you?"

"Two hundred a year, William."

"Very well, then; and I'll make it *three* hundred a year. Do you understand?"

"Oh, William! how shall I ever thank you?" Mrs. Fergusson was beginning, but her nephew again cut her short.

"Look here, I don't want you to thank me. All you've got to do is to tell people it's your nephew that's come back from the Cape, who's paid all your debts for you, and allowed you three hundred a year into the bargain."

Then Mrs. Fergusson's feelings became too much for her, and crossing over to where Mr. Darton was standing, she put her hand on his shoulder, and reaching up, kissed one red, rather puffy-looking cheek. "God bless you, my dear, dear nephew, for what you've done this day!" she murmured.

It is doubtful if Mr. Darton derived much gratification from this salute; he certainly did not give expression to any, nor did he offer to embrace his aunt in return.

"Oh, Janet, I don't know how to be thankful enough, I really don't; it seems just as if a heavy weight had been lifted from my shoulders. Who would have thought he would have behaved like that? But he was always a kind-hearted boy, with all his faults—always."

"Dear Mrs. Fergusson, I am so glad, so very glad, it is satisfactorily settled. I quite realise what a relief it must be to you," replied Janet. Not for worlds would she have damped Mrs. Fergusson's joy by hinting that she thought William Darton might have made his generous offer in a more delicate manner. Nevertheless, William Darton's conduct, notwithstanding its liberality, had left an unfavourable impression on her mind.

They were standing outside Meadowlands. Surrey Lodge, Janet's home, was farther up the hill, while Mrs. Fergusson's way lay across the common.

They stood talking for a few minutes longer. Then

they wished each other good-bye, and went their several ways.

"Mr. Sinclair is in the drawing-room with Miss Adelaide," announced the housemaid, as she opened the door to Janet.

"Indeed. Is my father at home?"

"No, Miss Janet; I think he's gone down to the new Hall."

Having removed her out-door garments, Janet proceeded leisurely to the drawing-room, all unconscious that to one at least of the two occupants her entrance was a far from welcome interruption.

Mr. Sinclair rose as she entered, making a palpable effort not to appear discomposed. He was a tall, aristocratic-looking man, rather under thirty: the kind of man of whom one can see any number of specimens at the West End, between seven and eight of an evening. They generally go about in pairs, and are much given to patronising hansoms. They are all remarkably alike; they all wear faultless evening suits, irreproachable patent leather boots, agonising collars, dust-coats, and opera hats; the only part of their "get-up" which depends in the slightest degree on the individual taste of the wearer is the "button-hole," and that may be composed of either red or white flowers, according to choice.

"I almost feared I should not have the pleasure of seeing you this afternoon, Miss Slade, although your sister told me she was expecting you every moment," he said, taking Janet's hand, and retaining it for a second. He was always very impressive in his manner towards women.

"Where do you think I've been?" asked Janet brightly.

Although she had no idea to what an extent she was *de trop* at that moment, she knew quite well that Mr. Sinclair was perfectly indifferent as to whether he "had the pleasure of seeing her" or not.

Adelaide looked up rather anxiously. Janet *would* go to such queer places sometimes, and she felt instinctively that Mr. Sinclair would not approve of women doing out-of-the-way things. Still she said only, "Where, dear?" with the pretty air of interest she always assumed in the affairs of others (unless, indeed, she and Janet chanced to be alone); and then she waited for her sister's revelation.

"I'll give you both three guesses," answered Janet merrily.

"I have long since given over attempting to fathom the Unknown; I found it too exhausting," replied Mr. Sinclair, smiling.

But there was no affectation of listlessness to suit the words in the tone in which they were uttered. Nature had made Frederick Langmead Sinclair in appearance what vulgar little boys term a "masher." Nevertheless, his manner was always unaffected.

"Don't keep us in suspense, please, Janet dear," pleaded Adelaide.

Janet had addressed her sister and Mr. Sinclair as "you both." She had done so quite unintentionally; nevertheless, Adelaide had felt a little thrill of happiness as the words slipped out. And now Adelaide herself spoke of "us," thinking as she did so that, had it not been for Janet's untimely interruption, the ever-present "I," which had hitherto been the key-note of her existence, might have softened into "we."

"I have been to Meadowlands," said Janet, with a slight emphasis on each word. Then she looked from her sister to Mr. Sinclair to note the effect of her startling announcement.

"Have you bearded the lion in his den?" asked Mr. Sinclair.

"But you never called alone on Mr. Darton, did you?" inquired Adelaide, in dismay. Well might she have dreaded Janet's revelation.

"Make your mind quite easy, dear Lady Sedate. I was chaperoned by Mrs. Fergusson."

Adelaide tried not to look too relieved.

"Tell us all about it, dear; we are longing to hear full particulars, are we not, Mr. Sinclair?" she said, with one of her most winning smiles.

"I must candidly confess I am consumed with a burning thirst for further details."

"You should tell me to 'fire away' or 'go ahead,' Adelaide," said Janet, who, when she was in a playful mood, sometimes liked to shock her sister by using a few slang expressions, although her natural speech was not disfigured by any such senseless affectations.

"My dear Janet, you will shock Mr. Sinclair," said Adelaide reprovingly. "Will she not?" she added, turning to that gentleman.

Thus appealed to, Mr. Sinclair replied with the utmost gravity that he dared not venture to enlarge on the painful shock which Miss Slade's choice of expressions had given him, lest by doing so he should tempt her to refuse to satisfy his curiosity respecting the new master of Meadowlands.

Then Janet gave a full and complete account of her visit, dwelling much on Mr. Darton's liberality to his aunt, and saying but little of the coarse manner in which he had elected to confer the boon; nor did she mention having met him on a previous occasion. If Janet's perspicacity forced her to see the faults of others all too plainly, her natural kindliness invariably kept her from speaking of them.

"A middle-aged, portly-looking man, with thin hair, a red face, and a sandy beard," remarked Mr. Sinclair laughingly, picking out the least attractive attributes which Janet had mentioned in her description of Mr. Darton's personal appearance. "Really, Miss Slade, I should say that the gentleman in question will hardly prove such an attraction to the ladies in the neighbourhood as we have all been led to expect."

"I wonder if his choice will fall on a Pelham Common lady," mused Adelaide.

"I shouldn't think any woman would consent to marry such a man as that," exclaimed Janet quickly, her vivid recollection of Mr. Darton's unattractiveness having surprised her into making what sounded like an irrational and unkind remark.

"Rich men do not generally experience much difficulty in meeting with suitable wives," remarked Adelaide quietly.

"*Suitable* wives, perhaps not," replied Janet.

She was evidently of opinion that "suitable," in the sense in which her sister had used the word, did not necessarily imply the possession of all the feminine virtues.

Then Mr. Sinclair took his leave, and the sisters were left alone.

"What beautiful flowers!" exclaimed Janet, taking up a superb bouquet, with which Mr. Sinclair had presented Adelaide.

"Yes, are they not lovely?" replied Adelaide, as she bent down her face until her fair cheeks almost touched the delicate blossoms.

Adelaide, blushing and smiling over her lover's gift, was a sweeter, better woman than the Adelaide with whom Janet was accustomed to associate; and perhaps, all unconsciously, Janet felt this, for acting on the impulse of the moment, she bent forward, and kissed her sister tenderly on each cheek. Adelaide looked surprised, but not displeased. All expressions of feeling were very rare with Janet Slade, as they so often are with those possessed of "loyal hearts and true."

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

"THAT WAS DIFFERENT, FRED."

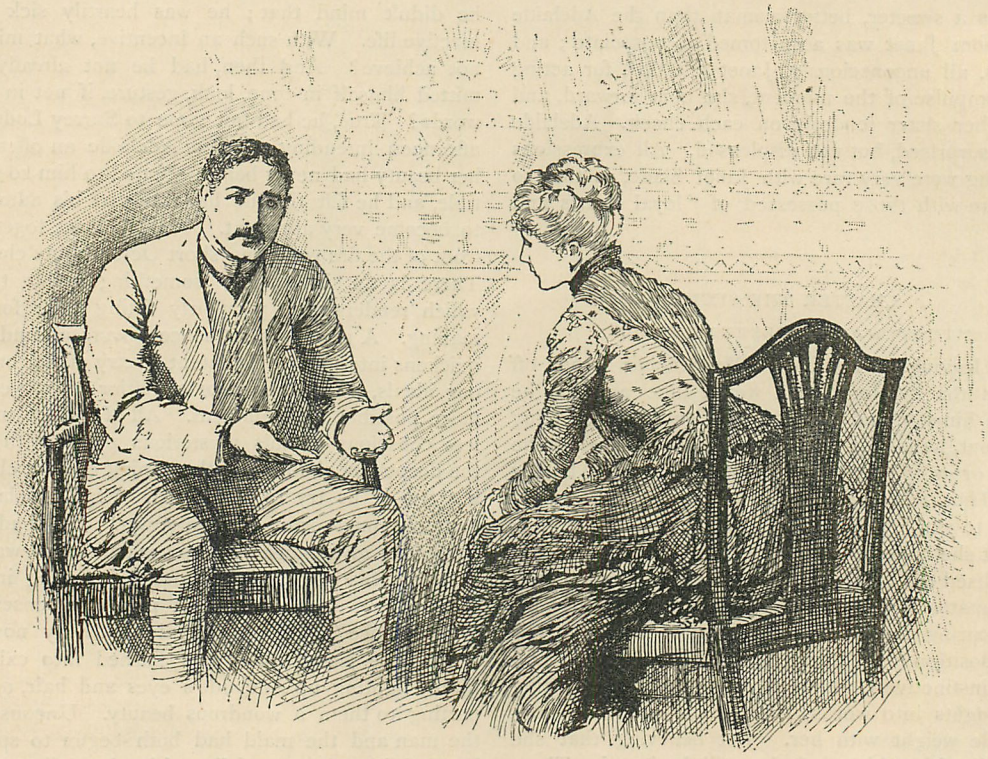
AFTER leaving Surrey Lodge, Mr. Sinclair turned off towards the common. He would take a stroll, he said to himself, and think things out. By thinking things out, he meant making up his mind whether he would, or would not, ask Adelaide Slade to be his wife. That if he condescended to woo her, he would be sure to win her, he never for one moment doubted. And yet she had not given him much encouragement; she realised too fully that a woman is more often than not estimated at her own price, to depreciate her value by appearing too eager to dispose of herself. His social position was, however, superior to hers; and he felt instinctively, although he shrank from putting his thoughts into words, that this would have considerable weight with her. But believing that she was well within his reach, he still hesitated. There was, he thought, a very cogent reason why he should not ask her to marry him. She was portionless—at least, virtually so; the fifty pounds a year which she possessed was, viewed from his standpoint, too insignificant a sum to be taken into account—moreover, she was the daughter of a man whom he knew to be already in debt, and who might, alas! only too probably become involved in very serious pecuniary difficulties. But then, on the other hand, Adelaide was very sweet, very lovable: in short, all that a woman should be, he was inclined to think. Clearly the case was one in which the pros and cons were very evenly balanced.

Frederick Langmead Sinclair was a young man with just sufficient private means to tempt him to become a useless member of society. He had enough to live on for the present, with the prospect of inheriting a small fortune at no very distant date. There was, therefore, no great need for him to exert himself in any way. He was supposed to be reading for the Bar, and was always thinking he ought to make an effort—and never doing so. He went into society a good deal, and there he met pretty, fascinating women by the score—and, meeting them, remained heart-whole. Then he came to stay with his sister, Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds, wife of Dr. Barnard-Reynolds, the principal medical man in Pelham Common. He intended to stay a fortnight, instead of which he remained week after week, until at the end of three months he found himself walking slowly across the common, trying to make up his mind as to whether he really did wish to marry Adelaide Slade. If he decided to do so, he would have to work hard. Well, he didn't mind that; he was heartily sick of an inactive life. With such an incentive, what might he not achieve? And then, had he not already committed himself in tone, look, gesture, if not in actual words? True, he had not gone to Surrey Lodge that afternoon intending to make Adelaide an offer. But her beauty had never before seemed to him so irresistible, and he felt that he had allowed his admiration to become very apparent. They had sat together in front of the fire while the short October day closed in. There is an indefinable something about twilight which renders it a peculiarly fitting time for love-making. A magnetic influence hovers around which quickens into life all the latent poetry of our natures; our ideals, while they take a loftier form, yet seem more possible of attainment. All of us are more or less conscious of this mysterious power with which the deepening shadows of the waning day are charged, but few of us try to analyse it. Fred Sinclair had certainly made no such attempt. He had been content to give himself up to the delight of watching Adelaide Slade, as she sat dreamily gazing into the glowing fire, intensely, almost painfully, conscious of the presence of her companion. Every now and again little jets of flame had flashed into existence, fitfully lighting up Adelaide's eyes and hair, and imparting to them a wondrous beauty. Unconsciously the man and the maid had both begun to speak in low and dreamy tones, followed by short silences more eloquent than words. Suddenly, impelled as it seemed by a power outside himself, Fred Sinclair had bent forward, and stretching out his hands, had murmured, in a tone of passionate entreaty, "Adelaide." She had looked up; their eyes had met, and——the handle of the door had turned, and Janet had entered!

Fred Sinclair had mentally anathematised Janet at the time, but he was not quite sure he regretted the interruption now. It was just as well not to decide so momentous a question in a hurry, he said to himself, by way of excusing that slight sense of relief of which he was unpleasantly conscious. And then he tried to convince himself that it was still open to him to withdraw his suit without tarnishing his honour. Speaking broadly, to address a lady by her Christian name is not tantamount to making her an offer of marriage. But in such a delicate matter as this, manner goes for much; and Fred Sinclair had an unpleasant conviction that it did behove him, as an

honourable man, to seek an early opportunity of putting into the plainest possible English that which his tone, look, and gesture had already expressed. And, after all, why should he shrink from doing so? He was very much in love with Adelaide: of that he was quite certain.

By the time Fred Sinclair reached his sister's house, he had not *quite* made up his mind one way or the other, but the balance inclined greatly in Adelaide's favour. Physiognomists studying Fred Sinclair's face would have observed a suggestion of indecision about the mouth, which was fully borne out by his actions.



"SHE HAD LOOKED UP; THEIR EYES HAD MET" (*p.* 487).

At the foot of the stairs Fred encountered his sister. She was already dressed for dinner.

"Why, how late you are, Fred! Where have you been?" she inquired.

"I've been calling at Surrey Lodge."

"Rather late for a morning call, is it not?"

"What's that to do with you, Louisa?" asked Fred, with a mixture of playfulness and irritation in his tone.

"I only asked a question. What are you getting so cross about? And now I am going to ask another. Why do you go to Surrey Lodge so frequently? You never used to be so partial to paying morning calls." Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds was several years older than her brother, and was rather given to assuming an authoritative tone with him. This Fred would at times resent, and a little playful sparring would follow. The brother and sister were, however, genuinely fond of each other, and they rarely, if ever, quarrelled.

Fred hesitated. If he really meant to ask Adelaide Slade to be his wife, would it not be well to give his sister a hint of his intentions? She had married for love herself: married a man many years her senior, in whom her friends could see little calculated to attract a young girl. His position, too, that of a suburban doctor, was far inferior to her own father's. And so people had talked and wondered about poor Louisa Sinclair's infatuation. But now that her infatuation had been put to the test of twelve years of married life, she was proud of being able to say that never for one moment had she repented her choice. Bearing this in mind, Fred thought his sister would probably sympathise with him when she heard he wished to marry pretty, ladylike, portionless Adelaide Slade. In hoping this, he did not, perhaps, display much knowledge of human nature.

"Well, to tell the truth, Louisa, I go to Surrey Lodge principally to see Adelaide Slade," said Fred, trying to speak with easy indifference.

His sister looked up sharply. "I am glad you have mentioned this of your own accord, Fred," she said, "because for the last week or two I have wanted to say a few words to you upon the subject, and have hardly known how to commence." Then Mrs.

Barnard-Reynolds paused, and looked her brother full in the face.

"Well, go on," said Fred impatiently.

"I hope you won't think I am interfering, or anything of that kind. I am speaking only for your good, as you know, Fred."

"Do come to the point, Louisa. I hate people to beat about the bush."

"Well then, Fred, it seems to me you see rather too much of Miss Slade."

"I should have thought a man could hardly see too much of the woman he intends asking to be his wife," replied Fred hotly, annoyance having forced him into saying far more than he had intended.

"Oh, Fred, has it come to that?"

"And why shouldn't it come to that? Have you anything to say against Miss Slade?"

"Nothing against her personally; but, Fred, her——"

"Then, if you have nothing to say against her personally, you, of all people in the world, ought to have nothing to say against her at all. You seem to forget you married for love yourself, Louisa."

"That was different, Fred."

"It seems to me, Louisa, that the difference exists only in your own imagination."

Then Fred ran up the stairs, muttering something about being late for dinner; and Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds made her way to the drawing-room in a most unenviable frame of mind. She very much feared she had done more harm than good; and in this she was not mistaken. It may be said that as a general rule solicitous ladies invariably do manage to do more harm than good when they attempt to interfere with the matrimonial intentions of their male relatives.

Fred had never felt so thoroughly put out with his sister before. "That was different," she had said, when he reminded her of her own love-affair. Why was it different? She had married a man of her own choosing; and he wished to confer a similar honour on the woman who of all others seemed to him the fairest and the best. He would ask Adelaide to be his wife without any further delay. He was almost inclined to rush off to Surrey Lodge then and there, only it would look so very ridiculous to do so, and—he wanted his dinner. But he would call the next morning, early; he would show Louisa that in a matter of this kind he was not disposed to brook any opposition. It was all very well to give way to her about trifles, but she must be taught not to attempt to exercise her power outside certain limits. Yes, he would call at Surrey Lodge first thing in the morning, and get it over.

Alas! we can none of us lay our plans with certainty for the morrow.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

ADELAIDE SLADE AND WILLIAM DARTON MEET.

IT will be remembered that when Mr. Slade and Lawrence Fergusson were discussing the return of William Darton, the former gentleman had not only expressed his willingness to receive the wanderer with all neighbourliness, but he had also hinted his readiness to point out to him a profitable investment for any spare cash which the fortune he had so unexpectedly inherited might have placed at his disposal.

True to his word, Mr. Slade had lost no time in calling at Meadowlands, and representing in glowing language the future benefits which must of necessity accrue to all those who might be so fortunate as to possess shares in the new Recreation Hall. Mr. Slade had undertaken the self-imposed mission in a very hopeful spirit, feeling convinced that a man who could be so free with his money as Mr. Darton had shown himself in that little matter of Mrs. Fergusson's annuity, would not let any parsimonious considerations blind him to his own interests. And Mr. Slade had not been altogether disappointed. As a matter of fact, Mr. Darton had not much spare cash lying idle, his father having invested the bulk of his fortune in ground rents. But of this Mr. Slade knew nothing, for neither Ebenezer Darton nor his son John had been given to discussing their private affairs with their neighbours. There was, however, a sum of fifteen hundred pounds on which William Darton could lay his hand at any moment, should he desire to do so. But he was not at all sure that he did so desire. Of one thing, however, there was no doubt, although possibly Mr. Darton was himself only dimly conscious of it—he liked to be talked to about money. It gave him a pleasing sense of importance: seemed to bring his new position as a man of property home to him. He did not know anything about investments, not having hitherto possessed sufficient capital to render the study of such a subject interesting. But now that he was a moneyed man, he had made up his mind to turn his attention to business. So he listened to all Mr. Slade had to say with patience—and that all was a very comprehensive all—promised with much assumption of dignity to give the matter his consideration, and said that he would call at Surrey Lodge in the course of a day or two to inform Mr. Slade as to his decision.

Then Mr. Slade had gone on his way rejoicing. To one of his enthusiastic temperament the matter was as good as settled. What sane man, with capital at his command, could give a moment's serious thought to the subject without being straightway convinced that the surest way of inducing his hundreds to ultimately assume the proportions of thousands would be to take shares in the new Recreation Hall?

Mr. Darton, however, was not nearly so certain of this. He would have liked to have asked for advice on the subject, but hesitated to do so, lest he should thereby induce others to think him unfit for his present position. He didn't want to lose any of his money, but, on the other hand, he didn't like to miss an opportunity of increasing his capital. Already his newly-acquired wealth was sowing the seeds of discontent. Ultimately he decided to err, if need be, on the side of caution.

It was with as much amazement as disappointment

that Mr. Slade listened to William Darton's decision. The two men were discussing the matter in the dining-room at Surrey Lodge, two or three days after Mrs. Fergusson and Janet had called at Meadowlands.

"You must positively see Pritchard, you must, indeed," said Mr. Slade, in much consternation, as by degrees he became unpleasantly conscious that his own powers of persuasion were not carrying their due weight with the man of capital. "Pritchard would convince you in five minutes. A wonderful fellow is Pritchard."

Now, Pritchard was the secretary of the new joint-stock company; he was also by far the most influential of the directors, not excepting the chairman himself, Mr. Slade: influential, that is to say, by reason of the energy and business qualifications which he brought to bear on the project. Of capital it was believed he did not possess much, although this was only surmise, as he was systematically silent concerning his own affairs. He owed his position as secretary to Mr. Slade's introduction, that gentleman having formed a very high opinion of his abilities. Where he came from, or from what source he had hitherto derived his means of livelihood, were, however, details about which no one seemed to possess any reliable information; but of his usefulness in floating a new company, the energy and success with which he worked left no room for doubt. Mr. Slade was in nowise jealous of the prominent position which his assignee was called upon to fill, he being a man who was all too easily worked up to a pitch of enthusiasm concerning the merits of other men: one whose geese did not have to display any very marked abilities ere they had, in his estimation, proved their claim to be designated swans.

"Who is the fellow?" asked Mr. Darton. He was rather given to speaking familiarly, not to say disrespectfully, of those who he imagined held prominent positions.

Mr. Slade had just begun to reply to Mr. Darton's question by telling the very little he really knew concerning Pritchard's past history, and eking out his scanty information with somewhat extravagant eulogiums on his favourite, when the dining-room door opened and Adelaide entered.

Mr. Slade stopped short, while his previous expression of eagerness gave place to one of slight annoyance. He was an even-tempered man; moreover, he was very proud of his younger daughter's beauty; but just at that moment her entrance was a sad interruption. He was almost inclined to tell her that Mr. Darton and himself were engaged in business of a private nature. He hesitated, however, to do this. With all her ladylike repose of manner, Adelaide could assert her own dignity, and Mr. Slade stood a wee bit in awe of her. We poor mortals so often chafe because we cannot control circumstances; yet sometimes just those very things which seem to be obstacles in our way, and which we in our ignorance would so unhesitatingly remove, did we not lack the power to do so, are silently working together to bring about that which we so ardently desire.

"This is Mr. Darton, my dear child," said Mr. Slade, trying hard not to appear ruffled.

Adelaide advanced towards the new master of Meadowlands with outstretched hand. "Welcome back to Pelham Common, Mr. Darton," she said, and her beautiful brown eyes smiled the greeting to which her lips had given utterance.

She was looking very fresh, very sweet, in a simple morning dress of some soft grey material, relieved by cuffs and collar of snowy white. The twelve o'clock sun was streaming in through the dining-room window, and the rays caught her hair, and lit up its tints of richest gold. She was, perhaps, a trifle paler than usual, for it was the third day since Fred Sinclair had murmured her name with such depth of meaning in his tone, and she was disappointed that he had not attempted to see her again.

But her paleness did not detract from her beauty in the eyes of William Darton; perhaps it even enhanced it, for he was somewhat florid himself, and men generally most admire in women that which is opposite to themselves.

"Why, bless me if it ain't little Miss Addie! I do assure you, miss, you weren't no higher than the table when I went away."

"Yes, it is so long ago. I must have been a very little girl at the time."

Adelaide had cross-examined Janet as to the appearance and bearing of the new master of Meadowlands; still, now that she was face to face with him, she felt that her sister's description had not prepared her to find him such as he was. Old Mr. Darton had never been a gentleman; to the end of his days some of the mannerisms which he had learnt early in life still clung to him, but he had at all events acquired something of that outer polish which refined surroundings invariably impart.

As for John, he had taken infinite pains to attain to the manner and bearing of a gentleman, and to a great extent he had been successful. True, there was a studiedness, a too evident striving after effect, which did in some degree suggest his humble origin; still there had been nothing offensive about the man; if he were not a gentleman, he was at least such that gentlemen could associate with him without feeling disgust.

Adelaide was therefore greatly surprised to find the younger brother so totally void of all refinement. A coarse, vulgar, odious cad, she mentally stigmatised him; and then she attributed his coarseness, his vulgarity, his odiousness, and his caddishness to his sojourn in a foreign land. With her habitual self-control, she was careful not to allow the disgust she felt to express itself in her face. She had no particular reason for making herself agreeable to Mr. Darton, for she did not realise that it would benefit her father if any of the Darton money found its way into the coffers of the new company. She was accustomed to consider all her father's schemes as mere folly, although she was always so ready to listen to his plans. In her heart she rather despised men. They *might* be very far-seeing in business, and

politics, and such-like matters, but concerning those things into which she flattered herself—and not without reason—that she possessed a keen insight, she considered that they often displayed a deplorable lack of common sense. In common with Mrs. Poyser, she thought that the clearness with which men profess to be able to see *through* a barn-door prevents them from discovering much that lies this side of the door. Janet, who was generally so ready with her opinions, was at heart a much humbler woman.

It was, therefore, because the presence of Mr. Darton was disagreeable to her, and not because she wished to accommodate her father, that, after having made a few commonplace observations with her usual grace of manner, she said playfully—

"But I know papa is longing for me to run away. He wants to talk to you, Mr. Darton, about politics or business, or something that we poor women cannot understand. Now confess, papa; is it not so?"

"Well, to tell the truth, my dear, Mr. Darton and I were rather engaged when you came in."

"There, Mr. Darton; see how well I can read papa's face," exclaimed Adelaide, with pretty triumph.

Mr. Darton felt as if he didn't care a button for the new Recreation Hall.

"Oh, don't be leaving us, Miss—Slade." Still that tendency to add the surname as an after-thought. "I never can bear to send the ladies away."

If there was one thing that annoyed Adelaide more than another, it was to hear the whole of her sex spoken of collectively as "the ladies." "Just as if each man's individuality stood out separately, but that we women were only fit to be classed together," she thought to herself, with deep disgust, as Mr. Darton made use of the odious expression. But she said, with one of her sweetest smiles—

"I am afraid I must beg you to excuse me, Mr. Darton. You do not know how terribly severe papa can be when his wishes are not observed."

"My dearest child, how can you malign me so?" exclaimed Mr. Slade. Nevertheless, he looked well pleased. Men invariably like to be considered rather strict disciplinarians in their own homes, and they are probably all the more gratified when they are thus spoken of, should there not be much ground for the assertion.

"Well, then, papa dear, we will put it differently, and say that my domestic duties are of such paramount importance that I cannot longer allow you to enjoy the privilege of my society."

And then she bowed gracefully to Mr. Darton, while her beautiful eyes danced with playful humour. In another moment she had withdrawn, and Mr. Darton was gazing stupidly at the door by which she had made her escape, while he paid not the slightest heed to what Mr. Slade was saying.

At length Mr. Darton came back to his senses, to find Mr. Slade exclaiming—

"You really must allow me to introduce Pritchard to you. You would be positively delighted with him."

"Where's the fellow to be seen? Here?" asked William Darton, with sudden energy.

"I should be only too delighted to arrange for an introduction to take place at my house, if such an arrangement would be agreeable to you."

"All right, then; name the day, and I'm your man."

"All days are equally convenient to me."

"Let it be to-morrow, then," said Mr. Darton very promptly. "It's no use letting the grass grow under your feet."

It is possible that Mr. Darton had some plan in his mind other than the erection of the new Recreation Hall as he spoke. But this Mr. Slade did not suspect.

"To-morrow, by all means, my dear sir. Will you honour us by taking dinner with us? I cannot attempt to imitate the hospitality of Meadowlands, but such——"

"Yes, I'll come. I don't care a hang about your style of hospitality," broke in William Darton.

"Well then, I will arrange for Pritchard to meet you here at dinner to-morrow evening. We dine at six."

This was hardly true, because the family, when alone, dined at one; but they were accustomed to postpone their dinner-hour when they were expecting visitors, and Mr. Slade did not mean to convey a false impression. "In the unlikely event of Pritchard being engaged to-morrow evening——" Mr. Slade was beginning, when Mr. Darton again cut him short.

"It doesn't matter whether the fellow's here or not," he was beginning, when the amazement depicted on Mr. Slade's face arrested him. "I—I mean to say, I'll come another day, if he can't be here to-morrow."

"That, my dear sir, is what I was going to suggest."

Then Mr. Darton took his leave, and Mr. Slade hastened to inform Adelaide of his plans for the following day.

The arrangement did not altogether meet with Adelaide's approbation. Mr. Pritchard was not a favourite of hers, and Mr. Darton she positively disliked. Still, she only said, "Very well, papa." She never made herself disagreeable about trifles to any one, excepting Janet.

When Janet came home in the evening, however, she was more explicit.

"He is so detestably vulgar," she said, in a tone of the deepest disgust, speaking of Mr. Darton. "It is really very unpleasant to be called upon to associate with such a person."

There was much in this remark that was disagreeable to Janet. In the first place, such severe censure passed on one whom she had met, and had not condemned very vehemently, would seem to imply that Adelaide's ideas of refinement had reached a higher level than her sister's. Then, William Darton was Mrs. Fergusson's nephew; moreover, he was Lawrence's first cousin. Adelaide never lost an opportunity of telling her sister indirectly that her instincts were not as refined as her own.

Janet felt hurt, as Adelaide intended that she should. She would have liked to have resented her sister's little speech, could she have done so without loss of personal dignity. This, however, she felt to be impossible.

"I am sorry you found Mr. Darton so disagreeable,

Adelaide. To me he seemed a little under-bred, certainly; but I was prepared to excuse his want of polish in consideration of his kindness to Mrs. Fergusson."

"Couldn't we ask Mrs. Fergusson and Lawrence here to-morrow evening?" exclaimed Adelaide. "We shouldn't have to talk so much to those two odious men, if other guests were present."

"Of course, you could do so, if you liked."

As a matter of fact, the suggestion met with Janet's entire approval. She knew that Lawrence and Mr. Darton must meet some day; and she was also aware Lawrence shrank from calling at Meadowlands. Surely, if the two men crossed each other's path as it were by chance, it would simplify matters. She was, however, a little surprised Adelaide should have made such a suggestion.

In truth, Adelaide had her own reason for doing so, over and above that which she had stated. She was much puzzled by Fred Sinclair's conduct. It was not only that he had not called at Surrey Lodge, as she had confidently expected him to do, but he had not been present at a local concert to which her father had taken her the previous evening. That he had bought a ticket for the concert she was aware. He had also more than hinted that he had been induced to do so by the hope of sitting next to her. Why, then, had he not used his ticket? Now, Mrs. Fergusson was on very friendly terms with Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds, Fred's sister, and if Fred had left Pelham Common, Mrs. Fergusson would be almost sure to have heard of it. It was, therefore, with a view to hear tidings of her truant knight that Adelaide invited Mrs. Fergusson to Surrey Lodge, to meet William Darton.

"Come early, and let us have a nice talk together, before the gentlemen arrive, dear Mrs. Fergusson," said Adelaide in her note.

And then Adelaide dressed herself in good time on the evening in question, and sat in the drawing-room awaiting Mrs. Fergusson's arrival.

"I am so very sorry I'm later than I expected to be, my dear," said Mrs. Fergusson, raising her veil to kiss Adelaide, "but I've been up to the West End this afternoon to see about a mourning bonnet for Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds, and I missed my train coming back. Fifty minutes I had to wait, my dear; think of that!"

"A mourning bonnet for Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds, did you say?" asked Adelaide, turning very pale.

"Oh, my dear, haven't you heard?" asked Mrs. Fergusson, in surprise.

Adelaide grasped the back of a chair for support. For a moment everything in the room seemed enveloped in mist. Then, making a mighty effort to regain her composure, she forced a reply from her colourless lips.

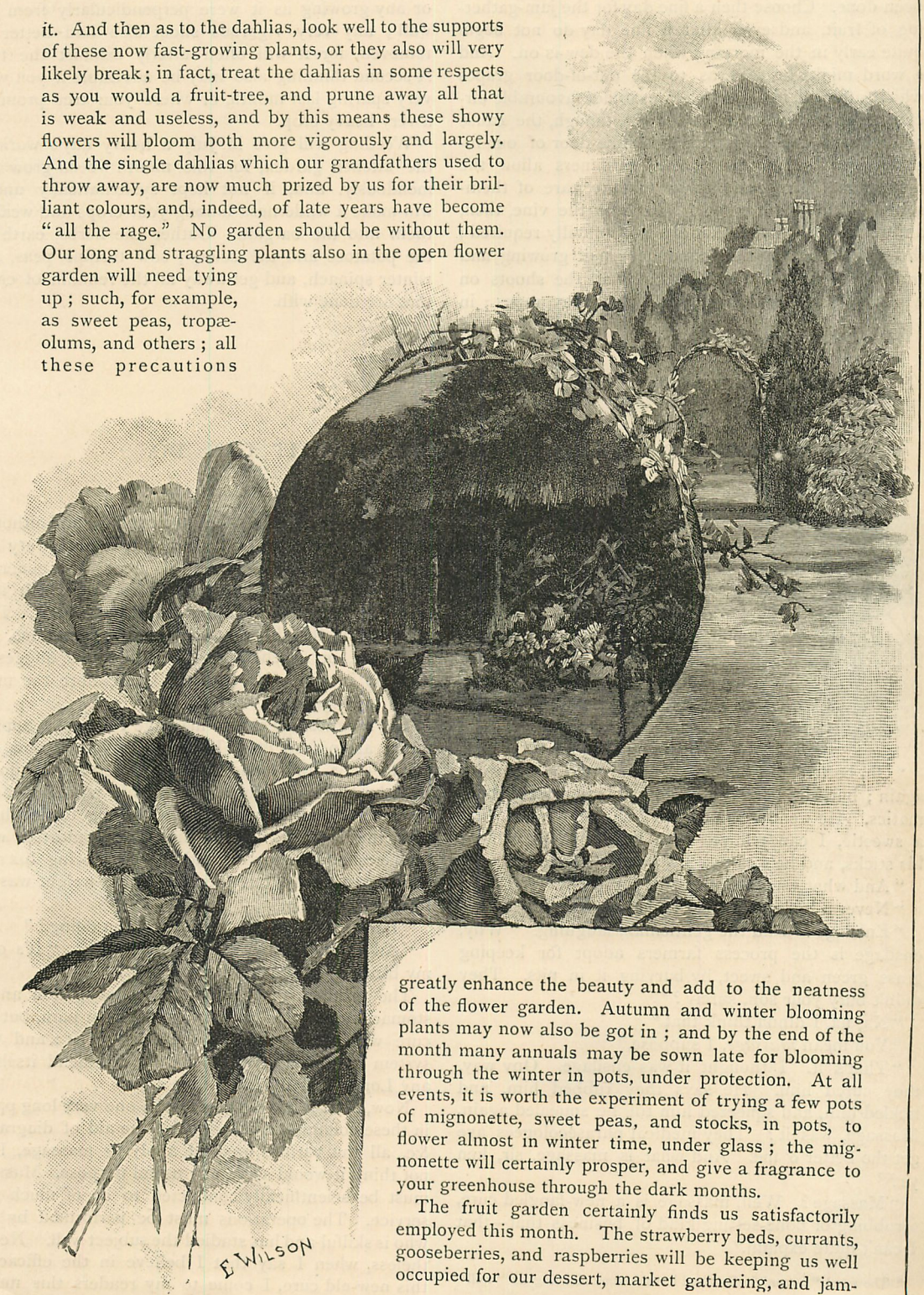
"No, I have heard nothing," she said.

END OF CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE GARDEN IN JULY.

A JULY flower garden should be one large bouquet. Bouquets, however, especially in very hot weather, only look well for an incredibly short space of time: the scorching sun, or perhaps the warmth of the fair hand that tremblingly holds it, soon causes the flowers to fade, and the petals to drop off one by one, and in a little while longer the whole is a wreck; and our dried-up bouquet is a fit emblem of the appearance of too many gardens towards the close of a warm July. And this is how it comes about. A little trouble, perhaps, is taken in the garden in April, the sowing month: a few annuals are put in, and then, in the middle of May when the bedding-out period recurs, there is the usual routine of geraniums, calceolarias, &c., and the flower garden is expected to be—if not "beautiful for ever"—gay at least up to Michaelmas, and perhaps a little later still. But any even half-practised eye will notice long before July has passed away that the "annuals" seem almost to have belied their name, and that in many places the beauty of their bloom has gone, making us inclined to call them for the future only "ephemerals." Have then, in the background, a good assortment of others, so sown as to come in their place when the first have drooped. Our greenhouse, and the frames properly utilised a little time ago, will have ready for us at all times plenty of substitutes, while in July nearly anything may be turned out to add gaiety to the scene; and what a scene of delight it is, with the roses, the Portugal laurel, and the new-mown hay, filling even the air of our bed-rooms with fragrance day and night! And to keep the roses well in bloom have a constant look-out for the suckers, recollecting that at this period of hot suns and warm thunder-rain, things grow with amazing quickness; root them, then, thoroughly up, not merely cutting or breaking them off, leaving still the mischievous sucker to draw upon and exhaust all the vital energy of your standard; and at the same time clip off faded blooms, and do not be niggardly in gathering some for table decoration. The carnations and picotees, as well as the dahlias, will require a little attention just now, as being among those flowers that in their turn soon appear on the stage. Of the first-named, see that the buds are reduced to two or three on each stem, and have the stems tied loosely to the stakes; for, if you confine your stem or tie it too tightly, the probability is that you will break

it. And then as to the dahlias, look well to the supports of these now fast-growing plants, or they also will very likely break; in fact, treat the dahlias in some respects as you would a fruit-tree, and prune away all that is weak and useless, and by this means these showy flowers will bloom both more vigorously and largely. And the single dahlias which our grandfathers used to throw away, are now much prized by us for their brilliant colours, and, indeed, of late years have become "all the rage." No garden should be without them. Our long and straggling plants also in the open flower garden will need tying up; such, for example, as sweet peas, tropæolums, and others; all these precautions



greatly enhance the beauty and add to the neatness of the flower garden. Autumn and winter blooming plants may now also be got in; and by the end of the month many annuals may be sown late for blooming through the winter in pots, under protection. At all events, it is worth the experiment of trying a few pots of mignonette, sweet peas, and stocks, in pots, to flower almost in winter time, under glass; the mignonette will certainly prosper, and give a fragrance to your greenhouse through the dark months.

The fruit garden certainly finds us satisfactorily employed this month. The strawberry beds, currants, gooseberries, and raspberries will be keeping us well occupied for our dessert, market gathering, and jam-

making. Fruit for *preserving must* be gathered dry, or your jam will most likely all go bad, or, at least, can only be saved by re-boiling after everything has been done. Choose then a fine day for the jam-gathering of fruit, and even after a fine day do not begin quite early in the morning when the dew is on. And a word might be said as to the out-of-door grapes which, after all, in some localities under favourable circumstances thrive well. Does not, though, the cause of their too-frequent failure lie at the door of our indifference? How many idle gardeners allow the apples, and pears, and *vines* to take care of themselves all the year round! Go over the vine, then, and remove all shoots that are not actually required; this will strengthen the remainder; nail growing and fruiting shoots to the wall, and stop all the shoots on which you see fruit, one joint below the grapes; in fact, leave no shoots growing except those you intend to bear next season. From the wall-fruit trees, lose not a day in removing all the weak and useless shoots, or any growing as it were perpendicularly from the wall; any very vigorous shoot also had better be removed, for it will often utterly exhaust the tree. A second thinning also may be advisable if you were very sparing last month, or where your tree promises a very heavy crop.

Weeding will give in July a heavy day's work in the kitchen garden, for this month weeds grow tremendously, and, if not kept systematically under, will make a wilderness among your crops and weaken them into the bargain. Gather the herbs, earth up the potatoes and the celery; sow turnips, peas, and winter spinach, and get away all the remains of crops that are done with.

MASSAGE: WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT CAN DO.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

ONE often hears droll remarks in a railway carriage. While travelling from the far north of Scotland last autumn, a lady, who appeared to be a well-to-do tradesman's wife, and an elderly gentleman, entered the compartment in which I sat, and soon after the train had rolled out of the station I became alive to the following scrap of conversation:—

"And how is your son, madam?"

"Oh, better,* sir, thank ye, better, and at his work again; but, sirs! he did suffer wi' thae wickit rheumatics. He went a' the way to Lunnun. It cost him a sweetie, I can tell ye. But he cam' back without his sticks, and he's as swack's † an eel the day."

"And what was the cure? Hydropathy?"

"Never a hydropathy, sir; just *ensilage*."

"Ensilage!" said the gentleman, laughing. "Why, ensilage is the process farmers adopt for keeping grass green and sweet, by burying it in pits. They didn't bury your son, surely?"

"Na, na, I dinna think that."

"You mean *massage*, I suppose."

"That's it. I thought it was ensilage. Ony way, they cured him. He says they rubbed him, and tickled him, and squeezed him till he squealed again. Massage, was it? They medical phraseeologees aye get the better o' me. And what is massage, sir, ken ye?"

"Massage? Well, massage is a new-fangled cure, a rubbing or bone-setting kind of business that—that I can't quite explain."

No, this gentleman could not explain; and although they see the word in print every day almost, very few people know anything about this cure. It is generally supposed to be new-fangled, instead of which it is very old indeed—two thousand years at least. It is practised at this day by the most savage nations. It is a cure, or a relief, therefore, that has suggested itself as it were. It is natural, therefore the more likely to be genuine.

The roughest species of massage I ever saw applied rather astonished me. I entered my bungalow one day in India, and found my faithful servant Pandoo—a Mahratta man—treading with his naked feet the stomach of another man who was lying on his back with the legs drawn up, his face contorted with grimaces and agony. Pandoo was moving his feet gently yet firmly, but then his whole weight was on the poor fellow.

"Pandoo!" I cried, "what *are* you doing?"

"All right, sahib," he replied coolly. "It's only my brudder, sahib, and he ver' bad."

The brother, it appeared, had constipation and a stomach-ache. He went away free from pain, but the cure was heroic, to say the least of it; and this system of massage would hardly commend itself to any London institution, I dare say.

Now, even if it were possible in one very long paper in these columns to describe, by the aid of diagrams, &c., all the various ways of applying massage, I do not think it would serve any useful purpose. Massage must be scientifically conducted to be of much real service. The operations must be performed by one who is skilful and has studied the subject well. Nevertheless, when I say that I believe in the efficacy of this new-old cure, I come to my readers this month with hope in my hands, hope for thousands who may

* The word "better" in Scotland has the same meaning as "well" in England.

† Swack = supple.

have been led to consider themselves incurables. Surely that is saying a deal.

I shall not go into the subject of "moral massage" at all, although it is one which offers for our consideration many curious facts indeed. Mechanical massage consists of a variety of scientifically applied manipulations to the limbs, trunk, head, and neck, such as rubbing, squeezing, pinching, &c., and which tend to restore the vital functions, to set the clogged wheel of life once more in easy motion, to purify the blood-current choked by effete products; in a word, to renew life and energy.

The simplest proof of the benefits of massage which I can adduce is that after long fatigue, when a person is what is called over-tired, irritable, nervous, too done-up even to sleep, the application of massage will soothe the body, tranquillise the mind, and make him feel—to use an expression of a patient of mine—"as fresh as a brook trout."

Now, if massage could do no more than even that, it would be a boon to mankind. How often do we not feel tired and used-up with the exertions of a hard day's toil, even before five o'clock in the afternoon? We are tired, but we have to fall-to again, and do another spell; or, if we have not to work, we may have to go out to dine. Well, if it be only the latter, we like to look bright and feel bright; we hate to appear in the *rôle* of the ghost at the feast. In such cases the prevailing custom is either to have a hot bath or a cup of tea, or both, or to screw up our unstrung nerves by the worst process that can be imagined—vinous stimulating. The effects of the former, however, if the fatigue is great, will only be to produce sleepiness, so that all idea of shining at the dinner-table falls overboard, and the individual remains the whole evening a fool among wits, content merely with the doubtful honour of being a good listener.

How about massage in such a case? Ah, here we have it. Away go restlessness and apathy, away goes despondency itself; the scales fall from our eyes, we assume our rose-coloured spectacles, we do not need the bath, we hardly want the tea, we laugh the wine to scorn; and that evening at table, instead of being a fool among wits, we are a wit among—— Ahem! Well, for the matter of that, most men are fools (Carlyle).

Considering all the benefits that would accrue from judiciously applied massage, many a gentleman might do worse than let his valet—if an intelligent fellow—attend classes for a short time, to learn a little of the physiology of massage and the manipulations thereof. Such a valet would be worth his weight in gold. Or a lady's maid might take lessons from some well-trained nurse.

Another good effect of properly applied massage is that of producing sound, wholesome sleep, from the tranquillity effected upon the nervous system, and the restoration of the balance of the circulation. I say "wholesome" sleep advisedly, for I need hardly remind you there are various kinds and conditions of sleep. More benefit will be got from two hours' deep, dreamless slumber—so long as it is not obtained by the use of drugs—than from a whole night of dreamful semi-sleep.

Pain, both actual and imaginary, oftentimes yields as if by magic under the lissom fingers of the accomplished masseuse. It would be difficult enough to draw the line in many cases betwixt actual and imaginary pain. I must confess my inability to understand the mystery of pain at all. It is in one way undoubtedly akin to the sense of touch, and is a provision, therefore, for the preservation of the species. The lower animals, for example, few of whom know anything about death, would hardly trouble to defend themselves from foes if it were not for pain, and many classes would become extinct, for the lesser would scarcely care to defend themselves from the greater. Be this as it may, one-half the pain in the world is imaginary. We see proof of this every day. Miss L—— is nursing a sore finger. She tells her maid—who alone is with her—that she does not think she can stand this agony much longer, when rat-tat-tat-tat comes to the hall door. It is Miss G——, who has been out and abroad all day long, and was at a party last night, and sits for two whole hours chatting. But, hey presto! where is the pain in Miss L——'s finger? It is gone. And perhaps it does not come back in great force. My friend Captain G—— went to the dentist's door only yesterday, Mr. M—— told me, laughing—to have a tooth out, "funked," and went away again. "G——," I said, "you're a coward, and I always thought so." "Not a bit of it," he replied. "I do assure you the pain went away the moment I put my hand to the bell-pull."

But massage has the power of removing actual as well as imaginary pain, though the method of application varies, of course, according to the nature of the ailment.

There is one very painful complaint which it occurs to me to mention particularly, it being so common—viz., *lumbago*. If it were merely the pain, that were bad enough, but there is a sad and saddening weariness connected with it. When one is suffering from lumbago, life is wholly under a cloud, and the spirits down to zero. There are many cures, but I think massage affords a safer and quicker remedy than all others. This is a species of massage that any one can apply to an ailing friend. The use of the liniment of ammonia, with the addition of a little turpentine, will be found of great service at the same time. Many other kinds of muscular pains and cramps can be banished by the same simple method.

Stiffness and pain in the joints also yield to the same treatment.

Sciatica is successfully treated by massage, and so, as a matter of course, is tic douloureux.

Many kinds of headache yield to properly applied massage. In these cases the manipulations are not restricted in their application to the head and neck alone, but to the limbs and trunk, the nerves being thus soothed and the circulation better balanced.

There was a deal of sense, remember, shown by my Indian servant, though in a somewhat rough way, in his application of massage for constipation. Medicine

for this complaint, which is terribly common, and far more serious than some might imagine, may be useful at times, but if one once gets hold of a pill and makes a pet of it, he will too often find in the end he might as well have taken a viper to his bosom. Massage seems a natural cure for this ailment, though exercise, diet, and hygiene must go hand-in-hand therewith. A species of massage, or kneading and grasping manipulation, may be performed by the patient himself if troubled with costiveness. It can do no harm, and may be productive of great good.

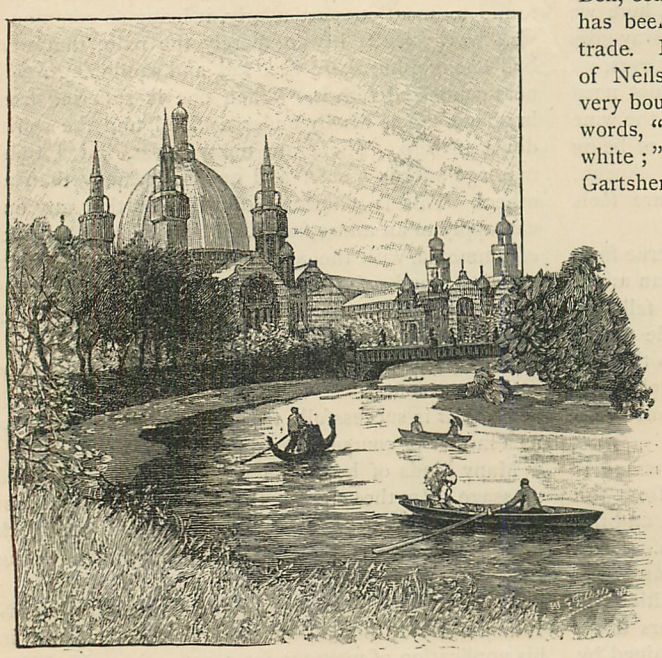
Liver and even heart complaints are also greatly benefited, if not actually cured by massage.

Now, in conclusion, I have no wish to be misunderstood. Massage is *not* going to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to, nor do I give credit to all it lays claim to; but it is not only a valuable adjunct and aid to other branches of therapeutics, but diseases often yield to it for which medicine has been tried in vain. Massage, too, is eminently calculated to remove effete matter from the blood—to purify it, in other words. It thus may often take the place of exercise when that cannot be easily had. Massage is a splendid tonic to the whole system. It is a safe tonic also. Massage keeps the skin in good working order, and all other glands as well. To people troubled with gout and chronic rheumatism it very often proves invaluable; while various forms of paralysis yield to the new-old cure.

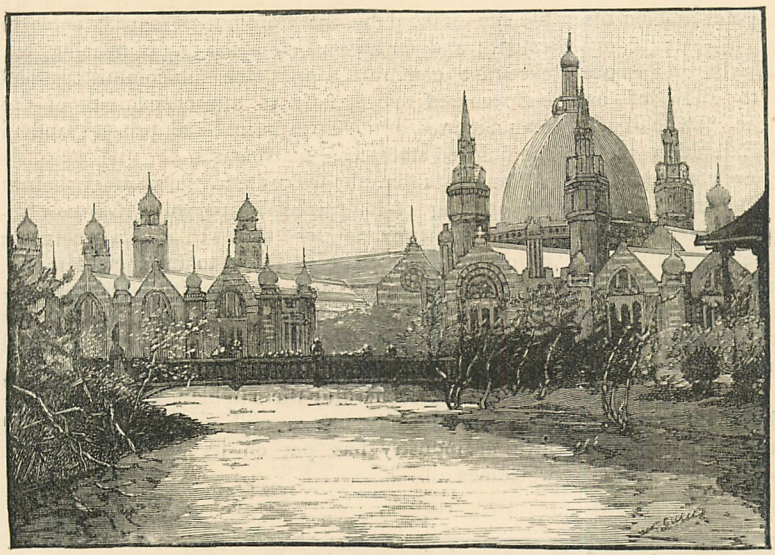
It is a pity that massage is so little practised in those excellent institutions which are dotted all over England and Scotland—I mean hydropathic establishments. I may add, too, that it is a pity those homes of health are, comparatively speaking, so little frequented. I dare say the reason is that people now-a-days go through the world with such speed that, when chronically ill, they cannot afford a month's complete quiet and rest to get thoroughly well.

GLASGOW AND ITS EXHIBITION.

THE desire of the arms of the see and the city of Glasgow, "Let Glasgow flourish," has been abundantly fulfilled; for the "second city of the Empire" has long had wealth, enterprise, and remarkable growth. The great city of the Clyde has interest historical and literary. It was as a royal burgh the favourite of kings; it was a stronghold of the saints, who held there famous assemblies; it saw that trade and manufactures were good, and bowed its head to the twofold tribute. It became the great centre of the tobacco and sugar trades, and the mere declaration of war a century ago so forced up the price of tobacco from "the plantations" that many a fortune was made by Clyde holders. On the Clyde, between Glasgow and Greenock, the "first steam vessel," the *Comet*, of Henry Bell, commenced plying, and thenceforward Glasgow has been one of the great seats of the shipbuilding trade. Near to the city the "hot-blast" experiments of Neilson were made in iron-smelting, and in its very bounds the furnaces cast upward, in Tom Hood's words, "day and night flames of red, and yellow, and white;" whilst not far from the city, at Carron, at Gartsherrie, and at Langloan, are some of the notable furnaces whose "brands" of iron are known the world over. Again, the sight of the huge chimney at St. Rollo recalls the story of the discovery of bleaching powder by that Charles Tennant who laid the foundations of the fortunes of the famous chemical firm. So, in the stately ships built at Clydebank, Fairfield, and many another yard on its famous river, in the chemicals, the locomotives for which it is famed, the sewing machines which it makes at a rate exceeding 1,000 daily in one great firm, the bridges it builds, the biscuits it bakes, the sugar it refines, and the shale oil that near it takes a hundred shapes of usefulness—there are the outlines of industrial occupations in Glasgow, which are varied



THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.



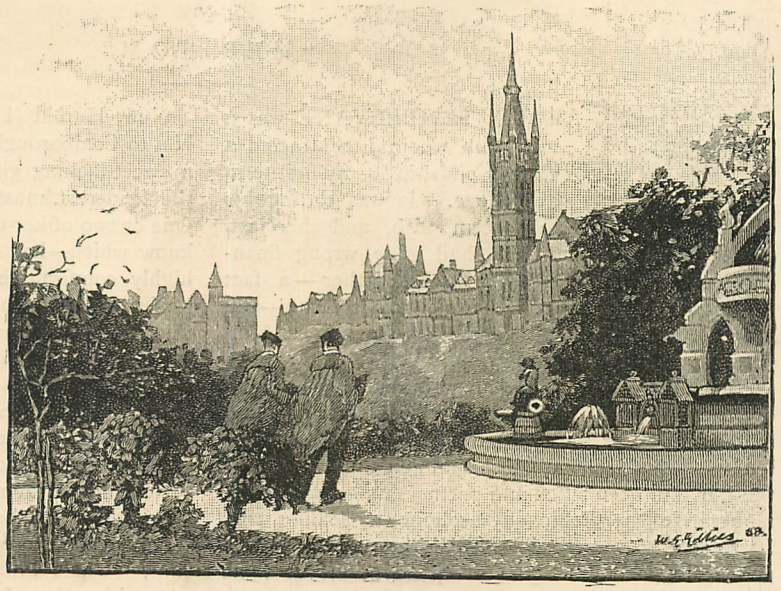
THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS.

beyond those of most towns, and give perennial briskness and activity to the city. As the gazer looks from boat or train, passing near the Clyde, he hears the clang of the riveter's hammer, the hissing of the engines, the rattle of the mill, the resounding thud of the steam hammer, the clangour of the forge, and the unending stream of workmen and women.

It has been no easy matter, even with the coal below their feet, and the rich ironstone near it, for Glasgow people to build up a commerce so vast. There were many millions needed to give the Clyde its depth of water and docks essential for the leviathans of the deep to-day; there was the provision for the tapping of the distant waters of Loch Katrine for throat of man and machine in Glasgow; there have been over 150 miles of streets to form; thousands of old picturesque "rookeries" to dislodge under one of the improvement schemes; and a network of railways to form which linked lochs together, tunnelled the hills, and (adapting Carlyle) "set all the towns of Scotland dancing" in attendance on the great Clyde city.

Not alone in finding labour for the people who thronged from the Highlands and from Ireland to the Clyde have the citizens of Glasgow been employed. If commerce has its florid Exchange, and the magnificent warehouses that cluster in some of the streets, and if some of the railway stations and hotels are structures stately and magnificent — it has the chief cathedral in Scotland; its University is one of which it may well be proud; its parks are of wide area, its squares are rich in statuary, and its galleries in paintings; and in infirmaries, libraries, schools, and museums, there is ample proof of the wealth and the philanthropy of the men who have helped to make Glasgow.

It is in this industrial centre that the latest of the world's Exhibitions is placed. The town — nay, for "Glasgo's a city, now," the Baillie reminds us—the city which Rob Roy despised—has built a "lordly pleasure-house." An Oriental palace it is, with minarets and towers, and a central dome 150 feet high, the whole brightly coloured and adorned. There are in the grounds subsidiary erections—a fairy fountain, with huge catch-basins, dining-halls with verandahs and balconies, and the representation of the palace of the bishops of old. Not the least interesting is the "Bishop's Castle," a reproduction of the old stronghold long time ago near Glasgow Cathedral. This is the repository of quaint articles of interest—the story of Queen Mary being outlined by the mass of articles relating to her; whilst "Bonny Prince Charlie" is brought to mind by many a relic. And the Covenanters of old are shown to be still heroes to their descendants, who show mementoes of the



THE UNIVERSITY AND BISHOP'S PALACE.

olden time in which they were grim protesters for the faith.

Across the river—not pellucid—Kelvin, bridges are thrown, the stream is deepened to allow of an aquatic display, and kiosks and the "switch-back railway" are prominent. In the Exhibition there are ranged the products of Glasgow commercially contrasted with those of many an industrial centre, home and foreign; courts on either side of the main entrance include many of the chief exhibits—the women's industry section being prominent. Machinery in motion adds its noise; a working dairy tells the story of one of the branches of that primary industry, agriculture; and pottery, lace-making, and the manufacture of flowers will be shown.

The situation of the Exhibition buildings is one of beauty. It "comprises the western portion of the Kelvingrove Park, and the slopes of Gilmore Hill;" the site granted by the Corporation is sixty acres in extent; and for a year before the day of opening, ten executive committees and nine sub-committees had endeavoured successfully to attract exhibits of the manufactures of the earth in material, process, and in the finished state, from many lands.

Thus, extending its welcome to the throne's heir at the opening of its palace of pleasure, Glasgow rejoices. It commemorates its growth and its greatness; it does not forget the addition to its ancient motto, which makes it "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word," and it is rejuvenescent under the increased stream of traffic. Scott's poetry diverted the stream of pleasure-seekers to the city, in the route to the lochs and the Highlands; and now the palace in the city brings still more, and the great hive of industry has put on its gayest garb, and welcomes all.

J. W. S.

THE CLYDE AT GLASGOW.

"HER TOM"

HAROLD TEMPLEVANE was a man with whom I contracted a close friendship in my first term at college. It was during his first term also, and his last. Affairs had gone wrong financially with his father—a fact discovered with pain on the old man's death—and Harold was left almost penniless to fight (for him) a very hard battle for respectability.

I need not give any particulars of his early struggles or (to be candid) of his early disappointments and mortifications for the want of a little more struggling; but five years later, when I had given up the idea of the Bar, and been taken into partnership—a very unremunerative partnership—by a solicitor at Coalborough, I was able to put Templevane in the way of rather a good thing, as a foreign correspondent in the same town.

Now, Harold (I did not know it when I brought him to Coalborough) had a sister dependent on him: a sweet-looking girl of very vivacious manners, and the tenderest, most sympathetic heart in the world. One or two of her distant relatives, or friends—I don't know which—had offered her, when she left school, a highly comfortable if not luxurious home; but she preferred going to her brother; she stuck to him through thick and thin, and would not be got rid of. Indeed, it was she who had spurred him on to do as well as he had done. She was very fond of him, and as proud of him as if he had been a youthful candidate for Parliament, and sure of being elected.

Harold never spoke much about his relatives, except of one uncle whom he had harped on rather freely. This uncle had been in America several years, and intended soon to come over. Harold had mentioned him, "Uncle Philip," in his letters, and had talked about him when I met him in London. Now he told

me, when he was settled at Coalborough—where, of course, I saw him very frequently, and his sister also—that his Uncle Pip meant to do great things for Lucy some day. He had been very fond of her as a child, and it was he who had sent the money for the completion of her education—a very good one—when her father died.

On the evening I am about to allude to—an evening memorable to me, because it was then that I first opened my eyes to the fact that I was in love—the Templevanes had been six months in Coalborough. It was an early winter's evening, damp, foggy, detestable.

As Harold and I settled ourselves before the cosy fire in the room to which Lucy's little hand had given a touch of ease and elegance, manifest wherever one looked, I commented on the happy transition we had made, and Harold admitted monosyllabically that the change from outside was cheerful. His disposition, however, during our walk home, had partaken much of the weather. He had been a little grumpy and unmistakably dull. The fog, moreover, had penetrated into his conversation; for he had not made it very clear what he was grumbling at, but did not disguise the fact that he was dissatisfied with something or somebody.

"I tell you what it is, Turnquil," he said, relaxing before the blazing fire into a less frigid condition. "I'm getting a bit sick of some of the fellows down there!"

"Not old Brownrig?"

"Yes, Brownrig among them; he's too confoundedly mixed up in that Amateur Parliament and its blessed orators. He comes too often, and brings fellows here I don't care for. Lucy, to tell the truth, encourages him. He can't do anything wrong; she is as fond of him as you are, and calls his bad manners eccentricity."

"That is the right word," I said. "Brownrig's trips to America have certainly given a bit of bias to his ways which many people don't like."

"Eccentricity be hanged! It's ignorance, and unmistakable bad manners. The long and short of it is, I'm sick of associating with cads, and I shall cut the lot!"

"But Tom Brownrig," I said, as coolly as I could, although inwardly very angry (for the servant just then was putting down the tea-pot, and dallying at the table, over the final adjustments of a quiet, cosy, comfort-promising tea)—"Tom Brownrig is not a cad. He is a thorough gentleman, and a very accomplished one, frank, genial, and if a little brusque, sensitive to a fault about hurting people's feelings."

"I'm not so sure. Some of his friends are cads, and he——"

"He," I said, interrupting him, "is my very great friend, and yours too, when you are not too absurd and out of temper to distinguish a man from a tailor's dummy."

"Thank you," he answered, and at that moment, Lucy, sweet, smiling, and radiant as a pink after a summer shower, stepped into the room, with all the freshness which the revivifying effect of a recent toilet leaves on beauty already delicate and vivacious.

"Quarrelling! quarrelling! Oh, you men! And before a fire like that too!"

"No," I said, as I was shaking hands with her, and looking with unconcealed admiration into her beautiful sunny eyes, "we were not quarrelling; we were only arguing."

"Yes," said Templevane (he would have taken anything from me), "I was only giving Harry a piece of my mind."

"On politics, of course," said Lucy. "I wish the election was over. Do you know, Mr. Turnquil, I believe I'm a Buff. I want things cheap."

"Yes," said Harold, "and plenty of them, bonnets and jackets in particular."

"And cigars, dear, untaxed cigars, warranted not to scent the curtains. Oh, Hal! did you get your feet wet? Mr. Turnquil, will you have a pair of Hal's slippers?"

We both declined the suggested luxury, and forgetting, or at all events burying our little antagonism in Lucy's sunny society, we were soon chatting and laughing good-humouredly across the table, where Lucy presided with adroit grace, and smiled and talked, and turned from one to the other with new sallies of pleasantry, till one might have thought that we three had grown up from childhood at that tea-table, and had never been anywhere else—till one might have thought that making people happy was not an art at all—till one might have thought, as I for the first time definitely, and without qualifications, thought, that to see Lucy Templevane thus was to look upon marriage with any other girl as impossible.

Nine months after that evening, how things had altered! Uncle Philip had come to Coalborough with a flourish of trumpets. He came at Christmas, and before spring had well set in Lucy Templevane was driving up and down the busy streets of that populous town in a splendid little phaeton, with a boy in buttons behind. And oh! how she enjoyed it all.

I myself saw much less of the Templevanes now-a-days, very much less. They lived in rather a showy style, and entertained much company. Of course Harold and I were friendly, and Lucy had never wavered once from her old cordiality and playful frankness, but still things had altered; there seemed to be a gulf betwixt us: perhaps mostly of my own creation. I felt my impecuniosity now a more material bar to closer intimacy with Lucy, and kept away. To be sure Harold and I had had a bit of a tiff—I wouldn't call it a quarrel—about poor old Brownrig; shortly after the evening I have mentioned, Templevane managed to strangle the intimacy which had grown up between them, and he did it, as I frankly told him, in a very shabby way. It was true what Harold laughingly said, long before there was any coolness betwixt them—Tom Brownrig was "an ugly, ungentlemanlike beggar to look at." For character and kind-heartedness, he might have added, he was a man out of a thousand, and he was a gentleman.

Uncle Philip I liked very much, almost, I might say,

against my prejudice ; for I used to think, although I had never been to America, that he was sadly Americanised. He was easy and affable with everybody, and used to talk largely about fortunes. "Bless you," he would say, "money! It lies stagnant in England, stagnant! What do you think of a little dinner party with forty millionnaires present? We had

bewitching grace in his elegant drawing-room, from the petted canary, with a piece of sugar and her pretty "chirp chirp," to the costly exotics with a jug of water, and pathetic lamentations for their drooping loveliness.

The popularity of Lucy's afternoon teas, notwithstanding her prettiness and vivacity, and her brother's

"'QUARRELLING! QUARRELLING! OH, YOU MEN!'" (*p.* 499).

one in New York a month or two ago ; and I'll be bound not half of those men will die rich. Of the lucky half, many will go down and come to the top again, reach the last dollar, so to speak, double the stakes for the final throw, and then rush up the ladder again to fortune. I wish I had stayed longer : I might have grown rich myself ; but 'Patience, and shuffle the cards.' We've enough for our little wants, haven't we, Lucy, eh?"

Ah! that was the word : "Lucy." Uncle Philip's happiness seemed to consist solely in seeing Lucy lovely, with plenty of people about to love her. He would watch her with keen admiration glide about with

proclivity for the unemployed or partly employed classes, seemed wonderful. Fashionable, easy, well-lined-pocketed men, with their sisters and mothers, seemed to drift there as in the natural course of things.

One man I met at the Templevanes' I began to like very much ; and you must admit I was generous in my choice : Captain Steadman from the Barracks, a sterling fellow I thought, and very well off. I came to know him pretty intimately, and he often came to my rooms.

I went so far—perhaps you will laugh at me for owning it—as to wish Captain Steadman might marry

"my Lucy"—I used to call her so to myself—marry her while she was still the lovable Lucy Templevane, e'er she had drifted imperceptibly into another woman; before ill-fortune, in fascinating disguise, had wrought one of those transformations in the lovely and ingenuous which are so heartrending to old acquaintances, and not so very uncommon.

I might have spared myself the pain—what pain it was I could not make you believe—of wishing for Lucy's marriage. Events were developing in their own grim fashion fast enough.

A month after Steadman had made that confession—a month rife with promises of gratifying my heroic wish, for now Steadman was perpetually at the Templevanes' and old Templevane and he were as thick as thieves—the former gentleman, Uncle Philip, came one morning into my office on business. My partner was out, and I was the sole recipient of his confidence.

"I suppose, Mr. Turnquil, any question I discuss with you will be strictly *sub rosâ?* You would not divulge a whisper of any communication I chose to make?"

"Most certainly not," I answered—then, with a professional smile, "provided you communicate no criminal intention."

"Just so," said Mr. Templevane; "then I wish to know the principal and distinguishing features of the new Bankruptcy Act."

I will not repeat the conversation. Old Templevane—no solicitor's secret now—was on the eve of a smash. His fortune had been a bubble, and—I am not telling you things now which I learnt in that interview—he had known it to be such. Kind-hearted, but rash and unscrupulous, he had simply spent his little fortune to see his Lucy handsomely married.

And what did I do when he had gone? I took to dreaming. Thus absolutely unfit for business—there wasn't much—I passed the day. And thus I passed the next. On the third I came to a very practical and pleasure-giving resolve, which I put into execution: I would propose for Lucy myself.

I went to the Templevanes' just a week after Uncle Philip's visit. I went up with Harold, and on the way told him what I was going to do.

"Bravo, Hal!"—nothing would suit him better—"she never talks about you much," he said; "but she used to be awfully fond of you, when you were decent enough to come often to our old diggings; and I suppose she will be still. And I'll tell you something startling that will cheer you, old man, something very important, which you knocked out of my head with your own stunning announcement. Captain Steadman proposed to her only yesterday, of all other days, and was rejected. Poor girl! she played her part well, I fancy, while the captain stayed; but when he had gone she was laughing one minute and crying the next, and didn't know which to do the most. She had never suspected it, but that was just like Lucy: nobody knows her ways but me, she's so confoundedly amiable. I never knew a man so bowled out as Uncle Pip was in my life. He was almost vexed. But Lucy—bless you! she can wheedle him about any way—she coaxed him into common sense, and then kissed him into a good temper; and then sat down at the piano and rattled away at 'I'll marry my own love, my own love, my own love,' till at last the old fellow had to laugh. But he talks about going to America again, and I believe he means it."

Well, I need not tell you my sensations at this delicious item of encouragement. An hour or two later I was alone with Lucy, and I need not give you a detailed account of what was said then. Poor girl! Poor me, rather! She went through just the same programme, so far as I could learn of the former, of surprise, regret, pain, and protestation of friendship; only in my case there was an allusion to our old friendship which carried with it a deeper touch of pain.

I went away a very miserable man; and Lucy doubtless went through the same epilogue of laughing and crying—possibly, for me, with a little more of the crying, for indeed once we *had* been friends.

The following week was a week to me of loneliness and gloom. I courted the loneliness and could not get rid of the gloom. But at the end of that time Harold Templevane one evening broke very unceremoniously into my room, and imparted something startling. I was at tea alone, and steeped to the eyes in melancholy meditations, with Edgar Allan Poe's poems at my elbow.

"What do you think? It's a secret! Lucy doesn't know yet; but Uncle Philip is off again to America. Sale next week; says he's cleared out, and must start again before he's bankrupt. The old beggar may well have kept me so close to work, and told me never to throw up one berth till I had got another."

"Really!" I said, without any real surprise.

"Really!" retorted Harold. "Well, if that won't rouse you, what do you think of this? Lucy is going to be married."

"Married!" I cried; "to whom?"

"Oh, to my very great friend and yours, Tom Brownrig. I'll tell you what it is, my boy, Lucy is a Templevane, if you like. To have seen the little thing dry her eyes and stamp her foot would have done you good. 'She wasn't going to give up her Tom for twenty fortunes,' and the joke of the thing is, no one hardly knew she ever saw him. Uncle Philip took the revelation wonderfully coolly. He seems to like Brownrig. You see they are both a bit gone on America. When Uncle Pip told him—a truth it seems—the girl won't have a penny—'Oh, yes,' said Tom, 'she will, a pretty penny some day.'

"'Not from me,' said uncle.

"'Well,' said Tom, 'Lucy won't love you any less for that; she'll have it from somewhere else.' And now Brownrig and Uncle Pip are as thick as thatch. But Tom at first, just at first, was a little bit shy with me. You see, I treated him rather shabbily. If I had known that Lucy had really set her heart on him, that they were almost engaged—I believe they were engaged—in my old diggings, why, of course I should have been a little more tolerant of those politicians."

OUR AMATEUR FREE UNIVERSITY.

WE print this month the delayed list of the awards in the February portion of the Literary Course. The awards in the April portion of this Course and, if possible, that in the Home-made Cake Competition (Domestic Course), will be published in our next issue. Our Undergraduates in the Domestic Course have still plenty of unfinished work on their hands in the shape of quilts and stockings, so we will not add to the demands upon their time.

Our University, like all others, must have its "vacation"—we promise our students that it shall not be a "long" one—so we have decided to set no new work in any Faculty this month. We shall be glad to receive suggestions from any of our Undergraduates as to further developments of our "Courses" in view of their re-opening.

The quality of the exercises submitted throughout the past session has far surpassed our anticipations, and we heartily congratulate our readers on the good work done so far, and trust that it is only an earnest of better work to follow, when the vacation is over.

PASS LISTS (FEBRUARY PORTION).—LITERARY COURSE.

The successful candidates may have their Certificates posted to them on their sending to the Editor a fully-addressed label, together with Two Penny Postage Stamps, to defray cost of postage and roller. The Editor cannot be responsible for loss or damage to Certificates in the Post.

SECTION I.—PARLIAMENTARY SPEECH.

(No speech adjudged worthy of a Prize.)

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

Name.	*Address.*
Addiscott, Robert	Exeter.
Bell, Evelyn E.	Swaffham.
Daniel, M. N.	Glasson, Athlone.
Dowson, Julia A.	Brentwood.
Drake-Brockman, Lewis J. ...	Sandgate.
Gibbons, Alice	Brierly Hill.
Harris, J. Howard	Helston.
Hordle, Emma M.	Wareham.
Lewis, James G.	Canterbury.
Mate, Charles H.	Bournemouth.
Paddison, Annie M.	Lincoln.
Rowcroft, A. E.	Maidstone.

SECTION II.—TRANSLATION.

The Prize is awarded to Mademoiselle JULIETTE GRAS, Le Vigau, Gard, France.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR.

Baner, Mathilde	Drounskin.
Bell, S. Beatson...	Edinburgh.
Bentzen, Sophie...	Coventry.
Brigstocke, Guilia	Homburg.
Clark, Agnes	Glasgow.
Cudmore, Daniel	Dublin.
Cunningham, Helen H. R. ...	Bastia.
Delamollière, Charlotte ...	Lyons.
Engerer, H. W.	Malta.
Hodges, E. M.	Monkstown.
Just, A. G.	Clacton-on-Sea.
Köhler, E.	Camden Road, N.
Le Sueur, Lucy E.	Jersey.
Marston, Emma L.	Leyton.
Mayne, E. F. C.	Portadown.
Neel, E. E.	Jersey.
Netterville, B.	Ahrweiler.
Odell, Kate	Liverpool.
O'Meara, L. B.	Lindau, Bavaria.
Putron, M. M. de	Bexley.
Rennard, David S.	Guiseley.
Robertson, M. A.	Scarborough.
Row, Sarah A.	Axminster.
Smith, D. L.	Braunton.
Woodhouse, Mary	Leominster.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

Abbott, F. J. E....	Yelverton.
Alian, S. L.	Birmingham.
Austin, Fanny	Birmingham.
Bergh, Mary E....	Cacilhas, Portugal.
Berridge, Agnes M.	Oundle.
Bigwood, Jessie M.	Brussels.
Buck, B.	Kinnerton.
Burch, Ellen F.	Regent's Park, N.W.
Cheyne, S. A.	Croydon.
Christie, Jessie	Ipswich.
Clarke, Constance	Richmond.
Dowson, Laura J.	Brentwood.
Drake-Brockman, E. A. ...	Sandgate.
Dyson, Helena	Ealing.
Flavell, Cecilia	Huntingdon.
Getty, C. B.	Worksop.
Gibson, M. R.	Brixton, S.W.
Griffiths, J. D. G.	Chipping Campden.
Griffiths, L.	Chipping Campden.
Harrison, Mildred	Sunderland.
Hebblethwaite, Isabel	Boston Spa.
Holliday, Harriet M.	Oxford.
Horwood, Elizabeth	Brackley.
Hunot, M.	Swansea.
Irwin, Rachel M.	Manchester.
Jackson, Maud	Moneymore, Ireland.
Jenkinson, Louisa	Crouch Hill, N.
Johnson, Ethel	Carlow.
Lewis, J. G.	Canterbury.
Lindsay, Frances A.	Monkstown.
Lister, Edith G....	Southsea.
Litchfield, May...	Sydenham Park, S.E.
Maberly, Marion H.	Christchurch.
Mahood, Elsie	Anerley, S.E.
Melton, A. G.	Upper Holloway, N.
Messervy, Malvine	Jersey.
Milne, Louisa R.	Fraserburgh.
Paddison, Annie M.	Lincoln.
Prescott, F. M.	Dublin.
Ryding, Ellen	Jönköping, Sweden.
Rylatt, Mary A.	Builth Wells.
Sheffield, M.	Anerley, S.E.
Southwell, Ellen R.	Bastia.
Stuart, E. F. S....	Sandy.
Vaut, J. E.	Ripon.
Vernon, C. W.	Hastings.
Walker, Marion S.	Bradford.
Ward, A. E.	Stockton.
Woodman, H. W.	Bolton.

SECTION III.—ORNAMENTAL WRITING.

The Prize is awarded to Miss MARY M. DOBRÉE, Golden Hill Vicarage, Stoke-on-Trent.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR.

Beck, William A.	London, S.E.
Van Dort, Grace	Colombo, Ceylon.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

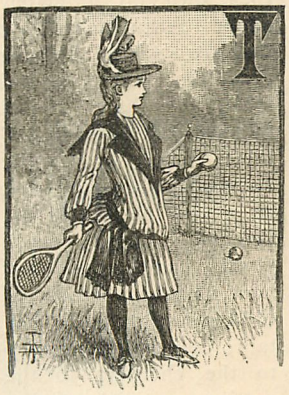
Hamilton, H. G. F.	Orbe, Switzerland.
Hellyer, E. M.	Totnes.
Jackson, Arthur...	Westbourne Park, W.
Syer, Alice M.	Appleby.
Thomas, John W.	Appledore.
Winham, Alice	Brighton.
Woollett, A.	Ashford.

N.B.—We regret that it is quite impossible to reply to any inquiries respecting unsuccessful efforts.—ED.

WHAT TO WEAR IN JULY.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.



THE hot weather is often peculiarly trying to children, especially if they grow quickly, and to dress them suitably is an important consideration to mothers. It is most desirable that they should be so clothed that they are not overweighted, and the initial letter gives a capital idea of a simple, but at the same time good, style. It may be carried out in washing material, or in light woollen combined with washing silk. I have just seen a number of pretty frocks going out to the young Princesses of Spain, who have their frocks made here, as so many of the children of Continental Royalties do. I was interested on seeing how excellent were all the materials, and the make was so simple: little frocks of French muslin, pure white, with tucks above the hem, and rows of perpendicular insertion above that, very wide ribbon sashes of different colours at the waist, the bodices in one with the skirts, high to the throat, full sleeves to the wrist, and good sensible invisible tucks to let down in the skirt, as they grow. Some were made of white China silk smocked at the yoke and wrists, with tucked skirts. For washing dresses for children much self-coloured embroidery is used; it washes all together so well. Holland is coming into favour again, with large turn-down collars of lace, sometimes trimmed with bands of cross-stitch, in red and blue, and lace worked to match, which also has the merit of washing. Turkey twill is greatly in favour, and keeps clean, and improves by an introduction to the tub. Occasionally such frocks are worked all over with blue stars in loose easy stitches, which slightly tones down the red.

Children still wear sailors' hats, but mostly turned up and trimmed at the back. There are several new shapes with wide brims, which shade the face, and are not unlike bonnets. Leghorn hats with wide brims bent into quaint and curious forms suit young faces, and they are trimmed both with feathers and flowers.

By this time we know exactly what is being worn as well as what has been provided for customers. Our pictures show two of the leading styles, chosen because they are by no means too intricate to be copied. The Directoire coat is an excellent adaptation of the dress of a period which was not by any means sensible, to the modes of to-day. The waistcoat is much such a one as has been worn the last year past; it fastens invisibly, and is bordered with a fine bead or gimp trimming. It is of the same material as the front of the skirt, which above the hem is ornamented with a design faithfully copied from one worn when Napoleon I. ruled France. The revers at the neck are of the same striped material, but they are not grotesquely large as so many were. The cut of the coat is calculated to show off the figure, and much diminishes the apparent size of the waist. There is a high collar, the front of which only matches the waistcoat; the coat-sleeves are made high and full on the shoulder, and are buttoned on the outside of the arm at the wrist; large buttons appear at the back of the waist on the coat, which is closely pleated. Elastic cloth and moire are the two materials I should chiefly recommend for such a coat; and for short figures that stripes do not suit, shot silks might be substituted, and rich brocade could be used for the outside. Swallow-tails, loose coat-fronts, ending at the waist, and sides turned back in the skirt to show the lining, appertain to another style of Directoire coat.

The other dress in our first picture is braided in such a simple scroll, that any good needlewoman could ornament her dress in this way with but little trouble. A home dressmaker could indeed make such a gown entirely without difficulty, if she has any aptitude for the craft. The skirt is entirely arranged all round in wide box-pleats, each braided at the base. Over these is a long straight back drapery gathered on to the point of the bodice, and side draperies crossing in front and falling in a point with three or four easy folds, which start at the waist-line, so concealing the union of bodice and skirt. The bodice is equally simple. It fastens at the waist with a double row of six buttons, above this a braided vest showing no fastenings, the material arranged in four easy pleats, on either side, widening in the centre of their length. The sleeves are rather short, ending midway between wrist and elbow, slanting upwards inside the arm, and braided on the outside. The hat worn with this costume is remarkable, in that the brim is all round alike, and that the crown displays a sheaf of bows which double its height.

Our English manufacture of silks at Spitalfields is meeting with marked success, and there is some hope that the trade there may regain its ancient prosperity, when some 100,000 people were employed in lieu of 1,000. Some of the handsomest brocades worn at this year's Drawing-rooms were made in these looms, also some of the best hangings in the mansions which have established a reputation for the beauty of their decorations. A young girl's dinner-dress made of a Louis XV. brocade wrought in the East End of London, had simple stripes on a cream ground divided by very delicate bouquets of roses, the back made as a train and turned back with pomme-colour, over a cream crêpe de Chine front, continued to the

SUMMER HOURS.

vest, which simply crossed and was fastened with an antique buckle. Over this the bodice formed a front like a man's dress-coat, only the revers were pomme-colour, and the sleeves formed one short puff set in the same green, for green of some kind is the particular colour of the season, and the shades and varieties are legion. It ought to delight the heart of the Irish to see the number of emerald-green velvet, cloth, gauze, and silk garments in Hyde Park morning and afternoon, and two shades are often blended in one costume. Cream woollen handkerchief dresses with green borders are a new idea, the squares forming three points in front, another point hanging at the back with a corner at each side, and some two or three smaller corners as panels, the bordering used as straps across the full front.

Dark gowns may be considerably lightened by crossing vests of white soft or corded silk. They are often made up on a muslin foundation, and edged with velvet revers or folds of ribbon velvet, and so can be pinned on when required, and answer for many dresses. Black silks are much improved thereby, and for travelling they take so little room, there is a great deal to be said in their favour.

II. — FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Englishwomen, though of late years they have been creating fashions of their own, do ultimately adopt French modes; but they are so long in doing this, that the Parisians meanwhile have almost forgotten they originated them. There is generally something unique and often very elegant in the cut of a good French gown. Ladies here do not have as many dresses as their sisters in Great Britain; they give more time to the choosing, to the putting on, and to the taking care of the few they have—all important points. I want you to note with particular attention the cut of the dress in our picture, worn with loosely knotted ends at the front of the waist, secured with a horseshoe brooch. The skirt, as most French skirts are now, is very plain, with no over-drapery, the back gathered in such a way that the pleats stand out well at the waist, while in front three large, flat, double box-pleats give the requisite fulness. At the hem is a scalloped trimming of a distinct, contrasting colour, and yet this simple arrangement is a triumph in its way, it hangs so perfectly, and sets off the charms of the wearer's figure so well. The bodice is very long-waisted, with a high policeman's collar, cut in vandykes, and these are laid on the colour blended with it, in the trimming, which is carried down both sides of the front in a vest form. But the great novelty of the dress is the scarf, vandyked even to the rounded ends, which come from beneath the armpits and form a basque to the bodice, ere they unite in front. This dress requires to be most carefully put on, when, and only then, it is a marked success. The sleeves are of the coat form, as most of them are for ordinary walking dresses; it is for matinées and soft materials that the full fancy sleeves are adopted. Next year, I have no doubt, they will have extended their field, and be worn generally.

The coat-sleeve forms part and parcel of the check costume, which is most original in the style of making The bodice ends at the waist-line, has velvet revers, and a vest fulled so as to form a series of folds; but more uncommon is the double cape at the back,

placed beneath the revers. There are velvet revers to match on the skirt, bordering the fulled front, and a panel is formed at the side with velvet, over which the woollen material is united by cord and gimp ornaments. The make of the cuff also deserves attention; it is both simple and neat. The fabric has a check in several tones of fawn, drab, and blue, and is made in the softest, purest wool. The most fashionable check shows a very clever amalgamation of tones, one of which is the dominant, and the rest so subordinate that they seem, at a first glance, to combine and form one, they blend so well one into the other.

For woollen gowns a special material has been made, which has a satin foundation worked all over in gold and multi-coloured silks—rose, pink, crimson, green, blues, and drabs. They are most dressy-looking, and are not costly, so that they can be added to ordinary gowns, much to their improvement.

Paris gowns are only exceptionally made with the short waists, and a broad sash reaching to just below the bust is as yet the nearest approach to that style here in England; the stride towards the fashions of eighty years ago seems to have been more rapid, and at Queen Victoria's Drawing-rooms, both in the early spring and in May, I hear some of the *débutantes* wore Empire wreaths of natural flowers, and skimpy satin skirts with a thick ruche at the feet, and semi-circular garlands laid on the front.

Soft fabrics are mostly made up here in the Louis XV. styles, with pointed bodices, clusters of ribbons, and the colouring of that century. Preachers on the art of dress have over and over again declared satin to be a material of the past, but it never disappears, and now is worn by the best-dressed people even more than moire, which appears to have become common. Poplin, poplinette, and sicilienne are employed for young women's gowns, and all drape well.

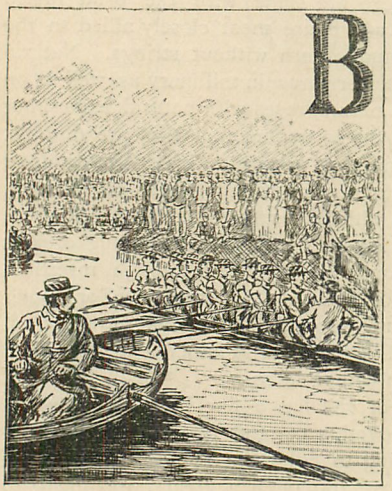
The bonnet illustrated shows a leading feature in Parisian fashions — viz., the strings coming from the centre of the back, often unattached to any other portion. The model is in drawn crêpe with a fulling round the face, and heavy gold embroidery, starting on the crown. The shapes are mostly small and close, but the trimmings are outrageously high, often poised on the point of the crown, which from its shape is higher than the brim. Transparent bonnets are the fashion, and, alas! all kinds of insects apparently creeping and crawling over them, horrible to relate. These monstrosities have not as yet invaded the hats, which are extremely large, and to young good-looking women most becoming. The Lagardière is one of the newest, with the side brim turned up all round, ribbon trimmings mingling with gold galon, and large blooms. In many shapes all the trimmings are placed so as to keep the brim turning upwards to the crown at the back. These shapes cannot be mistaken for bonnets, but there are some with the brim raised above the face, which are most closely allied to the more stately bonnets worn without strings. Natural blooms are often worn now in millinery as well as on evening dresses, natural roses with natural leaves, but the latter have been so treated that they are durable, while the roses must, of necessity, fade. Very narrow ribbons in clustered rosettes are placed in bonnets, and give them a childlike simplicity, and these same narrow ribbons are introduced on to evening dresses and matinées, and are threaded through insertion, which is used for a variety of purposes. For young girls' dresses they show to advantage in Crêpe en Pékin, with a silk stripe, and Mousseline Chiffon, like fine Mull muslin without dress.

A new make of veil has a fine Esprit star on the very thinnest ground, a comfort this to women whose sight is beginning to fail them and who find a veil trying to the eyes, and often a great impediment to seeing. Bordered nets are much used, but in Paris veils are not considered a necessity.

A CHANCE ENCOUNTER.

BOATING AT CAMBRIDGE.

BY A CANTAB.



RETURNING WITH THE FLAG.

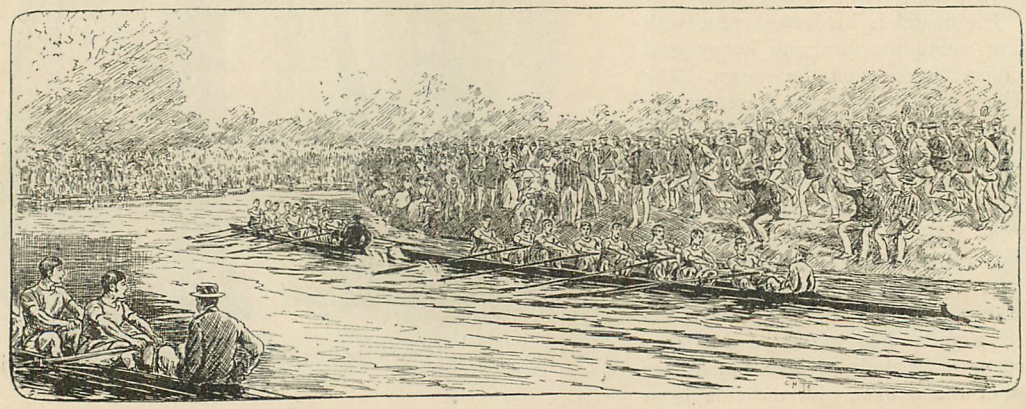
BOATING is such a popular pastime amongst all classes that a few words upon the subject may not be uninteresting. It is not my intention to enter into the subject of boat-racing in general, or the annual contest which is fought out between the dark and light blues on the Thames. Most have read about, if they have not seen such races. I shall therefore confine my remarks to a description of boating on the Cam.

The Cam is a narrow, winding river, just wide enough at some places to allow an eight-oared boat to turn; as these usually measure sixty feet in length, one can imagine the difficulties oarsmen have to contend with on such a stream, and the necessity that there is for the strict observance of the regulations which have been passed for its navigation.

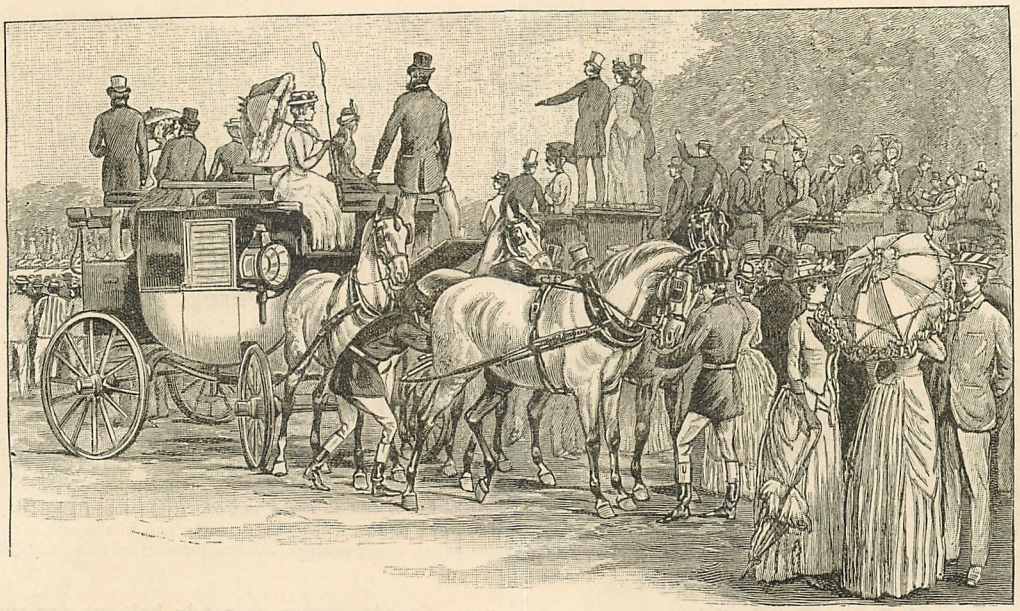
Those undergraduates who wish to spend an idle afternoon generally find their way to what is known as the "freshmen's river," which is the higher part of the stream above the town. Here, on a hot summer afternoon, you will see the river-side studded with small boats of every description, from the "Noah's Ark" to the canoe. But the stranger who takes the opposite direction below the Jesus locks will find a very different scene; for in the morning, before the "tubbing" of the college eights, the only crafts usually visible are what are known as "funnies," that is to say, single-oared racing outriggers, and here and there a sailing boat preparing for an expedition down the river to Ely; whilst the men at the college boat-houses are busily engaged in preparing for the afternoon's work. In a few hours' time, however, a very lively spectacle presents itself. The crews of the different colleges come down in twos and threes, dressed in their various college colours, and as the majority of the boat-houses are not on the same side of the river as the colleges, in order to get to them they have to pass over the "grinds." Nearly every college has its own "grind," which is a ferry worked by chains and a windlass from the boat-house side.

The first business of the afternoon consists in what is known as "tubbing." The captains of each crew take out two of their men at a time for half an hour's practice in "tubs" or ordinary rowing boats. By the time that this is over the crews are collected, the boats are run down, and all is ready for hard work. The usual routine is a row to "Baitsbite" lock and back, easying or rowing, as the captain, who coaches on horseback from the towing-path, directs. This practice goes on for four or five weeks before the Lent and May races. Of course by this time all the men are in strict training. A few words as to this:—

Training is considered a point of honour; and its rules are, with few exceptions, strictly observed. Each crew is under the superintendence of its particular captain, who looks after his men, and keeps them up to the mark. He breakfasts with them at eight o'clock, and dines with them, taking care that they have only the regulation amount of food and drink. Tobacco, of course, is one of the prohibited items. After dinner, they adjourn to each other's rooms alternately, and the host on each occasion provides dessert. The captain also tries to per-



MAKING A BUMP AT DITTON.



AMONG THE DRAGS AT DITTON CORNER.

suade his crew to be in bed by ten o'clock—a rather difficult task, by-the-by.

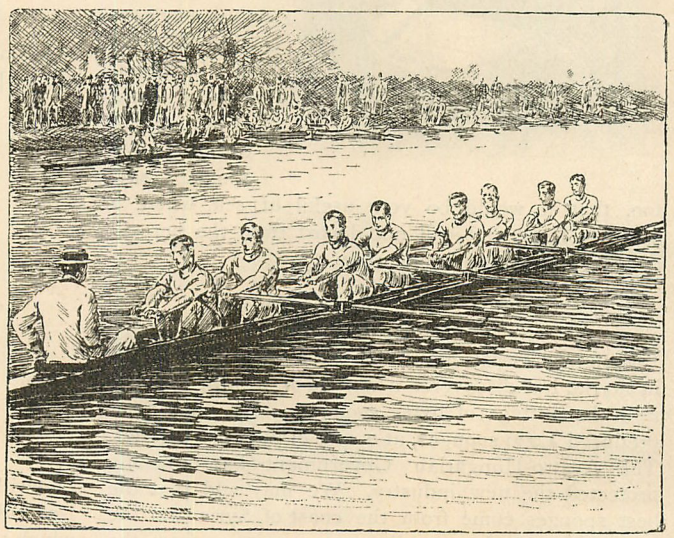
As I have mentioned before, there are two races in the year, those in Lent and those in May, the latter being *the* races of the year, when the first and second divisions alone compete. Each division contains about fifteen boats. Just before the race the boats row down in the order in which they were left after the preceding races, the last boat going down the first. The spot from which each boat is to start is marked by a stake driven into the ground, to which is attached a long chain, used by the "cox" to keep his boat in position.

There are three lengths between each boat, and the object of the crews is to catch up their antagonists and "bump" them. This is accomplished when the bow of the boat behind touches any part of the boat or crew in front of it. If this is done, both boats "easy," and pull as soon as possible to the nearest bank, in order to get out of the way of those behind. It was whilst doing this that the deplorable accident occurred by which Mr. Campbell met his death at the last Lent races.

On the following day the successful boat takes the place of the one which it has bumped. Great excitement is caused when a "bump" is made: the flag, which has been carried along the bank by a partisan of the winning crew, is hoisted in the boat, which, after the race, rows up to its boat-house amid the applause of friends and spectators.

In the May races the lawn at Ditton Corner, a favourite place for "bumps" on account of the sharp turn in the river, is crowded with drags and carriages, full of ladies and spectators, who, on a bright summer afternoon, form a very pretty scene. Great fun is caused by those who have come down by water to see the races, in their attempts to get home quickly. A general *mêlée* ensues, in which some are unfortunate enough to get a ducking.

It is pleasant to fight over again our 'Varsity battles, and one often sees the face of a veteran oarsman light up as he recounts his victories on the Cam.



READY TO START.

TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

MY heart goes back to last July,
The river flowing at our feet,
And every hour that then went by
Was full of happiness complete.
The future lay beyond our ken,
We knew it not, nor cared to know,
We lived but in the future then,
But that was long ago.

Ah me! to-day and yesterday,
They seem so wide, so far apart;
Then I was yours, you said, for aye,
To-day you tear me from your heart.
Go by! forget me if you will,
It is too late for wild regret;
Yet oh that you but loved me still,
Or I could but forget!

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

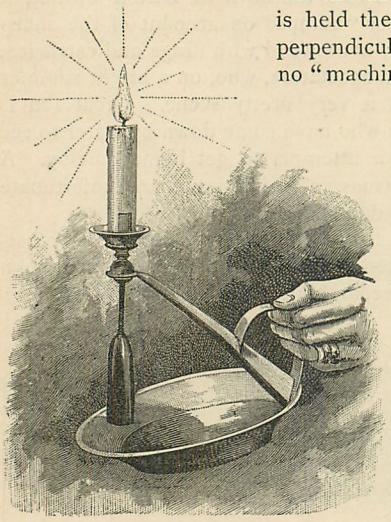
THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Safety Candlestick.

Our illustration shows a new candlestick which has recently been patented, and which is so constructed that in whatever position it is held the candle is kept perpendicular. There is no "machinery" to get out of order, for the main principle of the contrivance is the employment of a ball-joint of the very simplest kind. The advantage which this new candlestick gives in increased safety and comfort is obvious. We should say, too, that it would be very useful at sea, where a portable light, that will not depart from the perpendicular, is always a desideratum.



Rearing Sponges.

Professor Oscar Smith, of the University of Gratz, in Styria, has discovered a method of growing sponges from the cuttings of living sponges. One experiment produced 4,000 sponges, at a cost of about 225 francs. The Austro-Hungarian Government has officially protected the new industry. We may add that the best sponges come from the coast of Syria and the Grecian Archipelago, while the poorest are from the Bahamas. The tough Tunisian sponge is in common use. Sponges grown on sandy bottoms are superior to those from muddy bottoms. They are usually taken from depths of fifteen to twenty feet, either by diving, or the harpoon and drag. With the new metal diving dress, called a "scaphandre," the Greek divers can remain for two or three hours at the bottom selecting and gathering the sponges.

An Indicating Target.

A new target, which indicates the value of the last shot without the necessity of a marker, has been brought out. When the shot strikes, a coloured disc appears, which tells the value by its colour. The target has been tried successfully at in-door practice, and it is hoped that a trial at long ranges will be afforded the inventor.

A New Boot.

A boot combining the advantages of rubber and leather has recently been brought out, and is illustrated

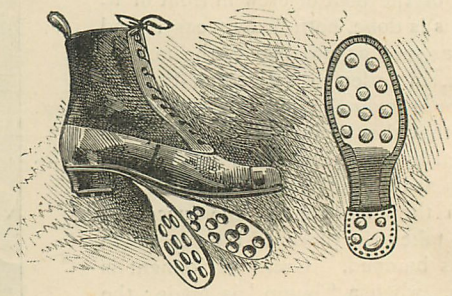
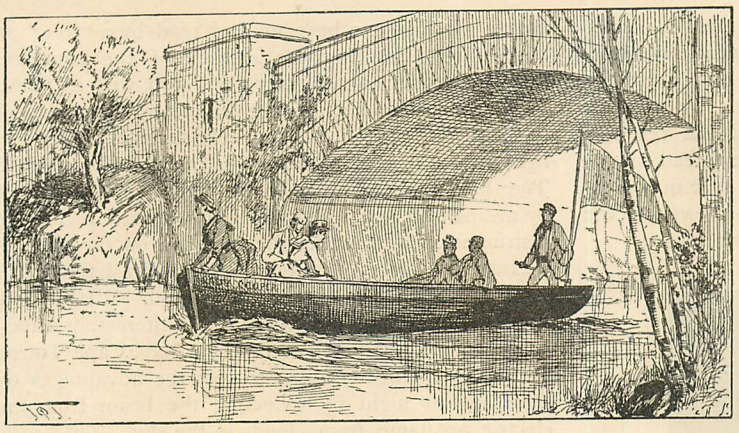


FIG. 1. FIG. 2.

herewith. Over the inner sole is placed a vulcanised rubber sole, moulded with projecting discs, on which the outer sole fits by means of holes, as shown, the whole being sewn together by hand, or other-

"AH ME! TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY,
THEY SEEM SO WIDE, SO FAR APART."

"TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY" (*p.* 508).



NEW LAUNCHES—FIG. 1.

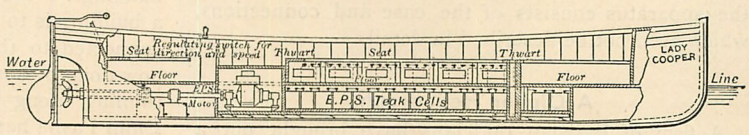
wise united. The rubber discs project a little from the sole, as shown in Fig. 2, and give an easy, noiseless, and secure tread, while protecting the sole for a time from wear. Military officers are said to speak favourably of the boot, which seems well adapted for pedestrian exercise. We may add that the boot is to be tried by the police of Leeds. Forms are made for the ordinary wear of ladies as well as gentlemen.

A Snow-Shoe Journey.

The Norwegian Greenland Expedition, which is to attempt the passage across Greenland on snow-shoes this summer, is in charge of Mr. Nansen, Curator of the Bergen Museum, and champion snow-shoe walker of Norway. The party will probably carry their baggage on reindeer-sleighs. It may be remarked that the Norwegian snow-shoe is not, like the Canadian, a thong-racket, but a long, narrow plank of wood curving at the point like a skate-runner.

New Launches.

A new launch, driven by a motor worked by naphtha, has been introduced into London. An alcohol lamp is used to warm a vaporiser where the naphtha is vaporised and employed in lieu of steam. The arrangement is very light—an 18-foot launch, requiring a 2 horse-power engine, weighing only about 200 lbs. An 8 horse-power engine weighs 600 lbs., or about one-fifth the weight of a steam-engine and boiler giving the same power. Moreover, in about two minutes the launch can be got under weigh, and when running at full speed can, it is stated, be stopped in her own length, as the screw, which is three-bladed, can be reversed instantly. A 2 horse-power motor consumes less than a gallon of naphtha per hour. No engineer is needed, as any intelligent and able-bodied person can work the engine after some ten minutes' instruction. The machinery is carried in the stern in a space measuring 18 inches each way; yet it can drive the craft at a speed of six miles an hour. As there are no furnaces, and as naphtha can be purchased in so many towns, the new launch appears to be quite an acquisition, and will recommend itself for the Thames in preference to the usual steam-launch. It seems also to have the advantage of electric launches in the lightness of the apparatus. Our illustrations show the exterior and interior of the new electric launch built for the Electrical Power Storage Company, and named the *Lady Cooper*, after the wife of Sir Daniel Cooper. The power is supplied by teak accumulator cells of the "E.P.S." (Electrical Power Storage) model. There are 66 cells, supplying the current to an "E.P.S." electric motor, which works the propeller as shown. The teak cells are chiefly placed below the floor of the launch, and a switch is provided for regulating the speed and direction of the vessel. The launch is provided with a cabin 7 feet long, and has an electric gong in place of the ordinary steam-whistle. It can, moreover, have an electric search-light when used for searching purposes. The speed attained was $11\frac{1}{2}$ knots on the tideway of the Thames during the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race day, when it made its first public appearance. It is proposed to establish electric stations at different points on the Thames to supply electricity to the accumulators of these launches as they require it, for it must be remembered that though such an electric launch is very noiseless and emits no steam, the accumulators require recharging.



NEW LAUNCHES—FIG. 2.

A New Glass.

A new glass is reported from Sweden. It contains, amongst other elements, phosphorus and boron, and its refractive power is said to be very great, and far superior to that of the existing glass used for microscopes. Hence an increase of microscopic power is expected from it.

Artificial Silk.

Artificial silk has been prepared by Dr. Chardonne, a French experimenter, by dissolving 3 grammes of nitro-cellulose in 100 to 150 cubic centimètres of a mixture of equal parts of alcohol and ether, and adding 2·5 cubic centimètres of a filtered 10 per cent. solution of ferrous chloride in alcohol, and 1·5 cubic centimètres of a solution of tannic acid in alcohol. The filtered liquid is placed in a vertical reservoir, having a blowpipe nozzle of glass in its bottom. This pipe forms an acute cone with an orifice from $\frac{1}{10}$ to $\frac{1}{20}$

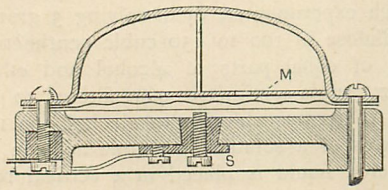
millimètre wide, the thickness of the margin not exceeding $\frac{1}{10}$ millimètre, and opening into a vessel of water acidulated with $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of mono-hydrated nitric acid. The fluid in flowing out by pressure hardens in the acidulated water, and the resulting thread is dried rapidly in hot air. The thread can be dyed all colours by soluble pigments. We may mention that Mr. J. W. Swan, the well-known electric light inventor, recently devised a similar process.

An Automatic Fountain.

The engraving shows an automatic fountain of an ornamental character, suitable for drawing-rooms or conservatories, and capable of containing plants. The action of the fountain is maintained by a hot-air motor, of a harmless character, and fixed in the standard of the fountain.

An Electric Fire Alarm.

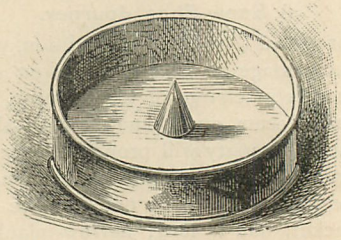
A simple electric fire alarm is illustrated in the figure. It consists of a metallic membrane, M, which expands with an undue rise of temperature, and, sagging at the centre, makes contact with a screw, S,



thereby closing an electric circuit, and ringing an alarm bell fixed in any convenient place. The rest of the apparatus consists of the case and connections, which need not be described in detail.

A Cipher Heliograph.

A firm of Parisian opticians have brought out a heliograph which leaves a written record, so that a cipher message can be sent and read by a "key" at leisure, thus insuring the secrecy of the contents. The transmitter consists of an oil lamp, with its flame in the form of a lens, through which the beam passes to the distant station. A movable shutter cuts off the light at will, in accordance with the code of signals. The shutter is placed in front of the lens, and is moved by means of a key. The key also works a recording instrument, which marks the message on tape. The message is received by a telescope; and all the apparatus is contained on a portable tripod. While upon this subject we may mention some interesting experiments recently made at Simon's Bay, Cape Town, by Admiral Hunt-Grubbe, to test the advantages of signalling at night by reflecting the beam from an electric arc lamp from clouds in the sky. The beam is, of course, directed up on the clouds by a powerful reflector and occulted after the manner of the heliograph, using the Morse code of signals, also used with the heliograph. It was found possible to telegraph in this way to Cape Town, and some trials made by running out to sea showed that the signals could be read fifty miles. At this point the weather interfered; but enough was done to show that, under favourable circumstances, the method may be useful as a night heliograph at sea.



A New Cake-Tin.

The engraving shows a new cake-tin, which insures the centre of the cake being thoroughly cooked without overdoing the outside. The cone in the bottom conveys the heat to the centre, but the hole it makes is not seen from the top of the cake. The conducting shell is of pure copper, and plated to render the surface quite wholesome. These "tins" are made in three sizes, namely, 6, 8, and 10 inches in diameter.

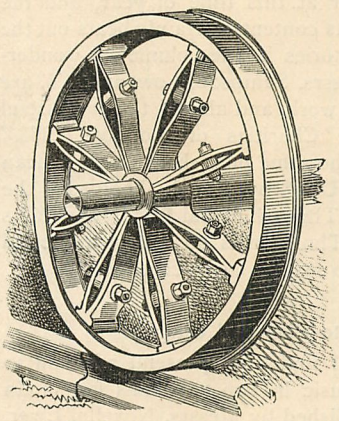
A New Lightning-Rod.

Professor Oliver Lodge, in recent lectures, advocated the use of iron for lightning-rods in preference to copper, now so generally used. He also pointed out that in sudden and violent discharges the ordinary "points" on rods are of little use, and suggested the use of barbed wire along the ridges and eaves of buildings. He argued that the true way to protect a building is to enclose it in a "cage" of conductors connected to the "earth." This is, in fact, what is now done by some of the best makers, the conductors running along the roof. We may add here that Emin Pasha has recently supplied some observations on lightning-strokes in Africa, which go to destroy the

impression that Africa, as a continent, is comparatively free from fatalities due to lightning. In the Lake basin strokes are commonest during the rainy season, but they are very rare in the Soudan. Apropos of the recent theory of Mr. Symons to the effect that "thunder-stones" or missiles falling during thunder-flashes are mythical rather than actual phenomena, Emin Pasha states that the Soudanese believe that "stones" accompany lightning-flashes, and when they find one composed of iron they regard it as a great prize, conferring, when made into a knife or sword, immunity from death in battle. The meteoritic iron is worked by the blacksmiths using milk in place of water, as they consider that water destroys the qualities of the metal. The Soudanese are not the only persons who have worked meteoritic iron into weapons, Mr. Sowerby having presented to the Russian Czar in 1814 a sword made from very pure meteoric iron found in Australia. We may add that four weather-stations have been established in America to investigate the laws of electrical phenomena in the atmosphere, and compare them with the variations of the barometer.

Steel Wheels.

The figure illustrates one of the steel wheels for tramways and light railways now made at Sheffield.



The tyre is rolled of best steel, and the spokes, of the form shown, are fixed in place and tightened there by the bolts passing through their bulging portions. The form admits of new tyres replacing the old ones when worn out, by an experienced workman, without machine work or long delay.

Fresh Air for Long Tunnels.

An inventor has devised a plan for supplying fresh air to railway carriages in underground railways. It consists in providing a collapsible reservoir of compressed air attached to the vehicle, with pipes for conveying the air to the interior, and a distributor to disperse it. The plan reminds us of the advantages which compressed air engines have in place of steam for underground lines. With these the exhaust air could be breathed, and there would be no smoke. We may mention, however, that the Metropolitan District Railway Company are said to be contemplating the introduction of electricity as the motive-power on their lines; and in such case the atmosphere will be improved, since no smoke or steam will be given off.

Cousin to all the World.

If Mr. Henry Kendall, the author of "The Kinship of Men" (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), is to be believed, there is no need of the "one touch of nature" to "make the whole world kin." He traces our relationship to one another, not to a common stock, but in each case from an actually living individual backwards. Some of the results are most startling; as, for instance, the calculation that the normal increase of ancestry up to the thirty-second generation shows that each living man has 4,294,967,296 ancestors. After that, who can doubt the kinship of the world?

Some New Music.

Every one is on the look-out for new music. The popular pieces so soon become hackneyed, that we are always obliged to be on the look-out for fresh and taking pieces. Foremost among popular writers of songs is Mr. F. E. Weatherly, so well known to all our readers. Messrs. Boosey and Co. send us, in an attractive parcel of new music, two new songs of Mr. Weatherly's. One, "My Southern Home," is very effectively set by Mr. J. L. Molloy; the other one, "The Goodwin Sands," is set by Stephen Adams, who gives us a very dramatic rendering; but we confess that it is not quite equal, in our opinion, to other songs from this composer. Mr. F. J. Davis's "Forty Sailors' Songs," which are set to music by Mr. Ferris Tozer, for the same publishers, are no doubt capital for their purpose. The "Diamond Music Books" are marvels of cheapness; and the "Cavendish" series are admirable for their excellent get-up as well as the high quality of the music.

The Prince of Orange.

Nine-tenths of us owe our impressions of William of Orange to Macaulay and his "History," and we are chary of welcome to a new biography of the warmly-greeted invader prince. But Mr. H. D. Traill's contribution to Messrs. Macmillan's "Twelve English Statesmen" is worthy of its great subject, and of its predecessors in this series. It is clear and impartial throughout, and admirable as affording a picture of William the Third's period. In a by-path of history is another work which is now before us—Mr. Henry J. Swallow's "Catharines of History" (Elliot Stock). The work is intended as a gift-book for presentation to ladies whose Christian name is Catharine or Kate. We suppose the idea is that the lady is to emulate her namesakes, but these were of such varying fortune and fate that it would be possible to please all tastes.

A New Instruction Book.

A new instruction book, by Mr. Adrian De Lorme, has been published by Messrs. Duff and Stewart, under the title of the "A B C Instructions for the Pianoforte." It lays claim to greater simplicity than the majority of such works, and certainly puts the elementary facts of music in as clear a form as would seem possible. The same publishers send us new editions

of favourite airs by Spohr and Mendelssohn, and a well-marked gavotte by Cecil Nielson, entitled "Gwendoline," very suitable for young performers. A series of new operatic arrangements of the usual kind, by Mr. A. De Lorme, and a capital "March of the Pilgrim Fathers," by E. L. Hime, also reach us from the same firm. Ciro Pinsuti's last song, "Rest to the Weary" (Messrs. E. Ascherberg and Co.), if not the best he has written, certainly deserves the success he predicted for it. Mr. Carl Kiefert's "Bulgarian Patrol" is pretty and effective of its style; and Leopold Godowsky's "Moto Perpetuo" for the pianoforte is skilfully written and excellent as a study. Mr. Edwin Ashdown sends us a parcel containing specimens of his beautifully printed and cheap editions of "Standard Musical Works," and four simple and brilliant drawing-room pieces by Sydney Smith. A charming little song from the same publisher is Mr. Michael Watson's setting of "Little Lady Bountiful;" while the "Arabian Serenade," written and composed by Mr. Michael Watson, is an effective song for a male voice. The various numbers of Messrs. A. Hammond and Co.'s "Academic Edition" prove it to be a very useful series. A collection of Marches (No. 15 in this series) ought to be in very general request. Two little pieces for the piano, by Mr. Alfred Sargent, "Un Soir d'Avril" and "Loin du Pays," are both very melodious.

The Handiest Form for Stories.

Single-volume stories succeed and are read where in less portable form they would be passed by. Foremost among publishers of stories in this form are Messrs. F. V. White and Co., who send us the Hon. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh's clever "Dream Faces," and Sir Randal H. Roberts's "Curb and Snaffle;" as to the latter, we must say that in our opinion the ending is not very satisfactory, and gives a want of artistic finish to the story. The same publishers send us, too, "The Confessions of a Publisher," by the author of "Bootles' Baby," and "A Glorious Galop," by Mrs. Edward Kennard, both of which are good. Another very readable story from the same source is "The Mystery of a Turkish Bath," by "Rita."

Musical Novelties.

The growing practice of taking the words of well-known hymns and setting them for solo singing is one that has not a little to commend it. The latest example is Mr. Michael Watson's rendering of "There's a Friend for Little Children," issued by Messrs. Patey and Willis. It is not, as might be supposed, set for children's singing, but is a somewhat elaborate rendering of the well-known lines. From the same publishers and composer is "The Sea Bird's Message," a pretty and easy song, with a bright refrain. Mr. F. N. Löhr has set for Messrs. Patey and Willis two songs of Mr. F. E. Weatherly's, one of them, entitled "Another World," being a really fine song, with plenty of scope for expressive singing. We do not approve of those sensational pieces of musical claptrap known as "Musical Panoramas," but we suppose that there must be some demand for works of such very doubtful musical value, or they would not continue to pour upon us. The latest example of this style of composition comes to us from the London Music Publishing Company, Limited, under the title of "The Nile Expedition." It consists of the usual jumble of popular airs, rolling drums, and blaring trumpets; and if any of our readers are in want of a specimen of this class of music they could not do better than try this one. The same publishers have been much more fortunate in an unambitious but tuneful little song, entitled "Tiny Feet," the music of which is by Mr. Morton Elliott.

Painting in Water-Colour.

Messrs. Cassell have just issued a tenth edition of Mr. R. P. Leitch's admirable "Course of Water-Colour Painting," illustrated by four-and-twenty coloured plates. This work forms a very useful guide to the student in localities where regular oral tuition is not to be had. Students who wish to avail themselves of this work's suggestions during the present open season should do so at once, or they will be too late.

"Sunny Fields and Shady Woods."

The title of Madame de Gasparin's volume is decidedly in her favour at this time of year, and the charming variety of its contents certainly bears out the title. Some of the stories in the volume are wonderfully touching. Messrs. Sampson, Low, and Co. are the publishers of this work, and also of the ever-useful "Handbook to the Charities of London, 1888." Another work from the same publishers is an African romance, entitled "Ulu," by Joseph Thomson, the travelled author of "Through Masai Land," and Miss Harris Smith. Mr. Thomson is on his own ground here, and, needless to say, he has succeeded.

What to Play and Sing.

Young players will find a very useful addition to their collection of music in two "Albums for Violin and Pianoforte," published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co., who are also the publishers of a well-known series of "Primers," which now scarcely need commendation. Three numbers of the "Albums for Pianoforte," containing the *compositions* by H. Kjerulf, include some delightfully quaint work. Of Mr. F. H. Cowen's "Six Vocal Duets" we need only say that they are too well known to require notice. Messrs. Enoch and Sons send us some songs that should be popular; first is a pathetic song written and composed by Lord Henry Somerset, and entitled "Pray for Me." "The Angel Came" is a lovely little rendering by Mr. F. H. Cowen of words by Mr. G. C. Bingham. "Parted or Near," and "Seven Bonny Maidens," are both songs by Mr. F. E. Weatherly. The former is given a simple and melodious setting by Mr. Frank L. Moir, who also gives an effective violin accompaniment to the song. The latter is an amusing little comic song set by Mr. J. L. Rœckel.

COMRADES ONCE.

By THOMAS KEYWORTH, Author of "Mistress June," "A Treacherous Calm," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

ONLY A NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPH.

IT was among the general news in the *Longdale Weekly Courier*, and it might easily have been passed over in the hunt for something definite and personal, for it simply said—

"Several forged cheques have been presented lately at various branches of a newly-established bank in the district. The forgery was so skilfully accomplished that the cheques were cashed, and no suspicion was excited. Blank cheques had been extracted from the book of a well-known manufacturer, who is also a director of the bank. No apprehensions have been made, but suspicion points to a confidential clerk, who was lately discharged by the manufacturer without any reason being given. The ex-clerk is said to be on his way to America."

An outsider or a stranger might not have taken the trouble to read the paragraph a second time, but outsiders and strangers were not of much account in the district where the *Weekly Courier* circulated; the people there had opinions of their own, and were in the habit of acting according to their convictions.

One bank, and one bank only, could be called "newly established;" that was the Milltown, Longdale, and Mordene Joint Stock Bank. The man to whom the description of "director, and well-known manufacturer" applied was Arthur Claxton. The confidential clerk must be Spence Norland; for he had suddenly left Arthur Claxton's service, and there were many conflicting opinions about the reason, several persons affirming that he had been turned away at a moment's notice for some misconduct.

Nobody believed that Spence Norland was on his way to America. He was engaged at Milltown, unless indeed he had taken to flight since the previous Monday. But a single difficulty like that was not sufficient to overturn a system of interpretation which had so many probabilities on its side.

The *Weekly Courier* was a Saturday paper, which was published on Friday evening—for the convenience of its readers, was the explanation given by the proprietors, but most people thought the desire to be in the field first had something to do with its untimely appearance.

"If the Milltown papers began to come out on Friday, we should have the *Courier* on Thursday," was a remark often made by people who professed to understand the reason for things, and who thought they could forecast the vagaries of humanity under any given circumstances.

Milltown was a larger place than Longdale, and it was growing faster than its rival; for in a sense they were rivals. Longdale was the older town. There was a tradition to the effect that letters were formerly addressed to "Milltown near Longdale," and there was a prophecy to the effect that they would some day be addressed to "Longdale near Milltown."

Mordene people could afford to look calmly on while the inhabitants of the two towns were asserting their claims to pre-eminence; for Mordene was only a small place, but it had a dignity of its own, because the Mordene Mills were famous throughout the county, and to be famous throughout Yorkshire was looked upon as an honour which ought to satisfy the most exacting disposition.

The oldest inhabitant of Mordene could not remember the time when the *Longdale Weekly Courier* was not the favourite newspaper in Mordene. If anything happened during the week, it was customary to remark, "We shall see what the *Courier* says;" and if anything striking or unexpected appeared in that paper it was looked upon as a daring piece of scepticism to dispute its accuracy. "The *Courier* says so," was almost an unanswerable argument.

The short and vague paragraph which referred to the forged cheques, and the suspected ex-clerk who was said to be on his way to America, caused more sensation in Mordene than could have been produced by columns of details about any outrage or calamity in any other part of the world.

It was thoroughly discussed at the "Tyke's Rest," where a number of men always assembled on Friday night for the express purpose of "seeing the paper." A man did not say, "I will go and get a pint of ale," or, "I will go and have a chat with my neighbours;" but, "I will go and see what there is fresh in the *Courier*." It was estimated by a local statistician, who happened to be a teetotaller also, that there was as much money spent every Friday night at the "Tyke's Rest," with the avowed object of seeing the paper, as would have purchased more than three dozen copies, though the *Courier* was published at twopence.

It was agreed at the "Tyke's Rest" that the man who wrote that paragraph about the forged cheques might just as well have mentioned names, because everybody who knew anything could see who were meant.

"If a man hides, he should not hide behind a pane of glass," said Sam Sneesby, who was a bit of an oracle among his comrades. "I don't call a man anonymous if he sends his photograph. You needn't

put your spectacles on to see that Mr. Arthur is meant, and that Spence Norland is the other. Though I must say it's a poor ending up. It's enough to make that monument in th' churchyard tumble over and bury itself, is that. Think of Abel Claxton and Thew Norland being such chums as they were, and then we find a passage like this in the *Courier*."

The paragraph was read again, and it was a general signal for pots and glasses to be replenished. Excitement always proved itself to be a thirst-producing condition at the "Tyke's Rest," and a bit of out-o'-the-way news was a good thing for the house.

Mordene was a manufacturing village, although Mordeners called it a town; but strangers who had no desire to offend the native susceptibility, and yet who did not wish to commit themselves to extravagant phrases, made a compromise by calling it a place. The only sarcastic description of it was given by Maddox Tatterway, a clever kind of wanderer without occupation, who once said that Mordene was a big mill with a fringe of houses. People were not quite sure whether this was intended as an insult or a compliment, and therefore Maddox was allowed to escape without personal injury; but the risk was considerable, and Maddox did not repeat his simile.

On the hillside was a villa called the Knoll, a very plain-looking house, but comfortable inside. "It's as big as it looks, or bigger," was a remark which Mordeners made to visitors when pointing out the show-places of the neighbourhood. "It was built by Abel Claxton, and he wasn't th' man to build a house which 'ud have nothing much but outside to recommend it. Not he. Abel Claxton could get sixpennyworth for sixpence with any man in this county, and that's saying something, for Yorkshire is Yorkshire."

In that plain, solid villa, the paragraph that excited interest at the "Tyke's Rest" was eagerly discussed. Mrs. Travis, who lived there, and who was better known as Christine Claxton, was a sister of Arthur Claxton, the manufacturer and bank director who was supposed to be referred to in the *Courier*. She was nearer fifty than forty, and had the appearance of a person who could do most things for herself. "She has a mind of her own," was the verdict passed upon her by public opinion in Mordene. Her daughter, Hilda, was about twenty-one, and, to quote public opinion again, she was a good deal better-looking than her mother had ever been. "She's a deal like her father, the doctor, who died," was a piece of information often given to strangers who cared to know anything about the people in the neighbourhood.

"Newspaper paragraphs are like mock-turtle soup, your father was fond of saying, more mock than turtle," the mother remarked.

There was an expression of trouble on Mrs. Travis's face as she spoke, and Hilda at that moment resembled her mother in appearance, for she was pained also, and the fellowship of suffering seemed to bring out the features which the two had in common.

"It is absurd to hint that Spence Norland has run away to America," Hilda replied. "I am puzzled to know who writes these things, and why the writers are not more accurate."

Then Mrs. Travis said something which sounded strangely like Sam Sneesby's remarks in the "Tyke's Rest."

"That monument in the churchyard looks almost like a mockery now. If this sort of work goes on I shall be ready to wish the earth would open and swallow it up."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a visitor—Caster Claxton, son to Arthur Claxton, and Hilda's cousin. He was several years older than Hilda, and had what Mordene people called "a look of his own bringing on." Dissipation had made marks upon him; and when he was in respectable company he looked as if he would rather be somewhere else. He greeted his aunt and cousin with a kind of uneasy familiarity, and then seated himself with what might be called an air of restless resignation.

Mrs. Travis mentioned the newspaper paragraph to her nephew, and asked him whether or not he had seen it.

"I haven't seen it," replied Caster, "and don't want to see it. If my plan had been followed, Spence Norland would have been weaving carpets now in Grew Corner. No man should be educated above his station."

Caster Claxton's arguments were once described as "bad logic and a good shout." It was evident that he did not intend to pursue the subject which had been introduced, for he began to speak to Hilda about other topics. Judging by Hilda's look as she listened to him, a stranger would not have supposed that most people said the cousins were engaged to be married.

Caster Claxton had mentioned Grew Corner. This was a part of Mordene where some of the oldest cottages stood. There were hand-looms in several of them, though hand-looms had become scarce in that part of Yorkshire. Most of the people about Grew Corner were poor, and there was a feeling among the villagers generally that men who were slow and sure, or who were slow without being sure, found Grew Corner a comfortable place to live in. Most of the residents owned their cottages, and were not affected by the desire for outward alteration and improvement like some of their neighbours. Very rare events were said to happen as often as the painter visited Grew Corner.

In one of the cottages an old couple sat before the fire. The man did not look old enough to be the woman's husband, but he looked too old to be her son. He was her son, however, and a very silent son too; for though the paragraph in the *Courier* had been read to him, and he had shown considerable emotion, yet his lips remained tightly closed, and he sat like one who had taken a vow of silence which he longed to break. The mother was not loquacious, but she had something to say; as well she might, for the person referred to in the paper was her own grandson. Her voice was still sweet, and her face had not changed much since the time when she was spoken of as "Bonnie Judith Norland."

"Spence would not go to America without letting us know, Henry," she said. "Not for all the Claxtons in Mordene. And why should the boy go? Those who don't know him may call him thief, but it is because they don't know him. He will be here to-morrow."

Judith Norland was so accustomed to her silent son that she seemed able to read the expression on his face, and she could gather from it affirmative and negative replies just as if he had spoken. This rendered conversation possible between them, although Henry never uttered a sound.

"It is a sad thing, after that monument," she said, allowing her thoughts to take the same direction as other people's thoughts were taking that night. "I could almost wish somebody would come and cart it all away."

Henry gazed at vacancy, but Judith knew that he agreed with her.

The conversation throughout Mordene was divided between the paragraph in the *Courier* and the monument in the churchyard; and when, in days that followed, the paper was sent to distant places, the same topics occupied the attention of readers who were familiar with Mordene life and history.

One copy was delivered by the postman every Saturday afternoon at a cottage in York Street, Stepney. It was sent from the office in Longdale, and was addressed to Philip Gledwin, Esq., much to the amusement of Philip and his sister and brothers. But they had all become accustomed to the dignified title, and looked on it as an example of newspaper eccentricity. Philip was "young, but solid," as Mordene people said when he worked there as a spinner. Annice, his sister, was younger, and in the language of Mordene, she was pretty, and knew it. Philip had not reached home when the paper came, so Annice opened it, and glanced down the columns to see what had been happening in the old neighbourhood. With pale cheeks she looked at the "marriages," but there was nothing there to alarm her; so she devoted herself to the other affairs, and her colour returned, She liked to have a special fact with which to greet her brother on his entrance, because it prevented her having much to say to Jim Buttershaw, who always called with Philip to hear the news. That afternoon the special fact was soon found. Annice could scarcely believe her eyes when she read the paragraph; she had not time to read it through again before Philip entered, with Jim Buttershaw behind him; Jim looking a bit sheepish, as usual, because it was Annice he really wanted to see, and the newspaper was only a make-believe.

"What now, Annice?" Philip asked, when he saw that his sister was troubled about something.

Annice did not speak, but gave him the paper and pointed to the paragraph. Philip never seemed in a hurry, though it was often remarked that he got through a wonderful amount of work for a steady goer. Perhaps he was slower at reading than anything. It was not surprising, therefore, that Jim Buttershaw had finished the piece before Philip was half through. Jim changed colour, and looked at Annice, who stood with her hands on her breast, gazing through the window. She looked beautiful, but Jim felt ill at ease.

When Philip had finished the paragraph he looked from Jim to Annice several times without speaking, as if he wanted them to tell him what to think about it.

"It says Spence was turned away," he gasped.

The paper never mentioned Spence, but Philip, like everybody else, was able to supply the suppressed name.

"It talks as if he was a robber and a forger," Philip continued. "Robbed Arthur Claxton, and forged his name. I reckon that is what it means."

"And gone to America," said Jim Buttershaw—watching Annice very closely; but Annice did not stir.

"What is the good of that monument in Mordene Churchyard?" Philip asked. "I think, if I had my way, I'd upset it after this; I would so."

"It is a shame," Jim Buttershaw exclaimed. Then he said he would go home, but he would be back again at about six o'clock. He looked rather wistfully at Annice, but she did not seem to notice him.

On that same Saturday afternoon Spence Norland was in Milltown, hurrying towards the railway station.

"You are too late for this train," said a shabby-looking man who accosted him near the station entrance.

"Has it gone?" Spence asked with a disappointed look.

"Yes, it has gone," replied the other, who seemed to enjoy the disappointment of his acquaintance.

Spence was walking away when the shabby man said—

"You are not on your way to America yet, I see."

"To where?"

"To America. That is where the *Longdale Courier* says you are gone. I must say I thought it was true. Scholarship is a mistake; and the poet was wrong; he ought to have said—

'Satan finds some mischief still
For nimble hands to do.'

Take my word for it, the nimble fingers are the mischief-makers."

The speaker was Maddox Tatterway, whom Spence knew well, and to whom he had given many a shilling. But he did not desire the company of Maddox just then, so he entered the station that he might wait for the next train.

Maddox Tatterway had been drinking, but he was able to walk steadily, and he directed his steps towards one of his favourite resorts in Milltown, muttering as he went—

"He carries it off very well, the young buck does. I should like to lay odds he has a *Courier* in his pocket all the time. The ex-clerk!"

There Maddox stood, that he might have a good laugh.

"And that monument," he said, proceeding again. "Haven't I always said that every tragedy has a comedy in it somewhere—but only the humorous man can see it?"

Then Maddox stopped once more, and laughed louder than ever.

"But this is dry work," he added, "as dry as virtue, and as unnecessary. I must have a drink."

Spence Norland did not wait for the next train to Mordene, but he took one which would enable him to get off at Topside, about two miles from Mordene. Whether Maddox Tatterway was right or wrong in saying that Spence had a copy of the *Courier* in his pocket when he entered the station, there was no doubt that he had one when he was walking along the lonely road between Topside and Mordene, and that he read the paragraph many times, knowing full well that it referred to himself. He was a well-built young man of twenty-three, and there was a look of candour about his clear-cut and well-shaped features. He certainly had not the appearance of a forger or thief; but he walked along the road slowly, as if a great weight was pressing him down. Sometimes he muttered something to himself, and the word "Hilda" escaped his lips frequently. When he reached a point from which the Knoll could be seen he put the paper away, and began to step out more briskly. There was no likelihood of anybody recognising him at that distance, for the Knoll was right across the valley. But the house appeared to have a fascination for him.

He had to pass Mordene Church on his way to Grew Corner, and his thoughts turned to the monument which seemed to occupy everybody's attention just then. There was a tall obelisk in the churchyard, which stood there, the most prominent object except the church itself, and Spence fixed his eyes upon it in a strange manner. Then he entered the churchyard, and wended his way towards the obelisk, at the front of which was an inscription. Spence read the words, as he had often read them before.

This is what the inscription said :—

"Near this place lie the mortal remains of Thew Norland, hand-loom weaver, who was born in a cottage at Grew Corner, and who died in the same cottage at the age of 72 ; and of Abel Claxton, founder of Mordene Mills, who was also born in a cottage at Grew Corner, and who died at Holmwood Hall, aged 74.

"COMRADES ONCE."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE COMRADES.

MORDENE was proud of Abel Claxton, and in a sense it was proud of Thew Norland, but not in the same unanimous and emphatic manner. Abel Claxton was said to have made Mordene, which meant that he had built large mills there, and had attracted a number of people to the place ; he also built Holmwood Hall, a great deal larger house than the Knoll, and he made money. In the opinion of many Mordeners there was only one way in which a man could prove that he had made the best of this present world : that way was to accumulate a fortune. Abel Claxton had done so, and therefore he deserved the admiration of all who were acquainted with these circumstances. On the other hand, Thew Norland was universally acknowledged to have been a long-headed fellow, who knew a wonderful lot about books, and plants, and stars ; he was also perfectly upright in all his dealings, but he had lived and died a hand-loom weaver. It was very difficult to become enthusiastic about him under those circumstances. There was one fact to be remembered, however : Abel Claxton never changed in his fondness for Thew. That ought to stand for something, and it did stand for something in the estimation of the people who were almost ready to worship the man who had accumulated wealth and built Mordene Mills.

Thew and Abel started life together. Thew was a carpet-weaver, Abel was a velvet-weaver ; and in their early days both the materials were woven by hand. Abel had a wonderful gift for machinery, and he made the best of the new age of steam, which transformed the various manufacturing processes with which he was familiar. By means of ingenuity and enterprise he managed to keep himself well in the front rank of those who adopted the new state of things, and endeavoured to use, or improve, every fresh device. Thew Norland wove Axminster carpets, and it was looked upon as a fortunate circumstance that, amid all the changes which took place, a man could earn a good living at that trade without giving up the old kind of loom or the old method of weaving.

When Abel and Thew were young men together, the militia was very considerably strengthened, and recruits were balloted for. A number of the Mordeners were drawn to serve. In later days, Militia Clubs were formed, and if any members of a club were drawn, the funds were available for providing substitutes ; but, at that early period, no such provision was made at Mordene, and the men had to go. Abel Claxton, Thew Norland, and Snape Tatterway were among those who had to leave their homes and undergo training in the garrison town. They were companions, though Snape was never quite as steady as the other two.

They were treated like heroes when they returned to their village ; for the times were times of war and national danger. News travelled slowly then, and knowledge of current events was scanty and inaccurate in remote places like Mordene. Men who returned from the militia training were supposed to have been face to face with the great foes who threatened the liberties of England ; their company was sought and their opinions asked about distant battles and rumoured campaigns.

Neither Thew nor Abel enjoyed the taste of military life which they had experienced, and they had much to do with starting the club which enabled those who preferred staying at home to do so. With Snape it was different ; he liked the periodical muster, and the company of a garrison town. Perhaps more than all, he enjoyed the welcome which he always received on his return to Mordene. The result was that Snape drifted away from the old companionship ; but Abel and Thew never ceased to be the close friends which they had been in hardship and perplexity, and with many a quiet joke they used the words "Comrades once," in reference to their brief experience of military life.

It would be almost impossible to find two steady

men with fewer characteristics in common than Abel and Thew. One laid himself out for making a fortune, the other cared chiefly about self-improvement, and the knowledge which could be gained from books and nature. Thew admired Abel's energy and enterprise, but she just suited Abel, for he was as fond of inventions as she was. Betty Claxton was Abel's helper, and she was almost the only one he had."

It would be difficult to imagine two good women who resembled each other in disposition as little as

"'WHY SHOULD THE BOY GO?'" (*p.* 515).

and when he heard anybody say that his success was unaccountable, he was always ready to answer—

"Hard work has done it, hard work and a big brain. Abel could always see more than was before his face; he could see into the possibilities of things. That is it. If anybody had much to do with it besides Abel it was his wife. I never knew a woman exactly like her. I sometimes think if I had married her she would have made me miserable, because she was all for trying new plans, and I never cared about them; Betty Claxton and Judith Norland. People who fancied they knew exactly how the world ought to have been made were fond of saying it was a pity that Abel did not marry Judith, and Thew did not marry Betty.

"Abel wanted holding back," said the wiseacres, "but Betty was just as much for driving on as he ever was. A woman like that was thrown away on a man who never needed spurring to any job which had money at the end of it. But Thew was always easy-going, and Judith was so well suited with easy-going

ways, that she never gave her husband a hint to stir himself. Matches don't often turn out as well as might be expected, even if lads and lasses were as-fond-as-fond when they were courting."

It was only outsiders who indulged in these regrets. The persons chiefly concerned were quite satisfied with their respective partners in life. Abel was sorry that Thew had not a wife more like Betty, and Thew often thought that a woman with the tastes of Judith would have been a blessing to his friend Abel.

The women were never as intimate as the men. Perhaps feminine friendship is not as often characterised by contrary qualities as masculine friendship. Betty Claxton could not understand how people were able to go on, year after year, without making an effort to improve their position ; and Judith Norland was unable to enter into the thoughts and feelings of those who were for ever striving to increase their responsibilities that they might enlarge their fortunes.

Judith Norland was very beautiful in her girlhood, and she retained her pleasant looks to old age ; her amiability never departed from her, and she never manifested any disappointment at having to continue in a humble position ; for the best of all reasons, that she did not feel disappointed. Betty Claxton, as she continued to be called in confidential speech, long after her husband had become the chief man in Mordene, was a shrewd, keen woman, with an eye to business, and a mind that could grasp the bearings of a case in a moment. There was no softness about her, but Abel was not disappointed at that ; Betty was a wonderful manager, he said, and she had a better head than any man he ever knew. If he had expressed his opinion, he would have said that the luckiest thing he ever did was to marry his wife.

"Making a fortune in business is never like finding a big nugget at the gold-fields." This fact was often insisted on by Thew Norland, when he heard his neighbours talking as if Abel Claxton had gone to sleep one night poor, and had awoke next morning rich.

"Abel has enjoyed the work, mind you," he would often say ; "but that is the most astonishing thing about it. Not one man in ten thousand could do what he has done, and not one in ten hundred thousand could do it and like it better than sitting still."

Snape Tatterway, in the language of Mordene, married but he did not settle, and his wife had to be the breadwinner. One son, Maddox, was born to them, and then Snape was found frozen to death on Blackstone Moor. Snape's widow made no secret of her intention to bring up Maddox to be a gentleman, which purpose was the cause of much sarcastic amusement among the neighbours.

The Claxtons and the Norlands had children born to them ; and it was often remarked in Mordene that poor as Thew Norland was, he gave his children more "schooling" than Abel Claxton did. All Thew's children, as they grew up, left Mordene, to settle in the neighbouring towns, except Henry, the eldest son. He married and lived in the cottage next to his father in Grew Corner, where he followed his trade as carpet-weaver. Abel Claxton said his children were worth money, and at a very early age his sons and daughters became useful at the Mills. Their education was neglected, but neither Abel nor his wife Betty cared much about that. In their opinion, education ought to be numbered among the luxuries of life.

Abel Claxton's eldest son was called Arthur ; he was a rougher man than his father had ever been ; he was full of energy, and was what people called a "tremendous worker." But if the word tremendous were admissible, then many of his characteristics might have been designated in the same way. Whatever Arthur Claxton did, he did with a will, and it was whispered that his thoroughness was not confined to business pursuits. Abel's other sons were also good workers, but none of them had the energy of Arthur.

The daughters had not enjoyed any greater educational advantages than the sons, but they were more refined, and were better liked by the "hands" than the male members of the family. Only one of them married, and that was Christine, or Chris, as she was always called at home. Christine's marriage was opposed by all the Claxtons, who made no secret of their opinion that "brass agreed best with brass."

Dr. Travis had settled at Mordene, because the prosperity of the Mills brought many people to the neighbourhood, and there seemed to be a promising opening for a young medical man who had his own way to make in the world. The doctor was poor, but he was skilful and kind, and soon won the confidence and affection of the people.

There was unpleasant work among the Claxtons when it was known that Dr. Travis was paying his addresses to Christine. Nobody had a word to say in favour of the doctor, but on the contrary, he was mentioned in a contemptuous manner, and his motives were condemned as mercenary and grovelling.

"If you think he cares the value of a mouse-trap for you," said Arthur, addressing his sister, "you are very much mistaken. He'd marry any lass in Mordene, big or little, nice or ugly, if he thought he would get a slice out of the Mills."

Christine was always the quietest of the Claxtons, and it seemed only natural to expect that she would give way to the importunities of her friends.

"Chuck that pill-box chap up, and have no more to do with him," said Ned, her second brother. "What is the use of making mischief in the family?"

Her father and mother were not as offensive in what they said as Arthur and Ned, but were equally opposed to the match. Arthur was the only married one among the sons and daughters. He had sought his wife at Grasscarr, where the extensive collieries were situated ; he had married Lydia Coalville, the eldest daughter of a man who was known by the nickname of King Coal, and who was supposed to be one of the richest men in the district. With that example before her eyes, it did seem strange to Abel and Betty that "Chris should dream of allying herself with a fellow who had nothing but a shelf full of physic-bottles to bless himself with."

Christine shed no tears, and she besought no for-

giveness; she told Dr. Travis how the matter stood, and she made no secret of her fear that her father would cut her off without a penny. If the doctor had shown the slightest hesitation, she would never have spoken to him again; but instead of that, he declared that it was herself he loved, and not her expectations. From that moment she was his altogether; she troubled her friends no more about the matter, but married the doctor, and went to live in the small house which he occupied.

"Thou'lt go to the wedding?" said Thew Norland to Abel, when the two were talking the matter over, after Christine had expressed her final determination. Abel was at Grew Corner.

"Nay, I shall not," replied Abel. "If anybody expects to have me, they must have me in my way."

"Thou art wrong," said Thew warmly. "This doctor is as fine a chap as I ever knew; and if Christine likes, I'll give her away when she's wed, come what there may of it."

There was a dangerous look in Abel Claxton's eyes when he heard this. But Thew had never received a favour from him, and was perfectly free to please himself in regard to the matter. Abel was smoking a long clay pipe in the loom-house; he smashed the pipe against the opposite wall, and departed without a word. He came back the next day, however, and found a fresh pipe in the customary corner. Nothing was said about the wedding, but when the ceremony took place, Thew was there, and acted the father's part.

Most people looked upon Thew's presence as a sign of compromise. Abel would not go himself, he was too obstinate for that, and he had asked Thew to act for him.

"It's poor work," said the critics. "If Abel had stuck to his word, he would have been wiser. Sending Thew Norland in his place is like the fellow who gave up swearing, and then made some new words of his own which meant the same thing."

Thew never set anybody right on the point; he was not sorry that people should think Abel had at least half relented at the last moment.

Dr. Travis took a fever and died, within two years of his marriage. Abel and Betty both went to see the doctor, but not until they were tolerably certain that he could not recover. Christine, of course, did not know about this last circumstance, and therefore she was prepared to be reconciled to her parents. But she would not return to Holmwood Hall. Hilda was twelve months old at the time, and Christine told her father she intended to have the training of her own child. There was the doctor's insurance money, and she intended to look round for something to do; she had worked hard before she was married, and could work again. Abel knew that perfectly well; he also knew that she was acquainted with many facts connected with Mordene velvet which had a marketable value; so he persuaded her to live at the Knoll, where he had lived himself before Holmwood Hall was built. A regular allowance was made to her, and the family feud was buried.

Abel showed no falling off in business ability, but he began to leave things more in Arthur's hands. He manifested what people called "a wonderful fondness for his granddaughter Hilda," and he spent more time than formerly with Thew Norland at Grew Corner.

After Betty Claxton died, Abel went to live with Christine at the Knoll, and Arthur occupied Holmwood Hall in his place. Whenever the old man visited Thew Norland he took Hilda with him, and in that manner Spence became intimate with her in childhood. Spence's mother died soon after his birth, and from that time his father became silent and melancholy, as if his heart was broken. Spence would have been neglected if his grandparents had not taken charge of him; but with his grandmother at hand, he never knew the loss he had suffered when his own mother left him, an orphan in the cradle.

The presence of Hilda Travis made the loom-house into a kind of fairyland to Spence. The visits were generally paid towards evening, after he had returned from school, and his labour and delight were to entertain Hilda with pictures, toys, and books.

"Spence is good," said Hilda, in recognition of his efforts; and this compliment she repeated without reserve when she returned home. Hilda was two years younger than Spence, and in her eyes he was a very big boy, and very clever, too. Her cousin, Caster, was four years older than she, but Caster never did anything to amuse her, and she saw very little of him.

Spence was nearly seventeen when his grandfather died; he was learning the trade of carpet-weaving, but his mind was in his books, and his heart was full of Hilda Travis, as it had been ever since he could remember anything.

Abel Claxton was never quite the same after Thew died. He visited Grew Corner as often as ever, and Hilda had to accompany him, though her governess declared that her education was being ruined by the interruptions. Abel did not stay long; he said Harry was "as mum as a mouse," and he scarcely noticed Spence; but the old man would sit pondering over the past, and muttering to himself, "In all my time I never knew but one Thew Norland, and now he is gone. Quite young he was, only seventy-two, and we were born in the same week."

Abel outlived his comrade two years; he was on a visit to Holmwood Hall when he died, and the people thought it very appropriate that he should die there.

It was soon known that Abel had made a codicil to his will, directing that he should be buried by the side of Thew Norland, and that a monument should be erected for them both, with an inscription of Abel's own drawing up. There was also to be a Scholarship founded, for Mordene boys; it was to be called "The Thew Norland Scholarship," and it was to be in connection with the County College, where each scholar was to study three years.

Then the rumour began to spread that Arthur Claxton intended to dispute the validity of the codicil, on the ground that when his father made it he was not in a fit state of mind.

"'THAT I CANNOT TELL'" (*p.* 522).

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE THEW NORLAND SCHOLARSHIP.

WHEN Spence Norland heard about the Scholarship which was to be founded in memory of his grandfather he felt himself filled with a noble ambition to compete, and if possible win it, that he might have the advantage of collegiate training, and make himself worthy of Hilda Travis. It was always Hilda who seemed to be drawing him on to leave his old mode of life and the pursuits of his ancestors. Why should he not raise himself? Others had done so. The biographies of self-made men were well known to him. His grandfather had never been tired of telling about poor students who won for themselves honour and fame. There were books on Thew Norland's shelves which had been written by men who began life in factory or workshop. The men who made themselves great in the world of science and literature always ranked higher in Thew's estimation than those who had risen to wealth and power. It was not surprising, therefore, that Spence believed his grandfather's doctrine: "The pen is the lever which moves the world."

Spence's dreams were rudely disturbed when he heard that Arthur Claxton laughed at the bequest, and expressed his determination to have none of his money wasted on any madcap schemes which had been hatched in an old man's dotage. Mordene was full of gossips, and the people enjoyed nothing so much as to discuss the affairs of their neighbours, especially if their neighbours happened to occupy prominent positions in the world. It pleased Mordeners to put the worst side forward when they talked

about Abel's will. They knew Arthur Claxton, and he was not the man to be thwarted; he had said the money should not go, and he would stick to his word. Hugh Lister and his wife, Sarah, were the doleful prophets of Mordene, and nobody was surprised to hear them predict that Arthur would have his own way. But Sep Loom and his wife, Lavinia, nearly always took sides against the Listers, and it was thought to be an evil omen when the Looms remained silent, instead of calling Hugh and Sarah a couple of croakers.

Arthur Claxton and his son Caster discussed the matter. They knew of a difficulty which was not known to the public. Abel had appointed several Longdale men as trustees of the Scholarship.

"I feel more and more disgusted with the affair," said Caster; "we might have known that mischief would come out of those long visits to Grew Corner. I think when people show that they are not able to look after themselves they ought to be looked after. One half the world's mischief comes from allowing people to please themselves long after they have lost the power to act wisely."

No fault could be found with Caster's form or features, but he had an expression which was not pleasing, and especially when he was uttering his dogmatic opinions about the way in which the world was governed.

It was impossible for Arthur to hear his son's words with unmixed pleasure and approval. Fathers never do like to hear their sons say that old people ought to be removed out of the way, even when those fathers are in the maturity of their power.

Caster was not famous for his quickness; but he perceived that he had said something which was not quite agreeable, and therefore he changed the subject to one on which there was likely to be no difference of opinion.

"Of one thing I have not a single doubt," he said; "my grandfather might have left Longdale out of his will. The wonder is that he did not endow an orphanage there."

"I should like to fight it," said Arthur; "and if I hadn't a little scheme of my own in view, I would do so. Why should our money go towards spoiling a lot of hard-working and well-satisfied lads? If anybody knows Mordene, I do; and I venture to say there is not a lad in the place who ever thought about college except as he has thought about the other side of the moon. This madcap scheme will do more harm than good."

In one sense Caster was more refined than his father—his speech was not as broad, and he would have been able to comport himself in good society with far more ease and success; but the tone of his mind was not higher, perhaps it was not as high.

"Fight it," said Caster. "There is a big pile of money at stake, and I doubt very much whether those fellows in Longdale will care to risk much on behalf of these louts at Mordene, who don't want to go to college. Why should they want to go? Every man in his place. Why should beggars be put on horseback at our expense? I would fight it."

There were not two persons in the neighbourhood who knew less about the social and mental life of Mordene than did Arthur Claxton and his son Caster; and yet they were both satisfied in their own minds that they knew exactly what could be done and what should be done for the inhabitants of the place.

Arthur did not care much about education for anybody; he and his brothers had done very well without it; and the people in general, he felt sure, were made poorer by the operation of Acts which compelled them to send their children to school, half each day at least, when these children might have been earning double wages at the mills. Caster had been to many schools, but that was his mother's fault, as Arthur called it. "She has fine-spun notions," he said to himself, "and would send the lad here, there, and everywhere; but I don't see that he is any better for it. He picked up a lot of chums who don't intend to make work scarce by anything which they do. Caster is ditto; for he has wonderful powers of resting, for a young one."

Caster knew that his father was vulgar, and he laid this to the charge of insufficient education; so that the young man's antipathy to scholarship was not as undiscriminating as his father's. Arthur would occasionally boast about knowing very little which books could teach. Caster did not admire a spirit like that; though he knew very little himself which books could teach, yet he never said so; he did not even think so; he was in a state of disguised ignorance, but the disguise was complete.

Arthur's idea of the difference between himself and the working classes was one which depended entirely upon money. He was a great deal richer than they, therefore he was a great deal better. Modes of reasoning like that were very easy, and they seemed very conclusive.

"If I have twenty thousand pounds," said he to himself, "I am as good as any man in the world with twenty thousand pounds; but a man with thirty thousand is better than I am, and will be until I can finger thirty thousand for myself. What is true about one sum is true about another, whether it be a hundred thousand or a round million."

But Arthur Claxton did not oppose his father's will, and this was to a great extent in consequence of the interference of Bryan Coalville, his wife's father. Mrs. Arthur was proud of her father, who was a different kind of man from the Claxtons. He held the opinion that it was better to have a silver watch and a gold chain than a gold watch and a silver chain. When he spoke like that he was not really referring to watches and chains; people knew that his words were a parable. He was a handsome man, with bushy black hair and whiskers. His friends said the hair was his own, but the colour was a mystery.

Mr. Coalville had something to say to Arthur about Abel Claxton's bequest. The two were not on the best of terms.

"Coalville acts as if he had a million of money," was Arthur's complaint to his own brothers; "but

when he comes to be reckoned up, he'll not show as good a balance-sheet as some folks think. He is too fond of coming the father-in-law ; and when he gets that white waistcoat of his on he looks as if he was lord mayor of two or three counties."

Arthur was a broad-set man, and he had a fringe of red hair round his plain features ; his clothes always looked old, and they never seemed to fit him, so that he formed a decided contrast to the well-kept and well-clad coal merchant.

"Arthur is sensible when it does not matter, and a fool at other times," was Mr. Coalville's opinion often expressed to his daughter about her husband.

She felt no desire to contradict her father, or to hint that such remarks were not the sort which a wife ought to hear.

"What is this I hear about some money your father left towards a school?" Mr. Coalville asked one day, when he met his son-in-law at Longdale.

"That I cannot tell," replied Arthur doggedly—"You seem to know more about it already than I do ; for I have not heard about it before."

The men understood each other perfectly. Arthur knew that the Norland Scholarship was what his father-in-law meant ; and Mr. Coalville knew that he had made a slight mistake, but that Arthur was only assuming ignorance.

"I am glad to hear you say so," resumed Mr. Coalville, in a tone which always annoyed the other. "When it was mentioned to me, I shook my head, and assured the speaker there was a misunderstanding, because you were the last man in the world to raise any objections to your father's will."

"That is a lie," was Arthur's silent comment ; but he did not speak. His rule was summed up in the words, "Keep your mouth shut, and King Coal will talk, cost him what it may."

King Coal continued to speak as Arthur anticipated.

"A thing of that kind would not do," he said. "A dexterous use of charity is worth something as an advertisement. Of course, I did not mention the fact that you would like to launch out into new directions, now you are the head of the firm, but I was thinking about it all the time ; and, as a man of the world, I know that it would not do to be making any bother about paying a donation to an orphanage, or whatever the thing is. As a business man I know it would not do."

Mr. Coalville was fond of the word "dexterous," and he used it whenever he had an opportunity. In his opinion everything needed to be done dexterously ; his perfect coat, his white waistcoat, his dyed hair, and his bland manner, were all, in his opinion, little achievements of a dexterous kind. Without any unusual foresight he once placed some very good contracts for enormous supplies of coal. Prices almost immediately changed in his favour, and he cleared a fortune in a short time. From that date he began to speak of dexterity.

Arthur had schemes of his own, and he saw that it would not pay him to arouse any ill-feeling in Longdale or Milltown ; Mordene he cared nothing about. He did not gratify his father-in-law by consenting to refrain from opposing his father's will, but he did refrain ; and in a short time the monument was erected in the churchyard, and announcement was publicly made about the examination for the Scholarship.

Then fell a greater trial than ever on Spence Norland ; he heard that when Hilda Travis came of age she was to marry her cousin Caster. This was no piece of idle rumour, but the report was easily traced back to Arthur Claxton himself. He said that he liked Hilda, and he knew nobody who was as likely to keep Caster straight as she was ; and if Caster was not a bigger ass than he took him for, he would be careful to make himself agreeable to Hilda and her mother. "There is nobody else in the way," Arthur said, "and it will be a great shame if any outsider is allowed to come and take a slice of the Mills. The more we keep them to ourselves the better it will be for everybody concerned. I shall expect Caster to do his duty in this matter."

Spence had his friend to whom he told most of his thoughts and wishes. That was Philip Gledwin, his life-long companion, who was known in Mordene as "the old young one :" a description which referred to his steadiness of character, and the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed. It was a common remark at Mordene that Philip had to be both father and mother to his brothers and sister. He was the head of the family, and upon his youthful shoulders rested a crushing weight ; for he had to keep a roof over the heads of a sister and two brothers, who with himself had been left orphans.

"He'll manage the lads right enough," said neighbourly women who discussed his position, "because lads is lads, and they are both young ; but he will have his hands full with Annice, because she is a big girl, and being particularly good-looking, she is inclined to be a bit skittish. Lasses take a deal of watching, even when a mother is there to watch ; and, though Philip is one in a thousand, yet he is not a woman."

"That is so," was the ready reply. "Good looks are all very well, but they are sometimes a snare. Annice is not as fond of a friendly word of caution as she might be."

That was a serious charge, and several of the neighbours knew it was true ; they had spoken to Annice and had not been thanked for their interference.

Sep Loom's wife, Lavinia, was not altogether in accord with her neighbours on the subject ; she was good-looking herself in early life, and retained more good looks, so she said, than most women ever possessed. People who depreciate beauty are not usually thankful for any reminders that they are free from all its dangers ; and the plainest women at Mordene resented as impertinent any reference to their own lack of personal charms. Lavinia did not spare them ; she spared nobody, as her husband could testify.

"Let the wench alone," was Lavinia's remark, whenever there was a tendency among her neighbours to express any doubts concerning Annice Gledwin's future. "She is as the Almighty made her, and I

hope you don't mean to say that He blunders when He gives anybody a pretty face."

"Handsome is that handsome does," was the favourite reply of Sarah Lister, Hugh Lister's wife.

"That is all nonsense," Lavinia protested; "handsome is that handsome is. Why cannot you take things as you find them, and not be trying to show that a cherrystone is the best part of a cherry."

Lavinia was a bit flighty herself before she settled down as the wife of Sep Loom, and her advocacy was not a very fortunate circumstance for Annice. As Sarah Lister said, when Lavinia was not present—

"There was a deal of talk about Lavinia at one time. The best of being careful all your life is that you are not tempted to talk silly when you give your opinion about things."

Philip Gledwin saw no fault in Annice, and if a neighbourly meddler dropped a hint about the dangers of the world, and the need for young people, young girls especially, being circumspect and careful, he listened to them in his own quiet, respectful manner, just as he would if he had been listening to a disquisition on the desirability of wool and cotton having a good fibre.

Philip always urged Spence to compete for the Scholarship; and when it was known that the bequest would not be disputed, he was puzzled to see that Spence was disheartened about something. Annice noticed it too, and she told her brother that Spence was "as dull as a fiddler at a funeral."

Neither Philip nor his sister knew anything about Spence's feeling towards Hilda. How could they, when he had never breathed his secret to anybody?

But it was something which Philip said one night which brightened Spence's hopes, and made him resolve to compete for the Scholarship, though he had almost decided to remain at the loom and bury all his ambition.

Spence and Philip were talking together, and Annice was busy with household duties. The subject of conversation was the gossip about Caster and Hilda. Philip did not believe they would ever make a match of it, and he gave his reason as follows:—

"A mate of mine at the Mills, who comes from Milltown, was telling me to-day that Caster is courting a young woman near his home, called Luton's Madge, that is the name Jake Binns gives her, and he says she is the finest looking-girl in those parts. I never knew Jake Binns to tell a lie."

Spence knew that a great joy was showing itself in his face, and he suddenly turned to look at Annice. She was standing near the table, and gazing at Spence with terror in her eyes. She recovered herself, however, and left the room. Spence felt uneasy. Had he betrayed himself? What did Annice mean by that look?

But the conversation decided Spence to make the great plunge. He sent in his name as a candidate, and when the examination was held he obtained the Scholarship with ease.

For the first time since his boyhood he was invited to the Knoll, after his success was assured. Mrs. Travis wanted to congratulate him. She had not forgotten Thew Norland's kindness to her at the time of her marriage. The two other daughters of Abel Claxton were present, Emma and Jane. They dined together, and a pleasant evening was spent. Hilda and Spence had been too intimate since childhood for him to feel any embarrassment in her company. But how his heart was beating! and what visions of the future passed before his mind!

On the following day Spence was leaving Mordene to take up his abode in Milltown as a student at the County College. He called to see Philip Gledwin on his way home, and found Philip alone, with wretchedness depicted on his face.

"Are you ill?" Spence asked.

"No, I am not ill," replied Philip. "You go away to-morrow, and I have made up my mind to go away too."

"Where will you go? Is anything wrong? Can I help you?"

"No. Nothing is wrong. I think I shall go to London. I will write and let you know when I am settled. Now good-bye, dear old fellow, good-bye."

Philip was nearly breaking down, and Spence could not find in his heart to ask any more questions. He could hear somebody sobbing in a heart-broken fashion upstairs, but he went away, sad and mystified, to spend his last night, or the few hours which remained of it, with his father and grandmother.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

WHAT IS A ROYAL COMMISSION?

BY GEORGE HOWELL, M.P.

THERE appears to be a considerable amount of misapprehension in the minds of many persons with respect to the appointment, the functions, and the powers of a "Royal Commission." Some forty years ago a very able writer * published a work entitled "Government by Commissions Illegal and Pernicious," in which he vigorously attacked the system of Crown-appointed Commissions, as being opposed both to constitutional principles and to ancient practice. It is not quite clear whether that clever and learned writer did not, in some respects, confound two things essentially different, namely, Royal Commissions of Inquiry, and Crown-appointed Commissions for Administrative

* J. Toulmin Smith, Barrister-at-Law. Published by J. Sweet, Law Bookseller, Chancery Lane.

purposes. It is certain that some of Mr. Toulmin Smith's strictures scarcely applied to the former, although in numerous instances they were strictly applicable to the entire system of Crown-nominated Commissions.

A Royal Commission of Inquiry is instituted by the express authority of the Sovereign, through a responsible Minister of the Crown, usually the Secretary of State for the Home Department. It may issue at the solicitation of the Government, or may be prompted by Parliament; most frequently it is called into existence either by direct action in Parliament, or by pressure outside, or by both combined. Sometimes the issue of a Royal Commission of Inquiry is found to be a most convenient mode by which a Ministry may retreat from a false position, or justify a change of policy, in regard to some matter not necessarily involving a party political conflict, or vote of want of confidence. An instance of this kind occurred in 1874, when the Government resolved to abandon the attitude of resistance to the demand of the working classes, for the repeal of the criminal laws affecting labour. The Royal Commission, then appointed, constructed a carpeted bridge whereby opponents, hitherto, became converted to a policy of repeal; the result being the Labour Laws, 1875.

Generally speaking, a Royal Commission is the outcome of pressure brought to bear upon the Government by adherents or opponents, or by both, with reference to some matter of importance, with regard to which there is not any general consensus of opinion, or upon which it is thought desirable to obtain reliable information, not readily accessible in any other way. Or it may be the Government find it to be a convenient method by which to satisfy the public, as regards some matter which is attracting much attention, when they cannot speedily decide which is the best course to pursue in reference thereto.

Take, for example, the Royal Commission on Depression of Trade and Industry, appointed in 1885. There were general complaints as to the condition of trade, and various conflicting theories were promulgated as to the causes and extent of, and the remedies for, the state of things then existing. So persistent were the complaints that no Government could well resist the demand for an inquiry. Having resolved to grant the inquiry, the next thing to be done was to constitute the Commission. The number, and to a large extent the character, of such a Commission is settled by the Government.

There seems to be no uniform rule as to the composition of a Royal Commission. Sometimes the more prominent advocates of a given policy are selected; at other times they appear to be purposely left out in the cold. But the Government take care that the Commission is so constituted that they shall have a majority, in certain eventualities. This secured, they select men of known integrity and ability, to whom overtures are made, with the view of inducing them to join the Commission. To use a common phrase, they are sounded as to their views, and as to whether they will consent to act on such Commission. This is done individually until the list is finally made up. As a matter of honour, each of the persons sounded treats the communication, whether oral or written, as a confidential communication, which he is not at liberty to disclose.

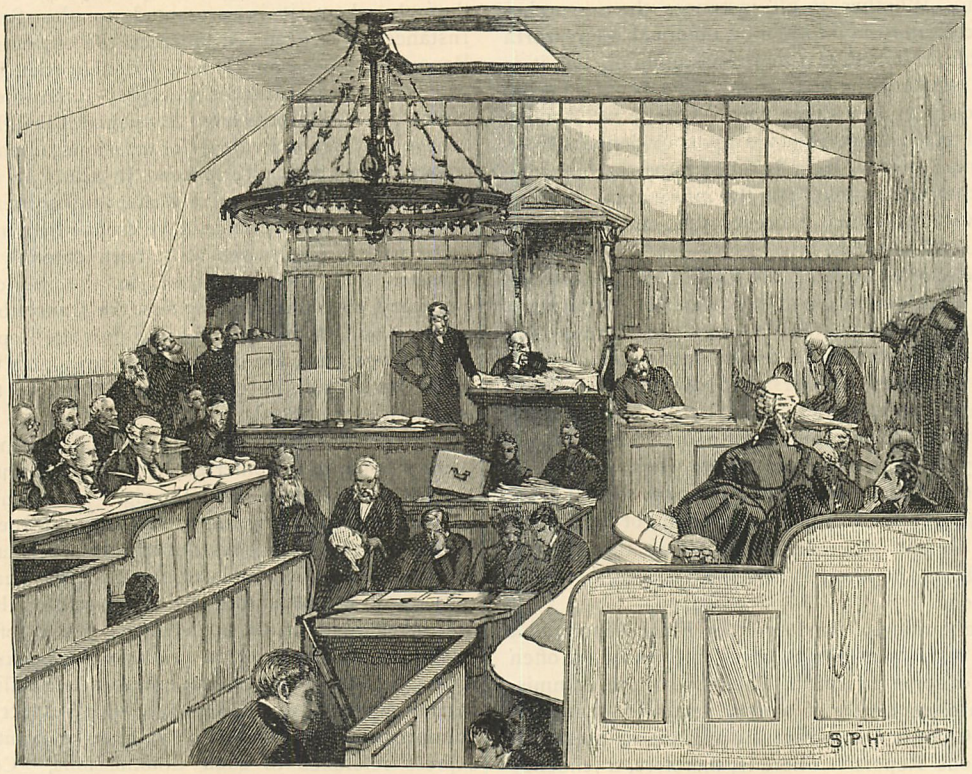
The list of Commissioners having been completed and submitted to Her Majesty, the warrant constituting the Commission is issued. The commands of the Sovereign are communicated to the several Commissioners by the Secretary of State, thus: "Victoria R. Victoria, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, Defender of the Faith, To Our right trusty and right well-beloved cousin and councillor," if a Privy Councillor, and a Peer of the realm, and "Our trusty and well-beloved," if a Member of Parliament or private citizen of the realm. The names of the whole of the Commissioners are then set out in full, with their titles, if any, in order of precedence, "greeting." "Whereas we have deemed it expedient that a Commission should forthwith issue to inquire and report upon"—the subject of the inquiry is then briefly stated. The warrant then proceeds: "Now know ye, that we, reposing great trust and confidence in your knowledge and ability, have authorised and appointed, and do by these presents authorise and appoint, you the said"—then follow the names in the order first given, but without their titles—"to be Our Commissioners for the purposes aforesaid."

The general scope and mode of the inquiry is then set forth, the number that shall constitute a quorum is stated, and the powers of the Commission are defined. As some of these powers are disputed, it will be useful to give here an example of the kind of powers conferred:—"And for the better effecting of the purposes of this Our Commission, we do by these Presents give and grant unto you, or any six or more of you, full power to call before you such persons as you shall judge likely to afford you any information upon the subject of this Our Commission; and also to call for, have access to, and examine all such books, documents, registers, and records as may afford you the fullest information on the subject; and to inquire of and concerning the premises by all other lawful ways and means whatsoever." These, or similar words, are generally used in all such Commissions, the other portions of which vary according to circumstances, and the nature of the inquiry to be conducted.

The Chairman of a Royal Commission is usually, if not invariably, appointed by the Government, and his name stands first in the list of the Commissioners. The Secretary is also generally appointed by the Crown, and is named in the Commission; but there are exceptions to this rule. The Secretary to the Accidents in Mines Commission was, if we mistake not, appointed by the Commissioners. The first meeting is summoned by the Chairman; at which meeting the order of procedure is arranged, the days and times of meeting are fixed, and other details are decided upon. There is, as a rule, very little formality in the proceedings from first to last. Generally the Commissioners sit around a table and examine the witnesses, who

are also seated. After the first meeting the Secretary sends out the notices for successive meetings, summons the witnesses, obtains and arranges the documents, and prepares the general business of the Commission.

The proceedings of the Commission are reported by skilful short-hand writers; usually the same reporter attends throughout the inquiry, invariably the same remains during any one sitting. His "notes" are taken away from time to time, and are transcribed by others. By this means the greatest accuracy is insured, because the reporter knows the Commissioners, and is able to follow their questions with ease and facility.



THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS TAKING EVIDENCE IN WESTMINSTER SESSIONS HOUSE.

It is seldom that the inquiry is conducted with open doors, but in some cases strangers are permitted to be present. In the Trade Union Inquiry in 1867, some officers of the Unions were allowed to be present; and at Sheffield and Manchester the inquiry was conducted in open court. Generally, however, it is held with closed doors, and little is known of the proceedings until the Report appears. If the inquiry is a long one, "Interim Reports" are issued from time to time, giving the evidence already taken, and such documents as are deemed useful and proper to be published.

It is popularly supposed that Royal Commissioners are paid, and some persons seem to sigh for the snug berth. This is one of the popular delusions which it is difficult to dispel. The position on a Royal Commission is an honourable one; it is also honorary. No member of a Royal Commission is paid, nor is there any emolument attaching thereto. The only paid officer is the Secretary. Witnesses are sometimes paid, but generally they only get their travelling and hotel expenses, if called from a distance. If scientific experiments are conducted and experts are called in, the Commission have power and authority to pay them. If the Commission is a roving Commission, and required to visit distant places, each Commissioner who attends is allowed £1 1s. per day for expenses, and his railway fares. Even in this matter some curious instances have occurred. It is stated that Sir Frederick Abel was only allowed fifteen shillings per day when out conducting experiments for the Mines Commission, that being the amount allowed by the Department having the benefit of his services; but all the other Commissioners were allowed a guinea per day. Of course Sir Frederick was employed and paid by the Government, but considering the nature of the experiments he conducted, and the dangerous character of some of them, the deduction of six shillings per day, when away from home, in distant parts of the country, seems rather close shaving. Of course this information was not derived from Sir Frederick Abel, nor does he know that the incident is being mentioned.

In so far as Royal Commissioners are concerned, the only piece of extravagance that can be charged to them individually and collectively, is a little light refreshment during a lengthened sitting.

The chief expenditure in connection with a Royal Commission is the cost of taking the evidence, and the printing thereof. This item is sometimes, often indeed, very heavy, as may well be imagined, when the extent of some of the inquiries is known and understood. In many cases the investigations have been carried on for several years, and have involved prolonged visits to various countries beyond the confines of the United Kingdom. Whether in all instances the researches undertaken, and the information obtained, were worth the trouble and cost, is a matter of opinion; but it is doubtful whether the facts could have been collected satisfactorily in any other way. At any rate, public men will place more reliance upon evidence so collected and digested, by a body of impartial Commissioners, than they would upon the information obtained by a private individual, however able, competent, and distinguished he might be.

In an elaborate inquiry, the mass of evidence to be digested is enormous; and the labour of preparing a Report thereon is immense. Here, again, there is often a difference of opinion as to the intrinsic value of a Report. But those who desire to investigate for themselves have the evidence at hand, by the light of which they can read and interpret the Report. There is also invariably an excellent index to the whole of the evidence and to the papers in the Appendix, so that every facility is given for a critical comparison of the Report with the weight of evidence. Even at the worst, if there is the bane, there is also the antidote, to render it innocuous.

The elaboration of the Report, or Final Report, as it is called, when "Interim Reports" are issued, is often a matter of some difficulty. The views of the Commissioners are frequently of a very opposite character, and the Chairman is invariably anxious to present a "unanimous Report." There is, therefore, a tendency to compromise here and there, to express the conclusions arrived at in very general terms, and to smooth down all minor differences of opinion. This is the reason why so many Reports are adversely criticised—they seldom satisfy extreme men on either side of the controversy. Notwithstanding, however, all this care and anxiety to be unanimous, it not unfrequently happens that there are divergences which cannot be reconciled. In this case, there is a majority Report and a minority Report. In other cases there is a general Report, with several individual dissentient Reports on specific points. Indeed, perfect unanimity is the exception, rather than the rule, as regards the Reports of Royal Commissions.

When the Final Report, or Reports, as the case may be, has or have been agreed to, revised, signed, and handed to the Minister of the Crown, to be laid before the Sovereign, the Commission is at an end. There is no kind of formal dissolution—no formality of any sort; the work that the Commissioners were called on to perform has been completed, and they disperse, often never to meet again. The usual friendly compliments are exchanged, and then they depart, each to his avocation or pleasure, often exceedingly glad to be relieved of their onerous duties.

There is one point of great importance to be remembered in connection with Royal Commissions, namely, every Commissioner feels bound, as a matter of honour, not to divulge what transpires before the Commission. It is regarded as a serious breach of confidence to make known the Report, or any portions of it, before it has been "laid before Her Majesty," and before it is issued by the authority of the Minister through whom it is presented to the Sovereign. Instances have occurred in which the contents of the Report have been anticipated by publication in newspapers, but such instances are rare. Even where such premature disclosures have happened it is difficult to believe that any individual Commissioner intentionally violated the confidence reposed in him. It is more than probable that, in private chat among friends, the points under consideration have cropped up, and that those partial disclosures have been carefully pieced together, and then published to the world. The Secretary, the short-hand writers, the transcribers, the printers, and all through whose hands the Report and proceedings pass, are bound to secrecy; and, to their credit be it said, the confidence reposed in them is seldom if ever abused.

In a previous paragraph it is stated that some of the powers apparently conferred by a Royal Commission are disputed. These are: the right of administering an oath, of compelling the attendance of witnesses, of having access to books, documents, registers, and records. The commands of the Sovereign in these respects do not constitute law. It is seldom that they are disregarded, or set at defiance; but a refusal to attend as a witness, or to produce the books, documents, registers and records, entails no disability, and carries no penalty. Coke says, with respect to the administration of an oath without warrant, with express reference to such Commissions, "Commissioners that sit by force of any Commission that is not allowed by the Common Law, nor warranted by authority of Parliament, that minister any oath whatsoever, are guilty of high contempt, and for the same are to be fined and imprisoned." And he adds, "Commissions of new inquiries, or of novel invention, are against law, and ought not to be put in execution."* Lord Abinger is equally strong in his declaration of the law. He says, "I am of opinion that the Crown cannot, by virtue of the prerogative alone, compel any subject to make communications or disclosures upon oath, or otherwise, except in a due course of the administration of justice." Sir William Follett expressed a similar opinion with reference to the Municipal Corporations Commission.

But Commissions of Inquiry can be, and often are, armed with statutory powers; such Commissions then have, or may have, powers almost beyond those possessed by the High Court of Justice. For example,

* 3 Inst. 165. See also 2 Inst. 280 and 495; 4 Inst. 163; and 18 Edw. III. c. 1 and c. 4.

the Royal Commission, instituted in 1867, "to inquire and report on the organisation and rules of Trades Unions and other Associations, with power to investigate any recent acts of intimidation, outrage, or wrong, alleged to have been promoted, encouraged, or connived at by such Trades Unions or other Associations," were armed with statutory powers, and those powers were extended by a subsequent Act in such a way as to be practically unlimited. The Commissions under those Acts brought to light disclosures that shocked the public, and they were empowered to pardon, and did pardon, all who had taken part in such outrages.

Lord Randolph Churchill in moving for a Royal Commission "to inquire into and report upon the working of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and into the irregularities which are alleged to have taken place in connection therewith," expressly provided that such Royal Commission be "empowered by statute to take evidence on oath, to compel attendance of witnesses, to grant certificates of indemnity to witnesses in such cases as may be desirable and proper, and to call for all necessary records and documents." In this case, as in the preceding one, the Commission is armed with statutory powers, and can punish all who may withhold documents, refuse to give evidence, or who may give evidence falsely. These two instances are sufficient to show that Crown Commissions, unless armed with statutory powers, are without authority to compel, or to punish.

The question arises whether these Royal Commissions are really worth the expenditure and the labour which they involve. Upon this point there is, and well may be, a divergence of opinion. It is certainly doubtful whether the mass of valuable information which is collected by this means could be brought together in any other way. The Report and evidence of a Royal Commission have often influenced the decisions of Cabinets, and have frequently prompted, or, if not prompted, have accelerated legislation, especially on social and domestic questions. Legislation with respect to factories and workshops, friendly societies of all kinds, sanitation and health, mines and miners, the poor laws, labourers' and artisans' dwellings, education, endowments, municipal reform, and even statute law revision and amendment, all owe much to the careful inquiries instituted in the first place, or at some later stage, by Royal Commissions. Nearly all the remedial measures passed during the present century have been promoted, rather than retarded, by such investigations.

The great complaint against such costly inquiries is that the information is hidden in voluminous blue books, which are inaccessible to the great mass of the people. The only way in which this valuable matter can be rendered more accessible is by distributing sets of such papers to public libraries throughout the United Kingdom. It is certainly deplorable that information gathered together at such cost, and with so much labour, should be practically unobtainable. It is questionable whether half a dozen libraries in this country contain a complete set of the invaluable Reports of all the Royal Commissions that have sat since the Union. Some are notoriously difficult to obtain, others can only be seen at the British Museum, or in the Library of the House of Commons. The destruction of such Reports is positively sinful.

Space will not permit of any lengthened list of even recent Royal Commissions, but the following facts may be of interest. The Royal Commission on the working of the Elementary Education Acts, appointed in 1886, has not yet issued its Final Report; but the three volumes of evidence already published fill 2,416 pages, and cost £1 5s. 6d. The First Report of the Commission on Civil Establishments, appointed in 1886, covers 684 pages, and costs 7s. 2d. That Commission is still at work. The Gold and Silver Commission, instituted in 1886, was revoked, and a new Commission was issued in 1887; two Reports have been published, consisting of 658 pages, and costing 7s. 4d. The Commission on Warlike Stores has published two volumes of evidence, &c., consisting of 1,254 pages, price 13s. 6d. The Royal Commission on Depression in Trade published five Reports, consisting of 1,724 pages, costing 19s. 11d.

Some of the more famous Royal Commissions of modern times are: On Accidents in Mines, Loss of Life at Sea, Technical Education, Agricultural Depression, Employment of Women and Children in Agriculture, Trade Unions, the Labour Laws, Factories and Workshops, Housing the Working Classes, Sanitary Condition of the Working Population, Municipal Corporations, Poor Laws, the Constabulary Forces, Criminal Law, City Guilds, Harbours, Ecclesiastical Revenues, Charities, Irish Church, Irish Land, and numerous others. Whatever may be the demerits of this mode of "new or novel inquiry," the desire for Royal Commissions is not abated; on the contrary, they seem more than ever in favour. In so far as they may aid in promoting wise and beneficent legislation, they are commendable; if their object is delay, they can be spun out so as to achieve that object in a manner which is open to severe criticism.

HOW I TRIED TO WRITE A STORY.

AN EXPERIENCE.

HOW I TRIED—yes, I did try; and with what result? you will ask. I will indite my experiences, but whether this truthful record will ever see the light in all the glory of type is a question which I cannot answer. If I am to judge by experience, it *won't*. Still, one should never be debarred from doing a good deed by the shadow of failure—I mean debarred by the shadow of failure from, &c. "Style" again!

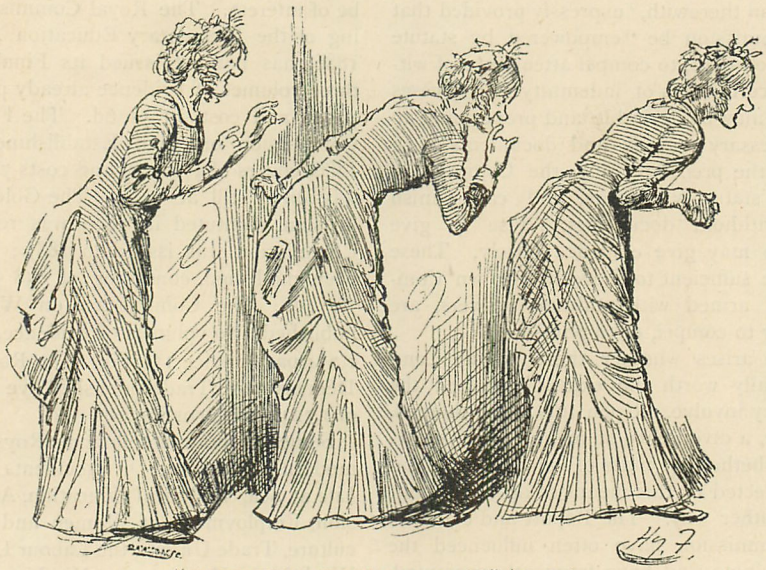
I say "style again" because my first editor—no, he wasn't *my* editor—he was others' editor—when he returned my first manuscript, said my style wanted cultivating. Cultivating! "How," I asked myself, "can I cultivate style? Is it a natural production? and can it be improved like a cabbage?" He did not say: he merely suggested "cultivation"—perhaps pruning.

My first attempt at story-writing was very laudable. I had a sick aunt. I was poor, so was she, and as I lived with her, and on her, I thought a few pounds would benefit her. I had tried several other lines by way of assisting my aged and bed-ridden relative—and had noticed with what avidity she read tales and weekly newspapers. Even the pamphlets in which butter was enwrapped were devoured likewise. So I thought—not unnaturally—that if I could please my aunt, and cover myself with glory, as well as get paid for it, a story was the very thing.

The difficulty was what to write about. There were so many incidents in every-day life which are never chronicled—at least, they never appear in print—that I thought something lively and domestic would have an excellent chance of acceptance. There was a man on our local paper, manager, or "compositor," or something high up in the house, and he said, "Write by all means—you only want pen and ink and paper, *and ideas*; with these and a little knowledge of style and grammar, there you are!" "Where?" I asked. "Oh, anywhere," he said, laughing—"Try a story—a good sensation." So I did!

I wrote quite a sensational tale. I know it had a murder in it—I think two murders—for in the end the hero and heroine killed each other, if I recollect rightly. There was a robbery, and the robber was caught by a policeman. This was a touch of genius! Something quite novel, yet not *too* extravagant, I thought. Then the robber confessed that he had a brother in "the force," and the very policeman who caught him *was* his brother! The heroine was a young lady of ample means, living in Houndsditch, who occupied her leisure moments in disposing of cast-off garments, till she came of age, when she intended—or was intended—to marry a sailor who had not been heard of since his ship had been wrecked off Lundyfoot Island with a cargo of tobacco—more inspiration—snuff and Lundyfoot Island!

The probability was that the sailor was dead, as he had not re-appeared. But he turned up again, and then all the other characters disappeared. The hero and heroine killed each other, and the tale wound up, naturally, because there was no person left in it. This was artistic, *I* thought.



"THERE WERE THREE OLD MAIDS" (*p.* 529).

But the editor did not. He refused it!

He thanked me, however, for the opportunity I had afforded him to read the story, and made the little suggestion about improvement in style to which I have already alluded. There was a kind of impression in my mind, after his letter had been weighed, that fiction was scarcely my strong point—I mean perfectly imaginative fiction—so I made up my mind to try a solid foundation in fact for the basis of my next venture.

There were three old maids in our neighbourhood, of whom every one said—"What characters they would make in a novel!" They were rich and eccentric—kept dogs, cats, birds, and even reptiles, as pets. Here was an opportunity not to be neglected. I studied them, called on pretended errands, interviewed them as the emissary from the "Cats' College" or the "Snakes' Home," produced handbills from the "Lost and Starving Dogs," and asked for subscriptions for "Penniless Parrots."

I succeeded! I came, I saw, I studied—I wrote a splendid story, in which those three old ladies were accurately described; their house, tastes, and surroundings all put on paper. No one could mistake them. The neighbourhood would be delighted! Just the thing which everybody had said ought to be done—I had done it—I should be a hero.

My story was posted to another editor, and then I anxiously waited the result of my application. I told him my incidents were plain unvarnished *facts*, well known—that is, reported—in our neighbourhood: that the three maiden ladies, the Misses Jones (I called them *Johns* to conceal their identity, but used their Christian names to fix character), were living models, and the whole story most interesting and laughable.

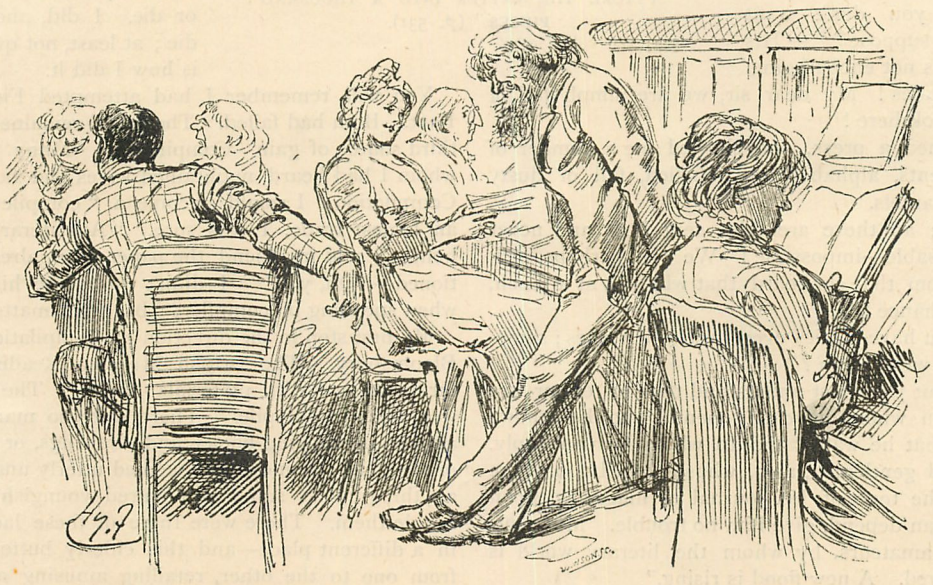
I waited six days, and not having received any reply to my letter, I called on the editor. To my surprise,

"'LOOK HERE!'" (*p.* 530).

and somewhat to my alarm, I was ushered upstairs, and into an inner room, where I was informed that Mr. Boom "would see me in a moment if I wasn't in a hurry."

Hurry, indeed! Was it likely under the circumstances? and after all, only a moment! Why, if I *had* been in a hurry, a minute or two could make no real difference. So I waited.

"Has the clock stopped?" I thought, as, after waiting nearly half an hour, I ventured to descend the stairs and ask for the editor again. "He'll see you in a



"THIS ELDERLY BUTTERFLY FLITTED FROM ONE TO THE OTHER" (*p.* 530).

moment," said the lad; "I'll tell him agin. What name?"

He came back and ushered me into the room.

"Good day, Mr. ———. You have something for me, I think."

"No, I sent you something a week ago, a story called 'The Three Tabbies,' a very bright—ah—amusing story, I think."

"Oh indeed. 'Three Tabbies'! Let me see—old maids?"

"Yes," I replied, delighted to believe that he had read it—"that's the idea."

"Not quite original, but interesting, no doubt. Well, Mr. ———, I have read your preface and some of the tale, and I candidly tell you that it would make an enormous sensation if all you say is true."

"It is! I can show you the old women, and can vouch for the incidents and surroundings."

"Yes? Well, then, I must return you your MS. I have no wish to be defendant in an action for libel. Why, sir, we should be prosecuted at once. Here is your story; good day."

"But what kind of story do you want?" I asked.

"Oh, there's plenty of choice—pleasing fiction, with plenty of incident."

"May I send you another tale?"

"Certainly, if you wish, on approval."

"Then you don't want tales, I suppose?"—His manner was not encouraging.

"Want tales! My dear sir, we are simply full of them. Look here!"

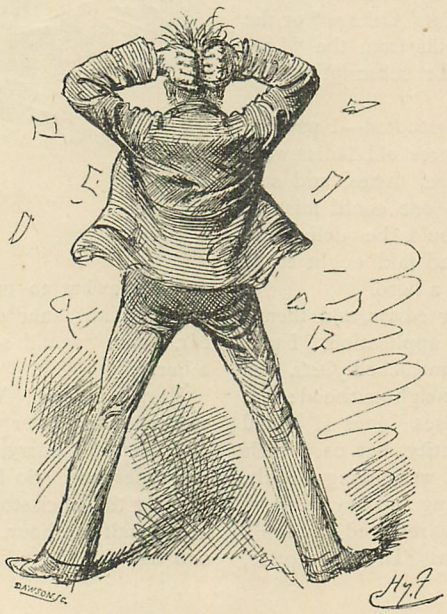
He opened a press, and showed me a number of compartments, alphabetically labelled, full of dusty rolls and parcels.

"There; all those are tales sent here and never used—unusable—impossible! We can, perhaps, pick out one from that cupboard that will suit at a pinch, yet it's a chance!"

"But you have stories every week, new ones; somebody must write them?"

"Yes; but you must understand that an editor has his men on whom he can depend, who he knows can do what he wants, and to whom he can apply. Ladies and gentlemen, also, whose contributions are suited to the tone of his journal or magazine, upon whom he can depend, give him no trouble. Most outsiders are amateurs, by whom the literary world is being deluged. A new flood is rising."

"But surely some amateurs can write, sir?"



"I TORE THE LETTER INTO A THOUSAND PIECES" (*p.* 531).

"Yes, and write well. But we do not complain of them. We object to the incompetent, the writers for charity, the unlearned. A young person thinks that pen and ink and paper make the author—and many writers foolishly encourage the taste without any means of knowing the capabilities of their friends. No, sir; study, read, and then, when you have mastered the first principles—spelling, punctuation, style, originality, and freedom—write a story and bring it to me."

"I am certain you are very kind, and sure you are discouraging—but——"

"Well, I have spoken plainly and fairly. Sorry if you are offended. I have told you all this because a friend of mine has mentioned your name. But I don't advise you to write. If you do—take my advice——"

Here my friend, as I may call him, entered into an explanation which I will not give in detail, but will recur to at the end of my experiences.

When I quitted the office of the Journal, I felt rather hopeless. Then I thought of my poor aunt, and of my need for pocket-money. Try again, said Pluck—Try something else, said Prudence. Was the counsel of Prudence ever listened to? Well, not very often. Pluck carried the day. I tried again.

This time I made up my mind to succeed or perish—I mean not literally—yes, I *do* mean literally—that is, in a literary sense—I would do or die. I did, and I didn't die; at least, not quite. This is how I did it.

You will remember I had attempted Fiction, and Fact. Both had failed. There still remained to me a third source of gain—Compilation! Many people, of whom I had heard, maintained wives and families on Compilation. I would become a "compiler." It is an honest trade, I was sure. "All literary work is honest," said my friend the paper man, already mentioned—"Oh, yes!" I didn't *quite* like his manner when speaking of compilers; but what matter?

My first step in the direction of Compilation was to Bloomsbury. The British Museum Reading Room furnished me with materials *galore*. The difficulty was what to compile. There were so many people apparently copying books and drawings, or chatting, or sleeping. Some ladies seemed utterly unable to do anything unless some grey-haired youngish man sat beside them. There were three of these ladies, each in a different place—and this elderly butterfly flitted from one to the other, retailing amusing anecdotes, and exchanging little confidences with other men as

(*Drawn by* DAVIDSON KNOWLES.)

"COME, MY DARLING, SIT BESIDE ME,
THERE ARE WORDS I WISH TO SAY."

"*GRANDMOTHER'S MISSION*" (*p.* 531).

he passed. One or two ladies, similarly disposed, acted likewise. Some young students chatted audibly beside me about music-halls and "black eyes," and I became more confused than ever. But I did compile something very neatly, concerning "Harmony in Hives."

I knew a little about Bees—a little too much—because our next-door neighbour had hives, and his bees swarmed once on my head. In the twenty-five minutes during which I stood still, I had ample opportunities to study bees; but I am afraid I did not avail myself of them sufficiently. Still, I picked up something—it was not much—only a mass of fifteen dead bees which had stung me, simultaneously, with unanimity deserving of all praise in any other direction. On the whole, I considered the energy of those bees mis-directed. I may be prejudiced, but that is my opinion.

So I compiled "Harmony in Hives" from three different sources, very easily. From one distinguished bee-master I copied five lines, then five from each of the others—corrected for grammar, and, of course, for "style." So in a couple of hours I had a couple of pages about bees, a "Harmony in Hives." I am quite certain not one of the authors would have recognised his own writing; and that, I believe, is the art of Compilation!

I was delighted with my effort. I read and re-read it; wrote another page in the same way; took back my books—my "authorities" I called them—and went home. There I wrote a polite note to a weekly country paper, and sent my "Harmony." In ten days, to my intense delight, I received the "proofs" of my article! Success at last—Wealth—Honour!

I was so delighted with my "Harmony in Hives" in type, that my poor aunt thought I had got a "bee in my bonnet." But it was only the natural joy at the successful results of "honest labour." Compilation for ever! "Throw Fiction to the dogs!" I exclaimed—"let Facts be as stubborn as they please—give me Compilation!"

A month passed—and I thought I would ask for my money, else the Harmony would not be complete, so I wrote. The editor had not sent me a copy of his paper either, so I sent him a note with a modest demand for payment. I received a reply even more polite than my letter, in which the editor regretted to inform me that he did "not, as a rule, pay for occasional contributions." I dropped the letter in despair.

Not pay! Compilation not pay! I was thunderstruck. What's this "P.T.O."? "I regret further to have to mention that we had to suppress part of our second issue, in consequence of a letter from a 'bee-master,' pointing out manifest and *hardly accidental* similarities in your article to his famous paper on the 'Music of the Apiary'—yet——"

I read no more. Crushed, I tore the letter into a thousand pieces. No, let me be still accurate. I had no time to waste tearing up paper: I tore it across, and again across, and threw it from me. Something caught my eye in the envelope which I had also torn—I picked up the pieces: there was a blue paper, in pieces—a money order for seven and sixpence.

Since then I have had a little success in compiling and in translation. But I cannot say that authorship pays me. It may pay some people who are otherwise independent, and want pocket-money. *I* never have any. Nevertheless, I have gained some experience; my editor friend is right, and his golden rules already referred to are these—

(1) Submit a short abstract of your story.

(2) Write in a legible hand, and on only one side of your paper.

(3) Avoid sending long explanatory letters to the editor. And my own experience tells me, fourthly—

Do not stay too long in an editor's room if he grant you an interview. Say what you have to say: hear what he has to reply—and go. Don't worry him!

That is the plain statement of the case; and now, after many years, during which I have again dabbled in Fiction, and produced one or two little tales, so-called "successes" by my friends, I am jotting down my experience; whether my Facts will be accepted, I dare not say. If they are, I need hardly add that I shall be delighted, and try Fiction again—for a change! *Verb. sap.*

H. FRITH.

GRANDMOTHER'S MISSION.

COME, my darling, sit beside me,
There are words I wish to say;
Patient be, and do not chide me
If my speech should go astray.
I am old—yes, very old—dear,
And my days are nearly o'er;
Come and hear the story told, dear,
That I've longed to tell before.

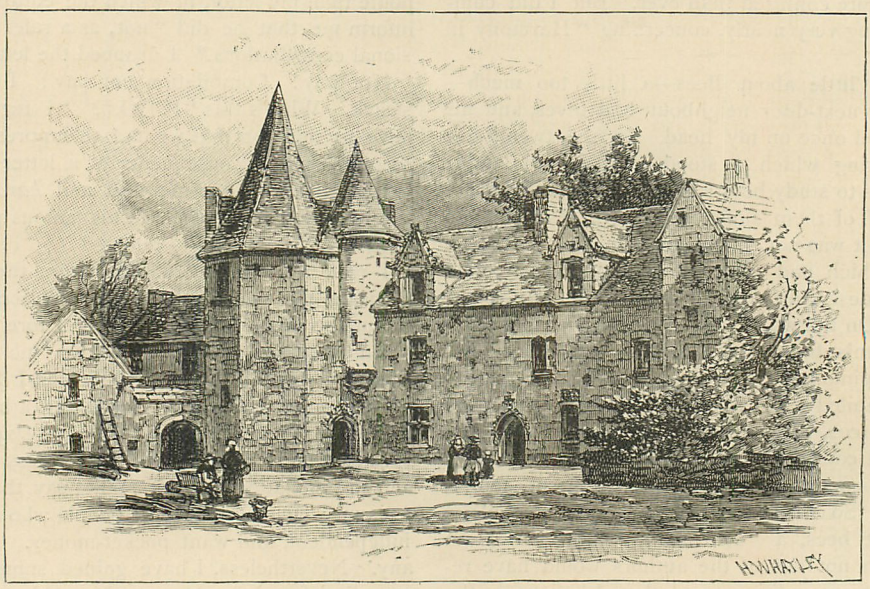
'Tis a lesson I would teach you,
For you now a maiden grow,
And the tones of love will reach you
Ere their sense you scarcely know.
Specious words will be outpouring;
Trust them not in whole or part,
Till you feel your soul assuring
That they come from out the heart.

Many are the lives, my dearie,
Doomed to sorrow and despair;
Many are the lives full weary,
Caused by words as false as fair.
Chide me not; I only tell you
Altogether for the best;
Let not wealth to bondage sell you,—
There! your heart will know the rest.

EDWARD OXENFORD.

EASY CONTINENTAL TRIPS.—I.

BY JAMES BAKER, AUTHOR OF "JOHN WESTACOTT," ETC.



CHÂTEAU DU FOLGOET.

THE pleasure of a Continental trip is oftentimes considered to be a pleasure obtainable by the few, and many a person of limited income hears and reads, with resigned sadness, the description of the Continental tours of more fortunate beings, with the feeling that such pleasure can never be his lot. Our aim in these "Easy Continental Trips" is to set before the readers of this Magazine such tours as may be undertaken by those whose resources are limited in those items generally considered necessary for Continental touring: money, time, and a knowledge of foreign languages. To those who should undertake any of these trips from an educational, and not merely from a pleasure point of view, our article* which appeared some time since in these pages may be of service, and will save further preliminary remarks.

BRETON FOLK.

One of the most interesting short trips that can be taken upon the Continent is that which carries us through the old-world district that lies between St. Malo, on the north coast of France, on to Brest westward, and to Auray southward. In but few parts of Europe can we so quickly go backward in the centuries and live in an atmosphere of "ages ago." The run from Southampton to St. Malo, and across to Dinan, may be passed over; and Dinan, being a good starting-point for an easterly trip, we may see again; we must not linger there now, but hasten on by road or rail to Caulnes, and thence onward to St. Brieux. In Dinan the people are half-Norman, half-Breton, and the influx of English has modified their customs; but at St. Brieux we are truly in Brittany, and as we walk along the country roads and amidst the people, we feel we are among the same race that peoples Ireland and Cornwall. The very name St. Brieux is that of a saint whose churches are known in Cornwall under the guise of St. Breok. The houses or huts are facsimiles of the huts of West Ireland—no windows, the

* "Continental Trips as a Means of Education"—CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, 1884.

half-door, mud floors, and dirt. The people have the dark eyes and straight black hair that marks off the true Cornishman and West Welshman, or Irishman.

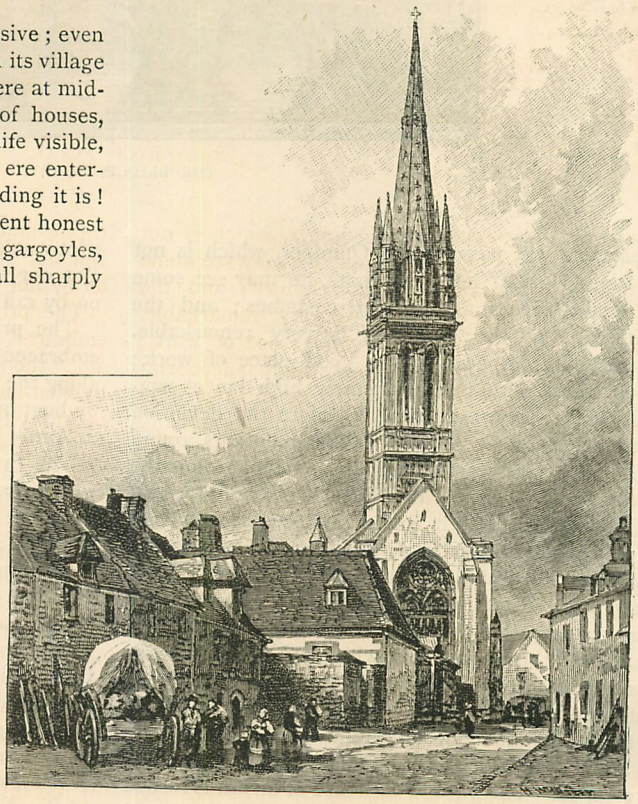
The pedestrian with time at his disposal will linger about St. Brieux, but we must push on to Morlaix. The artist might linger for some time in Morlaix, but the ordinary traveller will probably be satisfied with an hour or two spent about its streets, for from here it is a pleasant walk to the famous "dead city" of Brittany, St. Pol de Leon — a name that at once brings up Cornish memories of Tintagel and King Arthur, and tells us we are in the land of Arthurian myth; for is not St. Pol de Leon the veritable Liones of the "Morte d'Arthur"? The walk at first takes us along by the river, and as there is a pilgrimage church not far ahead, perchance the quaint sight of some hundred women and children, and a few men, may be seen winding up the hill, following a priest with a cross borne before him, singing hymns or chanting responses as they stroll slowly on. Over the ridge to the left the road winds, and then leads up a charming hill with rocks and heather and furze, and at the summit is a capital view of a wide expanse of wooded country. The little village of Pense offers rest and refreshment; and a pleasant walk again by the river-side leads us up a steep hill to join again the *grande route;* and after some little distance a lovely view is ahead, of the open channel and the little bay of Penpoul, with its breakwater, and rocks, and islands defending the port; and away over the level ground tower up the spires of St. Pol.

The entry into this city is strangely impressive; even the dead city of St. David's is more living in its village life. To stand in the cathedral square here at midday, and to see the wide streets and rows of houses, without one single human being or sign of life visible, is a strange sensation, that makes one linger ere entering the building. And what a glorious building it is! —a monument of art and industry and patient honest work. The mighty towers with the curious gargoyles, the beautiful rose window at the south—all sharply and honestly cut from hard granite. No scamping of work, no shirking of under-cutting; time with these workers was naught; true honest work was everything. The triple aisles of the cathedral give effective groupings of pillars, and the wood-carving is strange and worthy much time to be spent over it. But what will strike the English traveller more strangely than aught else, is the horrible array of little huts arranged all round the choir, looking at first sight like little doll-dogs' kennels, with tiny holes, heart-shaped, carved in them. On nearer inspection, one sees a blanched smooth skull peers out from each little hut, and the inscription that runs round or beneath each kennel says, *Ci git le chef de Marie* or *Jean* (that is, "Here lies the head of Mary *or* John"), the surname following of him or her who in lifetime breathed and thought, and smiled and spoke from within that whitened skull. This strange and awful custom of digging up the skull of father or mother, or dearest relative, when decay has blanched it, and depositing it in these little huts in the church, is met with all over Brittany; but on first seeing it, it is terribly revolting. Here at St. Pol some hundreds of them are piled up.

Another famous piece of architecture in this city is the Church of Kreizker, the highly-decorated doorway and porch of which are richly and sharply carved with strange animals. The tower is a marvel of beauty and workmanship. On entering, it will be seen that the east window is not straight with the nave, but deviates widely; so that only part of it can be seen when standing at the west end. This is said to represent the turn of Christ's head whilst hanging on the cross, and is frequent in France, and here and there to be met with in England.

There are pleasant inns at St. Pol, so that a stay may be made here; but a day, including the walk from Morlaix, will suffice; and in the evening the pedestrian could stroll on to Roscoff, the little port from whence come most of those "Spaniards" who sell "Spanish" onions in our English streets: an historic spot, too, connected with our own history.

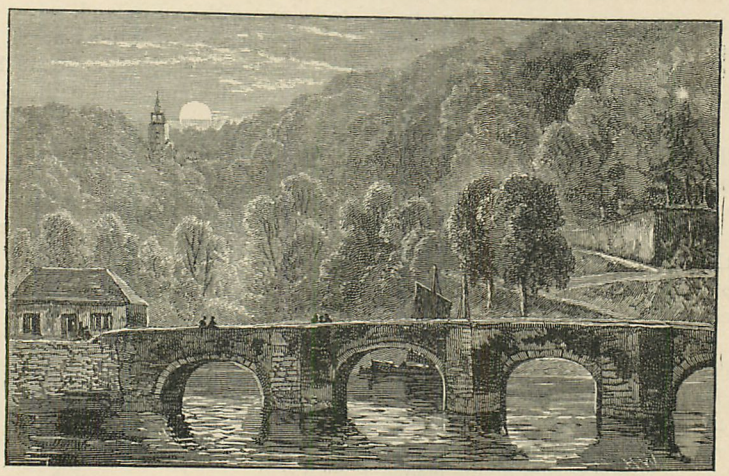
Back to Morlaix must go the railway traveller, but far better is it to walk or drive on to Lesneven, so



KREIZKER, ST. POL DE LEON.

getting a peep at Folgoet, with its famous pilgrimage church and mediæval buildings, and Landerneau, noting the quaint villages and crosses *en route*. But as this is a short trip, we take the rail on to Kerhuon. This little town lies on the shores of a wide estuary of the sea, that opens out to Brest and the Biscay Bay; but it is also the best stopping-place from whence to cross over, and climb up the hill to the famous calvary of Plougastel. Of all the calvaries in Brittany, perhaps this is the strangest and quaintest. The dull stone village of Plougastel offers but slight interest; but the sight of the strange mass of the calvary in the churchyard, or a crowd of curious figures grouped upon a stone platform, well repays one for the climb up the hill.

Brest lies within easy reach of Kerhuon, but the traveller who wishes to see more of the *Breton*



THE BRIDGE, AURAY.

Bretonnante will pass on to Quimper, which is not far away. Here, if he is fortunate, he may see some very quaint sights and bright costumes; and the architecture of the churches is very remarkable. The cathedral especially is a good piece of work; its two spires, with their extremely high lancet windows, being everywhere visible. Here the deviation of the axe is most notable. The paintings round the building are worth studying, as illustrating the lives of Breton saints. The Church of Ste. Maria is also interesting. But it is the people especially that one studies in and around Quimper. If a wedding should be celebrated in some of the side or back streets, it is a most picturesque sight. The men are in broad hats and blue jackets trimmed with gold and colours, and the women with white and coloured headdresses, and large silk aprons of the most vivid hues; great streaming ribbons of every shade float in the air as they move about, and white lace adds to their brilliancy; and over their shoulders are large twilled white capes. The barn or outhouse of an inn is turned into a dancing-room; but the dance does not end here; this is too cramped a space for their evolutions, and all joining hands in two long lines that twist and wave, they dance and glide out, into and down the street; the bride and bridegroom with them, these latter distinguished by the white lace on the bride, and at the end of the ribbons on the groom's hat. The musicians, who play on a sort of flageolet and long pipes, keep beating time with their feet as the long lines twist and turn past them, now in the barn and now in the street; all the dancers looking solemn and decidedly in earnest over this dance of the gavotte. The whole street is lined with onlookers; every woman in the place is there, seated on doorsteps or the cobble stones of the street; and the number of toddling babies that crowd round the dancers' feet seem to prove that the Breton folk are not likely to become extinct.

Quimper and Quimperle and the surrounding district would amuse and instruct one for many a day. But our space is limited, and time too; so we pass on by rail to the little town of Auray.

The principal sights in and round Auray may be embraced in a walk or drive out to Carnac, then along the road and across the ferry to Locmariaquer, by boat out to the island of Garvinnis, and returning to Auray by boat up the Auray river.

The first sight of the Druidical stones of Carnac will probably be disappointing, especially to one who holds the greatness of the stones of Stonehenge within his mind: but as one wanders about amongst them and conjures up the complete great lines, and thus rebuilds or replaces this monument to an unchronicled past, the strangeness and importance of the spot grows upon one. But if the size of the stones here is disappointing, the mind receives a shock in the opposite direction at Locmariaquer, for there the stones are tremendous in their immensity. The situation of these Druidical relics upon this out-of-the-way corner of land, surrounded by the ocean, reminds one again of the district round St. David's, and the pre-historic

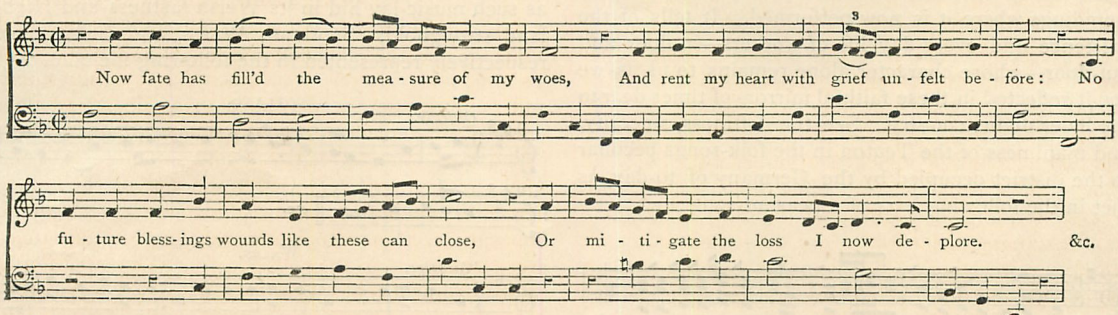
huts and cromlechs on St. David's Head; but here the scene is more gentle, and not so wild and wind-swept as on that barren headland. The whole district round Locmariaquer is strewn with these great blocks of granite, of enormous size; the greatest, or Grand Menhir, measuring some sixty-six feet in height and about twelve feet broad. This block has been split at some time by lightning, or convulsion, or storm; and the top part in falling has turned a somersault, massive as it is, and now lies with its summit turned to its base. From the top of one of the stones a good view is had of the surrounding district: the little town with its white houses, and the isles all round in the inland sea of the Morbihan; the cornfields and furze-clad moors; and the little boats dotted here and there in the blue calm sea, with their white and red sails. From the little town out to the island of Garvinnis it is but a short row, but through the narrow passage that is called the *trou* is a queer bit of steering, and the boatman may have to wade and haul the boat through. Arrived on the island, at first sight nothing is to be seen: not even dolmen or menhir: only a bare island, and one house and a hut upon it. But on ascending a great mound, and burrowing by a narrow passage beneath it, one has before one the strangest of all these strange, undeciphered, unaccountable remains of a forgotten past. From the summit of the tumulus you look out on the world of to-day, the sea and all the islands and homes of picturesque Morbihan. Within the tumulus you are in a strange building, the home of the dead of untold centuries ago—before the Roman made his home in this western district, and left frequent traces behind him of his homes and occupations. The great granite blocks that form this building are graved in strange fashion, some with scrolls (much as the markings on the ball of a man's thumb), rude triangles, strokes, and zigzags; all meaning—what? No man knoweth.

One would fain linger for hours in and about this monument, but there is the charming sail up the river to Auray awaiting us, a sail full of interest; and then a pleasant day inland to the pilgrimage church and holy fountain of St. Anne — that saint discovered and first mentioned only six or seven hundred years after her death, but now revered as patron saint of Brittany. We have no space here to describe this strange and even astounding place, but that visit over, our "Easy Trip" is finished. Train must be taken back direct *viâ* Pontivy to Dinan, and once more we are *en route* for England and busy, busy life.

A fortnight has sufficed to see all we have described; it could be done in a week at a rush. The expense has been about 25s. return fare from Southampton to St. Malo; say 30s. railway expense in France. The pedestrian ought not to spend more than 6s. per day at hotels; and other travellers, say 1s. or so more. The books to be read upon Brittany are numberless, but few give such a good idea of its people as "Breton Folk," illustrated inimitably by Caldecott. Works upon the Vendean War should be studied; and for the home-life of the peasants and their legends, the numerous tales of Émile Souvestre, in French. The "Morte d'Arthur" and Froissart, too, may be read; but our space is more than filled, and we say "Hold, enough," upon this most westerly "Easy Trip."

A GOSSIP ON FOLK-MUSIC.

FOLK-MUSIC is not an over-done subject, for neither professor nor amateur gives it due attention, albeit it is a phase of every country's art about which the composer, especially, ought to concern himself, and of which the amateur might well learn something. The unique position that folk-songs and national melodies occupied at a period when Western Europe was without music-art of any kind; the great blank such must have filled at the outburst of the Middle Ages, and for hundreds of years before the "youngest of the arts" asserted itself; the element folk-music everywhere constituted in the foundation and development of the various European schools of music; its value and aid as a faithful index of the mind, and longings, and fancy of people of every soil where it has sprung up;

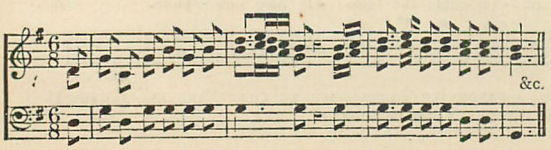


Fragment of a Song on the Death of Richard I., by Gaucelm, a favourite Troubadour to that King and Henry II. From the Queen of Sweden's MSS. in the Vatican Library.

the colour and tinge these popular strains give to the present-day composer wherewith to paint, in earliest natural beauty, the distorted and often unsatisfactory art-creation which the average scientific musician of to-day weaves—these are broad lines of reason why the study of folk-music should be urged upon the student and the amateur.

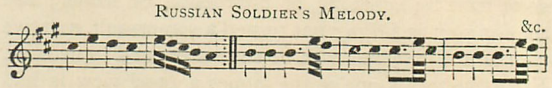
Wherever the folk-song has lived and flourished amid its pure air of nature, it has emanated from the life of the people, and has grown out of the soil they trod. Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans all had these songs, and while the women lightened their domestic pursuits with their country melodies, the men tempered the war-weapon to their tune, and ploughed many a furrow to their rhythm. With the migration of the German races, when music as an art still was not, the tedium of many a monotony must have been dallied away to a soft folk-theme, or an onslaught in battle intensified by some more soul-stirring glee, which the warrior Teuton learned as he lived. His existence was under little roof save the broad canopy of heaven, while his land-song glittered with rapine and onslaught. Rarely with him was it attuned in peaceful vein—more often impelling its singers to axe and oar with a dash which made Roman enemies fear them as fierce and cunning foes, with the sea for a war school, and their friend in the storm. It is strains such as these—strains which have sprung out of revenge for spilled blood, and out of the many varied and nobler moods that human nature is capable of, which were thrilled into life at a period when there was no art to shape and mould them by, and which constitute the folk-song. Such emanations sprang direct from the heart, and are as psychologically true as music can be :—the shepherd tending his flock, the soldier on the march, the fisherman mending his nets, the sower casting seed, the reaper joyous with his sickle—these chanted a something long before the age of scientific art ; and what such was, is more or less faithfully depicted in every country's national melodies and folk-songs.

The characteristic of the folk-song is the fidelity with which it reflects nature in its human and natural aspects. Unadorned by art, it speaks the simple minds of the people wherever it is met, and as we muse over its tones we not only picture the gaily-attired peasantry who sang it, but the very air of the country to which it is peculiar seems to follow it, and to pervade the surroundings where it is now performed. It tells of the existence and every-day life of workers—in-door and out-door—whose character alone remains to us as we see it reflected in these faithful mirrors of times dear to the lover of his country. See the loftiness, sincerity, and manliness of the Teuton in the folk-songs peculiar to the district occupied by the Germany of to-day, as met in the following bars of a peasant-song :—

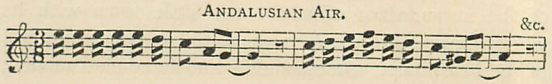


What enthusiasm and fancy is met in the folk-song of the Gaul ! How the vigour and hardiness of the Norse asserts itself in his land-music ! See, reader, the loveliness and sweetness of the Provençal bard's soil-song ; and what sturdy bluntness the Slav shows in contrast with the warm enthusiasm and gaiety of the Spaniard !—

Russian Soldier's Melody.

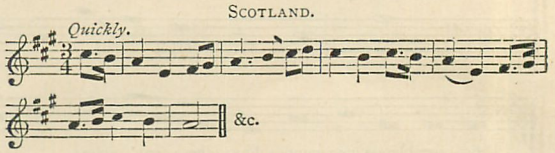


Andalusian Air.

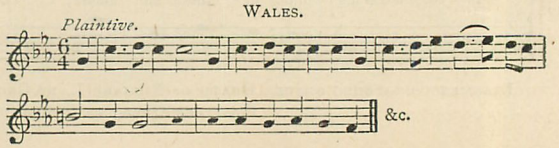


In these—all of them—we meet with unconcealed truthfulness, and it is surprising how these earliest germs of our present-day musical life are reflected in the tone art styles which we know. Such are the English, which at present has no character at all ; the French, so sparkling and *naïve;* the Italian, suave and graceful ; Polish, mournful and affecting ; German, bracing and arresting ; Spanish, piquant and gay ; Russian, unsympathetic, yet attractive ; Scandinavian, plaintive and depressing ; American, distressingly concordant ; African, horribly discordant : and these all owe their character more or less to the music of the soil which has had no composer, which the earliest inhabitants could not account for, and which we may generalise under some such head as "music which has grown of itself." If any exception appears to exist, it is that of our own country's music, which, by a series of adverse conditions, still being tolerated, has come to be perfectly unrecognisable among the Continental schools of music ; and this, not because we inherit no distinctive character, for, on the contrary, British folk-music has all the mixture of influences which have been infused into us, and which have made us pre-eminent as a people. The soft and fascinating nature of the strains of ancient British bards—which not only so affected the people as to make them revere musicians, but which strains often served to stay contending armies from entering into furious combat—such can be traced as well as the good-humoured heartiness and manly strength and simplicity of the Saxon ; while even more strongly marked is the Celtic character, with its impetuous, sensitive, and ardent swellings of wild melancholy and deep pathos, which no conquest could stamp out, nor even reach, as such music lay hid in its Welsh fastness and Highland stronghold. Scotland, Wales, and Ireland are respectively represented in the following melodies :—

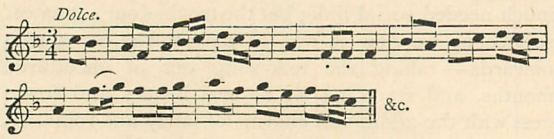
Scotland.



Wales.



Ireland.



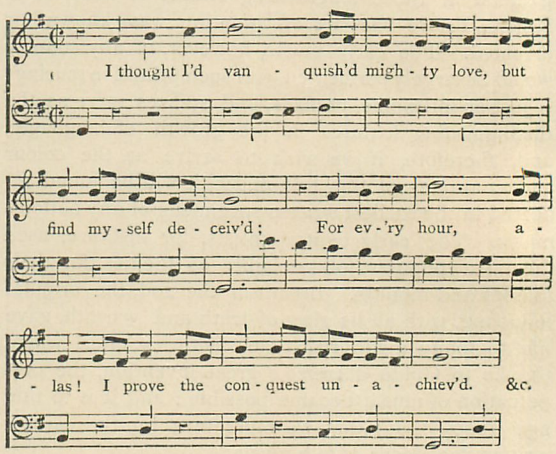
Most countries have, or have had, folk-music, but very little is noted down ; and respecting the tunes of such, tradition alone tells us of the beautiful and the pathetic in those long-lasting strains of many forefathers, before the art of notation was known or invented. The early music, however, of any country would be largely permeated with such primitive musings —just as inflexions, prefixes, and suffixes serve as the distinguishing features in the growth of language ; and, therefore, if we wish to arrive at the colour and character of this folk-music, it will be found reflected in the earliest written specimens of any nation's music. The early contrapuntists, for instance, used the most popular folk-melodies as themes for their masses and motetts. Breath of the sod, the original folk-song, with all its glow of truth and warmth, gave life to many a kindred tone centuries after, when, thanks to Guido d'Arezzo's great invention, the perpetuation of music became possible ; and it is to this age (1000—1300) that we must turn for the earliest written specimens of folk-music.

The absence of earlier examples is regrettable enough, since they would have been eminently serviceable towards tracing the musical form of the secular song of the early Middle Age period. Such would throw a strong light on the habits and customs of the period, and to possess the notation of this music of the people, the roundelays and refrains which were common at all the dances and festivals from the seventh to the thirteenth century, would be to get far back indeed into "Merrie" England. We possess the words of a sixth-century song of the time of Clothair II. (584—628), and those of Roland's song of Charlemagne's time, but the music of these and of the love-songs which were forbidden, and those which were not : of the mournful songs or "laments" which were chanted at night over the graves of the dead—these, and the pæans of praise and battle-song, all had music which is lost for ever, because the light of the age led no one to note it down. It is certain, however, that the early folk-song had a distinctly popular rhythm and flow. In many cases, too, it would be quaint and original, even fantastic and comical—as when used to accompany the evolutions in out-door life and enjoyment. It was essentially the people's possession, and in an age when city life was not, and when out-door sport and pleasure was all that men lived for, the music would be attuned to the circumstance. There was agricultural pursuit, and frequent war and plundering excursions, but rude enjoyment and revelry occupied the people largely. Sports and fairs and out-door gatherings were frequent—to which it was not uncommon to beseech the attendance of the Knight of the Shire from whom the vassals held their fief or tenure. The music was measured to the wants. There were, as there ever will be, performing monkeys and conjuring bears, which were accompanied in their evolutions with a light and frolicsome air from rebec, pipe, and rota : there were fools of the fair, and mountebanks ; the dancing camel, buffoon, and rope-walker; "Punch and Judy" was unknown, but its prototype in the rough "representation" of some sacred or secular subject riveted the attention of our ancestors, as they gaped outside the caravan and travelling theatre ; hawkers of things to eat and clothes to wear, tricksters, gamblers, vendors of Continental novelties, professional story-tellers, adventurers, strolling players and minstrels—these were all there, and had their music suited for their respective businesses and performances; and all this was an outcome of a traditional art more or less familiar to, and recognisable by, one and all. Far more often than not these strains were lively, and of an animated character, suited to the dance, and somewhat devoid of expression. From this we may assume that the folk-song had a precursor in the popular dance-tunes, to which, in time, words became wedded —when such vocal folk-music grew more expressive. Where feeling and emotion are strongly marked in primitive melodies, as in the case of many of the ancient Scotch and Irish melodies, they bespeak deeper and stronger passions than would be aroused by more peaceful enjoyments—passions akin to deep-rooted affection for home and kindred, and a fierce hatred for conquerors who were spoilers and violators of the sanctity of these. I cannot but lean, too, to the thought that it is owing to the burdens of war, and other oppressions, rather than to other theories concerning scale formations, that the music of nations which have been conspicuous in the throes of war partakes so largely of a plaintive and affecting character. Indeed, the scale itself is but the outcome of the national disposition or cast of mind.

As an art factor, the folk-song cannot be over-rated. Out of it and the few notes of Gregory—known as the Gregorian tones, and which served the religious requirements of the time—the vast structure of modern musical art has grown. John de Muris (1300), Odington of Evesham (1260), Franco of Cologne (1220), and Guido (1022)—these all fed upon and experimented with the tones which rose in the atmosphere in which they lived. They manipulated traditional tunes and ditties as they heard them, and out of their labours, England contributing its quota, the first European school—the Flemish—merged, the masters thereof gladly availing themselves of fragments of old folk-songs for the tenor themes of their contrapuntal studies. It is refreshing to find master musicians not ashamed of the fount which made their art. The great composers have set a laudable example to lesser musicians in this respect, and the more the army of rising native composers imitate it, and seek for colouring matter in the early music and national and traditional melodies of our country, the more is another century's art-work likely to partake of that distinctive character which it ought certainly to have, and the absence of which in every new work nowadays is much to be deplored. Rich as Handel's inventive powers were, he could go to the Italian peasantry (*pifferari*) for the theme of his

pastoral in the immortal *Messiah*: Weber was brimful of romantic melody, yet he owes many of his charming melodies in *Preciosa* to the vocal performances of Spanish soldiers: Scotch melodies abound in Boieldieu's *La Dame Blanche:* Spohr—and how fertile he was!—has written a violin concerto upon a Spanish air: the lovable Mozart stops the current of his heavenly muse for the sake of reverting to some national melody dear to him: the king of composers—Beethoven—turned to Russian melodies whereon to base the quartetts he dedicated to a prince of that country—his patron Rasumowsky: Rossini—politest of composers—to flatter a Russian lady acquaintance, took one of her country's national airs as the text for "Il Vecchiotto" in *Il Barbiere*—in short, the range of music abounds in instances of the kind; and since men to whom it must have proved more irksome to copy a melody than to compose one, have not disdained the source, fledgling composers of to-day may perchance be emboldened to glean betimes in the wide and many-coloured field which folk-music opens out. A few lines of such spontaneous art may, perchance, give wings to a whole mass of inert music, as the interpolation of that beautiful melody, "The Last Rose of Summer," has done for Flotow's feeble opera, *Martha.*

It was the minstrel in England, the minnesinger in Germany, the troubadour in Southern France and Provence who added grace and romance to the folk-song by their polished singing and delicate accompaniments—using the popular melodies to carry stories of romantic and historical interest; and it was this form of art which stood for many centuries between the old folk-song and that which a scientific art eventually created. The Norman Conquest gave a great impulse to this improvised music, and since it occupied the attention of men of high estate and low, it constituted often a much-needed social link; but the troubadour's greatest service, as we view it, was in moving the art a step onwards — taking the folk-song out of uncultured mouths, and stamping its natural beauty and freshness with the additional charms of fancy and romance, which were the characteristic of the Norman age. Such a song—in modern notation of course—is the following by Thibaut, King of Navarre (1201—53)—



With these born singers who lent their aid towards making the old folk-song into the song creation in its best form—as we know the song—I must leave the subject. One is loth to leave so many-sided a phase of art, and I commend it to the study of the music student and loving amateur as one of the least considered, yet most beautiful fields of study.

FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

VENTILATION AND HEALTH.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

"LET us take a walk down Fleet Street."

The great big author who, in days long gone by, used to make this remark and proposal to his friend, no doubt needed a breath of air after dining well, if not wisely, and talking for hours in a stifling little inn-parlour. On emerging, the atmosphere of even Fleet Street must have felt comparatively fresh and invigorating. No more unwholesome habit could, methinks, be indulged in than that of occupying, for a certain number of hours every day, a badly-ventilated, perhaps smoke-filled room, and—talking all the time. Yet this is just what thousands and thousands of our city men do. The results are a congested brain; a weakened, flabby, or even fatty heart; disorganisation of the liver, and consequent dyspepsia. It is the liver, indeed, that gets all the blame.

"What's up to-day, Jackson?" (N.B.—This scrap of conversation between a medical man and his friend is from the life—such life, I mean, as the friend possessed.) "What's up to-day, *mon ami?* You don't look your old self."

"In what particular?"

"Well, Jackson, if I must speak plainly, you look rather pale and quivery about the cheeks, rather fishy as to eyes, the upper lids of which seem a trifle œdematous, while——"

"Oh, stop your searching analysis. Not that you're not right, for I was too long in the billiard-room last night; and the smoke, and perhaps the soda-water, didn't agree."

"Soda-water? Yes."

"I feel as nervous to-day as an old cat. I don't feel good enough to meet my mother or sisters. No appetite; acidity of the stomach. Doctor, my liver is all to pieces. You must send me some of your pills."

"No, I won't. Just take a run down to Ramsgate. Lie down on the cliff, breathe the fresh ozonic air, and do a bit of solid thinking. You'll come back a new man."

"You don't think it is the liver?"

"It is liver, lungs, heart, brain, stomach, and all combined."

"All on strike?"

"All on strike. But there is truth in what you say about the billiard-room. Here is how the matter stands. If billiards could be played without the aid of fluid accessories, in a large room with currents of fresh air to carry away the carbonic acid and the fumes of nicotine, there could not be a more healthful, wholesome indoor pastime. Cue in hand in a room like this, all the cares and worries of business and the bygone day are forgotten; one is happy for the time, and happy with a minimum of excitement. On the other hand, given a low-ceilinged, badly-ventilated room, filled with reeking, smoking men, and over-heated with flaring gas, that not only helps to burn the little oxygen there is, but poisons the air as well, then I say only evil can follow to the occupants."

"And liver pills would do no good?"

"Liver pills, as you call them, would relieve congestion and clogging, and thus give temporary relief, but they cannot remove the cause. They are, moreover, always followed by a reaction of functional inactivity, if that isn't a paradox. Besides, my friend, you should remember that to a greater or less extent all aperients debilitate. You pay for your relief bodily. You are lighter in spirits and easier after their action, but you are a degree lower in physical strength."

Well, reader, there is food for thought in even that wee bit of conversation. I do not suppose, however, that a large number of my readers spend many hours a week in billiard-rooms. I should earnestly advise them not to, if they desire to be healthy and happy. Seek rather for recreative exercise in the tennis-court, out on the lawn, in the cricket-field, on the river or road, bounding along or lounging along on a speedsome cycle—*tri* or *bi*. During these exercises you *do* breathe fresh air; and I believe it is this fact, as much as the muscular action, which makes them so health-giving.

No, we do not spend many hours in billiard-rooms, but we do in bed-rooms and in drawing-rooms. I must have a word or two to say about both. Concerning the ventilation of workshops and schoolrooms I must at present be silent, although the number of constitutions ruined in both during a single year appals the mind to think of. Thanks to science, both teachers and superintendents of workshops are beginning to believe that free air-currents rightly guided, and passing through their establishments, are conducive to the successfulness of the work done. School children will learn far more, and be more intelligent and active and pleasant, in a properly ventilated room than in one where they breathe and re-breathe their own carbonic acid and exhalations. The glad shout that youth sets up when just beyond the school-yard gate is born quite as much of the magic influence of oxygen as of joy at being free. For the same reason young men and young women would be more cheerful and attentive to business if there were a scientific system of ventilation in the rooms where they work. Yes, and they would do ten per cent. more work, and do it better. Banish carbonic acid, foul air, and dust from your workshops, and introduce oxygen from the outside, and you at the same time banish lethargy, and introduce calm, peaceful, happy activity. Apart from all regard for the health and comfort of their people, it would pay millowners, manufacturers, and others, to devote a little more attention to the purity of the atmosphere in which the work is carried on.

But as regards our own houses—here we have the ball at our feet.

It is surely unnecessary to descant on the importance of breathing fresh air. Every schoolboy knows, or ought to know, that pure air is as necessary to healthful life as either pure water or wholesome and sufficient food. Some might add that it is more so. One can live long without either food or water, but the abstraction of air for but a few moments results in the death of the subject. It is equivalent to placing a piece of cardboard over the chimney of a naphtha lamp. You at once deprive it of the ascending current of oxygen, the carbon is no longer burned, the flame is extinguished. And so it is with the lamp of life.

Society rooms of an evening are nearly always vastly overcrowded; this in itself, though tending to inconvenience, would not be so unhealthful were the rooms, as a rule, better ventilated.

We may, in some instances, put the blame upon the builder or architect. But it is the duty of every paterfamilias to see that there is a scientific plan of ventilation of his house *all through*.

Every room should be ventilated thoroughly, and with due regard to the rest; else the air of one may poison that of another. It is poor economy, for instance, to have a ventilator in the door of a bedchamber, if the atmosphere of the passage or hall beyond is in itself impure.

Not only should air of sufficient purity be admitted into the rooms, but the vitiated air must find exit.

In winter the air must be sufficiently warmed as well as pure, and it should never be too dry, nor overhot. The overheating of bed-rooms and living-rooms is a fertile source of much of the chronic and acute lung-troubles, from which the people of these islands suffer so severely in winter and spring. Going right out from a room which has a temperature of probably 75° to the open air, in which the thermometer stands at freezing-point, is an ordeal that the lungs of very few delicate people can undergo with safety.

The air in living-rooms should be always in gentle motion; and this, remember, does not mean a draught.

In winter these rooms have a better chance of being ventilated, because the fire causes a current, burns or carries away the vitiated atmosphere, and causes the entrance of fresh air from without. It is in summer that people are apt to suffer in these rooms. Probably the chimney is stopped. At all events, it is blocked by some species of ornamentation. Now, please remember this : if such a room is to be healthy, there must be an incoming and an outgoing current of air. The simplest way of securing this is to have the window open at the bottom as well as at the top. Or, better still, have a ventilator in the door—any simple arrangement will suffice—and have the window wide open. *It is a slit that brings a draught.* Out of doors in summer, with the air circulating all round you, you might sleep soundly and well in a hammock and never catch cold ; but indoors you may catch cold, and inflammation also, by sitting opposite a window not opened generously wide.

What is called Sherringham's valve is an effective method of ventilating a room. As an opening must be made through the wall, it is builder's work. I therefore do but mention it.

In ventilating—say a bed-room—by means of the window, what you principally want is an upward-blowing current. Well, there are several methods of securing this without danger of a draught :—

I. Holes may be bored in the lower part of the upper sash of the window, admitting the outside air.

II. Right across one foot of the lower sash, but attached to the immovable frame of the window, may be hung or tacked a piece of strong Willesden paper —prettily painted with flowers and birds if you please. The window may then be raised to the extent of the breadth of this paper, and the air rushes upwards between the two sashes.

III. The same effect is got from simply having a board about six inches wide and the exact size of the sash's breadth. Use this to hold the window up.

IV. This same board may have two bent or elbow tubes in it, opening upwards and into the room, so that the air coming through does not blow directly in. The inside openings may be protected by valves, and thus the amount of incoming current can be regulated. We thus get a circulating movement of the air, as, the window being raised, there is an opening between the sashes.

V. In summer a frame half as big as the lower sash may be made of perforated zinc or wire gauze and placed in so as to keep the window up. There is no draught ; and if kept in position all night, then, as a rule, the inmate will enjoy refreshing sleep.

VI. In addition to these plans, the door of every bed-room should possess at the top thereof a ventilating panel, the simplest of all being that formed of wire gauze.

In conclusion, let me again beg of you to value fresh air as you value life and health itself ; and, while taking care not to sleep directly in an appreciable draught, to abjure curtains all round the bed. A curtained bed is only a stable for nightmares and a hotel for a hundred wandering ills and ailments.

NELLIE'S TROUSSEAU, ARRANGED BY NELLIE'S MOTHER.

NELLIE was engaged to be married. In a little while she would leave the home where, ever since she could remember, she had been loved and cherished, and go away to spend her days with a comparative stranger. She was glad, of course, for a new love had entered into her life ; but also sorry, for she began to realise that marriage divides almost more than it unites, and her home folks were very dear to her.

Nellie was a little sad at the thought of the parting that was to be ; her mother was still more so. Mothers are often credited by ignorant, heartless persons with wishing to get rid of their daughters. There may be such mothers in the world. Nellie's mother was not one of them. Nellie's presence was always a comfort and joy to her father and mother, and her absence was always a pain. But Nellie's mother knew that when children grow up, fathers and mothers have to step into the background, and be content to take a second place in the affections of their children. Thus it always has been, and thus it always will be.

To grant, however, that change is inevitable, does not quite rob it of its pain, and as Nellie's marriage drew nearer, both Nellie and her mother found it difficult to face the situation calmly. Under these circumstances, it was a good thing that the thought of the trousseau was borne in upon them, for the necessity of providing it diverted their thoughts, and gave them abundant occupation. They were both very anxious that this trousseau should be excellent of its kind, and quite a model for other brides similarly situated. And yet they were quite well aware that to make it so they would have to do a good deal of contriving, and

do what they could to lay out their money to the best advantage; for though they were not what would be called "poor," there was by no means a superabundance of money at their disposal.

Nellie was inclined to regard this lack of money as a hardship. She used to say, "What a satisfaction it would be if we had not to consider our purses so much when we go shopping!" But Nellie's mother would not agree to this. She said that so long as there was not really need for actual pinching, and there were the means, not merely to make both ends meet, but to arrange the little that hung over "in a small but elegant bow," it was not unlikely that more satisfaction would be obtained out of limited than out of unlimited means. The people who had unlimited means, she maintained, rarely got enjoyment and fun out of their expenditure. They gave lavish orders to the tradespeople, grumbled if anything was wrong, and there was an end of the business. But the people whose means were limited thought out their purchases beforehand; occasionally they consulted with friends concerning them, and this friend would give a hint in one direction, the other would give help in another direction, and thus kindly feeling would be promoted. If, when the purchase was complete, it was a success, there was rejoicing all round; if it was a failure, the failure was a subject for condolence. Thus out of the simple outlay of money a fresh interest was obtained, and after all one of the chief differences between one life and another is the interest that is in it. Nellie listened to these remarks, and acknowledged that they might be true. All the same, she thought that she should enjoy very much, just for once, the possession of plenty of hard cash. She was sure that it must be most delightful to be called on to cut out a coat, without needing to pay so very much attention to the quantity of cloth which was to go into it.

One day, Nellie and her mother prepared to set out on a shopping expedition, with the intention of commencing to buy the trousseau. They thoroughly felt the importance of the occasion, and were in a state of repressed excitement about it. But the best-laid schemes gang oft agee. No sooner had they put on their outer garments, and made ready to start, than the rain poured down in torrents, and reluctantly they had to give up their expedition.

"Never mind," said Nellie's mother, "we need not waste our time. I may confess, now that the weather has taken this matter out of my hands, that I felt rather unhappy to start off without having drawn up a scheme. Let us devote this afternoon to talking the trousseau over whilst we sew; we shall be much more likely to make it a success."

"A scheme sounds interesting," said Nellie. "What do you mean by drawing up a scheme?"

"I mean let us discuss thoroughly what our aims are to be in making our purchases, and arrive at a clear idea what we intend to buy, and why we intend to buy; how much we want, and how much we have to spend."

"This is excellent," said Nellie. "Only, mother, you must do the talking, and I shall have to do the listening; for you know much better than I do."

"Very well. I do not object to give you my ideas; and if any remark occurs to you, you must make it.

"SHE BROUGHT OUT HER MEMORANDUM-BOOK" (*p.* 542).

First, then, I must tell you that your father and I have talked the matter over, and we have decided that fifty guineas are to be spent over your trousseau, pure and simple—that is, exclusive of house-linen and extras of that sort; also it is to be exclusive of a shawl which I shall give you, and of a dressing-gown which Aunt Alice will provide."

"I am glad Aunt Alice is going to give me a dressing-gown," said Nellie, "because a dressing-gown from her will be sure to be pretty; just as your shawl, mother, is sure to be warm, soft, and comfortable. But is not fifty guineas an immense sum? Are you not giving me too much, mother?"

"I don't fancy, dear Nellie, that when we have set down all we should wish to buy, we shall think it at all too much. 'Too much' and 'too little' are not the terms to use about the amount to be spent on a trousseau. That amount has to be determined by the ideas and the means of the people concerned. My own idea would be to provide you with comfortable, becoming, suitable garments, sufficient to last for at least twelve months after marriage. I should think it very hard if a young husband had to begin buying clothes for his wife before the end of a year. To do this, for a girl who goes out moderately, fifty pounds would certainly be required. But yet I have no doubt that numbers of wealthy young ladies would think fifty pounds an absurdly small sum to spend on a trousseau, and thousands more would consider it abundant and luxurious wealth."

"I dare say they would," said Nellie. "How many dresses shall I have, mother?"

"I should like you to have as many as you want for immediate use, and not one more. I think it is a

very great mistake to have dresses to lay aside. You would get tired of them, and they would get out of date, and half shabby, and be quite a burden. If we can spare money for more we might buy the material, and you could put it away; but on no account have a large number of dresses made up. If you do not care to buy the material, you might keep the money. A little money, safely put away, will be a much more satisfactory possession than a number of dresses which are out of date."

"I think that is quite right," said Nellie. "I was speaking the other day to Edith Williams, and she told me that when she married she had twelve dresses in her trousseau. Before a year was over, she was out of love with them, especially as half of them were simply fashionable, and did not suit her. Yet she could not reconcile it with her conscience to buy new ones, so long as those she had were in good condition, and so they became quite a nuisance. Then I have to remember that my old dresses will count for something."

"Of course; old clothes are as useful after marriage as before. The gowns you are now wearing will serve to wear in the mornings, and on wet days, without a doubt. I should like you, however, to have one or two washing dresses. Some people disapprove of washing dresses, because they say they are costly through being always in the wash. At any rate, they are always fresh after they have been in the wash; and freshness, you know, is to a girl what it is to a flower."

"I should not like to be without washing dresses, certainly," said Nellie.

"There is another point to be considered," continued the mother. "In buying dresses, I should by no means choose colours and patterns merely because they are the mode. Study what is *becoming*, and buy what suits you, both in hats and bonnets, and in dresses. You will find that you have pleasure in wearing what is becoming to you, but you will grow very weary of what is not becoming, no matter how stylish it may be. This is a hint to be acted on through life. I was reading the other day a remark made by the late Lord Beaconsfield, that 'Dress was a feminine art which all study, and in which few excel.' It was very true, yet surely the reason is that women choose what is the mode, instead of buying what suits them."

"RELUCTANTLY THEY HAD TO GIVE UP THEIR EXPEDITION" (*p.* 541).

"The thing is, what does suit us? Do you think we can any of us tell for ourselves?"

"We cannot always tell about new garments, but we can tell about old ones, and we ought to remember the teachings of experience. Now you, my dear, being dark in complexion, with brown hair and brown eyes, may wear tan or cream-coloured dresses, olive-green, red, brown, maroon, and very dark blue. If you were fair, with blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and golden hair, I should advise you to avoid red and cream-colour, and to wear blue, white, and rose-pink for gala dresses; blue and green, lilac, grey, black, and brown for constant wear."

"Wait a moment," said Nellie. "I should like to make a note of my colours; I cannot remember them else." And she brought out her memorandum-book.

"Having decided what are the colours which suit you, my dear, take my advice and keep to them, no matter what the fashionable colour may be. And while you are taking notes, you might set down a reminder that, as you are rather short and inclined to be stout, you ought to avoid dresses made with horizontal lines across the figure, because they will make you look shorter than you are. Loose dresses also will help to make you look slender, while tight dresses will do exactly the reverse. I suppose I scarcely need say that I hope you will never condescend to the idiocy of tight-lacing. I suppose also we may take it for granted that you will remain constant to the rational style of dress you have been accustomed to wear."

"Oh, yes," said Nellie, "it is so much more comfortable; I could not bear the other style."

"It is not only more comfortable," said Nellie's mother, "it is much more economical and much less trouble than is the dress usually worn. I tell you, my dear, if your under-linen were of the common type, I should feel that we ought to begin from now and sew with all our power until your marriage. We should have to make every article ourselves, for I should never be happy to buy ready-made goods, because home-made linen is worth twice as much as any other. You would need a dozen of everything, and there would be all the feather-stitching and embroidery."

"Oh, mother! it makes my fingers ache to think of it."

"Then think of the washing and the care it would require afterwards. Laundry arrangements are always an anxiety to a young housekeeper; and anything which makes the weekly wash less is an advantage. Be thankful, my dear, that you wear rational underclothing. As it is, I have calculated that if you have eight woollen combinations—four thick ones for winter, four thin ones for summer; four flannel petticoats made with a bodice; four upper petticoats, Princesse shape, two for winter and two for summer; two white petticoats, eight night-gowns, a dozen pairs of stockings, and three dozen pocket handkerchiefs, you would do excellently."

"How much of the £50 would the under-linen cost?" said Nelly.

"Calculating roughly, I think it would cost £12. We would allow £20 for dresses, remembering to have no more made up than are needed immediately; £8 for cloaks and jackets, £5 for boots and gloves, and £5 for sundries, such as an umbrella, a parasol, a trunk, ribbons, and collars. As you always trim your own hats and bonnets, I think we may get them out of the £2 10s. which makes the difference between pounds and guineas. In arranging your millinery, remember that the same rule holds good for hats as for dresses. Two hats that suit you give more satisfaction than a dozen that do not. Remember also that dress is never becoming when it is conspicuous. As the celebrated Beau Brummell once said—'You are never well dressed when any one turns round to stare at you.'"

"Well," said Nelly, "it is wonderful when you count everything, and go into details, how easily a large sum like £50 is disposed of. The only item I should feel doubtful about in our list is the £5 for boots and gloves. You see, mother, you have taught me to appreciate good gloves and good boots."

"I am very glad if that is so," replied her mother. "I would gladly endorse the French maxim, that a woman who is well shod and well gloved is well dressed. I confess that item is the one I also should be doubtful about. But I think you might save a few shillings out of the bonnet money to help the gloves. I hope, Nellie, you will continue to trim your own bonnets and hats, for you do it very well, and I am quite sure that a greater saving can be effected in this way than by making dresses, and the trouble is comparatively trifling. Besides, by saving scraps and oddments, you can often trim a hat for next to nothing."

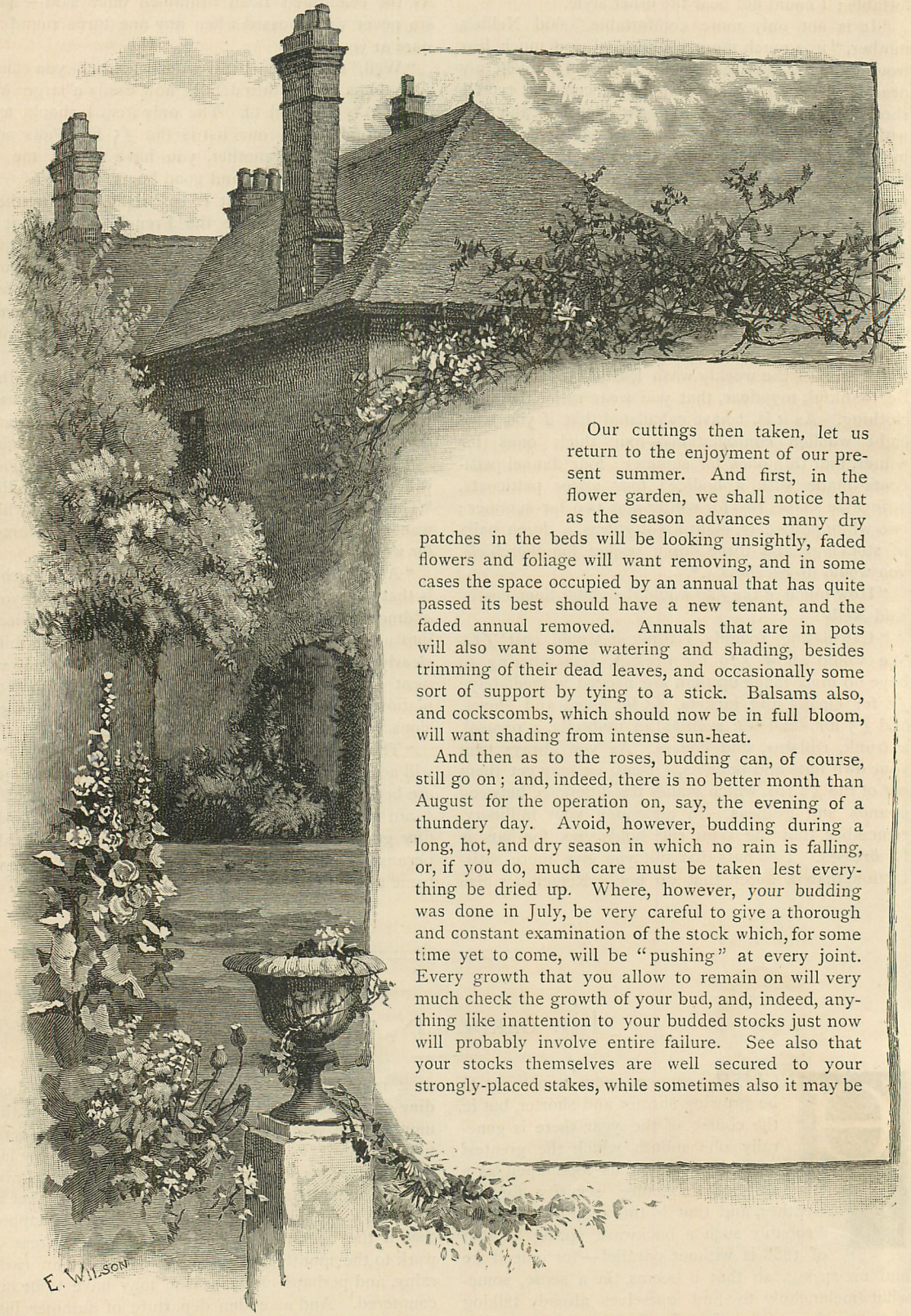
"That is quite true, when the scraps and oddments will keep themselves well to the fore," said Nellie. "The worst of them is that they are never visible when wanted; they always come out when the hat is trimmed for which they would have been useful."

"Ah! my dear; the lesson that experience teaches is that you should set apart a special drawer for your oddments, and keep it locked; put every separate item into a box by itself, and write a label on it describing clearly what it is. If you did this, and then always went to this drawer when millinery was in contemplation, you would not often overlook your possessions."

"That is a very good suggestion," said Nellie. "I will act upon it. Now I see our talk is over, for you are beginning to fold up your work. After all, mother, I am not sorry it rained to-day. I am sure papa's fifty guineas will be spent much more judiciously, because we have thought it out in our minds before we came to lay it out in the shop."

THE GARDEN IN AUGUST.

ENGLISH summers seem sometimes to be growing shorter and shorter, but in the course of the year there is generally one month which the greatest grumblers among us look upon as a sort of debenture security for hot weather, and that is this month of August. Probably such a backward spring as that of 1888 is without parallel—for indeed we had no spring, so that it seems, in a sense, somewhat melancholy to find ourselves already talking of our garden preparations for the next season! Yet so it must be, if we wish to have any stock of bedding-out plants next May. Towards the end of this month, then, and not later, we put our cutting operations in hand: we say not later because it is very important that our stock of young cuttings should have, at least, some thoroughly warm and genial weather in which to make a start, and it does occasionally happen that if the operation is postponed through press of work to the month of September, a risk of an early rainy, and perhaps chilly, season may have to be encountered. And a sudden departure of summer just as our stock of cuttings has been taken is disastrous.



Our cuttings then taken, let us return to the enjoyment of our present summer. And first, in the flower garden, we shall notice that as the season advances many dry patches in the beds will be looking unsightly, faded flowers and foliage will want removing, and in some cases the space occupied by an annual that has quite passed its best should have a new tenant, and the faded annual removed. Annuals that are in pots will also want some watering and shading, besides trimming of their dead leaves, and occasionally some sort of support by tying to a stick. Balsams also, and cockscombs, which should now be in full bloom, will want shading from intense sun-heat.

And then as to the roses, budding can, of course, still go on; and, indeed, there is no better month than August for the operation on, say, the evening of a thundery day. Avoid, however, budding during a long, hot, and dry season in which no rain is falling, or, if you do, much care must be taken lest everything be dried up. Where, however, your budding was done in July, be very careful to give a thorough and constant examination of the stock which, for some time yet to come, will be "pushing" at every joint. Every growth that you allow to remain on will very much check the growth of your bud, and, indeed, anything like inattention to your budded stocks just now will probably involve entire failure. See also that your stocks themselves are well secured to your strongly-placed stakes, while sometimes also it may be

necessary to tie your bud itself gently to the stock, or to some support, as, besides the risk which our buds sometimes run from the rays of the sun, they are not infrequently exposed to another risk in the shape of wind, which, if very boisterous, might blow the bud bodily off the stock.

Notice this month, too, in your garden, any flower that has bloomed with unusual perfection, as it may be well to save some of the seed.

The kitchen garden will give us plenty to do this month. The ground will naturally, just now, be getting cleared of crops that are finished, and this will involve some trenching and immediate preparation of the soil for the reception of another crop: get in some manure at the same time, for it will not answer to sow or plant another crop in an exhausted or ill-nourished soil.

We have said, perhaps, too little about parsley, a thing which we require for daily use all the year round. This is a good month for sowing a fresh supply; some recommend watering parsley with soot-water, but at all events a good thinning and hoeing of your more established parsley-beds is necessary now. Pull up all the poorly-grown parsley, or all that has not a good curled leaf, and so thin your plants as to give each plenty of room to grow.

August is a great month for attention to the onion-bed; those that are ripe should be harvested, but take care that they are only put away when dry. Often after they are got up it is a good plan to let them lie on the ground and get well dried before carrying them off; put them in a dry loft or shed, or hang them up, indeed, in any dry situation. But the chief winter crop, too, we also sow this month, only take care that the ground is first well trenched and manured. Returning once again, however, to the crop that we are about to harvest: it is a good plan, some short time before we get them in, to lay the stems over with the back of the rake, as this greatly assists the swelling of the bulb.

And on dry days earth up the celery; see that the soil with which you earth up is well bruised and friable, and take care that no earth gets into the heart of your plant.

And then, in the fruit garden, the strawberries are all over; but we, not later than the middle of the month, take off the strongest runners, and, on a good and richly prepared border, we plant them six inches apart in rows of a foot apart. These will bear the next year, though not very strongly.

The cucumber and melon frames will be in full force, though the cucumbers will soon be on the wane; watering them with manure-water, a good deal diluted, is recommended as keeping them in vigour; but the melons will only just be coming on. It is a good plan to cover the surface of the bed with slates or tiles; this is done to keep the fruit from touching the soil, and, what is more, the extra heat thus produced by the reflection of the sun's rays will be very beneficial to the now fast-ripening fruit. As the fruit gets nearly ripe, withhold water, and give, also, all the light you can; but ventilation will, of course, be necessary, while the absence of water at the last stage of the growth will tend to improve the flavour of the fruit.

FOR THE GOOD OF THE FAMILY.

By KATE EYRE, Author of "A Step in the Dark," "A Fool's Harvest," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

CONCERNING JANET SLADE'S WORK.

MR. PRITCHARD.

A FEW casual remarks have already been made tending to show that Janet Slade was a very exceptional woman—one who had, in fact, few characteristics in common with ordinary domesticated daughters and wives. Not that we would have it thought for a moment that we are saying one word in disparagement of home-loving, every-day girls. Hearts are not necessarily less warm, nor self-sacrifice less beautiful, because the sympathies of those who possess the former, and practise the latter, are confined within narrow limits. We could not possibly do without our sweet, commonplace English girls; we do not like even to think what our homes would be, unbrightened by their presence. We hear so much now-a-days about the position which women are making for themselves in the big world outside home; the prejudices against their higher education which they are endeavouring to sweep away; the doors leading to honourable and remunerative employments which they are slowly, but surely, forcing open; while those lookers-on who are in sympathy with the movement, are so ready to extol the courage of the women who are bravely taking the lead, that there is a danger lest our more insignificant sisters, whose part it is to remain quietly at home, cheerfully performing hum-drum duties, may come to feel that they are now no longer appreciated.

Janet's sphere of usefulness, however, was not confined to home duties, either by her natural proclivities or by the circumstances in which she was placed. Although Adelaide was the younger sister, she had long been the mistress of Surrey Lodge, and she was not in the least anxious for Janet's co-operation in domestic matters. Nor would Adelaide have been satisfied to fill a secondary position, had Janet, by virtue of her seniority, taken her place at the head of her father's house. Janet would, therefore, have been glad to seek an interest in life outside her home-circle, even had not a strong sense of duty, combined with very exceptional qualifications, induced her to do so.

Janet possessed in a very marked degree two very opposite traits of character, which are rarely to be found in the same individual, especially if that individual be a woman. She was at once intensely sympathetic and pre-eminently practical. There was no form of suffering she did not long to allay, and yet she was never carried away by emotion. Wild dreams of great achievements brought her no satisfaction. Not that she never allowed herself to dream of a time when all the evils which are now so sorely grieving noble-minded men and women shall be swept away. Perhaps it would not be going too far to declare it to be impossible for social reformers, however practical, to achieve any success whatever if they are not upheld by some bright vision of an ideal state of society. But Janet never permitted herself to rest content with merely *wishing* every one well. "Something attempted, something *done*," no matter how small that "something" must, alas! too often be, was the thought that was for ever urging her onward.

"All numbers, however large, are made up of units," Janet would say, when she was told that the task she had set herself to perform was so stupendous that she must of necessity fail ignominiously. "It is true *I* can do very, very little; but then, if, when there is work waiting to be done, no one were to volunteer because alone each individual can do so little, no great reforms would ever be attempted."

And listening to her, people would turn away their heads to smile. "Miss Slade was really so very strange, a little touched, they were afraid," they would say amongst themselves. We laugh at our enthusiasts, but we leave the best work of the world to be done by them.

Janet was barely twenty when her sympathies were first aroused on behalf of the terrible life of toil to which unskilled needlewomen are condemned. It was a very ordinary incident which set her thinking on the subject. A respectable woman, with whom she was slightly acquainted, was forced by the death of her husband to provide for herself. In order to do this, the woman became a seamstress, and did what is called "slop-work" for one of the large houses. The material is cut out on the premises where the work is supplied, and done up into bundles, each containing one dozen unmade garments. The seamstress has to fetch one of these bundles—she is not allowed to take more than one at a time—and leave a shilling deposit on it. On reaching home, she has to make up this dozen cut-out garments. Then when she has taken them back to the warehouse, she receives 10½d. for her labour. True, the greater part of the work is done with a sewing-machine; still, very few women can make more than one dozen garments in twelve hours, allowing a short time for meals, and for fetching and returning the goods. Nor is the 10½d. which is given as an equivalent for twelve hours' labour all profit; for the seamstress has to find her own cotton; she has also either to purchase or hire her sewing-machine, and machines will not last for ever without being repaired. Taking all this into consideration, the rate of pay can hardly be termed excessive.

"But cannot you possibly do better than that?" asked Janet in dismay, when the distressing details were first laid before her.

"No, miss. As far as I can make out, very few seamstresses get a shilling a day, let them work their hardest; that is, those who can do only plain sewing."

Janet had at that time no means of testing the accuracy of this statement by questioning the workwomen themselves, for the simple reason that, like so many other girls in her position, she did not know any. But she tested it by the aid of the elementary rules of arithmetic. She studied the prices of ladies' under-clothing displayed in the drapers' shops, and having calculated how much the material was worth, she subtracted the amount from the sale price. The remainder represents the amount paid to the seamstress, plus the retail tradesman's profit, and very probably plus the "slop-seller's" or middleman's profit also; for by far the greater number of shopkeepers buy the ready-made garments they exhibit for sale from "slop-sellers." In this way Janet came to the conclusion that what she had been told by the seamstress was by no means an exaggeration.

From that time Janet Slade felt that to purchase ready-made underclothing at the price at which it is offered for sale in drapers' shops is to be guilty of committing an unrighteous act. To decide that a certain course of action was wrong in itself, was with Janet not only to cease to follow that course, but to endeavour to induce others to cease also.

She began in a very unpretending way. It will be remembered that she and Adelaide had fifty pounds a year each, left to them by their mother, which their father allowed them to keep for their personal expenses. Out of this sum, Janet put aside twenty pounds a year for her clothes, &c., and with the remaining thirty she began carrying out a scheme for the amelioration of the condition of seamstresses, which, if it could not boast originality, was, at all events, practical. First of all, she set about forming a society amongst her friends and acquaintances, the members of which pledged themselves not to buy ready-made garments. Then she found two poor women badly in need of work, hired a small room for them to sit in each day from ten to six, bought them a sewing-machine, and kept them employed at a rate of fair remuneration with work supplied by the members of the new society.

It was up-hill work at first, and Janet was subjected

to much ridicule. For the ridicule, as far as it concerned herself, she cared not a jot, so intensely in earnest was she, but it grieved her sorely to think that women, many of whom were unselfish in their homes, should be so utterly indifferent to the sufferings of their poorer sisters.

"Why, my dear Miss Slade, how short-sighted you are! Don't you see if we discontinue buying these cheap garments, the poor creatures who make them won't be able to get any work at all? and then what will they do?" was a question that was put to her more than once.

At first Janet was a little staggered by this argument, it sounded so very plausible; and she, a young girl, who had had neither time nor opportunities to study life's problems very deeply, could not at once see that it was only a fallacy. She held fast, however, to her natural instinct; perhaps it would be more correct to say she kept true to her higher self.

"To benefit by that which is in itself wrong cannot possibly be right, not even if by doing so we *seem* to be bringing about more good than harm," she said, on the spur of the moment, when first this very usual objection was raised to her scheme.

Afterwards, when she had thought the matter out for herself, she would say—

"But you forget that we are not causing the demand to cease; we are only desirous of having it supplied under more favourable conditions. As long as the garments we wear are made by seamstresses, we cannot reasonably be said to be taking work away from them as a class."

When Adelaide heard what her sister was attempting, she was as seriously annoyed as she ever allowed herself to be by anything that did not immediately affect her own comfort.

"My dear Janet," she said reprovingly, "it is so very unwomanly to try to stir up strife, to endeavour to set class against class. Papa says that the rate at which seamstresses are paid for their work depends entirely on demand and supply, and that that being a branch of political economy, it is quite outside a woman's province. I do wish, dear, you wouldn't try to make yourself eccentric. I can assure you, men never like eccentric women, whatever you may think to the contrary."

"It is quite true that I do not know much about political economy. As for setting class against class, I have neither the power nor the desire to do so; and if it is unwomanly to sympathise with the unmerited hardships under which our poorer sisters labour, and to endeavour to remove them, I hope I may always be unwomanly." Janet's face flushed angrily as she spoke; for although she had passed by in silence the innuendo respecting the motive by which she was supposed to be actuated, it had irritated her almost beyond endurance. People who hold very strong opinions are not generally what is vaguely termed amiable, and Janet, especially at this time, was no exception to the rule. As she grew older she learnt better to realise how impossible it must always be for all to look out upon the world with the same eyes.

But notwithstanding the ridicule and the opposition with which Janet's scheme was met, it prospered amazingly. Janet possessed in a pre-eminent degree that strength of purpose, that power of ever pressing onward, the possession of which constitutes the chief attribute of leadership. Let men and women be thoroughly in earnest in what they undertake, and they are bound to have followers. Intense earnestness is a magnetic influence which humanity is powerless to resist. And added to her earnestness, Janet also possessed the gift of organisation. And so the one small work-room had to be given up in favour of a whole house, then two houses, and ultimately three houses thrown into one large factory; the two seamstresses increased to two hundred; while the new society, from being confined to a few personal friends, became a large and well-known organisation, with branches stationed all over the United Kingdom. Not that all this was achieved without much labour and patience, and that it did not bring in its train very many bitter disappointments.

At first the women were allowed to take the work to their own homes if they preferred to do so; but this privilege had afterwards to be withdrawn, because in so many instances the materials were pawned, while in other cases the work was indifferently done. The first objection might have been overcome by enforcing a rule that a deposit should be left to the full value of the material; but the second objection was of a more serious nature, and threatened the collapse of the whole scheme. For Janet was too practical not to realise that the new society she had been at such pains to organise would cease to send in orders if those orders were not well and punctually executed. Then, when it was arranged that all the work should be done on the premises, each woman was allowed to make as many garments as she could in the week, working eight hours a day, while she received in return for her labour the full amount which the members of the society paid for the work performed, minus the cost of materials and a certain percentage, out of which all necessary expenses—such as house-rent, gas, firing, the buying and keeping in repair of sewing-machines, &c.—were taken.

Experience, however, soon taught Janet that the work would be done faster and better if every garment passed through several hands, each woman doing that portion of it to which she was most accustomed. Then arose the necessity for engaging forewomen to superintend the work done in each department. All this rendered the fair adjustment of pay very complicated; but still Janet clung to her original plan of paying each woman according to the amount of work she performed, in preference to hiring hands at so much a day; even the forewomen were paid in proportion to the number of garments which passed through their respective departments. After a time Janet was brought face to face with a difficulty of a far more serious nature than any which had hitherto confronted her. The women who applied to be taken on at the factory did not belong to quite the same class as do the bulk of those who undertake "slop-work." In

other words, Janet found she was not benefiting the class for whom she had sacrificed so much; that she was, in fact, doing that against which her opposers had warned her: she was diminishing the sale of cheap ready-made under-clothing, while she was not giving more fairly remunerated work to those who had hitherto lived by making garments for which there was now no longer so large a demand. It was with a feeling near akin to dismay that Janet began to realise this. It was imperative that it should be put a stop to, and at once. But how? And then Janet decided that henceforth all the fresh "hands" taken on at the factory must have had at least two years' previous experience as seamstresses. This was an awkward regulation to carry out, and one which, unless those who engaged the seamstresses were very acute, could easily be evaded. It was out of the question to hope that the late employers would furnish references, so that the only practical method of discovering if the applicants were possessed of the necessary qualification was to cross-examine them closely, and afterwards to make inquiries about them in the neigbourhoods in which they lived. Much additional labour was necessarily involved by the new regulation; and Janet was painfully aware that it did not meet the difficulty in at all a satisfactory manner; still, in the absence of any better plan, she was obliged to enforce it.

But enough has already been said to show that the undertaking was by no manner of means an easy one; that it did, in fact, require a woman with a clear head as well as an enthusiastic temperament to attempt it. And when it is remembered that to the active superintendence of the factory at Walworth were added the arduous tasks of recruiting fresh members for the new society, and of helping to start factories on the same principles as the one at Walworth in the large provincial towns, it will readily be understood that the work was well-nigh too much for a woman like Janet, who was possessed of no great physical strength.

What wonder, then, that at the age of twenty-six Janet had long since ceased to look a girl; and that the man who loved, but did not understand her, longed to rescue her from what seemed to him nothing more than a wearisome life of endless toil?

The evening on which it had been arranged that William Darton was to meet his cousin Lawrence Fergusson at Surrey Lodge, Janet left the factory rather earlier than usual. Nevertheless, she was feeling even more than usually tired and rather low-spirited. There had been a little unpleasantness during the day between one of the forewomen and two or three of those under her, and Janet had been obliged to settle the dispute with a high hand. Being a woman of large ideas herself, one who was constantly working for some well-nigh unattainable end, Janet often failed to realise the importance that petty jealousies and egotistical desires can assume in the estimation of selfish, narrow-minded women. All quarrelling on purely personal grounds seemed to her quite inexcusable. According to her way of thinking, each person should be content to merge her own identity in that of others, and work with them for the general good; and it was both a surprise and a bitter disappointment to her when she discovered how much selfishness and egotism existed amongst those whom she employed. And then there were domestic matters that were causing her much disquietude. Even the prospect of spending the evening in Lawrence's company did not cheer her. She felt that he would not be at ease in his cousin's presence, and that, although it was as well to get the meeting over on the present occasion, it could hardly fail to be somewhat painful to all present. And then she knew Mr. Darton was to be introduced to Mr. Pritchard, in order that he might be induced to take up shares in the new Recreation Hall. Not that Janet either liked or trusted this Mr. Pritchard; in her heart she suspected him of doing his utmost to induce the public to invest their money in what he knew to be a rotten concern. That as a speculation the Recreation Hall would prove an utter failure, Janet never for one moment doubted; and she dreaded lest its failure should bring disgrace as well as ruin on her father.

Altogether life seemed very dreary to Janet Slade, as she sat in the train, pondering these things. It was a foggy November evening, and the lamp was burning so dimly that she could not stifle her sad thoughts by reading. And so she sat on thinking, thinking with such intensity, that for a moment she did not notice the train had stopped at Pelham Common. Suddenly becoming aware of this fact, she hastily threw her waterproof over her arm, picked up her book and umbrella, and prepared to alight.

"Oh, here you are!" said a well-known voice. "I was half afraid you weren't coming by this train."

"Have you been waiting for me, Lawrence?" asked Janet, smiling up at him with frank simplicity. She and Lawrence were such old friends—playfellows, in fact—that it never occurred to her to attempt to disguise her affection for him.

"I came by the 4.34 from Victoria, and as I thought we might just as well walk up the hill together, I waited the City train in on the chance of your coming by it."

"That was good of you."

"I suppose I ought to disclaim the goodness you so kindly attribute to me, by declaring that I only succumbed to a temptation which I was powerless to resist?"

"Only that as we are real friends, you ought not to pay me so poor a compliment as to imagine I could credit so extravagant a statement."

"Won't you let me put on your cloak? It is raining."

"Is it?" said Janet artlessly. Truth to tell, she thought that the weather had marvellously improved during the last few minutes.

Then she submitted to having her cloak wrapped round her. She could certainly have arranged it quite as well herself, and had she done so, she would probably have managed the fastenings in a manner that would not have left a buttonhole to spare at the top, and a button too many at the bottom. Nevertheless,

she stood quite still, not attempting to hasten the performance by offering assistance, while her eyes looked very bright, and a smile of perfect contentment played round her mouth.

"Now give me your book and umbrella," said Lawrence, as he gave a final pull here and there to her cloak, having a vague notion that there was something defective about the fit of it, although he was not aware that his own clumsiness had thrown it out of gear. Then he opened his umbrella and held it over his companion; while Janet placed her hand on his arm, and trotted along contentedly at his side, blissfully indifferent to rain, fog, and mud.

Any one studying the characters of Lawrence Fergusson and Janet Slade would probably have been puzzled to say why each found the other attractive. Lawrence, if the truth must be told, was a commonplace young man enough. He was fairly good-looking, rather fine-grown, decidedly gentlemanly, very well-meaning, not altogether a fool, but still not particularly intelligent: a man who had always been satisfied to form his ideas in accordance with the opinions most generally expressed by those with whom he came into contact, one of those opinions being an unbounded faith in the overwhelming superiority of the masculine intellect. So much for Lawrence. As for Janet, she was undoubtedly plain, and, worse still, she lacked that stylishness of attire which appeals so strongly to the admiration of commonplace men; moreover, she was a year older than Lawrence.

As children, Adelaide and Janet Slade and Lawrence Fergusson had played together; and as far back as any one of the three could remember, Lawrence had always evinced a strong partiality for Janet, while Adelaide's prettiness had never made the slightest impression on him. Then, as the little girls grew to womanhood, their old playfellow continued to retain the same relative sentiments towards them. This was, in a great measure, due to the fact that he had a lively recollection of how Janet used to save him a share of her sweets if he did not happen to be with her at the time she became possessed of them; whereas Adelaide would go shares — and that very reluctantly—only when the presence of one or both of her playfellows obliged her to do so; moreover, Lawrence had often suspected Adelaide of saving up her pennies to spend in secret, a mean practice which, as a boy, he had never missed an opportunity of denouncing with righteous indignation. Then, in addition to his knowledge of Janet's unselfishness, he grew to appreciate her cleverness. For Janet was clever in her way. She was not in the least learned; she had never been driven to the verge of distraction by the maddening inflexions of τυπτω, while the genitive absolute was a difficulty unknown to her; differential calculi had never caused her head to ache, nor had she so much as attempted to cross the pons asinorum. She had not even read a great deal, for her life had been a practical, not a visionary one. But she had the rare gift of discernment. She never accepted a conclusion simply because custom gave to it a languid assent. If it seemed to her that some long-established practice had ceased to meet the requirements of the age, she had the courage to admit as much, and to inquire as to where and why it failed, with a view to guarding against all such failure in the future. This principle she carried out in the veriest details of every-day life. And then she possessed that

"SHE SUBMITTED TO HAVING HER CLOAK WRAPPED ROUND HER" (*p.* 548).

capacity for intense sympathy which depends as much on the brain as on the heart; for it is impossible to realise the various ways in which similar circumstances will affect different temperaments unless our intellects enable us to form some conception of the workings of the human mind. Yes, Janet was undoubtedly clever, with a cleverness that falls to the share of but few women. Now, when a man is firmly convinced that his intellect must, in accordance with an inviolable law of nature, be superior to that of any woman with whom he may chance to come into contact, it is gratifying to his vanity to associate with a gifted woman, inasmuch as in her presence he feels justified in forming an abnormally high opinion of his own abilities. The satisfaction which Lawrence always experienced when he was in Janet's company was in a great measure attributable to this sense of personal appreciation, as was also much of his affection for her.

Janet's preference for Lawrence does not need nearly so long an explanation. She was attached to him, for the simple reason that she had grown accustomed to his preference for her. She was not in the least envious of the admiration which her sister's beauty excited on all sides; but she would have been hardly a woman if it had not gratified her to feel that there was one man in the world who was always deeply conscious of her presence, even when Adelaide was by her side. And then Janet, in common with all good women, craved so for love, and her craving had met with so little response from either her father or sister. She was very human; she wanted to be essential to some one person's happiness, as we all do, more or less; and almost unconsciously she had begun to hope that this "some one person" might be Lawrence Fergusson. Had any one told her that she loved her old playfellow with all the strength of an exceptionally strong nature, and that she yearned to be loved even as she loved—wholly, deeply, unselfishly—it is very doubtful if she would have admitted the truth of the statement. Nevertheless, such was the case.

Upon hearing that Mrs. Fergusson had already arrived, Janet accompanied Lawrence to the drawing-room before removing her out-door garments.

Mrs. Fergusson responded warmly enough to Janet's hearty greeting, for she was very much attached to the elder Miss Slade. There was, however, an expression of slight uneasiness on her face as she asked—

"Did Lawrence overtake you coming up the hill, dear, or did he meet you at the station?"

"He met me at the station," answered Janet brightly. She had never paused to consider whether Mrs. Fergusson would be pleased to welcome her as a daughter-in-law, all her thoughts on the subject of Lawrence's preference for herself having been arrested by her knowledge of his inability to marry.

"I came down by the 4.34 from Victoria, so I waited about ten minutes or so at Pelham Common to see the City train in," struck in Lawrence, with a ring of defiance in his voice. He suspected his mother's disapproval of his attitude towards Janet, and, manlike, was, on that account, the more determined to go his own way.

"Lawrence is always so thoughtful," replied Mrs. Fergusson. "He invariably comes to meet me if I am out anywhere of an evening and it comes on to rain." Poor woman! she was very anxious to make Lawrence's conduct appear only brotherly.

Although Mrs. Fergusson was genuinely fond of Janet, she did not desire her for a daughter-in-law. In the first place, she did not wish Lawrence to marry at all; and in the second, although Janet was such a dear, kind, sympathetic girl, Mrs. Fergusson did not think she would make a good wife. Was it likely that a young woman who was accustomed to spend the whole of the day superintending factory-girls, could possibly know anything about domestic matters? Of course she would, with the best intentions in the world, squander her husband's money, while her home would always be at sixes and sevens. So, at least, thought Mrs. Fergusson, forgetting that love is the most successful of all teachers.

And so the anxious mother, noting the brightness of Janet's eyes and the determination of Lawrence's manner, decided to whisper a word of well-veiled advice into Janet's ear on the first opportunity.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

A FLOWER GIVEN AND ACCEPTED.

THE dinner passed off more satisfactorily than Janet had anticipated.

Mr. Darton came in good time, elaborately got up for the occasion—not in evening dress, because he had inquired of Mr. Slade if such would become the occasion, and Mr. Slade had replied—

"My dear Darton, let me dispel once and for ever any delusions under which you may be labouring as to my domestic arrangements. I am, I can assure you, an essentially homely man. I may not always have been so; in fact, you yourself will remember a time when fortune smiled on me with far more sweetness than she now, alas! deigns to bestow on me; but——"

"Yes, yes; I remember it right enough," broke in Mr. Darton eagerly.

"But why should I say 'Alas!' seeing that my circumstances are but undergoing a period of transition, and that the splendour with which I confidently hope to be ere long surrounded will——"

"All right, then; I'll come in my ordinary toggs," again interrupted Mr. Darton.

If by "ordinary toggs" Mr. Darton meant morning dress, he carried out his intention; but if he was alluding to garments he had already worn on ordinary occasions, he certainly did not appear in them. His "get-up" was new from the "masher collar," on which rested a fringe of well-oiled hair, to the toe of his patent leather, drab-gaitered boots. A queer "get-up" it was too, consisting of large-checked unmentionables in shades of fawn and brown, a white waistcoat with a network of gold chain spread half over it, a velvet coat, a crimson neck-tie, a huge silk handkerchief of the same colour, saturated with per-

fume, and cuffs falling half-way over the hands, fastened with diamond horse-shoe links.

On entering the room, Mr. Darton did not recognise Lawrence Fergusson. Not that this was surprising, seeing that Lawrence had been only a little boy when William Darton went abroad.

"Well, and how do you do, mum—I mean Aunt Ruth?" asked Mr. Darton as Mrs. Fergusson advanced towards him. "Lor! you see my relatives so clean forgot me for so long, that now I don't find it easy to remember I ever had any," he added, looking quickly round the room, possibly to excuse himself for having first addressed Mrs. Fergusson as "Mum."

"Your memory is not so defective but what you are ready to do them a kindness," replied Mrs. Fergusson, in grateful recognition of her allowance.

"Ah! that's what I call the sort of thing a man wouldn't do for any but a relation; ain't it? Not the kind of arrangement a man would make with any but his own flesh and blood, eh?"

Mrs. Fergusson murmured an assent, and then hastened to introduce Lawrence to her nephew.

"Oh, this is Lawrence, is it? How d'yer do, me boy?"

Lawrence replied rather coldly to the effect that his health was perfectly satisfactory.

"Lor, to think how you've changed!" exclaimed Mr. Darton, eyeing his cousin up and down. "Why, I shouldn't have known yer if I'd met yer face to face the other side of the equator."

"Eighteen years do not leave many of us unchanged."

"You're right there, me boy; eighteen years don't leave many of us where we was."

Then Mr. Darton sat down with his legs very far apart, hitching up his unmentionables at the knees as he did so.

A rather awkward pause followed. Mr. Slade, however, came to the rescue by wondering why Pritchard hadn't arrived, and assuring Mr. Darton, at great length, that nothing but an overwhelming pressure of work in connection with the new Recreation Hall could possibly be detaining that exemplary man of business.

During this wordy explanation, Mr. Darton kept his eyes fixed on Adelaide.

Adelaide's cheeks were flushed and her eyes were sparkling; for Mrs. Fergusson had told her some news which had strangely excited her. Fred Sinclair had left his sister's house to attend his great-uncle's funeral. Now it was from this great-uncle that he expected to inherit the moderate fortune to which allusion has already been made. Surely, surely, thought Adelaide, now that all difficulties about ways and means were at an end, he would confirm that declaration which had trembled on his lips by making a formal offer for her hand as soon as decency would allow him to do so. And then she gave full scope to her imagination, and having begun by choosing her wedding dress, she was soon furnishing her house and making her domestic arrangements. It was such an intense relief, after all the terrible anxiety of the last few days, to know that necessity, and not choice, had kept her lover away.

Suddenly, much to every one's astonishment, Mr. Darton got up, and taking a red camellia from his button-hole, he crossed the room to present it to Adelaide.

"If you'll have the goodness to accept that, Miss Addie, you'll be laying me under a deep obligation."

"Oh, don't let me deprive you of it, Mr. Darton," said Adelaide, a little flurriedly. It was such a rude awakening from her blissful dream.

"If you'll have the goodness to accept it," he said, still holding it out towards her.

Adelaide hesitated. Why should she refuse? The man was a vulgar brute, but then he was in a position to oblige her father, and she herself would soon be removed from Pelham Common and all its associations.

"Thank you," she said at length, taking the camellia. She was about to place it in a solitaire glass, when Mr. Darton stayed her hand.

"I want you to wear it, Miss Addie," he said eagerly.

"I couldn't wear it, thank you," replied Adelaide rather coldly.

"And why couldn't you?"

"Oh, I don't know; red doesn't suit me, for one thing.

"Well, I never! Red not suit you! Why, it's the very colour for you. Now you'll wear it, won't you? Just to oblige me, you know. It ain't much to ask of a young lady, and I cut it on purpose for you."

Again Adelaide hesitated. Looking up, she caught her father's eye. Why should she not do as she was asked? It had always been the guiding rule of her life to make herself agreeable to all whom she chanced to meet, quite irrespective of the sentiments she entertained towards them. So taking the flower out of the glass, she fastened it in her dress with her brooch.

"Since you so particularly wish me to wear it, Mr. Darton, I cannot refuse," she said, with her usual gracious smile.

"Now that looks what I call tip-top!" exclaimed Mr. Darton, highly gratified.

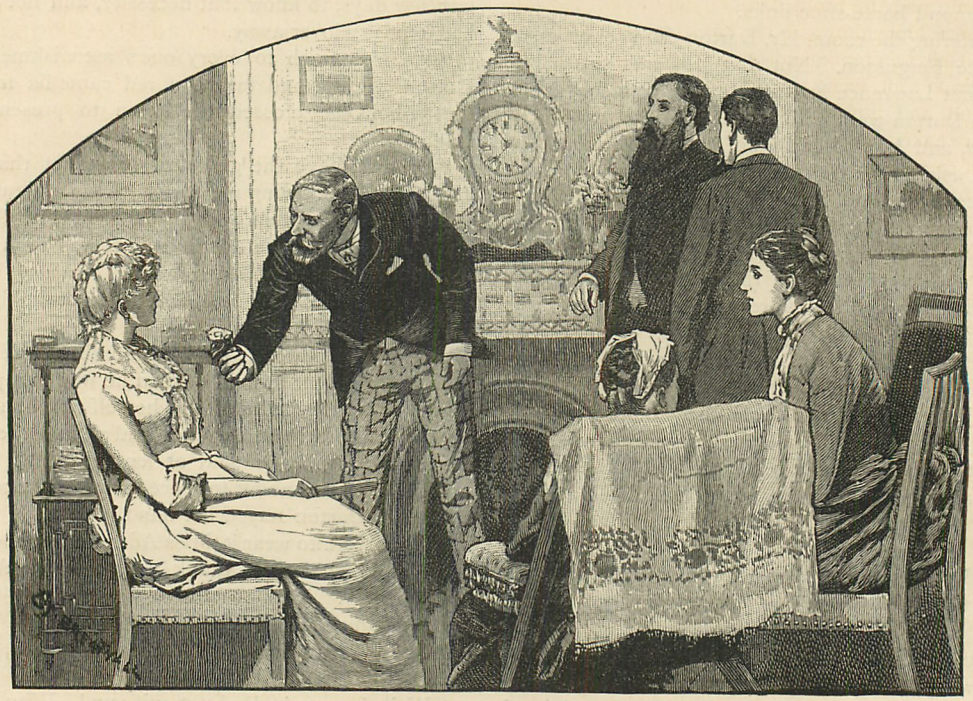
"The Dartons never used to be remarkable for their gallantry," whispered Lawrence to Janet.

"How *could* Adelaide take it?" answered Janet, with a ring of pain in her voice. Insincerity always greatly distressed her.

"Why, it is just what *you* would have done," said Lawrence, in surprise. "I've seen you sacrifice yourself over and over again out of consideration for the feelings of others."

"Oh, but this is different," said Janet quickly. "I mean that it is not pure good-nature on the part of Mr. Darton," she added, by way of explaining her somewhat ambiguous statement.

At that moment Mr. Pritchard was announced. He was dressed, as usual, in mourning. Ever since Mr. Slade had become casually acquainted with him, some three years before, he had worn nothing but black, while his hat-band and note-paper continued to proclaim a moderate but invariable degree of grief.



"HE CROSSED THE ROOM TO PRESENT IT TO ADELAIDE" (*p.* 551).

And yet he had never alluded to any bereavement. But then, he never spoke of his private affairs. Politics, art, and literature he would discuss freely enough, but always with the air of a man who was more ready to accept than advance opinions. He was intensely respectable-looking, he expressed himself admirably, was studiedly polite to women; nevertheless, he was hardly a gentleman. A certain deference in his bearing towards other men seemed to suggest that he was himself aware of this, and was perpetually offering an apology for his deficiencies. But when he came to speak on business matters, although he still preserved a respectful mien, he spoke with much confidence, as of one having authority; in the same way as a barber will meekly agree with any opinions advanced by his customers, until they touch on shaving-soap or hair-oil, when he will respectfully beg to be allowed to know best. In order to make converts to one particular opinion, it is well to yield on all others. It is so natural to us to feel confidence in one who has the discernment to recognise the soundness of our judgment on all points except that on which he considers himself a specialist. We are most of us content to let a butterman know best about butter, provided he is prepared to accept our conclusions about all other comestibles.

When dinner was announced, Mr. Pritchard, who was standing by Adelaide, offered her his arm, just as Mr. Darton was advancing towards her with the intention of conferring on her a similar honour.

"There! I declare if you haven't stolen a day's march upon me," exclaimed Mr. Darton, good-humouredly enough, although he looked rather crest-fallen. "I see I must be quicker next time. It's the early bird that catches the worm; although it's not the thing to compare a pretty young lady like Miss Addie to a worm, is it?" and glancing round, Mr. Darton gave the company a hint, by a spasmodic contraction of his left eyelid, that he was indulging in a joke.

Mr. Pritchard murmured something about gratitude at his good fortune. Truth to tell, he would willingly have resigned the lady, had gallantry not forbidden him to do so, the satisfaction which momentarily lit up his face being due to the discovery that Mr. Darton was attracted by Adelaide's beauty. A rich man, when he is in love with a pretty woman many years his junior, is generally free enough with his money where her relatives are concerned, thought Mr. Pritchard with much inward satisfaction.

The man of business was right. Before the evening was over William Darton had promised to invest fifteen hundred pounds that were lying at his banker's in shares in the new Recreation Hall.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

"FATE IS AGAINST ME."

IT will be remembered that Fred Sinclair parted from his sister to dress for dinner in no very amiable frame of mind. Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds had said that his preference for Adelaide differed from her own love-affair, and he had declared to himself that the difference

existed only in his sister's imagination. And so declaring, he had made up his mind to go straight to Adelaide the following morning and ask her to be his wife.

But when the next morning came he received a telegram, which took him a couple of hundred miles from the woman he was prepared to admit he loved, as fast as an express train could carry him. His great-uncle was dangerously ill, so the telegram had informed him; but when he arrived at Ashley Hall he found that its master had already passed away.

He stayed on for the funeral, and was treated by the household as the young master. Then the will was read, and Fred Sinclair found his great-uncle had not forgotten him—the old gentleman had left him fifty pounds with which to buy mourning. Mourning indeed! Who could mourn for a man who was so deaf to the claims of those who should have been dear as well as near to him, as to leave the bulk of his fortune to public charities?

Then Fred returned to Pelham Common and told Adelaide Slade of his blighted prospects. The tears came into her eyes as she listened, and she looked prettier and more lovable than ever. She let her hand remain in Fred's for a few seconds as he wished her good-bye; and all the way to his sister's house Fred fancied he could still feel the touch of her fingers. After all, how sweet it would be to *work* for such a woman as that! Then Fred recalled the expression of tender, yearning solicitude in her eyes, and felt that nothing could be impossible to a man with so sympathetic a helpmate to spur him on to action. He did not realise that it was the contemplation of her own bitter disappointment which had caused Adelaide's eyes to fill with tears. Yes, he had wanted an incentive all his life, and now he had found one. He would ask Adelaide to promise to be his wife, and then he would make a position for himself which would justify him in marrying. Even now, with the knowledge of his blighted prospects pressing heavily upon him, he never doubted but what Adelaide would consent to wait for him, if he condescended to make up his mind to ask her to do so. Men are mostly very credulous in such matters. And he was not far wrong. Had he gone straight to Adelaide at that time, and poured forth all the love he felt—or imagined he felt—for her, making her believe that she really was essential to his happiness, she would not have said him nay; and henceforth all the latent good in her nature would have sprung into life. For Adelaide did love Fred Sinclair, if only in her own shallow way; and love ennobles the most selfish characters, as we all know.

Fred called on Adelaide the next day, having firmly made up his mind to put to her the all-important question.

Hardly had she greeted him, however, when another caller arrived in the person of William Darton.

Each man seemed determined to stay the other out. At length Fred took his leave, feeling thoroughly out of humour.

"Good-bye, Mr. Sinclair," said Adelaide. "I don't think I told you that I am going to-morrow to spend a few days with an old schoolfellow."

"Oh, indeed!" replied Fred, looking terribly disappointed. "I wanted to—to consult you about something, and had intended to do myself the honour of calling on you again to-morrow."

"I shall be very pleased to see you as soon as I return," replied Adelaide, with one of her sweetest smiles.

Going home, Fred decided to write to Adelaide. Ultimately, however, he made up his mind to postpone his declaration until she returned. He wanted to observe the look of happiness that would steal over her face when he declared his love; he was so anxious to see her throw off her cloak of pretty maidenly reserve, and frankly acknowledge that her heart was no longer in her own keeping.

Thinking in this wise, Fred felt terribly annoyed that William Darton's undesired presence had compelled him to forego his happiness for a week or two longer. Fate was against him, he thought. Twice he had been on the eve of proposing to Adelaide, and each time he had been interrupted.

Afterwards he viewed the matter in a very different light, and instead of thinking that fate had been against him, he was inclined to believe a merciful Providence had intervened on his behalf.

For Pelham Common was electrified one morning by a startling piece of news. In the minds of the greater number of the inhabitants it aroused only that rather pleasurable sensation of shocked interest; but to a few it meant straitened circumstances; while to one house it brought ruin and disgrace.

That one house was Surrey Lodge.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

"THE TRUTH IS, I'VE RECONSIDERED THE MATTER."

THERE was a warrant out for the arrest of Mr. Pritchard, that respectable, deferential, business-like man having disappeared with all the available funds of the new joint-stock company, inclusive of the £1,500 which Mr. Darton had been induced to invest in the concern.

That was the startling news which had electrified the Pelham Commonites, and had brought ruin and disgrace on the master of Surrey Lodge. For it was hoarsely whispered that Mr. Slade was not altogether guiltless in the matter, that he had in fact connived at the secretary's flight in order that he might benefit by his villainy. It was only a rumour to this effect, entirely unsupported by evidence, that was noised abroad; nevertheless it was terribly damaging to Mr. Slade's reputation. It may as well be stated at once that there was not a shadow of truth in it. Culpably careless he had undoubtedly been; but dishonest—never. He was in fact entirely ruined by the collapse of the company.

Creditors, who had hitherto been very patient, suddenly pressed their claims with much persistency, and there was to be a sale at Surrey Lodge to meet their demands. And then Mr. Slade would go forth penniless, and, in the minds of many, disgraced also.

During the days that immediately followed Mr. Pritchard's flight, Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds was much exercised in her mind. She was of a kindly disposition, and this, added to the fact that she had always liked the Slades, rendered her very anxious to show her sympathy towards them in their present overwhelming trouble. Her kindly intentions were, however, kept in check by her fear lest Fred should imagine she had withdrawn her objection to Adelaide Slade as a sister-in-law; whereas the nature of the trouble which had befallen her had not unreasonably tended to strengthen that objection.

And then Fred's conduct puzzled her not a little. Hardly a day passed but what he called at Surrey Lodge, and he was evidently very desirous of assisting the Slades to the full extent of his power.

Now all this was very nice, very proper; in fact just what Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds would have had her brother do, provided he were actuated by kindly motives *only*.

And if Fred really did love Adelaide, why did he not come forward and say so before all the world?

Speaking generally, that love-making which is merely *in posse* should be held in abeyance for a time in the face of an overwhelming trouble. There are, however, circumstances in which delay would be not only unnecessary, but ungenerous. And surely Adelaide's case came under this category? The name of one who was very, very near to her, was passing all too freely from lip to lip, and she was bowed down by the shadow of another's shame. Should not, therefore, the man who had admitted to himself that he loved her, ere such trouble came upon her, have gone to her at once, and in effect said: "Adelaide, I love you; give me the right to stand by your side, and tell the world you are so inexpressibly dear to me, that no misfortune which may befall you can make me less eager to call you 'my wife'"? It may be that if Adelaide had responded to such wooing, only a long clasp of the hand should have sealed the compact; that for a time all the sweet foolishness of the first acknowledgment of mutual love should have been foregone; that in such a betrothal there would have been more sighs than smiles. Nevertheless there is no woman, not even a shallow one, who would not be deeply grateful for such brave wooing.

Then, as Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds continued to ask herself why her brother hesitated to declare his love, she did admit—very reluctantly—that circumstances had imposed on him an obligation to do so. Had she been quite true to herself—as true as when she had persisted in becoming the doctor's wife in the face of all opposition—she would not only have made up her mind to receive Adelaide affectionately, but she would have given Fred a hint as to her intention. But this she could not bring herself to do.

"Louisa, I'm going on the Continent for six months, and shall start to-morrow. I mean to see all I can, and read hard between whiles," announced Fred, as he came in late one evening.

Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds and her husband were at dinner together, having got tired of waiting for Fred.

"You have decided suddenly enough," remarked Louisa. She longed to ask him the reason of his decision, but was debarred from doing so by the doctor's presence.

"Well, I think I've been knocking about here doing nothing long enough," said Fred, by way of explanation.

"We shan't misunderstand each other, I know, if I agree with you," said the doctor. "A holiday is all very well; but having nothing to do for any length of time isn't the right thing for a young fellow like you. You get to work, my boy, and you'll be ten times happier; take my word for it. All the same, we shall miss you when you've gone. Shan't we, Loo?"

That evening Fred kept out of his sister's way almost as if he did not wish to give her an opportunity of questioning him.

The next morning, however, when the gig was at the door, and the doctor had gone down to superintend the putting in of the luggage, the brother and sister were alone together for a minute or two.

"Shall we see you often, after you come back?" asked Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds. Then she looked up anxiously into her brother's face, and he knew she was thinking of Adelaide Slade.

"Don't know, I'm sure. There's no particular attraction for me at Pelham Common, except, of course, the doctor and yourself." He spoke uneasily, and would have joined his brother-in-law had not Louisa put her hand on his arm.

"She can't have refused you, Fred?" she asked, not attempting to speak in enigmas.

"No," very shortly. Then, after a pause, "The truth is, I've reconsidered the matter."

So, after all, that which she had dreaded had not come to pass! Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds was trying her hardest to rejoice at the news she had just heard, as she watched the gig start, containing her husband and brother. Fred had undoubtedly acted with much discretion. Probably both he and Adelaide would be happier apart. Yes, it was far, far better as it was; there could be no doubt about that. But all the time Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds was repeating these arguments to herself, in order to—well, not to *excuse*, she would not use that expression—to justify her brother's conduct, she was distinctly conscious of an undercurrent of thought, in which she was wondering how she would have felt had trouble and disgrace fallen upon her through no fault of her own, and the doctor had in consequence "reconsidered the matter."

And then Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds fell to wondering whether her brother had told Adelaide he was leaving her for ever, or if he had slunk away without saying anything. Not that Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds used such harsh terms in thinking of Fred; on the contrary, she put her thoughts into the mildest possible language, partly to exonerate her brother, and also to spare her own feelings. And then she decided to call at Surrey Lodge, and casually mention Fred's departure. It would be better for Adelaide to realise at once that her lover had deserted her, thought Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds.

And so she called on Adelaide, and was very kind and sympathetic to the bankrupt's daughter.

Then—just as she was leaving—she said, acting on the same principle as women do when they put the gist of their letters into the postscripts :—

"Oh ! by-the-by, I suppose you know we have lost Fred ?"

"Lost Fred ?" echoed Adelaide.

"I mean he has left us. He started for Paris this morning, and intends, I believe, spending several months on the Continent. *He* says he means to read hard, but the doctor and I declare he has gone to seek a beautiful heiress in an enchanted castle."

Then the two women understood each other, although they continued to keep up the farce. Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds smiled uneasily, while Adelaide laughed a little, but there was no mirth in her laughter, and her eyes looked dazed and her lips were very white.

And as Adelaide stood facing Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds, making a desperate effort to hide all signs of the pain she was enduring, her nobler instincts died within her, crushed to death by blighted hopes and misplaced confidence, while their annihilation left room for meaner passions to creep in.

And then Mr. Darton was announced, and Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds made good her escape.

William Darton was a daily visitor at Surrey Lodge now. He was by no means mute concerning the money he had lost through Mr. Pritchard's dishonesty. He was undoubtedly one of the last men to bear such a loss in uncomplaining silence. Still, he had not been altogether unkind. He had expressed his belief in Mr. Slade's rectitude, and had pronounced all those whose opinions did not coincide with his own, drivelling idiots.

Half an hour after Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds had taken her departure, Janet came home. On the doorstep she encountered William Darton, coming out.

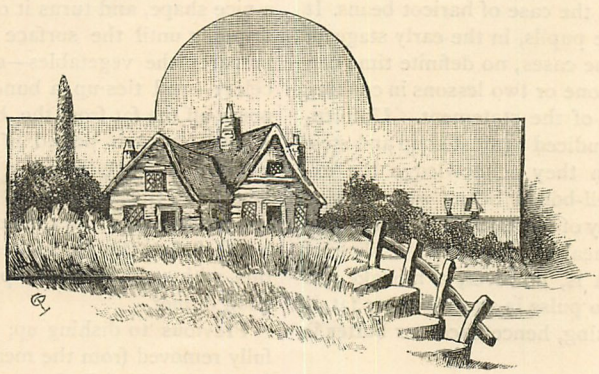
The man looked flushed and triumphant. "How de do, Miss Janet," he said, speaking in a more familiar tone than he usually used towards Mr. Slade's elder daughter.

A minute more, and Janet had entered the room occupied by her sister.

Adelaide was standing with her hands clasped tightly together, gazing into the fire. Her lips were compressed, and every vestige of colour had left her face. She raised her eyes as Janet advanced towards her, but did not speak.

"Good gracious, Adelaide, what's the matter? Tell me. Are you ill?" exclaimed Janet, as a vague dread of some impending calamity seized her.

END OF CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.



"O LOVE, THOU ERREST, I AM WITH THEE EVER."

(*A Reply to "Thou art not Near," by F. E. Weatherly, in our February Number.*)

O LOVE, thou errest, I am with thee ever,
O love, my love, as in the days of old ;
Only thine eyes, still blinded, cannot sever
Shadow from light that shines beyond the mold.

So slight the veil, I marvel oft thy yearning
Serves not to pierce it, where I waiting stand,
So short the step that holds thee from the turning,
Where thou couldst touch me with thy searching hand.

Surely mine eyes, they dwell upon thee ever ;
Feel'st thou mine arm ? 'twould be about thee, love.
Hearest thou my voice, when whispering I endeavour
Closer to come to thee, thy soul to move ?

O love, my love, sweet words, in heaven grown sweeter,
All in this life, is great beyond compare ;
But than thy faith, in all the spheres none greater ;
And than thy flower of love, no bloom more fair.

JENNIE W. NETTER.
Mount Auburn, Cincinnati,
Ohio, U.S.A.

MORE ABOUT MY COOKERY CLASS.

BY A PROFESSIONAL TEACHER OF COOKERY.

THE cordial reception of the first paper has induced the writer to give further details of her work, in the hope that they, and the recipes which follow, may prove useful to the readers of the Magazine.

At all times some dishes of a satisfying nature suggest themselves as most suitable, and all here enumerated can be recommended as the result of experience.

To commence with pulse, viz., haricot beans, lentils, and peas—the various kinds of dried ones, including split peas—all, to insure success, need the same preliminary treatment, viz., soaking in cold water for several hours, and long and slow boiling, with the addition of fat, any kind so that it is free from salt, as that condiment, if put in before they are soft, retards the cooking, especially in the case of haricot beans. It is difficult to convince the pupils, in the early stage of their lessons, that, in some cases, no definite time can be fixed for cooking, but one or two lessons in cooking pulse will prove the truth of the statement. Unfortunately they are often prejudiced against soup and stew *minus* meat, and although they acknowledge the excellence of a dish of well-boiled beans with parsley or onion sauce, or, by way of variety, white sauce, they would hardly make a meal of it without a slice of meat. This combination is, however, a mistake; to add nitrogenous matter to pulse is sheer waste; fat is the element which is lacking, hence bacon or butter is a sensible addition.

A very superior *Peas Pudding* is made by boiling the peas in a cloth as usual, and, when nearly done, adding to them in a basin the seasoning, a slice of butter, and a beaten egg; the mixture is then transferred to a greased basin, covered with a cloth, boiled for half an hour, then turned out on to a hot dish.

With reference to lentils, although the whole ones contain the greatest amount of nutriment, they disagree with many people unless they are passed through a sieve, and the skins left behind; even then, as a rule, they are not so easily digested as the split lentils; the latter are also much cleaner and less trouble to prepare, hence we always use them. In making soup of either of the above, it is a decided improvement to add to it a little rice, pearl barley, semolina, or anything of a similar kind; it gives softness, and "binds" the ingredients, which may consist of any kind of vegetables, such as onions, celery, &c., in addition to the pulse. When water only is used to make the soup, a little milk should be put in just before serving; but if bone stock, or water in which meat has been boiled, is used, the milk is not added; generally speaking, milk in soup is something new to the pupils.

Milk Soup, or *White Soup*, as it is sometimes called, is one of the best and cheapest, and, like most other purées, is not the same thing at all if the passing through a sieve is omitted. Exception is sometimes taken to the use of sieves at artisan classes, but it is surely wise to show what *should* be used, then to point out what *may* be substituted when the requisite article is lacking, as a cullender might nearly always take the place of a sieve; and in many cases it is very encouraging to note that the girls have bought steamers, sieves, and other utensils in order the better to carry out at home what they have practised at the classes. To return to the soup—it is a combination of potatoes, onions, and celery, all cut small, and cooked for ten minutes in a little hot fat; the water is then added, and the whole boiled until soft enough to "sieve;" milk is then put in, the whole made hot, and served with sippets of fried bread.

When *Shin-of-Beef Soup* is on the list the girls are very busy: one binds the piece of meat with tape into a nice shape, and turns it over and over in a little hot dripping until the surface is well browned; another prepares the vegetables—carrots, turnips, leeks, and celery—and ties up a bunch of sweet herbs; a third pours off the fat from the beef, and adds cold water, a pint for each pound of meat, taking care to add salt, and remove the scum just before it boils. In an hour or so the vegetables are put in, and the whole simmered until tender, when the meat is placed on a hot dish, and the vegetables neatly arranged round it; this, with some of the soup served as gravy, makes a good dinner.

Previous to dishing up, however, the bone is carefully removed from the meat, and returned to the pot for a few hours' further cooking; the liquor is then strained off, and left to cool until next day, when it is skimmed and re-heated; the remaining vegetables are sometimes cut into dice and served in the soup, and sometimes passed through a sieve. Semolina or small sago is often used for thickening this, and sippets of fried bread are voted an improvement.

Brazilian Stew is appreciated by all who like a piquant flavour, the pupils finding out very readily that however coarse and tough the meat may be, it can be made tender by this method. A brown jar is filled with pieces of meat—beef as a rule—and sliced vegetables, with a gill of vinegar to each pound of meat—no water; this is cooked in a moderate oven for three hours or more, according to the quantity. Sheep's, pigs', or cows' feet are excellent so cooked, the best result being obtained when the ordinary meat and the feet are in equal weights.

Sea Pie is a homely dish; it is simply a stew made in a saucepan, over which, as soon as it reaches boil-

ing point, a suet crust is laid; this has to be an inch smaller all round than the saucepan to allow room to swell, and the lid must be kept on during the cooking. For this reason there must be a good supply of gravy to start with, as this is really a steamed crust, and is made thin that it may be well done in the time at our disposal. Many things, such as the chopping of suet, are done a lesson in advance, and it will be noted that some of our dishes are not finished the same day; this we consider preferable to omitting them from our programme altogether.

Most of the puddings into which suet enters owe their excellence mainly to the careful manner in which the suet is shredded and chopped, and the length of time given to the cooking.

Ginger, *Lemon*, *Treacle*, *Fig*, and *Date* puddings are the greatest favourites, and they are all wholesome and economical. Ginger pudding is more especially suitable for cold weather; it is made by mixing four ounces each of flour, bread-crumbs, and suet, eight ounces of brown sugar, and half an ounce each of grated ginger and baking powder, with an egg, and a quarter-pint of milk.

The Treacle Pudding is made with dry materials as above, except the sugar. No milk is required, but in its stead sufficient treacle to make the whole into a stiff mass.

The Fig Pudding is rather more trouble to prepare, but is so nourishing that it deserves notice; the basis is composed of flour, bread, and suet in equal proportions, with which figs, the weight of the three combined, are mixed; the figs being first sliced, then chopped. A spoonful or two of treacle, and one or two eggs, according to the size of the pudding, are added; this, like a Christmas Pudding, can scarcely be boiled too much.

Almost needless to remark, the palates of our pupils vary greatly, but they soon learn that an excess of sugar is a mistake, as it tends to make puddings heavy; and in many cases they are instructed that where bread-crumbs are not available flour may take its place, although the puddings will be less light and not so easily digested.

With bread and some other cheap puddings it may be a new departure to many to use a table-spoonful of fine sago in place of an egg; it binds the mass quite as effectually, and is far nicer than an increased quantity of flour would be.

Let no one suppose that the crusts from our bread are wasted; sometimes they are dried in a slow oven, crushed fine with a rolling-pin, and bottled for use; they are useful for "crumbing" baked fish, baked onions, &c.; or they are soaked in cold water and converted into *Bread Puddings*; these latter, although cheap, are very different from the heavy mess often served as bread pudding, the crusts being carefully freed from the moisture by squeezing them well, and beaten until not a lump remains; indeed, the mixture looks much like a thick batter with fruit in it.

A *Savoury Groat Pudding* is liked by most of the pupils; the groats are soaked for a few hours in just enough milk to cover them; a table-spoonful of flour, a large onion minced, and a slice or two of bacon cut small, are mixed with every quarter-pound, also salt, pepper, and a little dried sage; this is boiled in a cloth, with room left for swelling, for two or three hours very gently.

A pupil once suggested that the pudding should be "browned," so it was transferred from a cloth to a dish, and put in the oven for a short time.

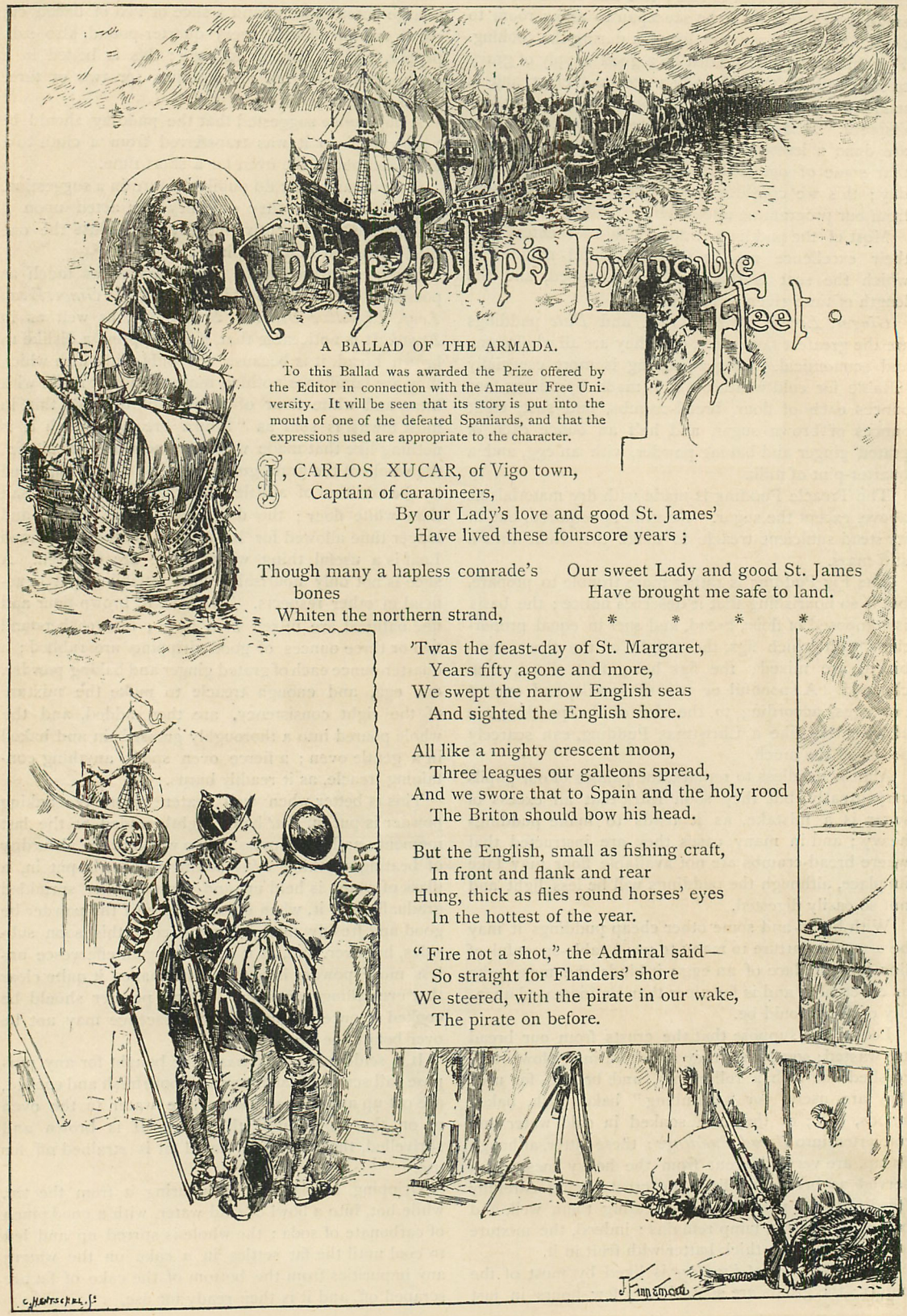
Only occasionally do pupils venture on a suggestion, though, whenever they do, they are acted upon if practicable, the inventive faculty being just the one the lessons aid in developing.

The use of whole meal is encouraged as much as possible; the pupils use it in *Ginger Cake*, *Gingerbread Loaf*, *Digestive Biscuits*, *Scones*, &c., as well as in *Bread*. It is noticeable that, if any express a dislike to brown bread, it is because the only kind with which they are familiar is nothing more than that made with bran, and white flour of an inferior quality; this, in most towns, is sold as "brown bread," though it is nothing like that made with genuine whole meal, viz., the whole of the grain ground finely; this is improved by the addition of a little butter, and needs less salt than white flour; the dough should be softer, and longer time allowed for baking it. The Gingerbread Loaf is a useful thing where there are children. A slice is not only nourishing and satisfying, but beneficial in other respects. To make it, brown flour and fine oatmeal are mixed in a bowl; into each pound two or three ounces of good dripping are rubbed; a quarter-ounce each of grated ginger and baking powder, one egg, and enough treacle to make the mixture of the right consistency, are then added, and the whole poured into a thoroughly greased tin and baked in a gentle oven; a fierce oven spoils anything containing treacle, as it readily burns.

This is better when well beaten before the baking powder is put in, *that* being lightly added at the last moment; and, to impress on the workers the absurdity of beating anything *after* baking powder is put in, a glass of water is held up, and some powder sprinkled gradually into it, when effervescence (if the powder be good and freshly made) commences; this soon subsides, however, and, as it will not again effervesce unless more powder is put in, this makes it quite clear that everything containing baking powder should be cooked at once, so that the effervescence may not be over before the heat is applied.

It is seldom that lard has to be bought for any purpose; all scraps of fat, from meat both fresh and cooked, are cut up and melted with a little water in the oven or on the stove, until the fat itself is brown and shrivelled, then the clear liquid fat is strained off for use.

Dripping is clarified by pouring it from the tin, while hot, into a bowl of cold water, with a good pinch of carbonate of soda; the whole is stirred up and left to cool until the fat settles in a cake on the water; any impurities from the bottom of the cake of fat are scraped off, and it is then ready for use.



King Philip's Invincible Fleet.

A BALLAD OF THE ARMADA.

To this Ballad was awarded the Prize offered by the Editor in connection with the Amateur Free University. It will be seen that its story is put into the mouth of one of the defeated Spaniards, and that the expressions used are appropriate to the character.

I, CARLOS XUCAR, of Vigo town,
Captain of carabineers,
By our Lady's love and good St. James'
Have lived these fourscore years;

Though many a hapless comrade's bones
Whiten the northern strand,
Our sweet Lady and good St. James
Have brought me safe to land.

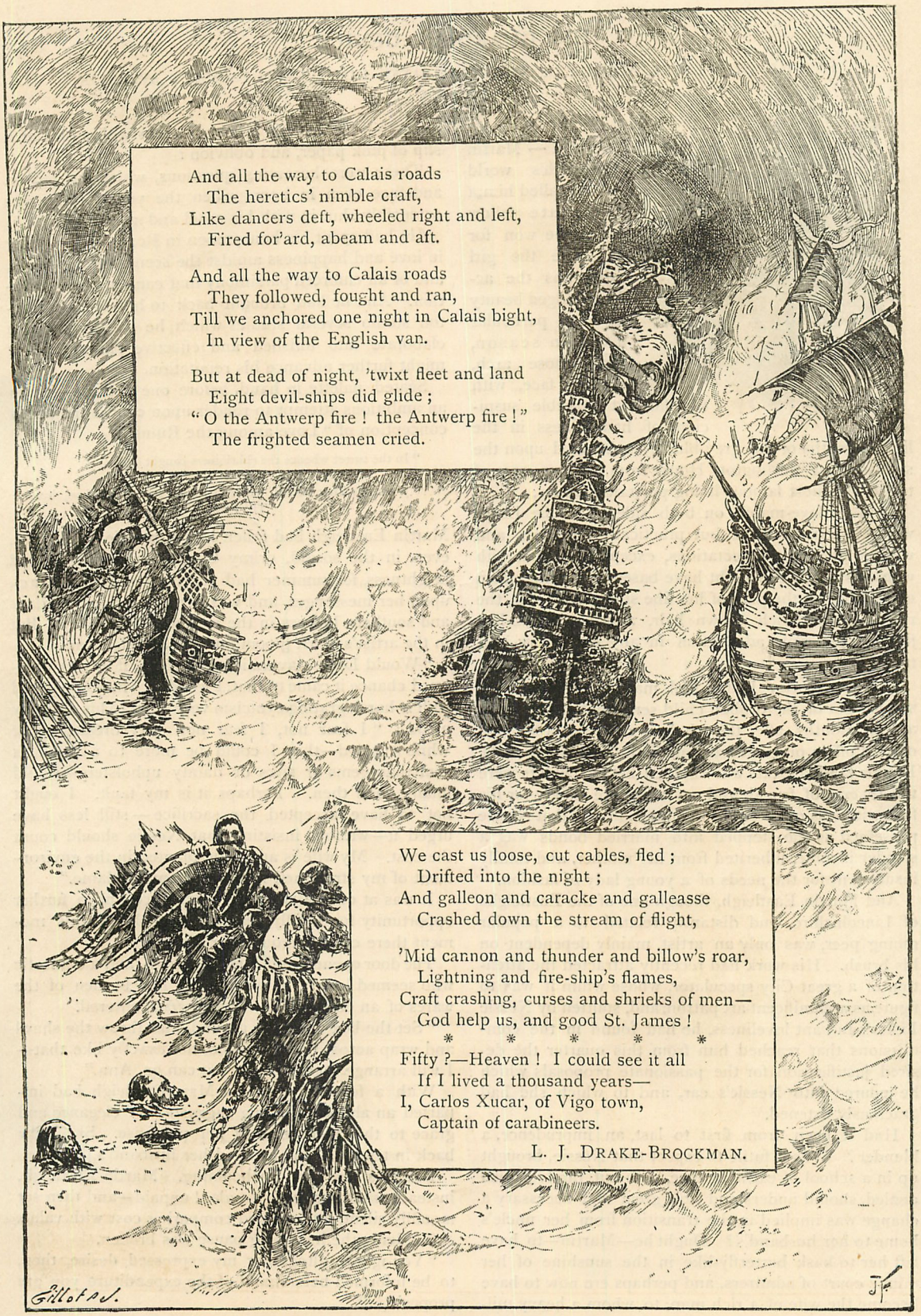
* * * *

'Twas the feast-day of St. Margaret,
Years fifty agone and more,
We swept the narrow English seas
And sighted the English shore.

All like a mighty crescent moon,
Three leagues our galleons spread,
And we swore that to Spain and the holy rood
The Briton should bow his head.

But the English, small as fishing craft,
In front and flank and rear
Hung, thick as flies round horses' eyes
In the hottest of the year.

"Fire not a shot," the Admiral said—
So straight for Flanders' shore
We steered, with the pirate in our wake,
The pirate on before.



And all the way to Calais roads
The heretics' nimble craft,
Like dancers deft, wheeled right and left,
Fired for'ard, abeam and aft.

And all the way to Calais roads
They followed, fought and ran,
Till we anchored one night in Calais bight,
In view of the English van.

But at dead of night, 'twixt fleet and land
Eight devil-ships did glide;
"O the Antwerp fire! the Antwerp fire!"
The frighted seamen cried.

We cast us loose, cut cables, fled;
Drifted into the night;
And galleon and caracke and galleasse
Crashed down the stream of flight,

'Mid cannon and thunder and billow's roar,
Lightning and fire-ship's flames,
Craft crashing, curses and shrieks of men—
God help us, and good St. James!

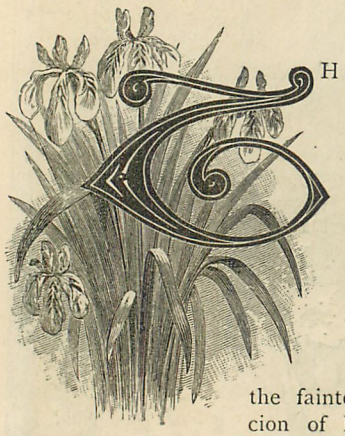
* * * * *

Fifty?—Heaven! I could see it all
If I lived a thousand years—
I, Carlos Xucar, of Vigo town,
Captain of carabineers.

L. J. DRAKE-BROCKMAN.

HIS GUARDIAN GENIUS.

BY WILLIAM J. LACEY, AUTHOR OF "HOW SHE SAVED HIM," "MISS BASSETT'S AVERSION," ETC. ETC.



I.

THE world — Martin Eastleigh's world —had called him a fortunate fellow when he won for his wife the girl who was the acknowledged beauty of that particular London season, and whose arch, smiling face, with the faintest possible suspicion of haughtiness in the limpid depths of the grey-blue eyes, beamed upon the sight-seer at Burlington House from the canvases of two of the most famous living portrait-painters.

It was a love-match on both sides. Nessie Lister was a baronet's niece, but practically penniless, and with no glittering expectations, except those that with woman's vanity she might have based upon the bloom of her cheeks, the play of her fine silken eyelashes, the ripple in her rich brown hair, and her sylph-like figure, that won admiration in any and every costume.

Old Sir Notley Lister had made from the first a spoiled pet of the orphan child sent home from India a few months after the cholera outbreak that had carried off in quick succession both Nessie's parents. But his landed estate was entailed, his own habits were the reverse of frugal, and an adequate dowry for his favourite was quite out of the question. All that Nessie possessed as she stepped into married bonds was a slender income, inherited from her mother, and totally insufficient for the needs of a young lady of fashion.

And Martin Eastleigh, though one of the Eastleighs of Lincolnshire, and distantly related to a popular racing peer, was only an artist, mainly dependent on his brush. His work had recently attracted the attention of a great City speculator, whose whim it was to figure as a munificent art patron, and, smitten by Nessie Lister's radiant loveliness, he had found in the commissions that reached him from this quarter the desired justification for the passionate proposals which he poured into Nessie's ear, and to which she had graciously listened.

Had it been, from first to last, an imprudence, a blunder? Was it futile to expect that Nessie, brought up in a school of extravagance, with but rarely a wish denied, should understand how great and necessary a change was implied in the transition from her uncle's home to her husband's? Ought he—Martin—to have left her to bask butterfly-like in the sunshine of her mimic court of admirers, and perhaps ere now to have become the wife of a rich man, to whom a heavy milliner's bill meant only a few scratches with a quill on a slip of pink paper, and oblivion?

These were harassing questions, which insisted on audience even in hours when the young artist was ostensibly shut in with his easel and inspiration.

He had spent his honeymoon in Rome—triumphing in love and happiness amidst the scenes of earlier toil, and of an enforced parsimony that came nigh to privation. And he had brought back to his tiny Kensington studio several studies which he was anxious to elaborate into finished and effective paintings that might further advance his reputation.

Seated, palette in hand, before one of those—it was an ambitious attempt to render upon canvas the poet's conception of "Love among the Ruins"—

> "In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul
> For the goal,
> When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless, dumb
> Till I come."—

Martin Eastleigh had fallen into a reverie. Without, even in the sordid, grimy City, all was warmth and brightness, for summer had for once stolen a march upon her messenger, and was here with cloudless days and southern breezes in the first weeks of May. But in the artist's spirit gloom and doubt held sway.

"Would Love stay amidst the ruins, if by any untoward chance it came to that, I wonder?" he soliloquised with a harsh grating cynicism very alien to his ordinary mood; "I fear not, I fear not. My dream, sweet while it lasted—that I could be more to a woman's soul than gems or silks or dainty upholstery—would finally fade then. Perhaps it is my fault. I ought not to have accepted the sacrifice — still less have urged it—without insisting that Nessie should count the cost. My wife is an exotic planted in the environment of my straitened means. I am to blame."

It was at once a sinister coincidence and a further opportunity for kindly remonstrance that at this moment there came a request for admission.

The door opened, and Mrs. Eastleigh, and a domestic who seemed lost in admiration of her burden of the wares of an eminent Parisian *modiste*, entered.

"Set the box upon the ground, and throw the shawl and wrap across the chair—no, not exactly like that—I will arrange them. Now you can go, Ann."

With a few deft touches Mrs. Eastleigh had imparted an almost speaking suggestion of elegance and grace to the chief items of her purchase. She drew back in triumph, and awaited her husband's praise.

But this was not forthcoming. Martin Eastleigh, instead, asked for the bill—alas! unpaid—and then sat moodily silent, and seemed comparing cost with value.

Suddenly the harassing pause was broken.

"You ignore altogether my expressed desire, then, to be informed beforehand of the expenditure you are proposing?"

"SHE DREW BACK IN TRIUMPH, AND AWAITED HER HUSBAND'S PRAISE" (*p.* 560).

The voice was very stern and sad. Unfortunately, it was the severity that chiefly betrayed itself to the listener's ear. Had the pain and the disappointment which were surging like fierce ocean tides beneath Martin Eastleigh's self-possessed exterior been disclosed to the misled woman who stood opposite, and whose attitude was fast assuming the inevitable defiance of pique and resentment, all might have been happily different.

"I was not aware that your pleasure upon that point extended to such trivial particulars as——"

He interrupted the scornful speech.

"Trivial!" he ejaculated. "The amount set down in black and white on this paper is not trivial to a man in my circumstances. Have I not told you over and over again, Nessie, that, glad as I am to see my wife fittingly, and even sumptuously arrayed, I am compelled to draw the line somewhere? If my position were firmly established, the risk would be less, but while everything seems to hinge for the time on the good-will—or caprice—of a single patron, caution is incumbent upon us both."

With a flushed countenance and a cold, glittering light in her beautiful eyes, Mrs. Eastleigh stepped to the bell and rang it.

"Carry these away into my dressing-room," she said briefly, as the servant answered the signal: then, with a sweeping bow to her husband, she followed. She had used no word either of self-defence or of counter-accusation, but her look launched an epithet —"Niggardly!"

Martin Eastleigh, alone again, wearily sighed.

"I had better have pleased my mother and have married little Claire," he murmured; "she would have understood."

The half-articulate cry was treacherous; but the heart from which it had been wrung was faithful still. What kind interposition of friend or fortune should rescue these young lives from the swift current that was bearing them towards the rocks of estrangement?

II.

IN a boudoir of a quiet Highbury home sat two ladies —one thin, frail, and elderly, the other young and blooming. The former was busy with her pen and writing-tablets in checking household accounts. Her companion had been occupied for some minutes in skimming the columns devoted to art in a weekly review, and searching for notices of her cousin's two Academy works—"A Grey Dawn on a Surrey Common" and "Sisters of Arcadie." With a gesture of impatience she laid the paper down.

"Apparently the critic of the 'Guide' has not reached the room again this week in which both of Martin's pictures happen to be hung," she said, in a tone of annoyance at such unconscionable supineness. "It is very tantalising, especially for Martin. I do hope that his paintings will be praised, as I am sure they deserve, and that he will succeed in selling them. But—here is Martin!"

Footsteps had echoed across the miniature hall, and the ladies' sanctum was invaded. The greeting between mother and son was warm and tender. Confidence endured, although the years had brought separation. And the hand of Claire Anderson the young artist grasped in turn with a strong and earnest clasp.

"We had just been talking about the picture shows, and Claire was expressing her wish that you might secure a good purchaser for your own works, when your ring came at the hall," the widow said.

"I am grateful for such a compliment," Martin Eastleigh answered, and he looked curiously towards Claire. She was certainly growing prettier, and she was rich, since she had attained her majority and inherited the hoard of her father, the recluse scientist of Denebeach. His cares would have vanished had Claire been his chosen help-meet. And yet he had never known more decisively than at this juncture that by no effort could he have cared for his cousin as he cared for the girl he had made his wife. He was glad that in all the record of the past there had been nothing even remotely approaching a love-passage with the fair young kinswoman whose talents for diplomacy he desired as a last resort, to enlist in a delicate service.

"And—and it is about a matter closely allied with those enterprises of mine that I have walked half across London this sultry afternoon," he added. "No, I beg you will not go away. I have long ago ceased to believe that my mother—dearest of parents—has any secrets from her wise and clever niece. And I have a problem which you may possibly help me to solve."

Claire had risen to withdraw, but at this remonstrance resumed her seat.

Fortunately, Martin Eastleigh's monetary circumstances were familiar to both the inmates of 6, Rydal Crescent, and he was spared the humiliation of any direct explanation. He merely supplemented the information they already possessed by a casual mention of the fact that since his return from Italy, in March, he had had no communication whatever from Mr. Romaine, who had engaged to acquire on lavish terms the next half-score of the artist's canvases.

"He has no doubt forgotten; he is a man of affairs, and his time must be greatly occupied. But I admit that I expected him to acknowledge my invitation and inspect my studio," Martin said. And the uneasiness visible in the speaker's manner was a sufficient commentary on the plain, matter-of-fact statement. Both of the listeners understood that this implied the necessity of a nice adjustment of the financial equilibrium in the Kensington establishment. But there was more to come.

"I am thinking of going on a short sketching tour of a month or so, into Wales. My old college friend, Parslow—you remember Jim Parslow, Claire? he came to see us once—is settled as a surgeon in a place with a name I can't pronounce—it bristles with consonants—and wants me to pay him a visit. A change will be a relief in this season of suspense. I wondered if you could receive Nessie here during my absence. She will be dull alone, in spite of her round of gaieties"—the accents were very bitter—"and I cannot wish her

better companionship." The sudden pause was full of meaning.

"We shall be delighted," said the widow and Claire in a breath.

"The house will be temporarily closed, and needless expense in some departments at any rate obviated."

There was no broader hint than this in the course of the desultory conversation which followed, but when Martin left, Claire knew, as surely as if the petition had been uttered in unequivocal speech, that her influence was sought to win Nessie Eastleigh to her own habits of thrift and forethought. A weighty task, indeed!

There was another way in which—with an aching heart—the girl longed to assist her cousin. What was money to her, with her simple needs and contracted horizon? Why could she not lay a portion of her wealth as an offering on the altar of her friendship and girlish admiration? Alas! she knew that there was the insurmountable barrier of Martin's pride in the path of such a purpose. And she reflected that—paradox as it seemed—she would in her secret soul have despised the young artist had he listened seriously to so ignominious a proposal. She was reduced to pity and to a spasmodic anger (of which in calmer intervals she was ashamed) against the woman who did not adequately value Martin Eastleigh's trust and love.

Brooding thus, as twilight deepened in her own apartment, there came to Claire Anderson so ordinary and commonplace an idea, that she immediately began to marvel how it was that it could have escaped her anxious mental search hitherto. The result of her inspiration was the writing and posting the same night of a private and confidential letter to her aunt's and her own solicitor.

III.

THE little rift had grown wider between Martin Eastleigh and his wife, and for the first time there had been an episode of painful mutual recrimination. Nessie resented the dictation to which it seemed she was finding herself subject, insisted upon declining the formal invitation to Highbury, and passed but a doubtful compliment upon the cousin whom Martin had dared to eulogise as a model for herself. She ended with the most ill-advised taunt her lips could possibly have framed.

"And pray, why did you not discover your admiration for Miss Anderson a few months earlier?" she asked. But waiting no reply, she sailed proudly from the room, and, a little later, had again forsaken her home to keep her engagement to a fashionable hostess in Devon Gardens.

Martin, who had refused to accompany her, tried to read, but the effort was a failure. The sky beyond his library window was dark with storm-clouds—like that which lowered over his own future. He wandered idly to the door, and gazed over in the direction of the parks. A storm was evidently brewing. Suddenly his eye fell on a white line along the lower edge of the slit in his letter-box. A message was suspended there which he should have received hours ago. The bell had doubtless tinkled unheeded, by some curious and unusual mischance.

He tore open the envelope, perused its contents, and lost in a second his indifference. He dashed into his studio, and made a rapid selection from a portfolio of sketches, or rather "hints." His haste was so great that he upset a minor easel and swept to the ground an assortment of colours. He did not stay to replace them. In a quarter of an hour he was in a cab and journeying eastward.

"Orful explosion in a coal-mine, miss!" said the pert newspaper youth who regularly brought to Martin Eastleigh's residence the evening budget of catastrophes and rumours of catastrophes. With aroused curiosity, the maid lingered in the drawing-room to scan the columns of sensation. The greater portion of the despatches she sought were on the inner side of the news sheet. But as the girl reflected that her absent master and mistress would be sure to adopt severally the surmise that the other had first examined the gazette, she mustered courage to use a paper-knife and continue her occupation.

The paper lay open on the table when Mrs. Eastleigh unexpectedly returned.

Nessie had been miserable for weeks, and this evening, when her wrath at her husband's plain-speaking had been succeeded by the inevitable and salutary reaction, conscience arose, and frightened her with strange phantoms. Was she losing Martin's love? That was a contingency that, with all her waywardness, she could not face without a great anguish and despair. She had given him her girlish heart: it was his possession still. But she must have the full and free return of his own affection. Without it, in what a dreary desert she would be an outcast wanderer! A question which she had hitherto shirked insisted on reply. After all, was she—and she alone—to blame for the alienation that was being so surely produced? The barrier of her pride reeled before the assault, was broken down, and for ever swept away on the fierce flood of her remorse.

"I have been mad—wicked!" was the voice of her inmost spirit.

She had come home to seek reconciliation. Shyly—creature of impulse that she was—she looked into her husband's studio, and noted with a tremor of wonder the disorder upon the floor. Martin was neither in the library nor drawing-room. Being interrogated, Ann declared that he had gone out, but whither and on what errand the girl was of course in ignorance.

Two little hands went together in a piteous clasp, and an awful, stony hopelessness settled upon Nessie's face. At the top of the money article in the outspread newspaper she had read this curt announcement:—

"Great Failure in the City! Messrs. Romaine and Ellis, of the Stock Exchange, suspended payment this morning. The liabilities are enormous."

The senior partner of the doomed firm was her husband's prospective purchaser alike for the works he had recently completed and for those he had in hand.

Martin must have read that cruel, ill-omened paragraph, and known infallibly that he was ruined. It was a sorry blight of his exulting expectations.

What had followed upon the revelation? A crowd of alarming fancies rushed through her brain, and the dread, which finally loomed into the most portentous shape of all the grisly throng, was summed up in the whisper—"Suicide!"

"If I were near him! If I could save him!" she said in the empty silence. "Martin—my husband—you should never again have occasion to complain of my extravagance, or that I do not heed your wishes."

The deepening darkness and muttering thunder—now well-nigh overhead—seemed to mock the vain repentance.

But to remain passive was impossible. She must act, if it were only to preserve her sanity in this terrible crisis. And the one course which presented itself to her mind was to take counsel with Claire Anderson—in whose wisdom Martin had such entire reliance—and with Martin's mother. She would go immediately to Highbury.

It was a journey Nessie never forgot. The furious war of the elements, which was clearing the streets of all mere pleasure-seekers or idle saunterers, was but the outward type of her own wild soul-strife.

But happily she was being whirled towards deliverance—a double deliverance, from the haunting fear of the hour, and from the dangerous supremacy of old, costly tastes and habits.

It was her husband into whose arms she nestled when No. 6, Rydal Crescent was reached. She lay there in the swoon of a sudden joy.

* * * * *

"And you will really forgive me, Martin, if I promise that, with your help and Claire's"—the words were bravely spoken—"I will mend my ways? We will consult together always. I am so glad that you found another purchaser for your paintings, even before you knew of Mr. Romaine's failure. How strange that you should get the important letter which fixed the appointment only just in time to reach Lincoln Square!"

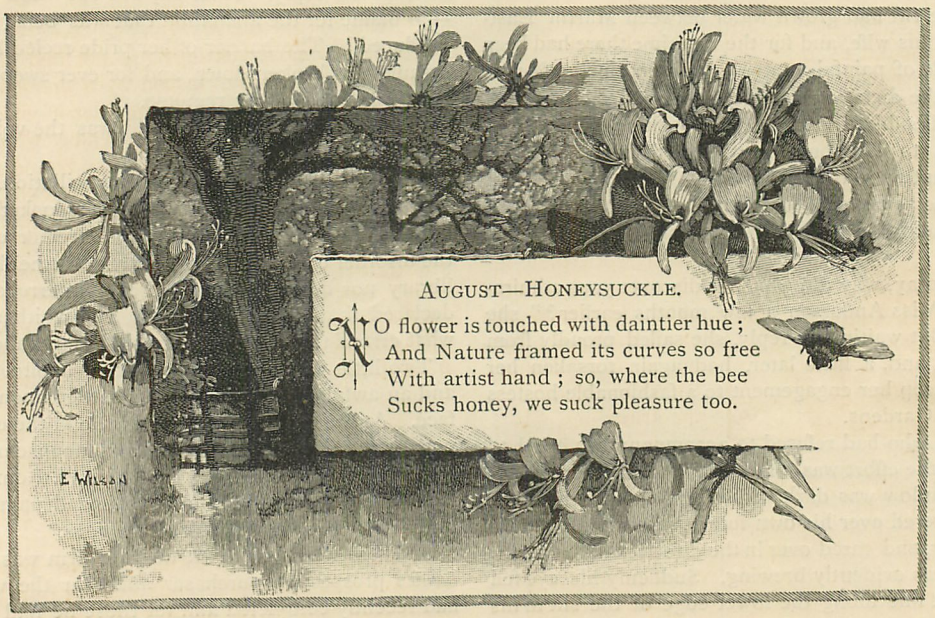
"Very strange, dearest; I think I read a Providence in these events."

"And do you know, Martin, your cousin is so good and tender, as well as wise, that I think, somehow, she herself must have loved."

Martin started, then blithely laughed. "I never heard any hint of the sort," he answered. "In my eyes she is still the quiet, old-fashioned lassie that in patronising boyish fun I used to call my 'Guardian Genius.'"

Within two years the paintings of "A Grey Dawn" and "Sisters of Arcadie" fetched their first price again in the open market, with a profit on the transaction, and to this day Martin Eastleigh has not learned who it was that came to his rescue in a time of dismal need, and how surely Claire Anderson earned the title that he had lightly given her.

FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS.



WHAT TO WEAR IN AUGUST.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

A DILEMMA.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

HOW contradictory are the accounts of the fashionable millinery! According to some chroniclers, bonnets are very small, and yet when worn they appear large. Our initial letter illustrates the exact truth: the bonnet is in itself small, but is made large by the trimming. It is composed of cream mousseline de soie, worked all over with tiny rosebuds in natural colours, connected by a conventional scroll in gold thread. The brim is bordered by very tiny gold leaflets and green feathers, and bows of velvet surmount the front. The strings are made of narrow velvet, tied on the left side (for narrow strings are not tied beneath the chin), and are mostly clasped by a diamond brooch. There is so much now in the manner in which clothes are put on. The Princess of Wales, who is always the very acme of neatness, has her bonnets tied with wide velvet strings, which show no ends, and she secures them to each side by a tiny diamond star, the two placed opposite each other. Most of the young girls wear no strings at all if they wear bonnets, which very few do, and no wonder, seeing how exceedingly pretty the hats are. Leghorns with large brims (always an ugly headgear) have been transformed into real things of beauty. Flowers are set in most becoming fashion beneath the brim in front, and the back is turned up three times with visible pins, while the crown is surmounted by large bouquets of flowers and tulle puffings. Tricorn hats in black and white straw are much worn, and for summer the drawn tulle hats are exceptionally pretty; these are often made in the sailor form, the brim slightly wider in front, with long tulle ends coming from the back. Sailor-hats will be the most fashionable for country

wear, but they will be trimmed round the crown and under the brim with roses and other flowers; for full-dress occasions all the large shapes find favour.

Eccentricity is rampant in millinery. The latest idea is to make bonnets of string, with string aigrettes, or of pipe straw not plaited, but laid on a foundation, with a bordering of green velvet and green wheat at the side. Green is the dominant colour. All shades are worn, but the most fashionable are those turning from watercress to grass-green, and all the tones of mousse, which resemble the scum on the surface of a pond, which has many tints. It shows best with cream, but is placed in juxtaposition with yellow and light pink, and several shades are massed together. Eau de Nil is well suited to summer gowns. Our first illustration shows two simple and fashionable styles of making such dresses. In one there is a mixture of striped and plain stuff; the petticoat is of the striped, which also lines the plain over-drapery, appears at the side, and at the back falls in cascades; a sash of the stripes encircles the waist twice and falls in a loose knot on one side. The bodice ends at the waist, and is full, having no apparent fastening, the vest being invisibly hooked on one side; it is made in the striped fabric, arranged with horizontal lines, whereas in the skirt they are perpendicular. A graduated frill of pleated muslin borders the opening, and has the effect of revers. The favourite colours for such gowns are green and white, or blue and white; and sometimes, in lieu of a hat, a diaphanous bonnet of tulle with a frilled front is worn, a bunch of cornflowers or some other simple flower appearing on the immediate front.

The other costume is a compromise between a Directoire jacket and an ordinary bodice. The bodice is only fastened with one button, and is cut a little below the waist, so that a deep Louis XV. pocket can appear at the side. The front is full and has revers, which are made of the patterned material, the plain being used for the skirt, arranged in box-pleats, and for the bodice and sleeves, which for the hot weather reach only to the elbow, and are supplemented for out of doors with very long gloves of tan kid—not Suèdes. A brighter shade is worn this year, and French kid is more generally in favour than the untanned—an admirable change as far as the pockets of the wearers are concerned. For country wear, a most useful Nantwich glove has been brought out, with four large horn buttons as fastenings; some for driving, having the extra castor cape palms; and chevrettes are now so made abroad that they fit more closely, and have altogether a better appearance. There is hardly any class of glove that is more durable.

Parasols are made generally of a piece of the same stuff as the dress, and many are so transparent as to be of no use for their original purpose of giving a shade; they are mere additions to the dainty prettiness of dress. White watered-silk parasols of a large size, with no trimming whatever, are more generally carried than anything else for full dress, and an entout-cas for ordinary wear.

A number of charming little jackets are being sold to slip over summer dresses for cold drives homewards after tennis parties. They are made of plain beige cloth, with only a fastening at the neck, and sometimes they are elaborately braided in gold. The over-cloaks are dainty garments, made in silk and light pretty woollen checks. These are gathered into a band at the neck, and allowed to flow to the feet. It is a most comfortable pattern, as most shapes are which are copied from peasant costumes, originating in the actual wants of people to whom appearance and all artificial requirements are but a secondary consideration. The Flemish peasants have for centuries worn these cloaks, with the large, open, cape-like hood falling low on the shoulders, the edges bordered with whalebone, so that they should not crush the white caps beneath. At present where the cloaks have these hoods they are only intended for ornament, so no distending whalebone is needed; but some dressy green silk cloaks are veiled in black lace, with these same black lace covered hoods. Almost any light striped silks have been, and are being, used for these cloaks, which are very much what were worn by our predecessors seventy or eighty years ago; indeed, the old fashions of that period are rapidly coming back to us—short waists, scanty skirts, the hair dressed in upstanding rouleaux. At many London parties during the season the Josephine dress was exactly reproduced, with a plain skirt, a train from the shoulder, and the bodice ending just below the bust. We are beginning to think the style graceful and pretty, as we are wont to do with anything that is the fashion. Five years ago it would have been voted preposterous and ugly.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

There is a very marked contrast between the fashions of the best-dressed French women and the leaders of fashion in London. In Paris there is not such a thing as a dress improver worn, and no draping of skirts. They all fall straight and flat, like the gowns worn at the end of the last, and the beginning of the present century. The high, straight collar, without which no English woman considers her dress well made, has no place in French dressmaking, where the bodices open in a V-form and are filled in with lisse and bordered with a jabot on either side.

Next season all these fashions will find a home in England, but they have not journeyed there as yet, and the modes arranged for the Britannic market are adapted to insular prejudices.

The hair is dressed in flatter curls on the forehead than heretofore, and in high rolls and puffs behind these curls. The bonnets are all without strings; even women of seventy discard them; the brims of hats diminish to a mere nothing at the back, but stand up high over the face.

The figure, in our second illustration, with the pointed bodice, shows the prevailing style both of bonnet and dress, and the sleeves coming but little below the elbow, as French women wear them. The waist is very long; there are two extremes—either the gowns are made *à la* Josephine with the waist beneath

the bust, or well down on the hips. As seen in the figure, the sleeves are very full on the shoulders, and the bodices are rarely, if ever, trimmed alike on both sides. The fulness on one side crosses the front, and in the present instance would seem to form a portion of the pleatings on the skirt. The petticoat has two scanty flounces pinked at the edge; the drapery is caught up lightly at the side.

The other figure is in some points more English, though it is what is actually being worn in Paris; the parasol is made to match the dress; the hat has a brim turned upwards from the face. The crown is slightly pointed and the brim is lined with white aerophane; the bows are made of white ribbon, so that it can be worn with almost any gown. There is a great disposition to trim both white and black straws with wide white watered ribbon, and it is certainly a useful and, in most cases, a very becoming combination. The skirt of this dress has no over-drapery; the front breadth is arranged to fall in easy folds, and all the rest in straight regular lines. The bodice shows one of the newest features of modern fashion—viz., a detached piece coming from beneath the arms and tying in a loose knot in front. This mode admits of many variations. Sometimes it merely forms a broad sash. Occasionally it is laced in front, like a Swiss overbodice, and sometimes it defines the figure at the waist, making a long, distinct point.

For evening wear, something is now generally worn in the way of head-dress, either a small wreath of the Incroyable and Directoire order, or an aigrette of ribbons or flowers, and when ribbons are used they are also worn round the throat. Forget-me-nots or red geraniums are most in favour now for wreaths. If English people in the so-called æsthetic dress first brought about the dressing after pictures, Parisians have carried the art to perfection, but on very different lines. Every now and then, in Parisian salons, you seem to see one of Greuze's dainty creatures, who has stepped down from its frame, or one of Watteau's bewitching damsels come to life. It is only on the bodice draperies that there is anything classical, but often they rival some well-known Greek models, and in these cases very soft silks or some gracefully falling woollen stuffs are worn.

Some ladies, for full-dress day wear, affect shot silks of red and yellow, trimmed with handsome gold galon, and these prove eminently becoming to dark beauties, while the fair small women choose cream silks with Pompadour bouquets, worn over some light tone—pink, blue, or light green. Shot silks are universally in favour, and galons, and even buttons are made so exactly to correspond, it is not to be wondered at that the study of colour has become a fine art. A few months ago to drape well insured success to a dressmaker; now she has no chance at all unless she has a subtle eye for colour.

The wide revers worn on the front of bodices have the effect of considerably diminishing the apparent size of the waist, and the beautiful embroideries add to the dignity of the wearer, to which also the long coats contribute. The last must come quite to the hem of the dress, and generally are distinct from the

WATCHING THE MATCH.

under-skirt, showing a wide sash belt in front and a sash and bow at the back; but, whatever else is wanting, they must have large pockets at the sides, which should be secured with huge buttons. All old family heirlooms in the way of buttons have been brought to light, and are indeed valuable additions to a fashionable toilette.

The popular French parasols are made of very thin materials—tulle, gauze, or figured net—and are embroidered in gold and silver, and with flowers in natural colours. With cotton gowns, and often with silks, they are made of a piece of the material.

Those who are already looking forward and thinking of autumn, may with confidence order a plain beige or green cloth Directoire coat. This can be perfectly plain, or it admits of embroidered cuffs, collars, and pocket-flaps. Some of these trimmings embroidered with roses and other flowers in miniature are among the Parisian novelties, copied from the old raiment which the beaux and belles of the Louis XV. and XVI. periods have handed down to us. Others, again, are worked in silk, with tiny China ribbons; or, where the exigencies of the colouring demand it, they are painted. Placed on plain cloth, they have a most admirable appearance.

To Thee, O Love!

Words by FRANCIS H. HEMERY. *Music by* J. M. BENTLEY, Mus. D.

FIRST VERSE. *Quasi Recit.*

VOICE.

1. The slant-ing sha - - dows fall on

SECOND VERSE. *Quasi Recit.*

VOICE.

2. Thro' dark - er paths, tho' lit by jewelled ray Of

PIANO. *p*

Ped. *

path and glade, Dance down a - e - rial waves, of

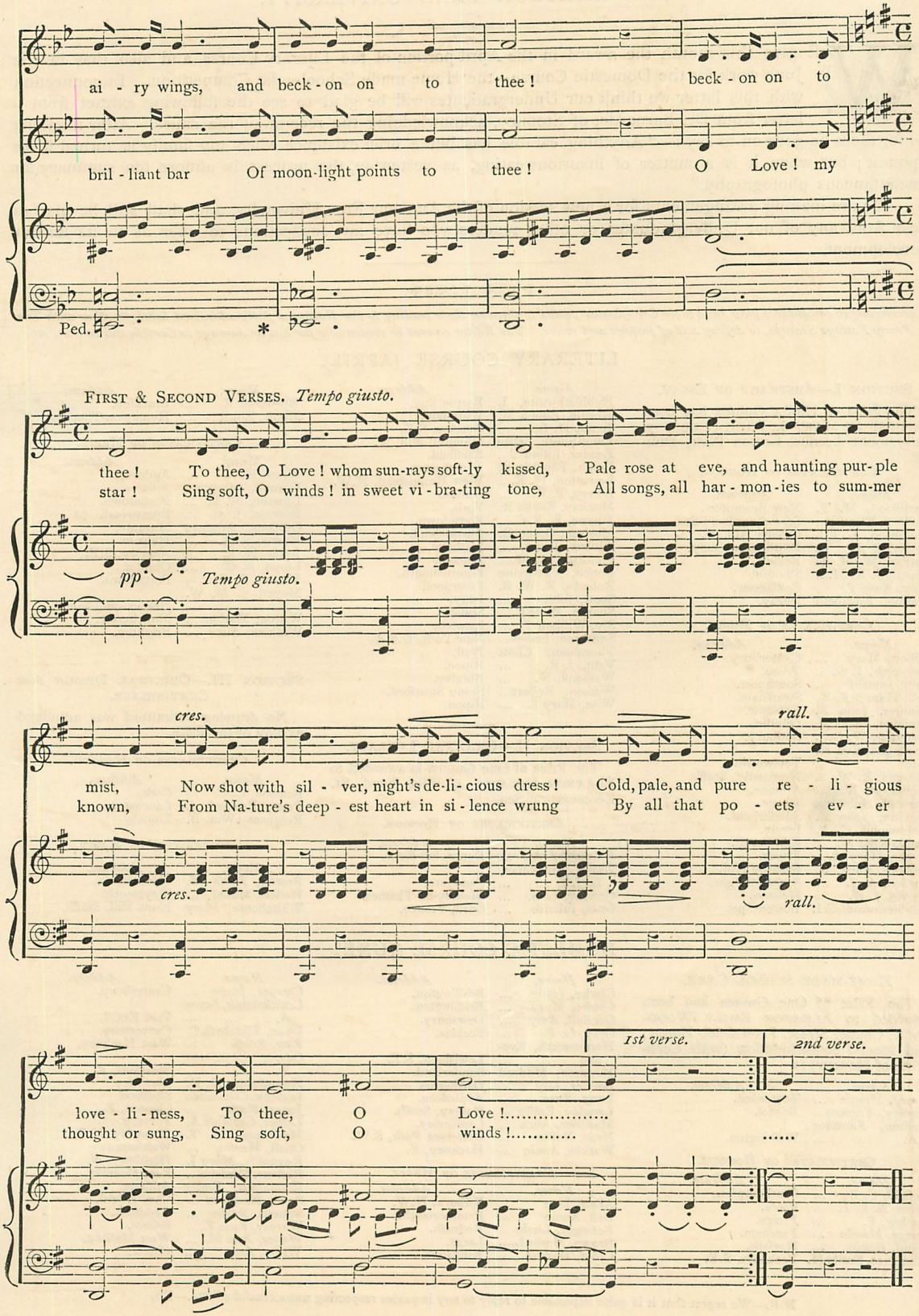
glow-worms' lamps, My trem-bling foot - steps stray; Through

Ped. *

moon - light made; A thou - sand ti - ny lives in rev - el - ry Wave

wi - der space, where many a bril - liant bar, where many a

Ped. *


ai - ry wings, and beck - on on to thee ! beck - on on to
bril - liant bar Of moon-light points to thee ! O Love ! my
Ped. * *
First & Second Verses. Tempo giusto.
thee ! To thee, O Love ! whom sun-rays soft-ly kissed, Pale rose at eve, and haunting pur-ple
star ! Sing soft, O winds ! in sweet vi - bra-ting tone, All songs, all har - mon - ies to sum-mer
pp Tempo giusto.
cres.
rall.
mist, Now shot with sil - ver, night's de-li- cious dress ! Cold, pale, and pure re - li - gious
known, From Na-ture's deep - est heart in si - lence wrung By all that po - ets ev - er
cres.
rall.
1st verse.
2nd verse.
love - li - ness, To thee, O Love !.....
thought or sung, Sing soft, O winds !..... .....

OUR AMATEUR FREE UNIVERSITY.

WE give this month the award in the April portion of the Literary Course, and also that in the June work for the Domestic Course—the Home-made School-cake Competition. In connection with this latter we think our Undergraduates will be glad to see the following extract from a letter from Dr. Barnardo, of Stepney, acknowledging the receipt of the cakes. After thanking us for them he goes on to say :—"Anything eatable has but a brief existence when my family is turned loose upon it; but when it is a matter of luxurious eating, as yesterday, the process is almost too summary for instantaneous photography."

We are making arrangements for a new session of the Amateur Free University, and shall still be glad to hear from any of our Undergraduates or other readers who have any suggestions to offer as to its further development.

PASS LISTS.

The successful candidates may have their Certificates posted to them on their sending to the Editor a fully-addressed label, together with Two Penny Postage Stamps, to defray cost of postage and roller. The Editor cannot be responsible for loss or damage to Certificates in the Post.

LITERARY COURSE (APRIL).

SECTION I.—ABSTRACT OF ESSAY.

The Prize of Half a Guinea has been awarded to MARY I. PRINDIVILLE, 7, Sallymount Avenue, Leeson Park, Dublin.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR.

Name.	*Address.*
Eastwood, M. T.	New Brompton.
Holmes, Eleanor...	St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Jenkinson, L. J....	Crouch Hill, N.
Porter, C. A. ...	Bridlington Quay.
Putron, M. M. de	Bexley.
Scarth, S. K. M....	Skelton.
Sizer, Kate T. ...	Colchester.
Walton, Elizabeth	Derby.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

Name.	*Address.*
Abbott, Mary ...	Canterbury.
Ashworth, J. G. ...	Truro.
Bain, Donald ...	Southport.
Bell, Harold F. E.	Swaffham.
Bennett, John B.	Glasgow.
Berridge, Agnes M.	Oundle.
Chandler, W. G....	Sudbury.
Coetlogon, Eva H. de	Tetsworth.
Cousens, R. W. ...	Newcastle, Staffs.
Daniel, M. N. ...	Athlone.
Darwall, Helen ...	Dover.
Dawson, John E.	Sunderland.
Drummond, C. A.	Irvine.
Eady, Kate M. ...	Edinburgh.
Foster, Mary A....	Dover.
Gibbons, Alice ...	Brierley Hill.
Gordon, A. J. ...	Kirkcudbright.
Harris, J. H. ...	Helston.
Hebblethwaite, C. I.	Boston Spa.
Hebblethwaite, I.	Boston Spa.
Hordle, Emma M.	Wareham.
Jones, H. L. ...	Anerley, S.E.
Lang-Smith, Lettie	Stamford Hill, N.
Leader, Lilian T...	Sheffield.
Leigh, Thomas B.	Manchester.
Lewinton, H. E....	West Hampstead, N.W.
Lowry, T. K. ...	Dublin.
Mackay, Emma R.	York.
Mayne, E. F. C....	Portadown.
Morison, Grace B.	Burntisland.
Niblett, Jessie ...	Ledbury.
Paddison, A. M....	Lincoln.
Punch, Catherine	Bournemouth.
Roberts, R. W. B.	Liverpool.
Scott, John ...	Islay.
Sharpe, Mary C....	Spilsby.
Sly, William T. ...	Ipswich.
Smithson, Isabel...	New York, U.S.A.
Thornham, Clara	Hull.
Vaut, J. E. ...	Ripon.
Walbank, N. ...	Bingley.
Watson, Robert...	Stony Stratford.
Wise, Mary L. ...	Ripon.

SECTION II.—ORIGINAL LULLABY.

The Prize of One Guinea is awarded to ELEANOR HOLMES, 4, Villa Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR.

Name.	*Address.*
Dawson, Ethel ...	Dentz, bei Köln.
Drake-Brockman, L. J.	Sandgate.
Goadby, L. S. ...	Henley-on-Thames.
Gras, Juliette ...	Gard, France.
Horwood, E. ...	Brackley.
Monk, Edith ...	Henley-on-Thames.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

Name.	*Address.*
Biggs, H.	Andover.
Darney, Margaret	Fife.
Dawson, M. L. ...	Portadown.
Dowson, J. A. ...	Brentwood.
Gibbons, Augusta	Margate.
Harris, J. H. ...	Helston.
Jones, H. L. ...	Anerley, S.E.
Lloyd, A. C. ...	Oundle.
Mayne, E. F. C....	Portadown.
Meyer, J. M. W. A.	Henley-on-Thames.
Wilson, Marion ...	Manchester.
Winham, Alice ...	Brighton.

SECTION III.—ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR CERTIFICATE.

No drawing submitted was adjudged worthy of the Prize.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR.

Name.	*Address.*
Beatson, C. C. ...	Cork.
Prest, Edward J.	Lancaster.
Robinson, Wm. B.	Lincoln.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

Name.	*Address.*
Breton, Edith M.	Queenstown.
Hallett, Mabel ...	Weymouth.
Whitehouse, Mary	Hunt Hill, Staffs.

DOMESTIC COURSE (JUNE).

HOME-MADE SCHOOL CAKE.

The Prize of One Guinea has been awarded to ELEANOR EMILY WOODCOCK, Chapel Street, Petersfield, Hants; and special commendation (with Certificate of Honour) to

Name.	*Address.*
Avery, Minnie ...	Tenterden.
Stanley, Frances...	Bristol.
Railton, Florence A.	Withington.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR.

Name.	*Address.*
Acfield, C. E. ...	Southampton.
Allen, A. L. L. ...	Poole.
Barlow, F. ...	Penge.
Burge, Maude ...	Fareham.
Child, Bessie ...	Norfolk.
Clemence, Emily H.	Peckham, S.E.
Clarke, Jessie ...	Bridlington.
Clarke, Mary ...	Bridlington.
Goodall, Amy ...	Dewsbury.
Gray, G. P. ...	Peebles.
Harmsworth, Eveline	Lewisham, S.E.
Harrison, Mildred	Sunderland.
Laidler, Lily ...	Darlington
Lang, Kate ...	Appledore.
Langley, Emily ...	Hanley, Staffs.
Marillier, Alice ...	Camberley.
Neat, Nellie ...	Battersea Park, S.W.
Watkin, Annie ...	Hackney, E.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

Name.	*Address.*
Allen, Jane ...	Kilburn, N.W.
Bell, Annie ...	Peterborough.
Beringer, Lizzie ...	Redruth.
Brown, Maria L....	Largs.
Child, Harriet ...	Kingston.
Cowper, Jessie ...	Canterbury.
Cruickshank, Bessie A.	Port Erroll.
Dean, Elizabeth C.	Canterbury.
Fatt, Edith ...	West Hackney.
Geere, Constance E.	Stratford, E.
Humphries, K. E.	Bletchley.
Ingleby, Constance	Sheffield.
Jones, Ruth ...	Clapton, E.
Leffler, Caroline A.	Formby.
Mackness, M. T.	Broughty, N.B.
Odell, Martha ...	Walthamstow.
Reynolds, Mary J.	Highbury, N.
Rickett, Cordelia...	East Hoathly.
Ronaldson, Emily	Athlone.
Snell, Margaret ...	Chesterfield.
Stinton, Nellie ...	Redditch.
Warner, Kate E....	Bristol.
Weller, Ann M. ...	West Malling.
Wilby, Ann ...	Ossett.

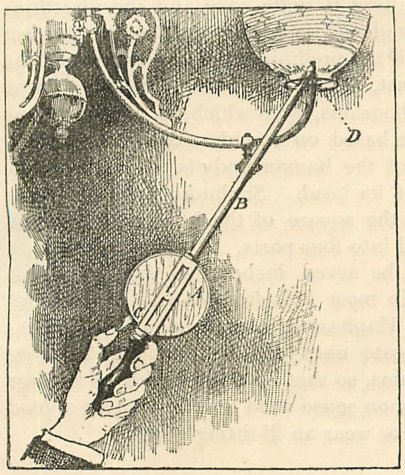
N.B.—We regret that it is quite impossible to reply to any inquiries respecting unsuccessful efforts.—ED.

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

An Electric Gas-Lighter.



The figure illustrates a device for lighting gas, invented by Mr. A. R. Molison, and known as the "Matchless." It consists of a flat vulcanite box, A, containing the apparatus which generates the electricity, and a stem or pointer, B, which applies the spark to the gas-jet. The generator consists of a small "influence" machine, which is started by pressing the thumb-key, C, on the side of the box. The rotation of a disc inside the box produces a supply of static electricity. which passes in a stream of sparks between two contact-points in the open end of the stem, D. The latter is tubular and contains a wire insulated from the metal of the tube, and forming with the tube the circuit for the electric discharge. The handle enables the contrivance to be readily applied. The apparatus is one of the few successful practical applications of static electricity.

Ideal Food.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, in recent lectures, has declared that, while man can live on animal and vegetable diet conjointly, and even sustain life on purely animal diet, he is originally a purely fruit and vegetable consuming creature, and with proper selection of his fare can economically live on the latter diet alone. In fact, according to Dr. Richardson, man is a vegetarian, though he can and does eat animal food. There is, perhaps, a probability of his diet in the future becoming of the purer and more humane description. He recommended nuts as a food, instancing the common filbert and the ground-nut as excellent foods; and he compared the banana to condensed milk. Dates he also considered a nutritious food; and so are figs. Oatmeal, so largely the food of the old Scotch, was preferred by Dr. Richardson to beef. Prime beef contains 50 per cent. of water, 30 per cent. of fuel food, 15 per cent. of flesh, and 5 per cent. of mineral; whereas good oatmeal contains only 5 per cent. of water, with 73 per cent. of fuel-food, 20 per cent. of flesh-formers, and 2 per cent. of mineral food. The latter class, as is well known, support the skeleton and denser parts of the body. The work derivable from 1 lb. of beef is 177 foot-tons (a ton lifted 177 feet), whereas that from 1 lb. of oatmeal is 488 foot-tons. With regard to the question of vegetarianism, Dr. Richardson declared that there was a good deal to be said on both sides, inasmuch as flesh was (at least to persons habituated to it) more easily digested than purely vegetable diet; but he pointed out that children took readily to vegetable diet. Diseases arose from carelessness and uncleanness in using both classes of food. On the whole, the evidence of Dr. Richardson goes to show that the vegetable world is competent of itself to supply the food of man, without any help from animal flesh, and to yield what Dr. Richardson has called the "ideal" food—that is to say, the best nutriment for human beings.

Asbestos Putty.

Asbestos putty is now manufactured for use in electric light installations. The asbestos renders it uninflammable. We may also add that tubes or pipes of asbestos are now made for running electric light wires in.

A Test for Olive-Oil.

M. R. Brulle, after a number of experiments, has adopted the following test for olive-oil:—To one grain of dried white of egg powder and two cubic centimetres of nitric acid, add ten cubic centimetres of the olive-oil to be tested. Heat the mixture gently for some time. When the acid begins to boil, incline the test-tube till the liquids mix more completely. A greenish-yellow colour will then indicate pure olive-oil. If any other oil be present, an amber tint will be visible. Colza, rape-seed, cotton, and linseed oils, all answer the test. The oil called exotic aveline gives a pink tint. The test is applicable when the adulterant is over five per cent.

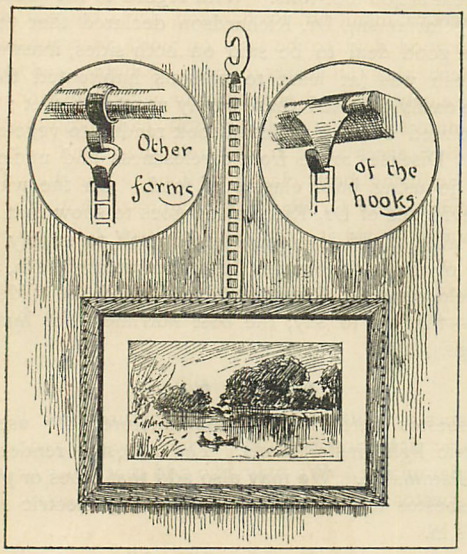
A Steam-Canoe.

A steam-canoe has been built for the Universities African Mission Society. The "Nyassa," as she is called, is intended for service on the lake of that name. She is 21 feet long, 7 feet in beam, and 3 feet deep. She draws 16 inches of water, and is provided with a centre board. The vessel is made of Delta metal and teak; and has two masts, the longer being fitted with a copper lightning-rod. She is driven by a three-bladed screw propeller, and can make seven miles an

hour with seven persons on board. The furnace is adapted for burning wood or other tropical fuel.

Digestive Tea.

A prepared tea has recently been introduced, for which is claimed the undoubted advantage of greater ease in digestion than the tea ordinarily prepared. By the patented process used it is said that tannin is entirely neutralised, and the injurious oils, to a great extent, extracted. Several doctors have made trials of this new tea, and agree in recommending it as not liable in any way to injure the nervous or the digestive system. Those who suffer from dyspepsia will, no doubt, be glad to hear of a tea which is quite safe for them to use.



A New Picture-Tape.

The woodcut shows a new picture-tape of steel or other metal, together with the hook by which it is hung from a nail. Other hooks are provided for hanging from rods. The figure shows the tape considerably reduced in size; and it can be broken into lengths between the fingers by bending and re-bending. The tape is not likely to snap and allow the picture to fall, as is sometimes the case with ordinary wire cord.

Electric Sentinels.

Mr. Drawbaugh, a well-known American inventor, has devised an arrangement intended to announce the approach or movement of bodies of troops. It consists of microphones enclosed in hollow iron tubes, buried in the ground. Wires lead from each of these to the general's quarters, where an indicator is placed. The vibrations of the tramp of marching men, by affecting the buried microphone, disturb the flow of an electric current in the circuit, and cause the indicator to give the alarm. The device is intended to assist the picket lines of an army in the field; but, if successful, it might have other uses.

Dress Cutting-Out Diagrams.

Some diagrams on sectional paper embodying a simple system for class and self-teaching, published by Longman, Green, & Co., have done good work with the Recreative Evening Schools' Association in teaching home dress-making. There are three sheets—one for the back, another for the front of the bodice, and one for the sleeve—on which also appear measurements for housemaid's skirts. Paper prepared with inch squares can be bought ready, and the plan of drafting is quite easy, and the directions are so minutely given, that they would seem to meet all difficulties, if the preliminary measurements of the waist, neck, bust, &c., are accurately taken. These dress-making diagrams, from which so many systems have arisen, are based on sound scientific principles. Each member of the human body is proportioned by the measure of its head. Sculptors ascertain these proportions by the square of the head, which square is again divided into four parts. A perfect waist in a woman should be seven inches less than the chest measure; but in most it is from one to three inches still smaller. Haphazard measurements are of no use; and accurate ones can be obtained by these excellent diagrams, so that no woman with an average amount of common sense need now be without a good bodice pattern, or wear an ill-fitting gown.

Gas for Locomotives.

Experiments have recently been made at Fort Wayne, on the Cincinnati and Louisville Railway, with natural gas as a fuel for locomotives, and for heating and lighting the trains. The gas is carried in steel vessels in a condensed form, and burned in the furnace of the locomotive as fuel. The experiments, which are still in progress, are being watched with great interest by American railway engineers.

A Combined Seat and Table.

The woodcut shows a convertible seat and table, which may be useful in workmen's clubs, schoolrooms or lecture-halls, and such places. By a simple mechanism at the back of the board, which is made

to fold, the latter is doubled up at right angles, or spread out flat, thus making a bench or a table at will.

A New Dynamo.

A dynamo of novel construction, and giving alternating currents, has been invented by Mr. W. M. Mordey. Contrary to the usual practice, in this machine the armature is fixed and the field magnets

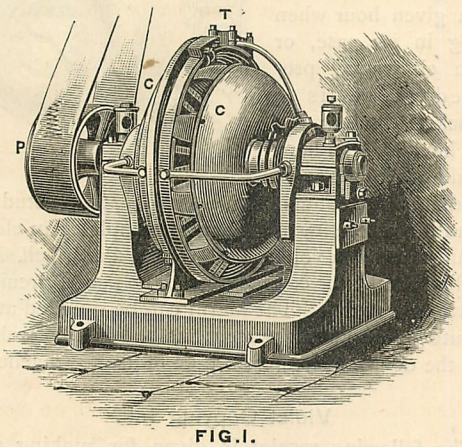


FIG. I.

revolve. The entire machine is illustrated in Fig. 1; the armature in Fig. 2; and the field magnets enclosing it in Fig. 3. In Fig. 2 the coils of the armature, C C, consist of copper ribbon, each coil being properly fixed to a gun-metal ring, R, and the ends of the series brought to terminals at T, from which the current generated in them by the rotation of the field magnets is led away. The field magnets, M M (Fig. 3), are claw-shaped masses of soft iron mounted on a spindle, S P, and so placed as to enclose the armature coils between their talons, as shown. They are excited by the current from a separate Victoria dynamo not depicted; this current traverses an exciting-coil surrounding the spindle of the magnets and induces magnetism in the talons, such that each pair of opposite poles, N S, N S (Fig. 3), is of contrary polarity, "north" and "south," whilst adjacent poles on one side of the armature are of the same polarity, S S. The field is partially enclosed by copper covers, C C (Fig. 1), to check the air-draught when the machine is working. A pulley, P, carries the belt which drives the spindle; and other necessary devices, such as a collector for the exciting current, are provided. The machine is designed to supply alternating currents of high electro-motive force. It gives an output of 17½ ampères at 2,000 volts when running 650 revolutions per minute.

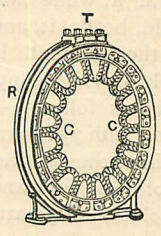


FIG 2

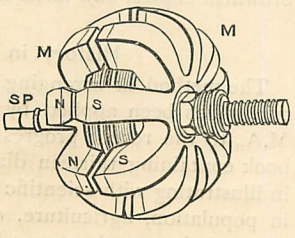


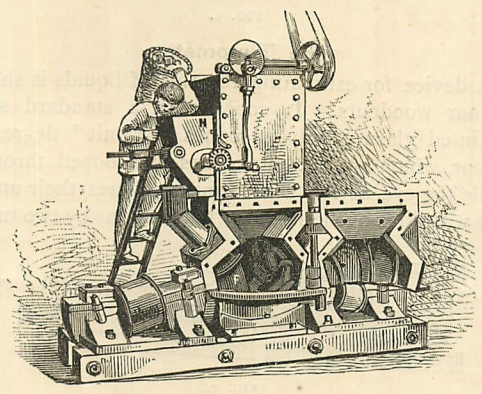
FIG. 3.

The Coldest Region.

According to the Russian meteorologists, the coldest spot yet found upon the earth is Werchojansk, in Siberia, where an observing station of the Government has been established. The mean temperature there for the year 1885 was 2·9° Centigrade below zero. For the month of January of that year it was 62·9° C. below zero, but for July it rose to 60·6° C. above zero. The lowest in July was 39·2° C. above zero; and in January the thermometer fell as low as 88·6° C. below zero.

Sorghum Sugar.

The British Consul at Chicago, in a recent Parliamentary Report, describes the results of experiments made during the last seven years in the United States to obtain sugar from Sorghum juice. The experiments show that this new industry promises to be profitable, and that six times as much value per acre can be realised by cultivating Sorghum in Kansas than from ordinary cereals. The Sorghum seed is also useful for fodder. The canes produce the sugar, but the seed and chips are also useful. The intention is to pursue the subject, with special care to the development of the Sorghum plant.



The Cyclone Pulveriser.

This ingenious machine is intended to pulverise quartz, rock, coke, plumbago, ores, bones, india-rubber, and other substances. It consists, as shown in the figure, of an iron chamber containing two fan-blowers, seen at F, with blades like those of a screw propeller. They are inclined to each other, but close together, and revolve in opposite directions, producing cyclones which conflict, and dash the raw materials against each other. The fans revolve at a speed of 2,000 revolutions per minute; and the air is admitted behind them by pipes. Hard materials fed into the hopper, H, can in this way be reduced to powder. We may add that the idea of the machine is said to have occurred to an American farmer, on seeing the devastation worked by a cyclone on his farm in the West.

Three Useful Novelties.

Whether the jocular saw which says that "The hat makes the man" be true or not, it is certain that all wearers of silk hats like to see them with glossy surfaces, and for their benefit there has recently been invented a "Magic Hat Renewer," which is very easily used and is very efficacious. The peculiar feature of the invention is the patented preparation of a silk handkerchief with which the hat is to be rubbed. Otherwise the appliance is very simple, and consists merely of this prepared handkerchief and a velvet pad.—Smokers will welcome a new safety pipe, which has recently been patented, in which a tiny roll of thin absorbent paper is inserted into the mouth-piece and catches any juice which may collect there. The paper does not spoil the draught of the pipe and does its work very well.—Housekeepers who go in dread of infection will be glad to hear that a new plate-powder has recently been introduced which not only cleans silver or plate, but also removes from it any danger of its carrying infection, as we are told it often does.

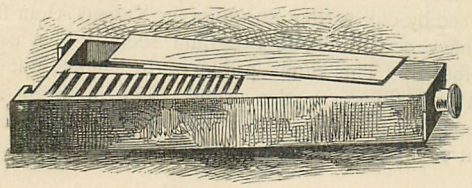


FIG. 1.

The Tintometer.

A device for estimating the tint of liquids is shown in our woodcuts. It consists of a standard scale of tinted glass supplying panes of "unit" degree of colour, which are put into slides and looped through, while the eye at the same time compares their united tint with that of the liquid. This is done by two tubes,

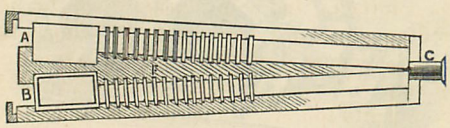


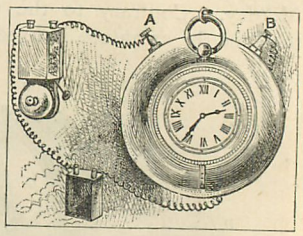
FIG. 2.

A C and B C (Fig. 2), meeting in one object-glass, C. The eye applied to C looks through the set of tinted glasses in the tube, A C, while it has a clear view of the liquid through the other tube. The glass panes are inserted in A C till the eye can distinguish no difference between their colour and that of the liquid. The glasses required to produce this result give the degrees of colour of the liquid, according to the scale adopted.

A Mechanical Burglar Alarm.

A mechanical alarm for telling the presence of burglars has been introduced. It consists of a bell attached to a small metal barrel containing a coiled spring, and acting like a spring roller blind. The bell is attached to the woodwork of the door or window to be protected, and a long thin cord is wound round the barrel. This cord is passed across the door or window. When the latter is opened ever so little the cord is displaced, and the bell is rung. The bell will also ring if the cord is cut or otherwise severed at any point; for example, by fire.

An Alarm Watch.



The woodcut illustrates a watch adapted to ring an alarm bell at a given hour when hung in its case, or even elsewhere, provided there is a "pocket" battery and bell handy. The hour hand as it moves over the dial makes contact with a small platinum stud fixed on an insulated ring, and thereby completes an electric circuit through a voltaic battery and alarm bell. The binding screws for connecting up the alarm circuit are shown at A and B. The alarm can be sounded at any minute to which the watch has been set beforehand, and the device may therefore be of use to travellers.

Violet Copying Ink.

The following receipt is given for making violet copying ink :—Dissolve 40 parts of extract of logwood, 5 of oxalic acid, and 30 of sulphate of aluminium, without heat, in 800 parts of distilled water and 10 parts of glycerine. Let the solution stand for 24 hours, then add a solution of 5 parts of bichromate of potassium in 100 parts of distilled water, and set aside for 24 hours. Next, raise the mixture to boiling-point in a bright copper boiler, and mix with it, while hot, 50 parts of wood vinegar. When cold, bottle it, and after a fortnight decant the liquid from the sediment. It writes a dark violet, and furnishes a bluish-violet copy.

A receipt for red copying ink is as follows :—Dissolve 50 parts of extract of logwood with 750 parts of distilled water, in a mortar and without the application of heat. Add 2 parts of chromate of potassium, and set aside for 24 hours. Then add a solution of 3 parts of oxalic acid, 20 parts of oxalate of ammonium, and 40 parts of sulphate of aluminium, in 200 parts of distilled water, and again set aside for 24 hours. Boil in a bright copper vessel, add 50 parts of vinegar, and after cooling, bottle it, well corked. After a fortnight decant the clear liquid. The ink writes red, gives brownish copies, and turns darker on the paper.

History in Curves.

The method of arranging statistics in the form of curves has been applied by Mr. Alex. B. MacDowall, M.A., to the recent progress of Ireland. In a little book containing thirteen diagrams he has succeeded in illustrating with scientific accuracy the fluctuations in population, agriculture, crime, education, emigration, evictions, and so on, which have taken place in Ireland during recent years. The facts were collected from official and other reliable sources, and have been arranged without political partisanship. Obviously,

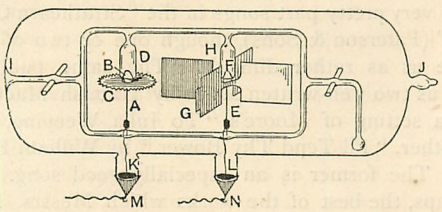
the method is a good one, and capable of similar application to England, Scotland, and other countries, thus summarising their progress or retrogression. It is also applicable to numberless other subjects, and is likely to come more and more into service in the future. The results can be seen at a glance, and readily compared.

A New Antiseptic Soap.

A Scotch chemist, Mr. John Thomson, has prepared a soap of strong antiseptic properties from the red biniodide of mercury dissolved in iodide of potassium. It is a very powerful destroyer of fever and other disease germs, more powerful than "carbolate of mercury." The biniodide soap has been used successfully in the treatment of eczema and other parasitic diseases—such as favus and ringworm.

The Radiograph.

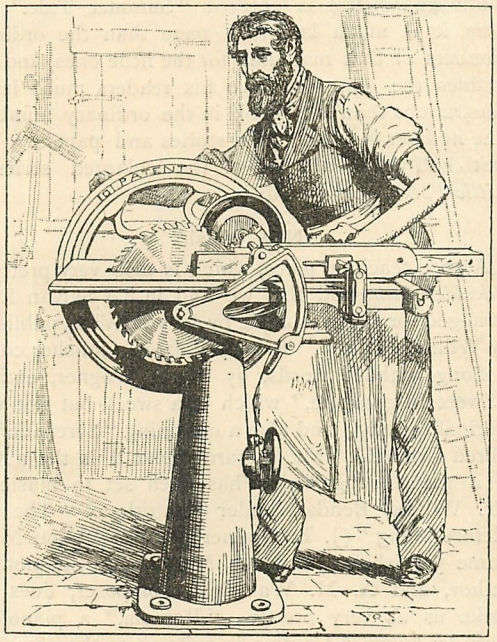
Photographic plates of slower action are better when they have a counter for timing the length of exposure. This is provided by the "Radiograph," an adaptation of the Crookes radiometer or "light-mill," so often seen revolving in the shop-windows of opticians. The radiograph is a radiometer which, at every rotation of the vanes, closes an electric circuit, and, through the medium of a relay, moves an indicating needle step by step. The figure shows its mode of action. An envelope of glass, I J, encloses a high vacuum in which a vertical steel pivot, E, supports a light cap, F, carrying the vanes as shown. Another vertical pivot, A, supports a cap, B, which carries a light toothed wheel,



C, made of aluminium. A projection, G, on one of the vanes makes contact with a tooth of the wheel at each revolution, and closes an electric circuit through N, E, G, C, A, and M, where N and M are mercury cups, into which dip the connecting wires, K L. The current in the circuit works the detached relay, and indicates a revolution of the vanes. The framework supporting the moving parts is of glass; and two short glass tubes, D H, serve to keep the caps, B F, in position. The current in the radiograph circuit is only strong enough to work a delicate relay, which brings into play a more powerful current to work the counter which records the number of revolutions. Such an apparatus tells the strength of the daylight, and so enables the photographer to time his exposure. Obviously it might be applied to other purposes—for example, in connection with electric lighting.

A Hand-Power Circular Saw.

Our illustration shows a neat and compact circular saw bench recently introduced. It is especially suit-



able for workers in wood who have no steam-power. The bench shown will take in a circular saw fifteen inches in diameter, and will saw wood up to six inches thick. One man can saw three-inch timber with ease. The wood is drawn up to the saw by a simple feed-motion, so that only one man is required to work the bench. It will also groove, "rabbet," saw on the bevel, and, by the addition of a simple device, cut out tenons. The machine is portable, and the table is adjusted to rise and fall.

A New Solder.

A soft alloy which adheres to metal, glass, and porcelain surfaces, and is invaluable when the articles soldered cannot bear a high degree of temperature, is made of the copper dust obtained by shaking a solution of sulphate of copper with granulated zinc. From twenty or thirty to thirty-six parts of this copper dust are placed in a cast-iron or porcelain-lined mortar, and well mixed with some sulphuric acid having a specific gravity of 1·85. To the paste thus formed are added seventy parts by weight of mercury while constant stirring is kept up. When thoroughly mixed, the amalgam must be well rinsed in warm water to remove the acid, and then set aside to cool. In ten or twelve hours it will be hard enough to scratch tin. For use it should be heated to a temperature of 375° C., when it becomes as soft as wax by kneading it in an iron mortar, and can be applied to surfaces.

The Royal Academy, 1888.

Most of the striking pictures in this year's Academy Exhibition have been reproduced in the special number of the *Magazine of Art* entitled "Royal Academy Pictures, 1888" (Cassell & Co.), which forms a pretty and interesting memento of the art work of the year. The Holiday Number of *Little Folks*

(same publishers) is entitled "Summer Tide." In form it is much larger in page than the ordinary numbers of that magazine for the little ones, and this enables the editor to give his readers much larger illustrations than is possible in the ordinary numbers. The number is full of good stories and papers. The first half-yearly volume of the enlarged series of *Little Folks* is now ready.

New Music.

A good teaching piece, which is also very pretty, is a *desideratum*, and this we find in "A Sylvan Lay," arranged for the pianoforte by N. von Wilm, published by William Czerny. From the same publisher comes a Song without words, by Oscar Wagner, entitled "Sweet Mignonette," which is a sweet, but not very original melody; and also a charming "Serenade" by Alfred Grünfeld. Mr. Gerard Bendall is the author of a pretty song which has been set to music by Mr. Wilfred Bendall under the title of "The Old Picture Song" (J. B. Cramer & Co.). "You May" (same publishers), of which Mr. Arthur Chapman is author, and A. M. Wakefield composer, does not strike us as very pretty. "Romola," a pianoforte piece by Leonard Gautier, is quite up to the average.

The Great Protector.

Mr. Frederic Harrison has written the life of Oliver Cromwell for Messrs. Macmillan's "Twelve English Statesmen" series in a manner which is deserving of all praise. Cromwell's career has never lacked critics since his own days, but no critic could be fairer than Mr. Harrison. So far as the limits of his by no means bulky volume allow, he has dealt with the main incidents of the great Protector's life. He shows us how Cromwell "grew ever larger, until he lay in his last sleep murmuring, 'My work is done'; in battle, a soldier who had never met with a reverse; and a statesman who, in a supreme place, never met with a fall."

Two New Stories.

There are some pleasing portraits in Mrs. Oliphant's "Joyce" (Macmillan & Co.), and there is much pleasant reading; but, on the whole, there is an indefinable air of melancholy about the book that we should have been glad to see avoided. All the same the book is a good one and decidedly worth reading, as are all Mrs. Oliphant's works. In "Beyond Compare" (Sampson Low & Co.) Mr. Charles Gibbon enters on a path in which we do not remember to have met him before. He has left Scotland—let us hope only temporarily—for the east coast of England, and has changed his Scottish characters for East Anglian ones. There is no lack of incident in the story, and we do not think Mr. Gibbon's readers will regret the journey with him.

Books for Everybody.

Walter Scott, Frances Burney, Bulwer Lytton—what library is complete without representatives of the works of these three writers, each typical of a school, and a good school, of English literature? Three of the most recent additions to Cassell's "Red Library" are a volume of Sir Walter Scott's poems, Frances Burney's world-famed "Evelina," and Lord Lytton's "Last of the Barons." In this attractive form these works should certainly find their way to such libraries as are still without them.

The Standard of Value.

Readers of our article on "What is Bi-metallism?" know how long and how fiercely the conflict has raged between political economists on the question of bi-metallism. The question is far from settled now, and any aid to its solution must be welcomed by all who are anxious to see this vexed problem at an end. We are glad to hear, then, that Mr. W. L. Jordan's excellent work on the "Standard of Value" (Longman & Co.) has reached its fifth edition. Whether we agree with his conclusions or not, we cannot doubt the honesty with which they are put forward, or the patient study by which they have been reached.

Songs New and Old.

Most of our readers will remember Mr. F. E. Weatherly's pretty verses entitled "Auntie's Rose," which appeared in our pages some little time ago. We are glad to welcome them now with a pretty musical setting by Frederic N. Lohr. Messrs. E. Ascherberg & Co. are the publishers of this song, and also of another well-written song by A. Romili, entitled "Dreams of the Past." Of "Kenneth and Marjorie" (same publishers), the music of which is by L. Denza, we can only say that it is very pretty. There are some very pretty part songs in the "Strathearn Collection" (Paterson & Sons), though one or two of them strike us as rather difficult. The same publishers send us two well-written songs by Hamish MacCunn, one a setting of Moore's "To Julia Weeping," and the other, "I'll Tend Thy Bower," by William Ferguson. The former is an especially good song. But, perhaps, the best of the works which Messrs. Paterson & Sons send us is "Fruhlingslied," a song, the words of which are by J. Hildesheim, and the music by Alfred Gallrein, which is arranged for the pianoforte with a violin and violoncello accompaniment.

Birds' Nests.

Mr. Fisher Unwin sends us a copy of the second edition of Newman & Christy's work on "Bird's-Nesting and Bird-Skinning." The first part of the work is admirably arranged in alphabetical order, according to the names of the birds; but we fancy that many a young student of natural history would be glad to have in such a work as this some full guide to the nests and eggs arranged according to colour and situation. On our table at the same time as this last work is another of Mrs. De Salis's helpful series of works on "Cookery *à la Mode*," from Messrs. Longmans; this time "Dressed Vegetables" afford the subject, and the author's hints are arranged in the same clever way as those in her previous works of the series which we have noticed.

FOR THE GOOD OF THE FAMILY.

By KATE EYRE, Author of "A Step in the Dark," "A Fool's Harvest," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

"I MEAN TO MAKE THE BEST OF HIM."

"OH, Adelaide, you surely cannot mean what you say?" exclaimed Janet with painful eagerness. The news she had just heard had overwhelmed her with dismay. Had she been told that her sister was suffering from some insidious disease, which must ere long prove fatal, the shock would hardly have been greater.

"Why should I not? The man is rich, and wants a wife; I am poor—horribly poor—and am, therefore, forced to take a husband."

"But I thought you disliked him. You have always said so. Oh, Adelaide, dear, dear Adelaide! do think what you are doing."

"It is not my usual practice to act without thinking."

"But—but, Adelaide, I—I thought you had other hopes?" Janet spoke slowly, and with the utmost reluctance. It is always painful to a delicately-minded woman to allude openly to a love which, although it has not been formally asked for, may possibly have been given. But it seemed to Janet that now was the time for such speaking; could she, therefore, hesitate when her sister's happiness was at stake?

At first Adelaide was tempted to make an evasive reply; but the next moment a strange yearning for human sympathy had gained the ascendency. Adelaide thought Janet wrong-headed, obstinate, irrational; Janet's ways were not her ways, therefore Janet in her estimation fell short of what a woman should be. Nevertheless, Adelaide trusted her sister, and would rather have laid bare her heart to her than to any other human being.

And so Janet's question remained unanswered for some seconds. It had the effect, however, of causing Adelaide to place both her hands on the mantel-piece, and resting her forehead on them, to gaze intently into the glowing embers, as if she longed to read in them what the future had in store for her. Presently she spoke.

"I suppose we may as well be frank with each other," she said. "It is quite true I had other hopes; but to-day I have learnt they are never to be realised. Had fate been kinder to me, I think I might, perhaps, have grown into a better woman. But it is all over with me now. He"—she did not mention the name of her faithless lover—"He has left me because we are ruined and disgraced; he has not even had the courage to tell me this; but must needs send his sister to apprise me of my fate. I don't know that I exactly blame him; I suppose any other man in his position would have done much the same." Adelaide was speaking nothing more or less than the bare truth when she said this; she had never set up any high standard of ideal perfection as a guide to her own life; practically she did not believe in any such setting up; people in general, she thought, were neither better nor worse than their circumstances permitted. In Fred Sinclair's place she would have acted as he had done, and she was not prepared to blame him for not having risen to heights of which she had but the dimmest and most elementary perception. "I could have loved him," she continued, "if he had cared sufficiently for my love to plead for it; still I am not going to allow any maudlin sentimentality to have a baneful influence on my life. William Darton has asked me to be his wife, and I have consented. He can give me that for which I have always longed—wealth. He is a coarse, vulgar-looking man; he is, moreover, ill-bred and uneducated; still, I mean to make the best of him."

"Oh, Adelaide! don't—don't do yourself and him such a grievous wrong. Think what it will mean to be chained month after month, and year after year, to a man whom each day you will become less capable of loving. I have heard it said that a woman can be indifferent to all the world except her husband; but him she must either love or hate. Dare you promise, in the name of all you hold most sacred, to love and honour William Darton?" Janet spoke imploringly, while her voice trembled with emotion; nevertheless she was painfully conscious that her appeal was weak and commonplace. If only she could have chosen words that would have touched her sister's heart!

"My dear Janet, pray don't be so melodramatic! Your ideas are, I assure you, quite out of date; only nursemaids and footmen talk about loving each other now-a-days." Adelaide was quite herself again now; charmingly pretty, ladylike, and self-possessed.

"Then the nursemaids and footmen have the best of it," replied Janet stoutly.

"I had no idea strong-minded women could be so sentimental," said Adelaide, allowing a smile to part her lips.

"If it be sentimental to wish to save my sister from life-long misery and degradation, I am sentimental. Adelaide, is there nothing I can say that will make you pause ere you take this most fatal step? I will work for you; I will do anything if only you will desist."

"Janet," replied Adelaide, speaking firmly, but with far more gentleness than was her wont, "I have made up my mind to marry William Darton, and nothing you can say will turn me from my purpose. I have never entertained lofty ideas on marriage, such as you

have just now been giving expression to, and I shall be far happier as the mistress of Meadowlands than I should be if I remained at home, and struggled daily with poverty. At the same time I believe you really have tried to advise me for my own good, and I am very sorry that I am obliged to vex you."

Then Adelaide advanced her dainty cheek for Janet to kiss, a very unusual demonstration of affection on her part.

Janet embraced her sister warmly. She was bitterly grieved that Adelaide should persist in imperilling her own happiness, but she was not in the least angry with her sister for adhering to her determination.

A rather awkward pause followed. Each sister recognised in the kiss of peace which had been exchanged a silent treaty that the marriage was to be allowed to go on without further questions being raised as to its expediency; and neither was prepared on the spur of the moment with an observation which should, under the new conditions, be entirely void of offence.

"I think dear papa will be pleased when he hears the news," said Adelaide at length. "Mr. Darton has very kindly promised to offer him a home at Meadowlands."

Janet would have given much to have been able to feel that her father would view the suggested marriage with disapproval. "That was kind, very kind, of Mr. Darton," she replied.

"Yes, Mr. Darton is undoubtedly a very generous man," said Adelaide in a tone that seemed to imply she was already putting into practice her declared intention of making the best of her future husband.

As Adelaide had predicted, Mr. Slade was very ready to congratulate his younger daughter on her engagement to marry the master of Meadowlands.

Ever since the disappearance of Pritchard, Mr. Slade had been, for him, much depressed. The knowledge that he must break up his home came upon him with unpleasant force at times, although he did his best to put aside all thought of the impending calamity. He was also, to some extent, aware of the cold looks which met him from so many quarters, nor could he forget his indignation against the late secretary.

"As far as confidence in him was concerned, I would have trusted that man with the whole of my fortune, and not have known a moment's uneasiness," Mr. Slade was wont to exclaim, when speaking of Pritchard, quite forgetting that he had in truth done so, and was literally penniless in consequence. "I assure you I treated him as a brother; there was nothing I wouldn't have done for him. And now mark my reward. My faith in human nature is ruthlessly destroyed. I even believe there are some base enough to imagine I connived at that villain's flight in order to share the plunder. I, of all men in the world, to have been thus deceived! Well, he *must* have been a clever fellow to have taken *me* in: that's all I've got to say!"

But still Mr. Slade never seemed to realise he was about to lose everything, and that it behoved him to immediately set about making some provision for the future.

Then one day he burst in upon Janet with all his wonted impetuosity. "I've been talking to a friend of mine," he exclaimed, "and he tells me that this factory scheme of yours, Janet, ought to be a most tremendous success; that, in fact, it only wants a shrewd business man at the helm to bring the money rolling in. I'll tell you what we'll do: we'll go over the accounts together, and I'll see if I can't make a practical suggestion or two."

Reluctantly—for she always shrank from giving pain—but withal very firmly, Janet declared she did not desire to see a shrewd business man at the helm: that, in short, nothing was further from her intention than to attempt to make money by the work which she was undertaking from purely philanthropical motives. Hitherto she had herself worked without receiving any pecuniary compensation whatever; but now, in consideration of her father's straitened circumstances, she had arranged to draw a salary corresponding to that which was given to other ladies superintending branch establishments. It was with the utmost unwillingness she did so, for she had always felt that as long as she *gave* her services those who were not in sympathy with her work could not scoffingly designate it "philanthropy at five per cent." Still, she was too just not to recognise that at the present crisis she owed something to her own family as well as to that larger sisterhood consisting of the poor and suffering, whom she so yearned to serve. And so she took what she considered a fair equivalent for her labour, and was thus enabled to hand over to her father the whole of the fifty pounds a year which she had of her own. Few, perhaps, could have realised the extent of the sacrifice she had made, or the terrible struggle she had with herself before she succeeded in doing that which she firmly believed to be her duty in the matter.

Probably it was the offer of Janet's little income which surprised Mr. Slade into considering the factory scheme in the light of a commercial speculation. Janet, as we have already said, was, however, very firm in refusing her father's co-operation.

"I must say, Janet, that I think it very unbecoming in a young and inexperienced woman like yourself to refuse the proffered aid of a man who has for so many years been intimately connected with various kinds of speculations. But it is not, I regret to say, the first time I have observed that you hesitate to repose any confidence whatsoever in my judgment."

"Father dear, you misunderstand me," Janet was beginning to urge; but Mr. Slade's *amour propre* was deeply wounded, and he went out of the room in high dudgeon.

After that, the cloud on Mr. Slade's brow deepened, and he maintained, for the most part, a cold dignity of demeanour towards Janet.

But as soon as William Darton asked him for the hand of his younger daughter, or, more accurately speaking, announced that he and that young lady had managed to come to an understanding, Mr. Slade's spirits revived at once.

"My dear Darton, I'm delighted—delighted!" he exclaimed heartily, shaking the hand of the master of Meadowlands. "I really don't know which I ought to congratulate the more warmly, you or Adelaide. It is not, I assure you, the partiality of a father which prompts me to say that the woman on whom your choice has fallen is a gem among women: docile, affectionate, lovely; a bride, in very truth, such as a man may well be proud to win. As for Adelaide, she, dear child, has secured, and I doubt not reciprocates, the affection of a man who is not only in the proud position of being, from a pecuniary point of view, able to surround her with every luxury that her cultured taste could desire, but whose natural disposition is graced by so spontaneous a generosity, that the gratification of his lovely bride's slightest wish will, I feel convinced, be henceforth the one aim of his existence."

"Well, I've got the tin: you're about right there, old gentleman; and I don't expect I shall be over-niggardly with it. It's only them as can spend their money free as deserves to have it: that's my idea of things."

"My dear Darton, you are right, perfectly right. Why is the blessing of wealth bestowed on a man if it is not that he may benefit others?"

After that, Mr. Slade would allude on every possible occasion to "my future son-in-law, the master of Meadowlands."

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

A WORD OF WELL-DISGUISED ADVICE.

AS Adelaide had told Janet, Mr. Darton was prepared to offer Mr. Slade a home at Meadowlands, an offer which that gentleman was constrained to accept, seeing there was to be a sale both of house and furniture at Surrey Lodge. Nor did Mr. Darton's generosity stop here; he extended his hospitality to Janet.

This placed Janet in a peculiarly awkward position. That Mr. Darton must necessarily have been actuated by only the kindliest of motives she was forced to admit. We say forced, because, ready as Janet invariably was to take humanity at its best, she had from the very first distrusted William Darton. Sometimes she had tried to account for this distrust. She had endeavoured to persuade herself that the railway incident had prejudiced her against her future brother-in-law, and then she would chide herself for being so prone to judge the man harshly, seeing that he had been guilty of only a little piece of caddishness, such as was not to be wondered at in one who had so recently entered into the possession of an unexpected and comparatively large fortune. Still, she could not bring herself to believe her distrust was wholly attributable to the one incident; nor was it that the man's coarseness jarred upon her, for to one so eager as was Janet to appreciate all nobleness of character, the many proofs Mr. Darton had given of a generous disposition would more than have compensated for his lack of polish, had that been his only blemish. People are apt to talk in rather a wild way about faith, as if its possession depended on a voluntary action of the mind. We can no more force our belief than we can force our love. Janet did not trust William Darton; it was of no use for her to tell herself that her reasons for distrusting the man were inadequate, that his restlessness, his uneasiness, his painful self-consciousness, were mere tricks of manner which ought not to produce so deep a sense of distrust in any well-regulated mind, because all such self-condemnation left Janet's mental attitude towards her sister's future husband unchanged; it did keep her from giving expression to her distrust, but it was powerless to induce that distrust to give place to confidence. Feeling as she did towards the man, how was she to avail herself of his generous offer of a home beneath his roof? There are some people who can accept kindnesses only from those they love. Such was Janet. She would willingly have conferred a benefit on the most abject creature that had breath: in fact, the creature's very abjectness would have strengthened his claim on her mercy and tenderness; but she could not bring herself to accept a home at Meadowlands. To only the very noblest is given the power of gracefully receiving benefits from those they feel to be unworthy, because they know that by so doing they are helping those lower natures to rise to higher things. The compassion which did not disdain the gift of precious ointment was Divine.

And so Janet declined Mr. Darton's kind offer—thereby incurring the anger of her father and the displeasure of her sister. Her refusal evidently puzzled her future brother-in-law.

"And what in the name of all that's wonderful do you intend to do, then, Miss Janet?" inquired Mr. Darton, when he had been informed of her decision. He had never yet addressed her by her Christian name minus the prefix, although his manner towards other people was familiar enough.

"I shall arrange to live at the factory," replied Janet.

"Bless my stars! and that's a nice sort of a place for a young lady like you to choose to live at, when you might be as snug as snug can be at Meadowlands, and be pleasing your friends into the bargain."

"It is very generous indeed of you, Mr. Darton, to offer me a home; believe me I am not ungrateful for your kindness. But as I can provide for myself, I don't think I ought to impose on your good-nature."

"Imposing on my good-nature be blowed! What's the keep of a young lady such as you to a man with a pot o' money like me, I want to know? And you and the guv'nor shall have your own rooms, and no one to interfere with you, no more than if you was in lodgings of your own."

Again Janet thanked him; but still she did not waver in her decision.

"He is really behaving in an exceptionally generous manner towards us," said Janet, when she was afterwards discussing with Mrs. Fergusson her sister's approaching marriage.

Notwithstanding her increased allowance, and the cancelling of her debts, Mrs. Fergusson in her heart

of hearts inclined no more kindly to the new master of Meadowlands than she had in the past to her scapegrace nephew. Her manner, therefore, when speaking to Janet of Adelaide's engagement, savoured more of condolence than congratulation.

"Yes, he is very generous, certainly; no one can deny that," replied Mrs. Fergusson, feeling she was forced to admit so much in consideration of the benefits which she herself had received. Then lowering her voice to that mysterious whisper which some elderly ladies are rather given to assuming when speaking of the matrimonial prospects of their young friends, she said: "I must confess that I always thought there was something between dear Adelaide and Mr. Sinclair. He was so constantly at Surrey Lodge."

"We are not likely to see anything more of him for some time. He has gone abroad, you know," replied Janet, who, notwithstanding that her craving for sympathy had induced her to speak to Mrs. Fergusson perhaps a little too freely of her disapproval of Adelaide's engagement, was still far too loyal to her sister to hint what she knew concerning Mr. Sinclair.

"Well, dear, I do most sincerely hope poor Adelaide may be happy," and Mrs. Fergusson sighed in a manner that suggested this hope was not born of conviction.

"She will appreciate all the luxuries wealth can purchase," said Janet musingly, trying to extract all possible comfort from the present arrangement. "I don't think Adelaide would ever have been really happy as the wife of a poor man."

"It is a very thoughtless thing for *any* girl, accustomed to a comfortable home, to marry a poor man," remarked Mrs. Fergusson, with a sudden increase of energy.

For some time Mrs. Fergusson had greatly desired to whisper a word of well-disguised advice into Janet's ear with reference to Lawrence—well-disguised, that is to say, only in so far as that it should not seem to Janet to have been uttered with a purpose, while at the same time its application to her own case should be such as could not fail to strike her. But hitherto Mrs. Fergusson had never been able to lead up to this word in an apparently natural manner, and she had shrunk from all sudden introduction of so delicate a subject. Now, however, she felt that through no seeking of her own her opportunity had come, and she hastened to avail herself of it.

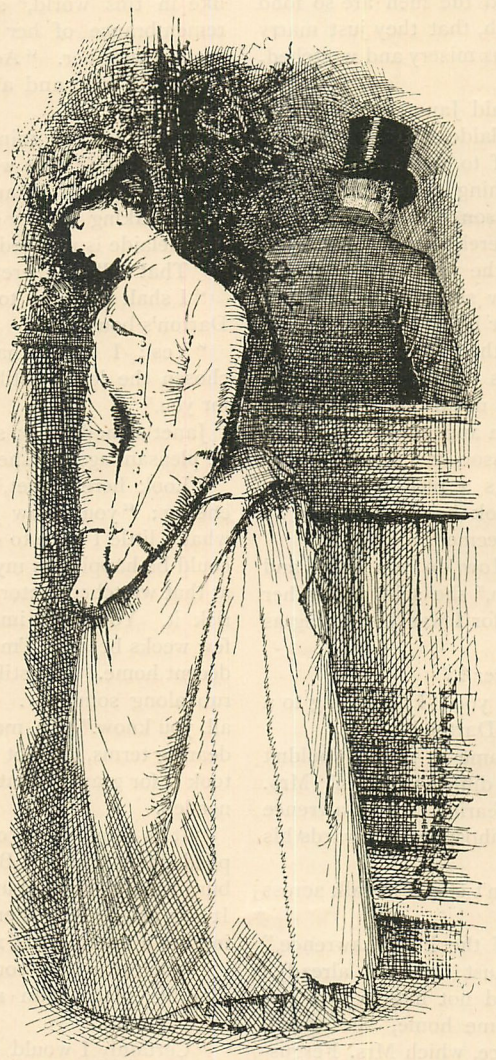
There was some excuse to be made for her. It was unquestionably true that Lawrence was not in a position to marry. When, years before, he had been so far successful at a Civil Service Competitive Examination that the Commissioners at Cannon Row had informed him he was appointed to a clerkship in a Government office, congratulations had poured in from all sides, and he had felt very pleased with himself. But although eighty pounds a year is, compared with the rate at which young clerks are paid in private firms, a handsome *initial* salary, its relative value decreases as time goes on, when it is augmented by a yearly increment of only five pounds. True, there is the chance of promotion to a higher class, and every junior clerk on first entering the service is apt to think that in his case this chance is almost a certainty. But, alas! how many are doomed to bitter disappointment, for it is indeed only the few that are chosen. And Lawrence was not one of the few. Then as he began to realise that his salary as a third-class clerk would never admit of his marrying with any prospect of reasonable comfort, and that, as regarded himself, promotion was not only improbable, but well-nigh impossible, all hope died within him. Nor was his position rendered more enviable by the knowledge that he had somehow played his cards badly; that he had, in short, failed where he ought to have succeeded.

It would be difficult to say why Lawrence had failed. He did not lack intelligence, was gentlemanly both in manner and appearance—and this goes for much, very much, in the service—and was by no means a careless clerk. Perhaps he did not exhibit that official zeal which so endears a junior to the head of his section; or possibly he lacked that mysterious qualification spoken of in official parlance as "the capacity for maintaining discipline." We say mysterious, because no one quite knows what is meant by the expression, which can presumably be explained only by one of those subtle definitions that commonplace minds find so much difficulty in grasping. It is generally believed by the uninitiated that those in authority can tell on the very first day a junior takes his seat in an office whether he is or is not qualified to maintain discipline. It is said that the shape of a collar and the shade of a necktie are in some mysterious manner instrumental in helping the powers that be to come to a decision on this knotty point, whereas moral qualities have little or no bearing on the case. But this is only the idle chatter of juniors, a few of whom will doubtless tell a very different tale some day; for we all know that the mind of a Government official undergoes a complete change as soon as his legs repose between the two columns composed of small drawers which form part of a principal clerk's table, and that when further promotion causes both the legs and the table to be transplanted from a prominent position in a large outer office to the quiet but dignified seclusion of a small private room, ornamented with a map of London, a large almanac, and an iron safe for the reception of papers of a very confidential nature, the mind of the owner of the legs soars to heights so dizzy that it would be madness for ordinary mortals to attempt to follow its flight.

And if it was true that Lawrence was not in a position to marry, it was also true that he had thrown out very broad hints of his wishes and possible intentions in this direction. He was, undoubtedly, very deeply attached to Janet, so that the trouble which had befallen her through her father's recklessness had not unnaturally made him long to shield her from all sorrow in the future. Moreover, his mother's thinly-disguised anxiety had excited in him a strong feeling of opposition, and man-like, he was eager to show his

resentment by doing that which, had he been left to steer his own course, he would have admitted to be ill-judged.

And knowing all this, Mrs. Fergusson believed that her only chance of preventing the coming to pass of that which she so dreaded, lay in making an appeal to Janet. She did not pause to consider the mortification which any such appeal must necessarily cause poor unsuspecting Janet. It would, probably, have the effect of saving Lawrence from the possible consequences of his own thoughtlessness, and therefore it must be made. A great deal has been written and said in all ages in praise of maternal affection; but without wishing to detract from the high estimation in which this very natural instinct is universally held, it must be admitted that unless it is tempered by a due appreciation of the claims of other people's children, it is apt to degenerate into selfishness. Are there many mothers who would pause before sacrificing the happiness of other women's daughters if by doing so they could secure the well-being of their own sons? Mrs. Fergusson certainly did not hesitate.



"AT SURREY LODGE THEY PARTED" (*p.* 583)

"It is a very thoughtless thing for *any* girl brought up in a comfortable home to marry a poor man," she said, and then she looked narrowly at Janet to see if her words were taking root.

"I don't think I quite agree with you there, Mrs. Fergusson. It seems to me that a girl might marry a poor man, and still not be committing a thoughtless act: that she might, in fact, have considered the subject well in all its bearings, and have come to the conclusion that she was fully prepared to forego most of the superficial comforts of life for the sake of the companionship of one she loved," replied Janet innocently. She never threw out hints herself, and was, therefore, slow to take them.

"My dear, you are making just the mistake of which nine girls out of ten are guilty. You are looking at the matter entirely from the woman's point of view, and never giving the man a thought."

"How do you mean?" asked Janet. Mrs. Fergusson was not generally given to discussing abstract subjects with such keen interest, and that she should do so now surprised her listener. But still Janet did not as yet suspect that she was being lectured.

"I mean that in all such marriages it is the man who is to be pitied."

"But surely a man should not ask a woman to marry him unless he has well weighed the matter first?"

"But that is just what a man never does do."

"Really, Mrs. Fergusson, I cannot quite follow you. It seems to me that if a man asks a woman to be his wife without having well considered the importance of the step he is taking, and she consents, it is the man, and not the woman, who is acting thoughtlessly." Janet spoke rather sharply. She was beginning to experience a vague sense of uneasiness.

"But the men are drawn into it, my dear—they are indeed. The girls lead them on, until they fancy that in honour they cannot draw back, and so they marry, and are miserably poor and wretched all their lives." Janet's apparent dulness in not having hitherto caught the drift of Mrs. Fergusson's remarks was driving the anxious mother into speaking far more plainly than she had at the first intended to do.

Suddenly a deep flush swept over Janet's face, leaving it perfectly colourless. There is nothing more galling to a high-spirited woman than to be told she is leading a man on. Janet was so angry that her every nerve quivered, and the very tips of her fingers tingled. She felt at that moment as if she hated Mrs. Fergusson, and almost hated Lawrence. "No power on earth shall ever induce me to marry him now," she thought.

"A man must indeed be a poor fool who marries a woman simply because he is too weak to withstand her

onslaughts;" and as Janet spoke she was painfully conscious that her voice was trembling with passion.

"Oh, I didn't mean it in that way, my dear, indeed I didn't," pleaded Mrs. Fergusson helplessly, who, now that Janet's anger was kindled, began to feel alarmed at what she had done. "Of course he—I mean they—care for the girls, and would gladly marry them if they could afford to do so; and then trouble, perhaps, comes to the girls, and the men are so fond of them, and pity them so much, that they just marry them straight away, and it means misery and wretchedness for both."

"I think I must go now," said Janet. "It is getting late, and I dare say Adelaide is waiting tea for me," she added hastily, as if to make her sudden leave-taking the most natural thing in the world. She had called in on Mrs. Fergusson on her way home from the factory, and had merely thrown back her jacket when she sat down by the fire to have a chat with Lawrence's mother. Now she shivered slightly as she pulled the jacket up over her shoulders.

Just then the handle of the door turned, and Lawrence entered. There was nothing surprising in his doing so, because it was his usual time for coming home; nevertheless, his sudden appearance upon the scene startled both Mrs. Fergusson and Janet.

"You here, Janet? This is a pleasant surprise. How are you?" and as he shook hands with her he noticed how embarrassed she seemed.

"It is a case of saying 'How do you do?' and 'Good-bye' in the same breath," she said, trying her hardest to appear at ease; "for I was just going as you came in."

"Why won't you stay to dinner?"

"I can't this evening, thank you; I am going to a concert with Adelaide and Mr. Darton."

"I asked Janet when she came in if she wouldn't take her things off, and have dinner with us," Mrs. Fergusson hastened to say, fearing that Lawrence might think she had behaved inhospitably towards his favourite.

"Well, then, if you really won't stay, I'll walk across the Common with you."

"Pray, don't do anything of the kind, Lawrence," said Janet quickly. "You must be tired already; and besides, your mother would not like to lose you again the instant you have come home," she added, with a ring of scorn in her voice, which Mrs. Fergusson was not slow to hear. Lawrence, however, did not detect it.

"Oh, nonsense, I'm coming!" he exclaimed.

"Dinner will be ready shortly," said Mrs. Fergusson rather nervously. She did not like to urge Lawrence to remain at home while the echo of Janet's scornful little speech had scarcely died away, and yet she felt she ought to try to prevent her son and Janet being alone together.

But Lawrence had made up his mind to see Janet home, and they were soon crossing the Common together.

"So you are going to a concert with Adelaide and my respected cousin to-night? I wonder you care to be seen about with that man," remarked Lawrence, who, when speaking to Janet, never attempted to disguise his dislike to William Darton. In general company he abstained from abusing the man, lest his doing so should lead people to imagine he was envious of him.

"I don't know that I do care particularly about it; but one has to put up with a good deal one does not like in this world," said Janet, a little bitterly, the remembrance of her recent discomfiture being still present with her. "Adelaide wishes me to accompany them, you see; and after all, Mr. Darton is behaving very well."

"What are you going to do when your father leaves Surrey Lodge? Go with him to Meadowlands?"

"Oh, no, no! I can't bring myself to do that. I intend taking up my quarters at the factory as soon as Adelaide is married."

"That will be a wretched life for you."

"I shall prefer it to living as a dependant on Mr. Darton's bounty."

"Yes; I think that of the two evils you have chosen the less. Still it is not a pleasant prospect for you."

Janet sighed. "It seems as if nothing would ever be pleasant again," she murmured.

"Look here, Janet," said Lawrence, with sudden energy: "you know just what my position is, and what a little I have to offer you; but if you think you could be happier as my wife than you would be living at that wretched factory, I don't see why we shouldn't risk it. You can't imagine how I've chafed the last few weeks because I'm not in a position to offer you a decent home. But still, I think we might manage to rub along somehow. Money isn't everything, after all, you know." In making his offer he used no endearing terms, did not even speak of love; he simply took it for granted that no assurances of affection were needed.

"It is simply out of the question, Lawrence," replied Janet curtly. Bitter tears of resentment were burning her eyes; but these Lawrence did not see. It was just as Mrs. Fergusson had said: he was offering her a home out of mere pity.

"You mean that you would rather live at that deplorable place than marry so poor a man as myself?"

"Certainly I would rather live at the factory than consent to be your wife. I should never think of marrying simply in order to escape from something that was disagreeable."

"You are quite right to refuse if that would be your only reason for marrying me. What a fool I've been, to be sure! I always took it for granted that you cared for me. I have loved you, dear, almost ever since I can remember. You seem just a part—the better part—of myself." He was not angry with her; only cut to the quick.

With a mighty effort poor Janet kept silence. She was so determined to do nothing to "lead him on." Bitter tears blinded her eyes, and her lips quivered with pain, but the darkness hid these signs of agita-

tion from Lawrence, so that he never learned their meaning.

At Surrey Lodge they parted, almost without a word. Then, as Lawrence re-crossed the Common, he remembered the embarrassment which his sudden appearance had evidently caused both his mother and Janet, and he was very near to guessing the truth.

"Mother, I want to ask you a question," he said, directly he reached home.

"What is it, Lawrence?" asked Mrs. Fergusson, in much inward trepidation.

"Had you been saying anything to Janet about me this afternoon?"

For a moment Mrs. Fergusson hesitated; the anxiety on her son's face almost frightened her. But after all, was it not her duty to try to save him from the folly he was so eager to commit?

Then she looked him full in the face. "No, Lawrence, I think not; as far as I can remember, your name was not mentioned between us. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter," he replied, with assumed carelessness; and he turned aside to hide his disappointment.

His mother's reply had crushed the last faint hope within him.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

A TRUANT BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

As Mr. Darton's *fiancée*, Adelaide behaved with the greatest propriety. True, she said very little, but she smiled frequently, addressed her future husband by his Christian name, and always looked irresistibly charming. She would listen with that pretty air of attention which so well became her while he boasted and bragged, never appearing to notice his vulgarity; she would wear the flowers and jewellery he gave her, accepting with equal graciousness inexpensive offerings and valuable gifts; she would let him place his arm around her waist; certainly she always appeared unconscious that he was encircling her, but still she allowed him to do so whenever he pleased; she would even smile up at him bewitchingly when he playfully pinched her delicate cheeks, and chucked her under the chin! Possibly in private she permitted him an accepted lover's further privilege; but of this no one could, of course, speak with certainty. Nor did she any longer make game of him behind his back; on the contrary, she spoke of him with the deepest respect. "I think Mr. Darton would wish me to do this," or "I am sure Mr. Darton would approve of that," or "I really cannot decide till I have consulted Mr. Darton." Words such as these were constantly upon her lips as she superintended the re-decorations at Meadowlands. And then she seemed to take the greatest interest in the preparations for her wedding; she chose her trousseau with the most fastidious care, and threw her whole heart into re-furnishing the Meadowlands drawing-room. But what astonished Janet most of all was the frequency with which she used to ask her father for money at this time, and her audacity in pretending not to know Mr. Darton supplied it. Adelaide was certainly making the best of her bargain, as she had said she intended to do.

Smoothly as matters were progressing with the engaged pair, a slight disagreement did at length arise between Mr. Darton and his *fiancée*, which ultimately took so serious a turn that at last it even threatened to cause a final breach. The sale at Surrey Lodge was to come off a month prior to the date fixed for the marriage. It had therefore been arranged that the Slades should remove to Meadowlands a few days before the sale, and that the wedding should take place from the bridegroom's house. This arrangement had never commended itself to Adelaide, still, as it seemed under the somewhat awkward circumstances unavoidable, she had agreed to it, taking it for granted that Mr. Darton would invite his aunt, Mrs. Fergusson, to Meadowlands, to receive his future bride and her father. But, as Adelaide soon discovered, nothing was further from Mr. Darton's intentions. In the first place, he was not sufficiently conversant with the usages of society to understand the necessity for such an arrangement; and when Adelaide endeavoured to enlighten him on the subject, putting forth her reasons for desiring Mrs. Fergusson's presence as delicately as she could, and speaking at much greater length than was her wont, Mr. Darton threw himself into a most unaccountable rage, and emphatically declared that nothing should induce him to have that woman —meaning Mrs. Fergusson—sleeping under his roof. With equal firmness, if with less warmth, Adelaide said that she would not go to Meadowlands unless there were an elderly lady there to receive her.

"What possible objection can you have to such an arrangement, William?" she asked.

"I won't have it, I tell you. Confound it! I suppose I can do as I like in my own house. Here am I going to provide for you and your father, and your sister, too, if she wasn't such a precious ass; and then you want me to have that woman as well. I tell you what it is, my dear: you're going it a bit too far, and if you take my advice, you'll mind what you're about, or you'll find yourself in the wrong box. Why, bless me! you'll be asking me to accommodate the whole parish next."

"But I am sure, William, you would not wish me to do anything likely to give rise to unpleasant remarks among the neighbours?"

"What do I care about the neighbours? If you don't like to marry me on my terms, you'd better keep your eye open for some one else. I'm not going to have Mrs. Fergusson at Meadowlands; so that's flat."

"But only until we are married, William?"

"Neither before we are married, nor after we are married, shall that woman sleep under my roof."

"But why do you object?"

"Never you mind why I object. I do object; and that's enough for you."

Matters having reached this unsatisfactory point, Mr. Slade interceded. As a man of peace, the quarrel between the lovers distressed him greatly, and he was therefore only too ready to do his utmost to bring

"IN ANOTHER SECOND THE BRIDEGROOM HAD CAUGHT SIGHT OF HER" (*p.* 585).

about a reconciliation. He appealed first to Adelaide, but was not altogether surprised to find her obdurate.

"I am very sorry indeed to distress you, papa dear, but still I cannot possibly go to Meadowlands unless Mrs. Fergusson is there to receive me. My self-respect would not allow me to do so."

Now, when Adelaide expressed regret for the distress she was causing others, it always meant that she intended to go her own way. Knowing this from long experience, Mr. Slade gave over trying to influence his daughter, and took Mr. Darton in hand.

"You see, my dear Darton, girls are so sensitive about these little matters. I assure you dear Adelaide is, as a rule, the most docile creature in the world, as you, with your far-reaching knowledge of human nature, must long since have discovered; but still I am afraid on this one little point she is likely to prove troublesome. It's a matter of conscience with her, you see."

"Then if her conscience is so mighty tender, she'd better look out for another husband," replied Mr. Darton doggedly.

This was very terrible. Mr. Slade hardly knew how to meet so heartless a suggestion. At last he decided to treat it as a joke.

"Ha! ha! look out for another husband, eh? I've a good mind to tell the naughty little puss what you say. But in all seriousness, I think if I were you, Darton, I would give way to her about so trifling a matter."

But Mr. Darton was not at all inclined to follow this disinterested advice. At length, however, a compromise was effected, by which both Mr. Slade and Janet were greatly benefited. It was arranged that Mr. Darton should pay all his future father-in-law's debts, and also allow him a small income, so that he and Janet could continue to live at Surrey Lodge. In this way the wedding could take place from the

bride's home: an arrangement which met with Adelaide's entire approval.

It puzzled Janet not a little that Mr. Darton should part with so large a sum of money in preference to entertaining his aunt at Meadowlands for a few weeks, but she had long since discovered him to be an unusually pig-headed man; and so she attributed his somewhat extraordinary conduct to sheer obstinacy.

After that there was no further hitch in the arrangements.

At length the morning came on which Adelaide Slade was to become William Darton's wife. Janet was the principal bridesmaid. She was very averse to acting in this capacity, but as the bride's only sister she could not have refused without causing much unpleasantness. Lawrence Fergusson, as a relative of the bridegroom and a very old friend of the bride's family, had been asked to be best man. He, too, had not liked to decline; so it devolved upon him to lead Janet out of the church.

It was the first time they had met since that memorable evening when they had crossed the Common together, Lawrence having purposely avoided going to Surrey Lodge. Janet had suffered intensely in the meantime. She had dwelt much both on Mrs. Fergusson's word of advice and her own curt refusal of Lawrence's offer; and she was inclined to attach some blame to herself for the manner in which she had acted. It was not Lawrence's fault that his mother had indirectly accused her of having "led him on." She told herself that her answer to his appeal would in effect have been the same if that word of advice, that detestable hint, had never been uttered, but that the manner of her refusal would have differed greatly. She would have admitted that she loved her old playfellow, and she would have gloried in the admission; nevertheless, she would have been equally firm in refusing to become the wife of the man she loved, lest by doing so she should injure him; she would also have borne in mind that with the one great work to which she had unhesitatingly dedicated her life he had but scant sympathy, and she would have remembered that a union between them was thus rendered doubly impossible. In thinking that Mrs. Fergusson's interference had not really affected the issue of events, it is not improbable Janet was mistaken. For when a woman is proud to acknowledge she loves a man, and the man is anxious to make the woman his wife, the chances are always very much in favour of the wedding-bells being set in motion. But Janet firmly believed that she might have acknowledged her love and at the same time have persisted in her refusal; and it was a cause of daily regret to her that she had allowed the man she loved to believe she was indifferent to him. She felt she had been untrue to herself, and unfair to him. And yet the accusation which Mrs. Fergusson had brought against her still rankled, so that she could not bring herself to say one word to undeceive her lover.

As for Lawrence, he had taken Janet's curt refusal as final. He knew her so well: knew that she was truthful in thought, word, and deed. Was it likely that such a woman would stoop to convey a wrong impression? He had been a fool: that was all; he had taken her friendship as meaning more, far more, than it did. And then with his disappointment were mingled two very opposite feelings; he longed, with a greater longing than he had hitherto experienced, for the grapes which he now knew hung so far out of his reach; while at the same time he felt an indefinable sense of relief because his wings were not clipped.

Janet stood behind the bride, and held her glove and bouquet; and as she did so, the words of the marriage service sank deep down into her heart; their solemnity and, alas! in this case their mockery, moving her so strangely that she, calm, self-contained woman as she was, could hardly refrain from sobbing. When the ceremony was over, she put her hand lightly on her lover's arm, and as the two who were so immeasurably nearer to each other than the newly-married pair walked in the procession behind the bride and bridegroom, Janet was thinking more of her sister than of Lawrence, although she had looked forward to this meeting with mingled pain and joy.

As the wedding party came slowly down the aisle, those who were anxious to get a better view of the bride left their seats and crowded round the church door. Amongst those who did so was a woman of very striking appearance. She was dressed comfortably, but in a style that would have been old-fashioned twenty years before. She wore a black silk dress, made with a plain, full skirt, much extended by artificial means; over the skirt was a short loose cloth jacket, fastened with a huge brooch containing the portrait of a gentleman; a broad-brimmed straw hat, trimmed with bright violet ribbons, was firmly placed on the lady's head, but it was not large enough to hide the lady's glossy black hair, which was arranged in ringlets, with a very noticeable division down the centre of the back of the head. With this lady was a much younger woman—a mere girl, in fact, of very prepossessing appearance, whose style of dress was as tasteful as her companion's was eccentric. Striking as was the contrast between the two women, they resembled each other just sufficiently to suggest the possibility of their being related.

As Mr. Darton led his bride out of the church, the elder woman bent eagerly forward to look at Adelaide. In another second the bridegroom had caught sight of her. For the briefest possible space of time he stood quite motionless, as if he had been mesmerised; then, catching hold of his wife by the wrist, he hurried her into the carriage.

When the wedding guests reached Surrey Lodge they were all very much astonished to find that the bride and bridegroom had not yet returned.

Half an hour passed, and still there was no sign of William Darton and his wife.

Then, just as Mr. Slade was declaring his intention of going back to the church to see if he could learn any tidings of the newly-married pair, a telegram was handed to him.

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

AN AUSTRALIAN "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

"UNCLE TOM."

"UNCLE TOM! Uncle Tom!"

"Yes, missie; me here."

"You go longa house, tell plenty Mary come."

"Fetch piccaninny, missie?"

"Oh, yes; *dim dim* master want to see piccaninny"—and Uncle Tom departed, beaming with a smile that reached from ear to ear of his black, shining face.

I ventured to question my young hostess on the rather strange-sounding appellation she had bestowed upon me.

"Oh," she replied laughingly, "*dim dim* means a white man. And now tell me what do you think of our plantation home?"

I had come from the far south to spend a holiday at the sugar plantation of my old friend, Jack Hamblin. I do not care to think how many years had passed since, college chums in the old country, we parted to go each on his separate path in life. I went to Australia to make my fortune, as every one in those days was supposed to do who exiled himself to "the land of the golden fleece." It has yet to be made.

A few years afterwards I heard indirectly that my one-time chum had taken the same step, but he went to Queensland, the land of sugar and eternal summer, whilst I settled down in far-distant Sydney. Years after we met at the house of a mutual friend, and renewed our friendship. Jack was on his way to England to bring home a bride. When he returned I must visit him. This was my visit. And Jack's bride? I had expected to meet a staid, elderly woman—for the rascal was forty if he were a day—but imagine my surprise and, of course, my delight (one being never too old to enjoy the society of a pretty woman), when I found, dressed in a gown of soft Indian silk with the tint of old ivory in it, a beautiful girl, who could not have been more than twenty, waiting under the cool, green shade of the broad verandah to greet us.

"And now," said Jack, "the first thing for you to do, old fellow, is to get out of those wretched city togs into something more suitable to the climate. We'll soon make a planter of you."

Behold me, on my return, clad in spotless white.

Then luncheon in a dark, cool room, with soft-footed "niggers" waiting at your chair. And the fruit! Delicious pineapple, ripe mangoes, if you liked them, and a capital curry. Back to the verandah; a luxurious cane-chair and a well-seasoned cigar. I felt that I was going to have "a real good time."

"Well, Mrs. Hamblin, if all plantation life be like this, I am afraid I shall be unable, for lack of adjectives, to express my appreciation. Whew! Think of the musty, dusty old city! I'm afraid you must take me as a permanent lodger."

"It is not all like this, as you will learn. Plantation life has its dark as well as its bright side."

"The dark side, I suppose, is the 'nigger.'"

"Well, I'm afraid he is one of the very dark sides. Do you know, that is the only subject my husband and I have quarrelled about. I do not like this——"

"Slave trade?"

"Well, it is an unpleasant name, but that is really what it means. You are, my husband tells me, a very old——"

"Thanks."

"I mean a very good friend of his, and so I shall talk quite freely to you. Well, since I have been here—and that is not quite a year—I have seen enough of the 'labour trade,' as they call it, to make me detest it. I positively hate it. Oh, if you only knew—but here is Uncle Tom. What a tribe of Marys! I believe he has hunted up every one on the plantation."

"Liza say she want speak some, missie," announced Tom, having marshalled the women in line.

"Well, Liza?—Liza, I may tell you, is a bride, but I'm afraid it was very much a marriage of convenience. Sam, her husband, had a very full box."

"Missie, me no lika Sammy," said Liza, a strapping young wench, whose personal attractions were accentuated by a long straw stuck into a hole drilled in the tip of her nose. "Sammy he no speaka me. He plenty sleep. He always sleep."

Liza returned to the ranks, and her temper being no doubt ruffled through the conduct of the somnolent Sammy, fell out with a young mother by her side.

"He, he! you g' long, woman; you no get in wayer me. 'Cos you got little fellow piccaninny, you plenty proud. You!" This with superb scorn.

They make a picturesque group, clad in loose gowns of bed-chintz, with bright scarlet or blue kerchiefs bound around their heads; for background a clump of rustling bamboos. There is a great show of glistening white teeth, and the black, chubby faces bear an expression that is a blending of timidity and curiosity. The piccaninnies are the quaintest little creatures you would find out of a bric-à-brac shop. Dumpling shapes done in ebony with bead-like eyes. In a weak moment I venture to caress one of the babes with my hand. "Missie" told me with a hearty laugh that I must go the round, or there would be a sad quarrel among the mothers. There was an

unpleasant odour of cocoanut oil about the youngsters which did not add to the delight of the task, but it had to be done; and this duty concluded, Uncle Tom headed the procession and marched the women away. The moment the last petticoat vanished round the corner of the house, we heard the women break into an animated "gabble." I was being criticised, no doubt.

"That is the more pleasant side of slave life, I suppose?"

"Yes, but you must not call it 'slave life.' This is a British colony, you know, and people would be very much offended if you called their labourers slaves. If you wait a moment till I put on my hat, we will go round the quarters. I have some sick calls to make."

We know what a lady's "moment" means. Whilst we wait for "missie" to return, let me briefly describe to you a planter's home. Picture to yourself a large, low-roofed house, with broad verandah shut in by creepers which trail their length along the side walls, and even interlace across the roof itself. It is a home in a nest of foliage. Seated upon the verandah, you can see rising from a gully not far distant the graceful crests of a group of palms, and the porcupine-like cluster of sword-shaped leaves that crown the twisted stem of the pandanus. In among the dense foliage of semi-tropical plants, the brilliant scarlet blossoms of the hibiscus glow like lamps among dark leaves. The sun pours its rays from a cloudless sky, and, but for the motion of a few fluttering butterflies and the monotonous sound of the water as it plashes over the miniature falls in the fern valley below, you might think you were in some enchanted land of sleep. There is a drowsy air upon everything; Sancho, the big Newfoundland, his mistress's pet, sleeps peacefully at the side of her chair. I feel that I shall follow his example if I do not rouse myself. A book—ah, happy idea! Let me take you with me into the cool, matted dining-room. No stuffy padded chairs; all are of cane. No heavy hangings, but green Indian mats sloped outside the windows to exclude the sun. My friend Jack has a capital library, and from the pile of literature, just received by the weekly mail, I see that he keeps himself well abreast of the times—a couple of months behind, say: no more. Here are many familiar "mags." That is a very old friend, and so is this yellow one; no need to look at the title—CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, of course; and newspapers too, both English and colonial. No lack of reading matter, anyhow.

"I hope I haven't wearied you waiting."

"Oh, dear, no!" Folk fib with equal glibness in Australia as in England.

A few minutes' walk through an avenue of lovely tree-ferns, and we reach a little village of neat huts, or "humpies," as they are termed. The "boys" are away in the corn-fields, so we may enter.

"These are quite model homes," my hostess says. "The hardest task we have is to train the boys to anything approaching the ways of civilised life. Presently I shall take you to a very different class of village."

Uncle Tom, all smiles, meets us.

"Boy longa hut, he plenty better to-day. Doctor say he go home next ship. He stay no more moons."

"How many more moons [months] have you to stay, Tom?"

"Me stay—ten fellow, one fellow moon," referring to a piece of notched stick in the corner of the cabin.

"How is it he is not out in the field with the others?"

"Oh, we keep him and Liza about the house. He is not strong, poor fellow. So many of them die. In the wet season there are deaths every day. One

A FEW OF THE "HANDS."

year twenty-five per cent.—it seems heartless, does it not, to calculate one's fellow-creatures in that way, like—"

"Coloured mechanical figures, so much per gross!"

"Just so. Well, one year twenty-five per cent. of the boys died on the next plantation. The Kamaka hospital was full that year, and boys and women, crowded together, died like sheep. They took them away by the dray-full of a morning. Some masters treat their Kamakas worse than cattle—a horse is worth something, a boy or two is, or used to be, of less consequence. I have seen boys sent into the field when they could scarcely stand, and forced to work with an overseer watching them. I have seen them knocked down, kicked, and lashed with a whip. And yet"—this with a bitterness that should have been foreign to lips so young—"this is an English land, where there is no slave. Poor Uncle Tom—I called him so from some fancied resemblance to *the* Uncle Tom—he will never see his home again. Before eleven moons are past he will have gone to a land of real freedom."

There is little use of moralising, and so I make no reply. We go into one of the huts, Tom leading the way. The place is dingy and dark, but there is an air of tidiness about it; the bed-clothing is not of the cleanest, but the floor is well swept. On the walls are some rude attempts at decoration, a scrap of broken looking-glass, and a gaudy print. Uncle Tom eyes us closely as we make our inspection. This is his "humpie."

"Boccus plenty full, Tom?"

With great care he raised the lid of a wooden chest, and lifting off a piece of old newspaper, showed us the most heterogeneous collection of treasures it has ever been my lot to see—bits of crockery, hoop iron, scraps of coloured flannel and cloth, some brass buttons, a worn-out table-knife, a "thunder and lightning" shirt, a pair of old boots, and a paper bag full of coloured beads.

"That is Tom's wealth," said "missie." "He is quite a capitalist."

"Ten fellow, one fellow moon, take boccus all along island. My people cry me go Queensland, no cry me go home, show boccus."

"Do you get plenty *kai kai* [food]?"

"Oh, yes, me get plenty *kai kai;* bulamakow [beef], taro, sweet potator, rice, bacca. Oh, yes, me plenty. Some fellow boy no like bulamakow; he get sick, die."

"How did you come here, Tom?"

"Oh, white man come island longa ship. He say, 'You go Queensland, three yams?' Me no like go. White man pull me and Wanukata, all same brother, in boat. White man no look, we jump in water. I swim strong. I hear two shot. I stop quiet, white man pull me in boat. Wanukata he swim strong long way. White man pull boat. catchem Wanukata.

FIELD WORK.

CUTTING THE CANES.

He fight very much, and try pull me. White man jump in water with knife. I no see any more; I 'fraid, shut my eyes. Wanukata he cry very strong, 'Towewa! Towewa!'—then him stop, me look——"

"That will do, Tom." I was thankful "missie" had gone ahead. A shudder I could not restrain passed through me as I stepped out of the dark close cabin into the bright sunlight. A short walk across a cleared paddock brings us to a clump of bananas, where another village has been established. This is the home of the new recruits, wild, timid creatures, who cannot be prevailed upon to adopt the habits of their less uncivilised fellows. The "homes" are "detached villas" built of thatchwood, old kerosene tins, pieces of sacking, and the like. As I pull aside the mat that serves for the door of one of the humpies a cloud of smoke rolls out. The evening is closing, and warm as the air is to me, it must, I suppose, be cold to the group of "sick boys" clustered round the pan of wood burning on the earthen floor. Dull-eyed, dejected, inert, some but living skeletons, they present a piteous sight. Squatted on their hams, some lean over the handful of burning embers, thinking perhaps of the far-away island, and the many moons which must rise and wane before they see the cocoa palms of their coral home again.

We walk silently home. The evening bell is ringing. In the distance rises the sharply-sloped roof of the mill, and along the roadway cut between the high walls of cane "the boys" return from work, some running and playing, others linked hand-in-hand—a tribal custom. The drays and plough-horses go rumbling and jingling by. The sinking sun sends its rays of crimson and orange across the fields of rustling cane. A very lovely scene!

The last of my holidays has come, and to-morrow I shall set out for my southern home, not without regret, not without a confusion of idea that somehow it has all been a dream, in which I have recalled some half-forgotten pictures of a planter's home in Kentucky, or "way down in ole Virginny."

It is after dinner, and I stand on the verandah contemplating the perfect night and enjoying a quiet smoke. Jack has returned to the mill for an hour.

A rustle at my side, and I see my friend's young wife with her hat on and a basket in her hand.

"I am going to the huts. You have heard the new rule to be enforced. Uncle Tom has been ordered to go into the field, and of course we all know what that means. He sent Eliza, our house-girl—they have driven her into the field also—to ask me to see him. Would you like to come?"

Of course I go, though I feel loth to leave the glorious moonlight for that stifling humpie.

Uncle Tom is in his bunk, his big eyes bright, his head hot as a coal of fire. Eliza sits on the floor, her hands clasped round her knees.

"Uncle Tom he go die; he say, send missie."

"Well, Uncle Tom?"

"Missie! plenty good, all a same missionary man."

She held up the rude light burning in a pannikin of fat. Uncle Tom had adorned himself for the end—it is their custom—he had on a gaudy shirt; in his ears were great shell earrings, round his neck a string of shark's teeth—a strange picture, the slight, girlish, white-clad figure, the compassionate face bent over the dying boy in his barbaric trappings. She put her hand in his black palm and let it rest there.

"Boccus? boccus?"

Liza rose and drew the clumsy box to the bedside, and opened it for him to look upon his treasure.

"Ten fellow moon no come. People cry, 'Towewa!' all same Uncle Tom. He no come; no go home." Then his mind wandered, and he muttered, "Nea, Tacomala, Iela all along a beach, plenty my people. My mother she say, 'Where Wanukata?' Uncle Tom say, 'Wanukata he no come any more.' She cry very strong, 'Oh, Towewa! Towewa!'"

When he awoke he turned to his mistress. "Missie, all same missionary fellow say God."

With broken voice she murmured, "Our Father, which art in heaven"—the familiar words of the prayer fell with little meaning on the ears of this poor dying creature, but he had heard them on his island, and had been told they were good words, a sort of white man's fetish against the evil one—"God bless Uncle Tom."

"God, He good master?"

"Very good."

"I go work along His plantation." He moved weakly and gazed with fast-glazing eyes on his box of treasure-trove. "Missie she have boccus. Now I go die."

I lifted her from the bunk at the side of which, sobbing, she had knelt. No more moons need pass for Uncle Tom. He is free. He has gone home, home to an island that lies beyond the cane-brake, beyond sun, moon, and stars.

THOS. B. CLEGG.

TO A GIRL NAMED MAUD.

MAUDIE, those wondrous eyes of yours
Have held my heart in thrall;
Their light has called me to her feet,
Whose charms can never pall;
The sweetest, fairest of her sex,
A queen among them all.

Maudie, that soft brown hair of yours
Has won my heart from me;
That walk so graceful all admire,
So natural and so free;
Those tiny shoes which hide your feet,
I love as part of thee.

If one poor poet chance to love,
And that dear maid be thou,
If he should bend in worship near
The shrine where all men bow,
If he should dare to whisper, sweet,
What other lovers vow—

Will you be kind and let him plead?
If it perchance be wrong
To love where all the graces blend
That to the sex belong—
Will you forgive, and, sweet, accept
His poor heart with this song?

CLARA SAVILE CLARKE.

IN TIMES OF SICKNESS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

LAST night, about half-past nine, I was leaning over my gate, looking at the newly-risen moon that, slowly ascending through the haze which lay low on the horizon, appeared for all the world like a huge blood orange. But there was something remarkable about the sky itself, for although the stars were all visible, none of them could have been truthfully addressed in the words of the poet—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star."

Twinkling was out of the question, for a gauzy veil was spread all over the firmament; and, strangely enough, this was blood-red. The phenomenon did not last long, but long enough for others as well as myself to notice it.

A weird-looking, lanky, dark figure came down the road, beneath the whispering limes, and presently stood near me. Old Elspit M——, crawling home to bed. Though over ninety, Elspit is tall and straight, and has a face like what Irving's would be if he were an oldwife.

She placed a bird-like claw on my biceps—it put me in mind of having my parrot perch on my finger—then pointing to the moon—

"WILL YOU BE KIND AND LET HIM PLEAD?"

"*TO A GIRL NAMED MAUD*" (*p.* 550).

"You see it, sir, you see it? Isn't it wonderful?"

"It looks somewhat erysipelatous," I replied unromantically.

"And behold the sky. What does it bode? War—war—war!"

"I tell you what it bodes, Elspit: rheumatism to your old limbs if you're not in bed in half an hour."

Elspit bade me good night, and disappeared under the limes, muttering, "War—war—war!"

I watched the moon rise higher and higher. The blood-red veil melted into thin air, and both moon and stars shone brightly down, making the night more pleasant than the summer's day had been. Presently the moon neared the only black cloud in the firmament. She could not shine through that, I thought. But she did. She silvered it and gilded it, and it scattered before her just as grief and trouble scatter when met manfully.

Now, many people are precisely like old Elspit in their imaginings. They are constantly prophesying ill to come, and if sickness be on ahead, they go right away out to meet it; they fear it, and bow down before it as if it were a nightmare bogie; and then this particular sickness, whatever it is, seems to know it has an easy victim, and claims its pound of flesh. Were they to meet it cheerfully, as the moon did the cloud, it would break and scatter before them, or at all events embrace them but lightly.

"That may be true enough," some will tell me; "but," they add, "I am nervous, and one cannot help one's constitution."

"This," I reply, "is but begging the question. I hope to show you in this paper that, in times of epidemic, one may do much to ward off the attack of the prevailing trouble, or to lighten the force of the blow if fall it must and does."

It has been often asked if medical men have or use any prophylactic, going so much among infectious diseases as they do, and seeming to bear a charmed life. They do not use any prophylactic strictly so called, but they do all that human nature can to cultivate the *mens sana in corpore sano*. You will never find a medical man during epidemics—and very seldom, indeed, at any other time—making any mistake in taking stimulants. He rises early if he has been "all night in;" if not, he does not begrudge himself an extra hour or two in bed, knowing the extreme value of sleep. He knows well that good, solid, refreshing slumber is one of the pillars that support life—one of the keystones to the arch of existence.

Then, as a rule, the doctor has a bath every morning; in all probability a cold sponge or shower. He does not dress as if for a wager; well he knows that hurry of all kinds means excitement, and that excitement means temporary congestion of the brain, and a consequent burning off and wear of more nerve-cell power than there is any necessity for expending. So his toilet is made leisurely, and if during the process there are any worrying thoughts, or any anxiety obtrudes itself on his mind, they are quickly banished. Hurry and worry claim a hundred times as many victims every year as consumption itself.

The doctor having slept well, in a large, cool, pleasant room, having bathed and dressed, has begun his day well. Perhaps he has a turn round the garden before sitting down to breakfast. He will eat heartily *if he can*. Mark these three last words, for he is too wise to force nature, and so, should there be any languidness and feebleness of appetite, his morning meal will be a spare one: toast, eggs, not over-strong tea or coffee, with probably a morsel of whole-meal bread and fresh butter. When one is languid of a morning, strong tea may suggest itself, but the inclination to take it should be resisted—for bear this in mind: it is a stimulant, and the tannin it contains is somewhat constipating; well, reaction will follow its use, and in summer greater heat and thirst will be felt about three hours after. Cocoatina is less objectionable. The fault with this, if taken too strong, is that biliousness may follow.

But should the doctor feel the need of food or sustenance between breakfast and lunch, he may eat a biscuit, drink a glass of milk and soda-water, or even swallow a raw egg.

To continue our doctor's day: while doing his duty faithfully in times of epidemic, he will guard against undue fatigue and all approach to worry. When attending infectious or contagious cases he will take every reasonable precaution for his own safety; there need be no necessity for bending too much over a bed or inhaling unhealthy vapours, and he will see to it that the rules of disinfection are most rigidly carried out, that the sick-room is well ventilated, and everything kept sweet and clean, even to the dress of the nurse.

Nor will the doctor expose himself to the risk of infection when faint and hungry. It is well that every one should know this: a prevailing epidemic seems like a thief on the watch, quietly biding his time to spring upon and overpower his victim. That time comes when the victim is weak and off guard. On the one hand, then, hunger may open the door for disease to come in, while on the other over-eating by fevering the system simply makes a bed for the ailment to lie upon.

When the cholera was raging in Egypt some time ago, many of the surgeons proved themselves perfect heroes. Death was in every ward. Death's darts flew here, there, and everywhere, but for a long time the doctors went scot-free. It was want of rest, and fatigue inducing debility, with depression of spirits, that told at last, and proved that even medical men were not invulnerable.

Well, then, our doctor has managed to keep his system up during all his weary day, and he is glad to return home with an appetite and ability to enjoy a well-cooked and nicely-served dinner. Over-indulgence he will carefully avoid. He will not commit the foolish error of reasoning thus: "Wine is good to sustain the system, therefore I'll take a glass or two." No; but if he feels that sparkling ginger-ale will suit his palate better, why, he will take that. In fact, the man eats and drinks to live. He does not regard dinner as a luxurious repast so much as a

necessity. Then if after dinner he rests in his easy-chair with a book or newspaper, surely we will not begrudge him that repose.

It is hours yet before bed-time. He may or may not take a biscuit or glass of milk before retiring, but if his body is heated with the hardly-yet-banished fatigues of the day, a warm bath, with a cold sponge to follow, will reduce the temperature, equalise the circulation, and induce calm, refreshing sleep.

A life like this is the only true prophylaxis, and in times of trouble and illness my readers cannot err in adopting it.

I sincerely trust that I have made myself sufficiently clear. While judiciously supporting the system, you are to steer a middle course, approaching too near neither to Scylla nor Charybdis. To force food and stimulants on the system is to fever it ; to go long without food, or to permit yourself to get languid through fasting, is to open the door for the trouble to walk in. In the former case the armour you don against the epidemic is too heavy, and you will sink under it : disease will smite you when down ; in the latter it is too feeble, and you lack the necessary protection.

So much for the body itself ; now for the mind of the individual when sickness is all around him.

Well, to keep the body up to par is at least half the battle ; an easy mind is almost sure to dwell in such a system, and the reverse is true.

Apropos of this, as President Lincoln used to say, I'll tell you a little story. It was out in Egypt—so they say, at least—after the fall of Tel-el-Kebir, and when plague was raging in the camp of the fallen foe, that Famine met King Cholera.

"Good morning," said King Cholera. "How are you getting on, friend Famine?"

"Well," replied Famine, "I've slain a few, anyhow, and I've paved a nice pathway for you to walk along. Why, King Cholera, you must be enjoying yourself immensely! What a holocaust you are having!"

"Not so fast, friend Famine," said the King. "*I* don't do it all ; for, mind you, where I kill five, our dark-haired sister Fear kills fifty."

Now, how are we in times of epidemic to banish this Fear? It is natural enough, I own, still it is deadly enough. Well, we must first and foremost so live as to bring the body into the best working order. We ought to obey all the golden rules of health to the letter, and if we really feel considerably below par, we should take a carefully chosen tonic. Probably nothing can be much better than an ounce of quassia water twice or thrice a day before meals, with a teaspoonful of the compound syrup of the phosphates in it.

But, in addition, plenty of out-door exercise must be taken—beware, however, of over-fatigue—and above all, recreation with amusement. Do not read heavy books. Get something to make you laugh, and find yourself some employment which shall not be a penance. That is the secret, and a valuable one it is.

In times of sickness or epidemic, even the healthiest among us may now and then feel depressed in spirits. Unfortunately, at such times stimulants often seem to suggest themselves to us, or are suggested by others. They really do not do the good they are usually credited with, so I beg to propose a plan which I think infinitely preferable. You must know, then, that much depression of spirits testifies to a body below par and nerves unstrung ; well, I should simply take, three or four times a day, half a teaspoonful of the compound tincture of cinchona in a wineglassful of water, and my drink should be oatmeal water ; the medium-sized is the proper sort. Steep a handful or two in a quart of water, add sugar and lime-juice to taste, and drink *ad libitum*. This is a true, not a false stimulant. It quenches thirst, calms the nerves, strengthens the heart, and braces the whole body.

I cannot close this paper without reminding the reader that times of sickness, whether caused by epidemic or not, come to all families sooner or later, and it should not find them unprepared. The father of a family, if he live in a house of any size, should see to it that there be one room therein set apart as a kind of hospital ward.

It should be as high up as possible, quiet, with a large window—not blazing directly on to the bed, however. It should be plainly but cheerfully furnished, though with no curtains either to the bed or windows. Ventilation should be studied by means of door-panel, fire-place, and window. A curtain of some soft, clean, washable material should hang in front of the door, to be kept wet with carbolic acid lotion in case a patient be inside with anything infectious. Remember that ventilation and disinfection are of very little use at all in a sick-room if not carried out generously and with a will. Half-and-half measures do little good.

The walls of this room should not be papered, but colour-washed. Pictures may be hung in it, but they must be representative of life and joy, not of death and gloom. Flowers should grace the table and mantel-piece, and whenever the weather is chilly, a bit of bright fire should be burned in the grate. The ordinary noisy coal-scuttle and shovel should find no place in the sick-room ; instead of this, the coals, nice sizeable bits, should be placed in small paper bags, each containing enough to feed the fire once, so that they can be put on without noise.

Cheerful books and a few papers should also be in the sick-room, and last, and best of all, the book of Hope—the Bible.

THE GARDEN IN SEPTEMBER.

PROBABLY the main object of a flower garden is that it be worthy of its name for the greatest possible portion of the year; that is to say, we prefer that our garden should be *always* a garden with *flowers* in it. Some such thoughts as these naturally occupy us a good deal at this time of the year, when summer is bidding us farewell. Already we notice with regret that much of the beauty of our flower-beds is gone; the dahlias are certainly very gaudy and showy in their colouring, but when last month we, so to speak, cropped our beds for the sake of the cuttings that we are every year obliged to take, we seemed to make the baldness still more apparent. Our first hint, then, this month, shall be a warning against impatience and impetuosity, for there are two classes of gardeners; there are those who put a few seeds and plants in the ground some time during the spring, and then leave everything to take care of itself; and there are others who are so eager to be first in the field in everything, that they anticipate the seasons in a very unnecessary way. The meaning of all this is, then, do not strip your flower-beds too soon. In a fairly average season many of our hardy flowers will go on blooming — though, of course, not with July luxuriance — until some time in October, and occasionally even later still than that. Why, therefore, on some rich and sunny autumn morning go and pull them all up merely because "'tis now September"? Roses, again, that have been taken care of, and from which you have not only, during the summer, cut off faded blooms, but have also picked pretty unsparingly for table decoration, will often, in the absence of severe weather, go on blooming nearly up to Christmas. Then, again, if good use has been made of our little greenhouse or pit, and we have had several pots of annuals grown for successional bloom, we can, if we are anxious over-much to prolong our outdoor display, stand outside during the day time a dozen or more flowers that are gay in their pots, interspersing them with others on our beds, or placing them in bald or

faded spots; only we must not mind the trouble of putting them under cover of the glass again at sunset when the season shows a real sign of change.

A few words ought this month to be said relative to our stock of cuttings, and as to the best method of preserving them through the winter. Now, we have often suggested that a capital method of relieving our overburdened greenhouse is to utilise one or two old garden-frames for the hardiest of our cuttings, such as calceolarias, and perhaps some verbenas, &c. These in the middle of August would have readily rooted if planted simply in the soil of your kitchen garden and covered over with your frame. They will want at first a little watching, varying, perhaps, in proportion to the season in which they are taken. It would certainly never do to have them half burnt up under your glass in the wane of a hot August sun, so plenty of air and watering will be necessary at the outset. Or perhaps the prolonged summer season will induce your cuttings thus housed to show a disposition for small bloom; pinch off, then, all these little unnatural blooms, and do all you can to prevent your cuttings from becoming drawn and spindly. This not only weakens them, but they would—if your stock of them is large—give you a good deal of trouble, as the winter and early spring advances, by the room they would require. Once well rooted and started—and a healthy stock of cuttings should resemble a little Liliputian shrubbery—the next enemy that you have to be on your guard against is not frost, but *damp*. Let us suppose a dreary and drizzling October and November; you will find that unless some air has been daily given to your frames, your cuttings will look mouldy and unhealthy. Plants can no more survive without fresh air than human beings can.

As for the greenhouse, which by the end of this month we generally find pretty well crowded, with the winter in prospect, a good plan to let out damp in a rainy autumnal season is to open the lights at the top a little way, and have a fire, so that all the steam and moisture will get away through your open windows. As a general rule, however, we prefer allowing our stock of cuttings to stand outside in their pots and pans until Michaelmas before actually housing them. Enough, then, as to the cuttings, though a very important subject, for on their well-being largely depends our garden supply for the following summer.

The kitchen garden will of course, as usual, give us plenty to do this month. Crops will, as the season advances, want clearing off, and then comes the day's labour with preparing the bed for the reception of the new crop, for on no account must a piece of land be allowed to lie idle. Never, however, think it necessary to waste even a cabbage-stump; a severe winter may be coming, and indeed, in our uncertain climate, no one knows what may be in store for us. Plant out your old cabbage-stumps, then, in any out-of-the-way corner of your kitchen garden, all pretty close together, as room anywhere is important. You will be glad to find them sprouting one day as you pass along, and find, too, a welcome dish of greens for the housekeeper, perhaps at a time when many green vegetables are growing very scarce. You can now plant out young cabbage-plants, some five or six inches apart, only leaving barely room enough between your rows of cabbages for walking along to hoe and attend to them. As the winter advances, when you want them for use, pull up every alternate cabbage. By this means you will give more space for the others to grow and develop themselves. Celery, of course, is now rapidly coming on, and will want constant and cautious earthing up. The last earthing will have probably before this been given to the potatoes, as next month we lift the whole of our stock, as it would not do to let them lie too long underground. The winter spinach will want thinning, and, as time goes on, only the outside and larger leaves gathered for use. Salads we are always requiring, so have plenty sown in a frame, if only you can spare one; in the absence of much greenhouse room, an extra frame is of the greatest value in the garden. Then as to our fruits, our peaches and nectarines are ripe or ripening, and this the wasps and large flies are aware of, to our cost. Bottles of sugar-and-water, and rotten fruit, left here and there about, serve as good traps, but the objection to putting arsenic in shallow vessels with the rotten fruit, as some advocate, is that our bees may suffer as well. It is a difficult subject, yet somehow we find that there is enough fruit for ourselves and the flies too.

EVERY-DAY PUDDINGS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

THESE hints, as the title implies, will be of the most homely kind, setting forth rules and principles for the guidance of those who are anxious to do simple things in the right way, and present a variety of puddings at their tables; for, be it remembered, variety is not only pleasant to the palate, but necessary for health.

Farinaceous Puddings, although the simplest, are unquestionably, as a rule, improperly made and cooked; and as they are so nourishing and delicious when the right mode is followed, we will give them first place. Now, when cooking any kind of food, we are nine-tenths of the way on the road to success if we understand both the composition of the food and the effect of heat upon it, *i.e.*, the amount of heat required for its conversion from the raw to the cooked state.

First, then, the composition of the "food stuffs," or "cereals," all of which may be classed as farinaceous, viz., sago, tapioca, hominy, rice, semolina, pearl-barley, crushed wheat, &c. ; in a word, they are *starchy* foods, although the proportion varies—in some there is more than seventy per cent. of starch, for the perfect cooking of which a long time is required to enable the little cells to swell and burst ; hence the absurdity of cooking them in a quick oven.

Everything of a starchy nature swells in cooking, so plenty of room must be allowed, and the proportion of rice, &c., should not be more than two ounces for each pint of milk used in the pudding ; the dish should not be more than three-parts filled. What happens if the dish *is* quite full, the oven too hot, and too much grain, as we may term it, used? Just this : in a very short time the milk will be soaked up, so the grain cannot swell as it should, and some will have boiled over in the oven ; the result being a hard, indigestible, quarter-cooked mess, instead of, at less cost, a rich, creamy, nourishing pudding. Try the following method for any kind referred to above:—Wash well, in several waters, four ounces of the grain, put it in a dish well greased, with two ounces of sugar, a pinch of salt, and a quart of milk ; stir up and, if the flavour is liked, grate a little nutmeg on the surface, and bake from two to three hours in a *very slow oven*. Coarse oatmeal makes an excellent pudding of this kind ; children will enjoy it baked *minus* sugar, and served with warm treacle.

It is well to stir the contents of the dish a few times during the first part of the cooking. Some may say, "*How* slow should the oven be?" We mean that the milk should only just simmer, the very tiniest bubbles only appearing on the surface ; indeed, after the pudding has reached simmering-point in the oven, the cooking may often be finished on the top of a range, or the hob of an open grate.

Some of our readers will exclaim, "No eggs!" and others will assert that the pudding cannot be made without them ; though, as a matter of fact, they are not required in an every-day pudding, and nothing is more indigestible than a long-baked egg. Those who insist upon adding them will be wise to make the pudding by cooking the milk and grain separately in a saucepan until nearly done, then adding the eggs when the mixture has cooked, and baking the pudding just long enough to set and brown the surface.

A Baked Custard.—How often is this seen watery at the bottom, and full of holes, rough-looking all through! There are many causes, the chief being excess of sugar, imperfect mixing, stale eggs, and too hot an oven. Really good milk should be used, and the pudding moved as little and as gently as possible ; the oven must be gentle, and a smooth custard will be the result. A very light pudding for an invalid is a *steamed custard ;* two eggs, rather less than half a pint of milk, and a teaspoonful of white sugar should be thoroughly beaten, poured into a buttered basin, covered with a buttered paper, and steamed in a saucepan of gently-boiling water coming half-way up the basin for thirty to forty minutes. A *savoury custard* is similarly made, *cold beef-tea* taking the place of the milk and sugar ; this is very enjoyable when cold, and furnishes a nice change.

Batter Puddings need careful mixing to insure freedom from lumps ; they are improved by standing some hours before cooking, and further improved by the addition of the whites of the eggs, separately beaten, at the last minute. Baking powder, too, should always be put in the instant before the batter is poured into the dish or basin ready for cooking, or it is useless. Very good proportions for "*Yorkshire Pudding*" batter are two eggs, a pint of milk, and six ounces of flour. Steamed or boiled puddings should be rather stiffer than baked ones, as the moisture evaporates to a greater extent in the dry heat of an oven than when they are cooked by steam. In separating eggs, yolks from whites, care must be taken to avoid any intermixture of yolk and white, as the former contains oil, and would prevent the latter being stiffly beaten. A current of air facilitates the beating ; so does a pinch of salt—it gives body ; the eggs *must* be fresh.

With regard to *Suet Puddings* of all kinds, *i.e.*, all puddings containing suet, they must, to be digestible and nourishing, be well cooked ; the suet should be first skinned and shredded, before chopping, and the finer it is chopped the better ; this is an operation very carelessly performed as a rule.

Beef suet makes the richer, but mutton suet the lighter puddings.

Bread-crumbs form a good addition, even to an ordinary rolly-poly ; if to each half-pound of flour two ounces of bread-crumbs be added, a lightness and delicacy unobtainable without them are a certain result, and the pudding is more wholesome. Steamed puddings are lighter than boiled ones, and there are other advantages ; viz., no cloth is needed, a piece of greased paper taking its place, and it matters not about the basin being full, as there is no fear of the water getting into the pudding if care is taken to set it in a saucepan with boiling water half-way up the basin, replenishing it from time to time with more boiling water ; keep the lid on, and allow at least half as long again as the same pudding would take to boil. Little puddings can be steamed nicely in an ordinary potato-steamer.

When liquids and semi-liquids—such, for instance, as a combination of milk, eggs, and marmalade—are added to puddings, they should be beaten together before putting them with the dry ingredients (imperfect mixing of the materials being a common cause of failure in turning out), and the mould or basin must be well greased with fat free from salt ; clarified dripping is preferable to salt butter—so often used for culinary purposes—as the latter would cause them to stick.

All whose digestions are imperfect will do well to avoid currants ; in the majority of cases sultana raisins can take their place ; besides, they are less trouble to clean, and really nourishing, while currants are not ; and every housewife knows how troublesome they are to wash, dry, and pick *properly*. In grating

lemons, only the yellow part should be used—the white pith is bitter ; or, if chopped peel is preferred, a little sugar will assist the process, as it moistens and so keeps the peel in a mass ; in chopping it for forcemeat, salt, instead of sugar, helps in just the same way.

Bread Puddings, the very name of which is a hated sound in some houses, may be made really nice, and in a variety of ways, with but little more trouble than is required to prepare the uninviting heavy mess so often seen. For the basis, the thing to avoid is lumpiness ; just soak the bread (crust or crumb) in water until soft, then squeeze it as dry as possible, and pass it through a cullender, or beat out the lumps with a fork ; this may then be converted into many kinds for which fresh bread-crumbs often form the foundation—such as fig, treacle, lemon, date, &c. &c. —always remembering that it must be made stiffer ; it will yield moisture during the cooking, whereas a pudding made of dry bread requires added moisture. With the Editor's permission we will give, on a future occasion, some recipes for puddings of this kind that, we promise, will give satisfaction to the juveniles, and mothers shall have no cause to complain of the cost.

Bread-and-Butter Puddings.—How often one meets with some such recipe as this :—"Fill a dish with bread and butter, pour over a custard of eggs, milk," &c. If you *fill* the dish with bread and butter, how can there be room for the custard, and the subsequent swelling during the baking? Try this method :—Supposing your pie-dish holds a quart, just half fill it with bread and butter, each slice sprinkled with sultana raisins, candied peel cut very small, or grated lemon-rind, and, if the flavour is liked, a little spice. Beat up nearly a pint of milk with two eggs and sugar to taste, about two ounces ; pour this over the pudding, letting it soak awhile; put a few pieces more butter on the top, and cover with an old dish or something which fits, until it is about half baked—in a moderate oven—then remove the cover, and let it brown nicely, but it should not be hard ; turn out, dredge with castor sugar, and pour a little plain custard or cream round it. This is very different from one made in the way above referred to, which is often as hard as the driest dry toast. For children, a pudding made without any butter, except to grease the dish, will be quite rich enough, and a little marmalade is very nice as a substitute for candied peel.

We will just refer to the old-fashioned plan, even now sometimes recommended, of boiling puddings in a cloth. A moment's reflection will convince any one of the absurdity of this ; it is impossible in the case, say, of a plum pudding, to avoid losing some of the goodness, as the colour of the water plainly shows after boiling ; and the flavour suffers equally. It may be well to point out that tin is a better conductor of heat than earthenware ; a pudding in a tin mould holding a quart would be done in a fourth less time than one in a basin of the same capacity, crock being a bad conductor of heat ; that is why pastry baked on plates is not so good as when tin patty-pans are used, as pastry needs a quick oven. For this reason, also, tins for Yorkshire puddings should not only be greased, but made hot after well greasing before the mixture is poured in ; it will then rise better.

May we point out that perfect cleanliness is a desideratum ? So are good and pure ingredients ; of groceries generally, it may certainly be said "the best are the cheapest." Colourings, essences, and the like are plentiful enough of good quality, bearing the name of the maker ; no good firm is ashamed of its name, and there is no need to purchase low-priced inferior goods of this kind, which are, in some cases, absolutely injurious. We find that, in the present instance, we have no space for actual recipes (save three with which we close our hints) ; later on we hope to give some. Meanwhile we would urge our readers to endeavour to master the principles of pudding-making, which will enable them the better to understand any recipes they may meet with ; and when failures arise, as they sometimes will, in spite of the greatest care, they will the more readily grasp the cause, and so prevent the recurrence of the disappointment.

Nursery Pudding.—Measure half a pint of soaked bread, beaten as above directed ; add one tablespoonful of cornflour, first mixed with half a pint of milk and boiled for a few minutes. Beat the whole until cool, then stir in one egg, spread a little jam at the bottom of a greased pie-dish, pour in the bread mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Alternate layers of the jam and bread mixture make a still nicer pudding, in which case call it "*Jam Sandwich Pudding.*"

Treacle Pudding.—This is exceptionally wholesome and a general favourite. Mix together four ounces each of bread-crumbs, fine oatmeal, and chopped suet ; add two ounces of candied peel cut small, two ounces of flour, half a teaspoonful of mixed spice, a pinch of salt, and two eggs beaten up with half a pound of treacle. Mix thoroughly, put it in a well-greased basin, and steam it for *at least* three hours. Figs, dates, or raisins can be added by way of variety.

Combination Rolly-poly.—Roll out some suet crust, and spread it with the following mixture :—Half a pound each of figs, prunes, and dates cut small ; the same of sultana raisins, brown sugar, and chopped apples, with a little spice to flavour ; this will not all be needed for one pudding, but can be kept in a jar for use ; the fruit is, of course, to be stoned. Roll up and boil from two to three hours according to size.

LIZZIE HERITAGE.

THE MADRIGAL AND ITS MAKERS.

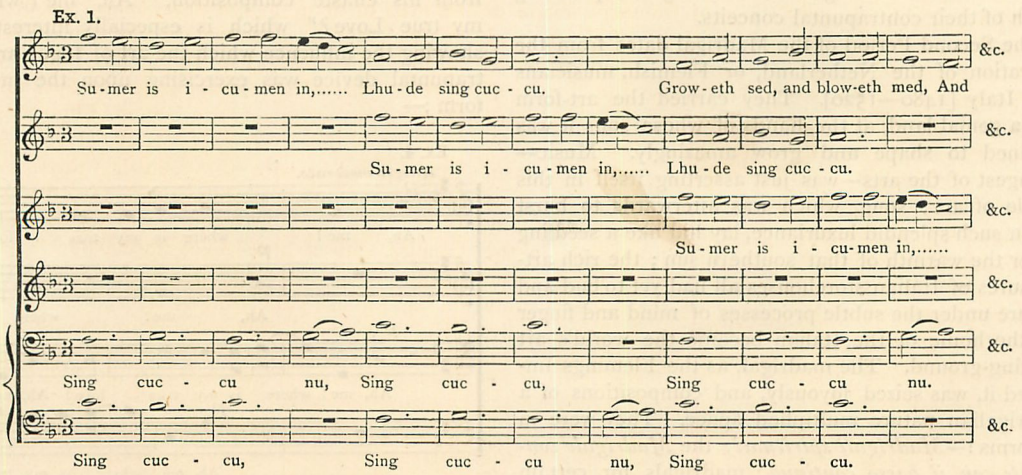
LET us start from the beginning. The term *madrigal* is a troublesome one. It has perplexed musical workers more, perhaps, than any other art term, and now, after much speculation, it is generally admitted that there are at least four theories concerning the origin of the word. Some maintain that its root is μανδρα—hence the Italian *mandra* (flock), and the popular belief that a madrigal is something of a pastoral character. *Madra gala*, or Mother's day, is another interpretation, from these compositions, in honour of the Mother of the holiday, being sung on the festival days of the Virgin Mary. Others assert that it is a corruption of *Martegaux*—the inhabitants of a district of Provence who invented the madrigal form in poetry ; and there are some who tell us that madrigal is a corruption of the Spanish *madrugada*—the dawn, because certain of the earliest madrigals had the character of morning songs, and were sung by diligent folk with their wits about them—as all early risers down to this day plume themselves upon having.

Happily, the question, What is a madrigal? is not surrounded with the same uncertainty. It is a piece of music well studied and ingenious, written generally for the voice in four, five, six, and more parts ; sometimes, however, organists exercised its form upon the organ, and it has been pretended that it was upon this instrument that the musical madrigal was invented. The madrigal proper is a most delightful form of musical art. As seen in its perfection in the writings of England's best musicians—the Elizabethan school of composers—it has a character distinct from any other kind of composition. It was the first secular art form to break the silence of music's dominion after the romantic age of the troubadours and minnesingers. It then moved hand-in-hand with the motet ; and what the latter was to sacred art, the madrigal stood to secular. To grasp the earliest madrigal style it is necessary to know what scientific music was at the outburst of the first, or Flemish school—for it was of this that the madrigal was born. The fathers of this school had shaped the traditional Church modes to make their service music—frequently calling in the aid of a secular melody as a *canto fermo* for their motets, and secular music was to be similarly treated. Hence the madrigal. A popular melody—generally a folk-song—was transcribed, and on this the early theorists built a counterpoint—at first of the "note against note" order. This rule and method system of music-making found many able workers, among whom the madrigal became a favourite form for secular compositions. Such leading spirits of the Flemish school included—

Caron [about 1420—80].
Okenheim [1430—1513].
Josquin des Prés [1440—1521].
Agricola [about 1470—153].
Arcadelt [about 1500—70].
Waelrant [1518—95].
Verdelot [about 1520—60].
Orlando di Lasso [1520—95].
Giaches de Wert [about 1530—90].
Willaert [1490—1563].

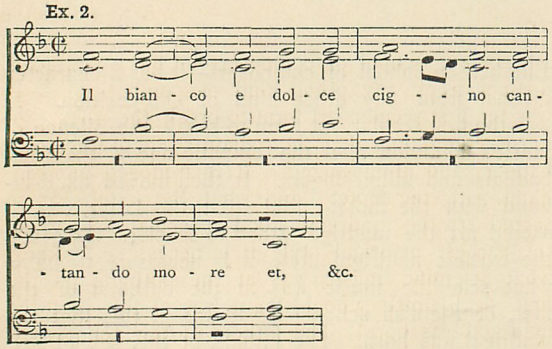
Among these true geniuses the name of Willaert should be remembered, since he, if he did not actually invent the madrigal, at least gave it its first artistic form. Arcadelt's name also stands out. In 1538 he published at Venice—then the musical printing press of the world—a First Book of Madrigals, which saw sixteen editions in a few years. One of his loveliest

EXTRACT FROM "SUMER IS A CUMEN IN," THE EARLIEST INSTANCE OF ENGLISH CANONIC WRITING, COMPOSED BY JOHN OF FORNSETE, MONK OF READING, ABOUT 1226. (HARLEIAN COLLECTION, BRIT. MUS.)



creations in this form is *Il bianco e dolce Cigno*, of which I submit a few opening bars :—

Ex. 2.

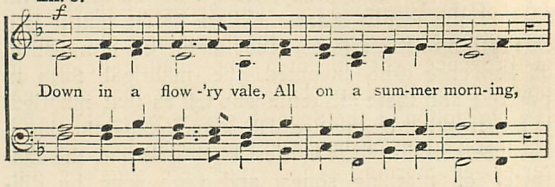


Of the others specially distinguished was Waelrant, the creator of *Vorrei morire*, known in its English garb as "Hard by a Fountain;" Giaches de Wert possessed a style peculiarly his own—sweet in its flow of melody, and harmonious enough with tonal combinations and clever fugue device withal; but Orlando di Lasso, the composer of the charming *Matona, mia cara* ("Matona, lovely Maiden"), was a worthy end to this great school, and his madrigals are as famous among the compositions of his day as is his ecclesiastical music.

Here, then, we must leave the First Period Madrigal — a stiff, and to modern ears crude, composition, at first after the character of "Sumer is a cumen in"—consisting of a popular *chanson* or melody as a *canto fermo*, with a note against note counterpoint, fitted to words secular—these generally of good intent, but not infrequently with point, and even amusing. But this period madrigal is mostly of value to the student, because it embraces many of the best examples of first-known polyphonous music, for it afforded—as all secular music always has—more scope for the play and fancy of the composer than sacred art can open out, and this early madrigal is decidedly freer and more flowing than its current age of sacred art—though perhaps its composers hardly knew or intended this. Their minds all seem to have been set on flourishing their learning and parading much of their contrapuntal conceits.

The Second Period of the Madrigal dates from the migration of the Netherland, or Flemish, musicians into Italy [1480—1520]. They carried the art-form into a genial land, at the hands of whose sons it was destined to shape and grow amazingly. Music—youngest of the arts—was just asserting itself in this cradle of art; song, which was afterwards to burst out in such splendid luxuriance, lay hid like a seedling under the warmth of that southern sun; the rich art-treasures of Italian storehouses all had yet to bud and mature under the subtle processes of mind and finger ere the home of the Italian became the world's art training-ground. The madrigal, as the Flemings imported it, was seized joyously, and compositions of a madrigalian nature multiplied apace. They were in all forms :—*Madrigali spirituali;* the *Madrigale concertate con il basso continuo;* madrigals for certain voices, like Palestrina's *Madrigali a quattro voci;* there was the *Madrigale concertate con varie sorte di stromenti;* the *Madrigale di tavolino*—so called from its being sung from one book as the performers stood or sat round a table—in short, there were madrigals of all sorts, and peasants and princes alike sang them lovingly. While the blazoned roof of the palace mellowed the madrigal's tone—for the madrigal was the highest form of chamber music of the day—or its sweet harmony charmed the night air of the gondola's drift, the sweetest of Italy's earliest singers were weaving harmonies and quaint tonal devices which were to charm and excite even in our day. One such, Constanzo Festa, was "sweetness and light" itself. Who has not been captivated with the delicate touches of his *Quando ritrovo la mia pastorella?*—which will be instantly recognised in the few bars following :—

Ex. 3.

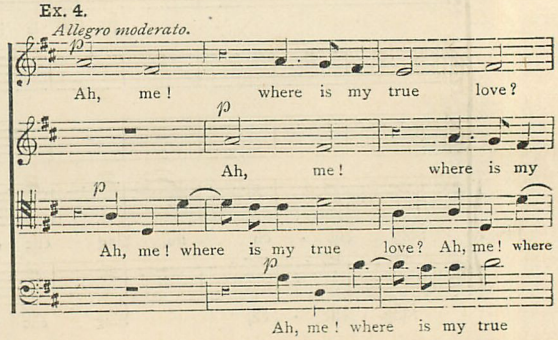


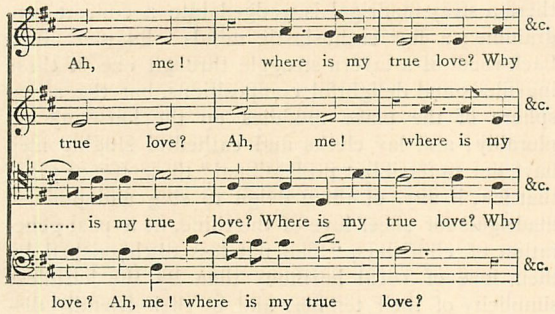
Other prominent madrigalists of this Italian epoch were the following; and the compositions, the titles of which are given, are standard works of their kind, and also characteristic of the men who wrote them :—

Palestrina [1514—94] ...	"Alla riva del Tebro."
Ferretti [about 1540—1600]	"My Lady still abhors me."
Festa [1541—80]	"Down in a flowery Vale."
Marenzio [1550—94] ...	"Basti fin qui la pene."
Felice Anerio [about 1560 —1620]	"Ah, me! Where is my true Love?"

Of these, Felice Anerio was chaste, classical, and exquisite enough, in his *Madrigali spirituali*—three volumes of which were printed at Rome in 1585, and which delightful musings were followed in 1603 with two books of secular madrigals of, if anything, surpassing beauty. The following few bars I extract from his chaste composition, "Ah, me! where is my true Love?" which is especially interesting as showing the influence which the art of fugue and contrapuntal device was exercising upon the madrigal form :—

Ex. 4.



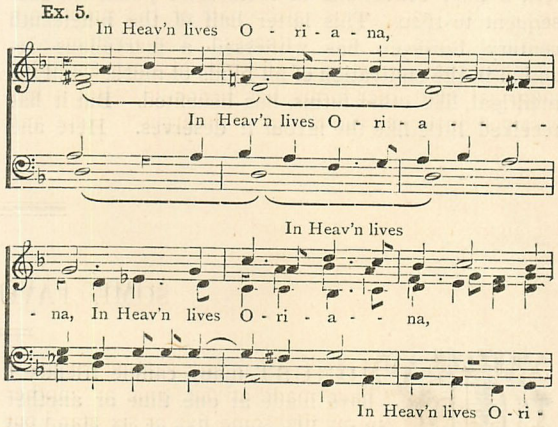


Another, surnamed by his countrymen "Italy's sweetest Swan," was Luca Marenzio. He distinguished himself as a madrigalist, and sang in a somewhat grave and pensive mood of much beauty. When barely over thirty he published several books of madrigals, the style of which has preserved his fame with every lover of this art form.

The Third Period [1550—1650] constitutes the Golden Age of the madrigal. Happily, too, our own country is closely identified with this epoch, and this Elizabethan age of madrigal composers forms the brightest era in English musical history. Secular vocal music in England was not of a high order in Elizabeth's reign until the introduction of the madrigal, which seemed to open out a thoroughly genial field for the exercise of the English musician's skill and fancy. In 1588 a merchant, one Yonge, published a collection of madrigals by Flemish and Italian composers—compositions which had probably often been admired as sung under the hospitable roof of this cultured trader; and it is in the preface to this book that the word *madrigal* is first introduced to English readers. This same year Byrde published some madrigals translated from the Italian, and these have won him the reputation of being its first English composer; but there is little doubt that Richard Edwardes, the author of the graceful composition, "In going to my lonely Bed," scholar of Corpus Christi, and a law student who gave most of his time to masques and love-sonnets, deserves that honour. Byrde followed him, and with others composed so fluently and published so prolifically, that by 1590 the madrigal had become quite a national institution. Indeed, the student has only to examine a list of English madrigals, to gather how strong a hold this sort of music had over the minds of those who made it and those who heard it. It seems, in fact, to have shared immediately in that vast intellectual sweep which has made the Elizabethan era for ever famous. The madrigal was an art phase which would attract earnest attention. It was the first form of secular art in England after the ease and monotony of the folk-song; it afforded scope for the musician's skill and fancy, and no doubt a spirit of emulation in this respect among a race of brilliant contemporary men—some of them actual English music geniuses—tended to circulate this kind of composition. Its popularity depended as usual upon the inventor, and in this respect the English school surpassed the world in its handling of the madrigal. Our composers turned with relief from ecclesiastical music—which they had wrought to its highest perfection—and found ample rest and enjoyment in industrious labour with the madrigal, in the composition of which progressions and harmonies too free for Church music were not objectionable. In its composition the maker was asked to weave a musical mantle over the simple and delicate little thoughts which the poetry held; sometimes there was a splash of wit and some downright fun, or a moral in the words—this the composer had to fit to appropriate motives; variety in rhythm, a sprinkling of contrapuntal skill and learning with much poetical expression, were expected; and in new and striking harmonies the demand was such, that a later race of musicians after the Elizabethan composers, acceding too freely to the request, robbed the madrigal of its best quality, and finally lost touch of it altogether.

Among madrigalists Byrde was a foremost man, an admirable organist, a sound mathematician, who "had not his peer with finger and pen." His madrigals are cleverly and elaborately constructed, abounding in points of theoretical excellence—to wit:

Ex. 5.



Morley, a pupil of Byrde's, is held by many to be the "father" of English madrigalists. There have been few who shaped this form more skilfully. In 1597, descanting upon it, he says, "Madrigal musicke is next unto the motet the most artificiall, and to men of understanding, the most delightfull. If, therefore, you will compose in this kind you must possess yourself with an amorous humour." Wilbye, the writer of such gems as "Flora gave me fairest Flowers" and "Sweet honey-sucking Bees;" the sweet and gentle Dowland, whose tender disposition so reflects itself in his music; Weelkes and Kirbye, were all contemporary with Morley. They, with Orlando Gibbons, Bateson, Benet or Bennett, and others, contributed to that famous collection of madrigals in praise of Queen Elizabeth, entitled, "The Triumphs of Oriana," a valuable monument of the musical thought and genius of the age.

There is a distinctive flavour about the best madrigals—that quality which makes it something of a classic and renders it a pleasurable thing to the culti-

vated taste, and more to be understood and appreciated by the *dilettante* than by the ordinary mind. What is this characteristic? It is that the harmonies of these madrigals are mostly what are known as tonal harmonies, those founded on the scale of the key in which the composition is written. Plain chords on the dominant, subdominant, and key-note are frequent friends; and it was only when composers commenced to add their sugared combinations of modern tonalities that the madrigal began to lose that austere and noble style which was as peculiar to it as it was to the Church music of this best age of our musical history. To appreciate the dainty grace of the old English madrigal, let the student compare a present-day madrigal and one by such a sweet singer as Weelkes, or Wilbye, or Cobbold. And it has other distinguishing features—*i.e.*, it is composed in parts for voices with or without instrumental accompaniment, but the tradition is that madrigals should always be sung without accompaniment; unlike a glee, its parts may be sung by any number of balanced voices without spoiling the effect.

Madrigals continued fashionable till the reign of James I., when the taste for them declined so fast that few, if any, collections of them were published subsequent to 1620. This latter half of the nineteenth century, however, has witnessed a marvellous reaction in the cultivation of all kinds of music—and the madrigal, like other forms, has benefited. But it has received little like the favour it deserves. Here and there a stray madrigal is wedged into a concert programme; a few enthusiastic minds who meet in a back room of a tavern struggle through one of these ingenious and delightful compositions, but the atmosphere of the place muddles up the harmony deplorably; and lay clerks and cathedral singing men have got so terribly "professional" these recent years that few, if any, of them deign to sing and practise madrigals for sheer love of the thing, as a past generation of choristers, "men not less distinguished by their love of vocal harmony than by the harmless simplicity of their tempers and by their friendly disposition towards each other," were proud to do. It is true that London, which spends millions of money in fostering foreign talent, has two languishing societies whose few members endeavour to keep alive and encourage the taste for this class of music, but such help will hardly rescue it from the fate of a gradual oblivion. Every town in England ought to boast its society for the advancement of this noblest form of native musical art; and it is a wonder that in private circles and among friends a step is not made to collect available musical strength with the object of cultivating the study of madrigal singing. A novelty and a welcome relief would at once be found in the drawing-room, and the everlasting monotony of "song" and "piece" would be broken. Some acquaintances, the will, a few rules, some cheap copies, and a presiding spirit, are alone needed. All, however, must possess musical perception and marked intelligence.

FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

SOME FAVOURITE DOGS.

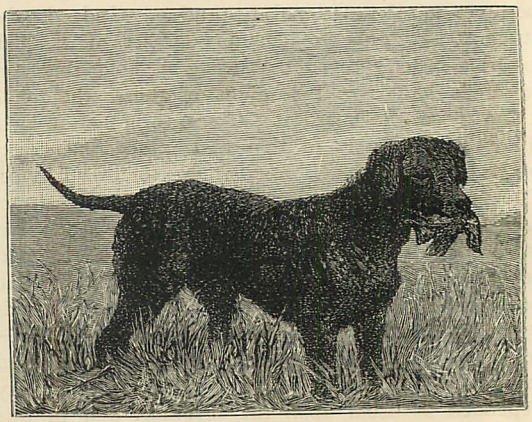
AMONGST many canine friends I have made at one time or another in my life, some five or six stand out with unwonted distinctness, not entirely from their cleverness, though all had a certain claim to be called sagacious animals, but because their fidelity or affection endeared them to me, as to others.

One of the early recollections of my childhood brings to my mind the image of dear old Dido. Dido was a black retriever, belonging to some friends who lived in a nice country house, and who were kind enough sometimes to ask us children to come and spend a week or fortnight with them in "strawberry time."

There were no children in the house, but there was a very small and rather cross Maltese terrier, called Snap, of whom we stood in wholesome awe; and then there was dear old Dido, to whom we were perfectly devoted.

In the days of her youth she had been an excellent sporting dog. Indeed, her master used to say of her that he had never known a dog retrieve a bird better. She would stand patiently with it for any time, and knew the tricks of her trade in a way that delighted all sportsmen who went out with her.

But in the days of which I write, Dido and her master had grown old together, and she was reaping the reward of her faithful service in a happy and peaceful old age.



DIDO.

How we loved Dido! We thought her the most beautiful dog in the world, and were indignant with any one who dared to criticise her tail, which, to tell the honest truth, was not quite what a retriever's tail should be, but was fringeless and pointed—nobody could explain why.

I shall never forget the commotion that pervaded Dido's home one morning, when it was discovered that one of a pair of very precious pigeons (I cannot remember the name) was missing from the aviary beneath a portion of the verandah. A small door was found unfastened, and two birds had escaped in the night. One of these was of little value, but the other was of a rare breed, and a large sum of money had been given for the pair only a short time before. The odd thing was that Dido was missing too, and we were made very indignant and distressed by hearing it surmised that she was in some way connected with the mischance. Her mistress threw out dark hints as to the dog's fate if she began tricks of that kind.

The disturbed breakfast had just come to a close, when the master of the house espied Dido trotting home across the field; and when she came a little nearer, the mistress screamed out that she had the precious pigeon in her mouth! We could hardly restrain our tears at this confirmation of our worst fears; but the culprit appeared in no way ashamed of herself; she approached, with waving tail, and ears well up, until she reached her master's feet, at which she deposited her prey.

Of course we thought the bird was dead, and a sound of lamentation arose from the mistress; but the master stooped and picked it up; and found it not only living, but perfectly uninjured, only suffering from the effects of fright. A dose of brandy brought it round, and in half an hour it was as well and perky as ever. What a fuss then was made over dear old Dido! It was plain that she must have been patiently watching and following the movements of the escaped bird, quietly biding her time until the unusual exercise had tired it out (a thing that soon happens with birds reared in captivity, and not accustomed to use their wings), and had then pounced upon it without injuring it, and had brought it home in triumph. After that we were quite certain that such a clever and good and wonderful dog as Dido never lived before.

Two more nice dogs of my acquaintance are Pepper and Rufus, a red setter and a well-bred pointer, who were renowned for their devotion to one another, and for their amiable dispositions.

Pepper was an excellent sporting dog, and he and Rufus delighted to range the country together with guns and keepers, till one unlucky day, when a careless sportsman lodged a charge of shot in the poor pointer's shoulder, after which he could never bear the sound of a gun again. This was a great distress to Rufus, and they would console themselves by many a private rabbiting foray of their own. Pepper, too, kept up his love of sport by a perfect passion for hunting cats. Rufus, though on friendly terms with the cats of the establishment, was not above the pleasures of the chase; and, as not even Pepper ever dreamed of hurting them, these cat-hunts were amusing enough to watch. Pepper had a peculiar bark which always meant cats; and if any stranger ever inquired

SNAP.

into the cause of the peculiar commotion and shrieking that often woke the echoes of the yard, the answer would generally be, "Oh, it's only Pepper, *catting!*"

Sometimes the son of the house indulged the dogs with a thorough good cat-hunt. He would go round with a sack, collecting all the cats of the establishment—house cats, stable cats, gardener's cat, coachman's cat—every cat he could lay hold of, even to the white Persian, whose young mistress would plead for her with sobs and tears; and with the sack over his shoulder, and every dog on the place baying at his heels, he would go off down the fields, with a select company who craved to see the sport.

The dogs were then held in—no easy matter in the case of Pepper—whilst the cats were given a good start. When all was in readiness the sack was opened, the cats fled homewards as if for dear life, and in a

second or two the dogs were loosed. The wise cats always made for trees, up which they scrambled, and could then smile in calm superiority at the frantic struggles of the dogs below; the white Persian, being foolish, was generally run down, but never suffered anything more than a fright, as the dogs never thought of hurting, only of chasing the prey. As for one staid old tabby, she simply declined to run, but sat still and stared at the dogs with the coolest effrontery. Of altogether improbable, the truth of them can be vouched for without hesitation.

Part of his life he lived at Cambridge, and as he had a great deal of spare time on his hands (his master being much engrossed by his literary work), he took to paying visits to a neighbouring police-station, and taking his exercise with members of the staff. His master knew but little of his movements, as Spot was a dog of independent habits and well

PEPPER AND RUFUS.

course they did not know what to do with her, so passed her by, leaving her to take her leisurely way home. I always admired the iron nerve of that cat. It is not one in a hundred, however little they really fear dogs, that can forbear to fly when they see the hounds tearing straight down upon them.

At another house where I have often been a visitor there are two particularly nice dogs, though neither of them is so handsome as Pepper or Rufus.

Carriage-dogs are seldom good-looking; I, for my part, have a dislike to their spotty appearance; but I must confess to a weakness for Spot, who is really quite one of the cleverest dogs I have ever known; and though some of the stories told of him sound

able to take care of himself. On some occasions he absented himself for a few days together, but always turned up safe and sound at the end of that time; no anxiety being meantime felt about him, although nobody knew what he did with himself.

Enlightenment on this point was brought home to his master in the following fashion. He had been giving himself a little more relaxation of late, and Spot had been, in consequence, more with him, and less abroad on his own devices. One evening, as master and dog were sitting over the fire together, there came a knock at the door, followed by the entrance of a police constable, whose appearance Spot hailed by flopping his tail upon the floor.

"If you please, sir," began the man civilly, "I've come to ask if you can kindly spare the dog for a bit?"

"The dog!" replied the master, in surprise; "my dog, do you mean? What do you want him for?"

"We've got a new man on the beat, sir," was the answer, as if that would explain everything.

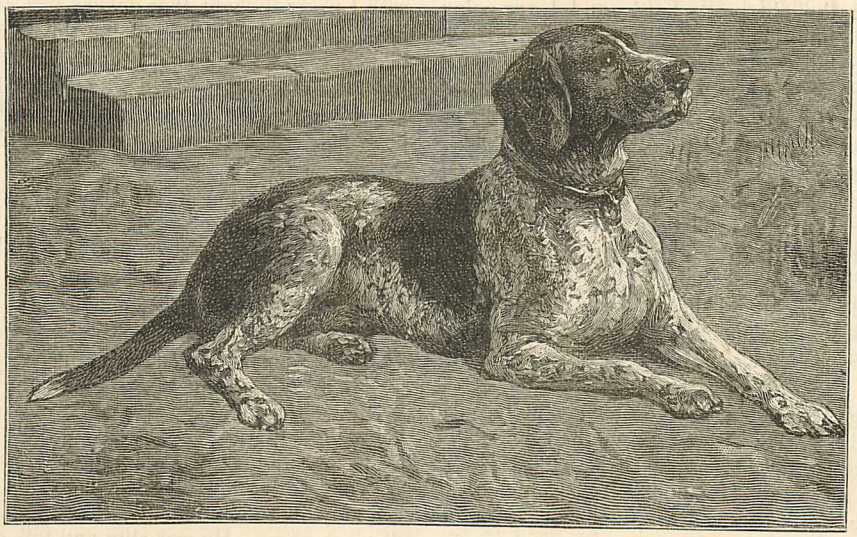
Much perplexed, the dog's master proceeded to make inquiries, and elicited the information that Spot, from accompanying the different men on their rounds, had learned every beat with the greatest precision, and was quite a qualified adept at instructing the new men. The constable simply started the dog on any given round and bade the new man follow him; and sure enough Spot would show him his beat, take him accurately round it, and never make a mistake. Night or day he would be at the service of any new man, and would constitute himself his protector until he had familiarised himself with his new duties.

"It saves us telling off a man to instruct a newcomer, you see, sir," concluded the constable. "And if so be as you can spare the dog, you'll be doing us a kindness. Taught him, sir? Bless you, he taught his own self. Nobody ever taught him nothing. Dog like that don't want no teaching. He just keeps his eyes and ears open, and takes it in like a human creature—that he do!"

It really seemed sometimes as if the policeman's words were true. One of the sons of the house where he lived, who was going to live in Dublin, petitioned to take Spot with him, as he was such a companion. This was agreed to, and Spot was taken from the Manor House, where his later years had been passed, and transplanted to Dublin. Letters brought the news that he did not seem to settle down at all comfortably; and one morning, as the family were assembled at breakfast, what was their surprise to see Spot walk calmly in, with an air of the utmost assurance, and lie quietly down, with a sigh of contentment, upon a favourite black mat of his in front of one of the French windows. He was tired and rather shabby-looking, but quite composed and self-contained, showing no effusive excitement, but a sort of calm satisfaction, which was quite as eloquent in its way. At first it was supposed that the dog's master must be on the road, as it was considered impossible that the dog could have crossed the water alone; but no master came, only a letter announcing the loss of Spot. Partly out of curiosity, I believe (though it seemed rather a shame, I thought), poor Spot was sent back to Dublin. But what a dog can do once, he can do again, and very soon he was back in his old home, from which no further attempt was made to move him. It was then I made his acquaintance; and though I never witnessed any feats of extraordinary sagacity, he always had the air and manner of a very wide-awake and intelligent dog. He had odd likes and dislikes amongst the horses, with whom he spent most of his time. There were some amongst them with whom he positively declined to run, whoever rode or drove them, whilst it was a perfect delight to go with others. Altogether, he was a curious dog, and decidedly an original.

His only friend amongst the dogs was little Dino, a rough, half-bred Skye terrier, who also had a weakness for horses, and was a frequenter of the stable-yard. Those two were constantly to be seen lying together at a side door from which the carriages or equestrians generally started, and would herald the approach of the horses by a chorus of delighted barking.

Dino had a sort of cleverness of his own, too, which often amused us a good deal. The master of the house passed a rule that no dogs should be allowed indoors; and the larger dogs, who had at all times been allowed in only on sufferance, accepted their ejectment with resignation; but poor Dino resented his banishment sadly, and so did the son to whom the dog was especially attached. The dog had acquired a habit of going up to his young master's room early in



SPOT.

the morning, and scratching for admittance. Now, however, he could do this no longer, for the door of the lord of the manor was just opposite to the son's, and the sound of the dog's claws at once evoked an angry rebuke, or even the discharge of some missile, that sent the terrier scuttling away. But Dino was not going to be "done" like that. Perhaps he took counsel with Spot, or perhaps he solved the idea out of his own brain. At any rate, he soon hit on a solution of the difficulty. The dog used to run upstairs, and throw himself against the door with a soft thud, perfectly audible to the young man within, but not to the occupant of the opposite room; and he would lie snugly hidden away in a warm bed until the redoubtable master had descended, and he could escape from the house undetected. In many other ways of equal ingenuity he would manage to evade the obnoxious rule and make his way indoors. I am afraid we all aided and abetted, for Dino was a great favourite; but I fear I shall tax the patience of the reader by any more details, and must bring to a conclusion this brief account of Some Favourite Dogs.

EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

WHAT MISS TRUSDALE SAID.

(THE CHRONICLES OF CARDEWE MANOR.)

BY LUCY FARMER.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

AN OLD MAID'S STORY.

"SO Miss Gwendolen Grey is married!" said Elizabeth Trusdale to me, a few days after the wedding.

"Yes," said I; "married and happy. I must say, Miss Trusdale, that I cannot see why the young ladies cried. Two of them were in tears. The bride was happy, so was her husband. They wern't so *mentisental!*"

"Ah," said Miss Trusdale—who, I may mention, is an elderly maiden lady living in a small cottage not very far up the old Minchester road—"Ah, they may cry more before they die! Men are like roaring lions, and very wicked!"

Now this I thought pretty hard; and I was going to ask how she knew, being all alone and unmarried, while I had a husband. The idea of Charley as a roarin' lion, too, was pretty good. But I only said—

"Miss Trusdale, ma'am, I think your experience must have been unfortunate. Men may be bad—some of them—but so are some women, and we're all flesh and blood, so don't let us run ourselves down."

"Well, Lucy Farmer, you'll see. There's been fine goings on at the Manor! Did you notice a Mr. Maurice Jennings there at the wedding?"

"Yes, I did; a slim, fair-haired young gentleman, who looked sweet as sugar at Miss Eggström, or Eggstream—some such name. There was an egg in it, I'm sure."

"Miss Eggström is her name; a very pretty girl, *people say*, with a rich father; no mother, I'm told; but I can't say I think her conduct is ladylike."

"And why not, Miss Trusdale?" I asked, nettled-like, because Miss Eggström was first favourite amongst the bridesmaids, and looked as good as she was pretty. She was small, certainly, but her figure was as neat as a new pin, and she dressed *well*, not gaudy. So I asked, "Why not?"

"The fact is," whispered Miss Trusdale, "that, between you and me, Mrs. Farmer, your grand young lady is going to elope with Mr. Jennings!"

"Going to elope with Mr. Jennings!" I exclaimed. "No, Miss Trusdale, I can't believe *that*. For why should they elope? They can get married, I suppose, if they want to; and if they *did* elope, what matter?"

"What matter! Oh, Mrs. Farmer! But there, of course, your feelings are not so fine in these delicate cases. What matter! Well, well! I will bid you good afternoon, Mrs. Farmer."

"Good afternoon, Miss Trusdale," said I, glad to see her go. "Venomous thing!" thinks I; "here's that old maid dropping 'sinuations about all over the place. I must inquire into this."

There are a great many things which are very commonplace until you begin to inquire into them. I'm sure I never thought that daisies was so splendid till Mrs. Martin-Henry showed me the bits in a kind of telescope on a stand; and the fright I got over a fly's leg I'll never forget! So when Miss Trusdale came and hinted about an elopement, though I didn't believe her, still I thought I would inquire, as Charley says.

Poor Charley; he's all for partridges now, being August; and the trouble he takes with the pheasants would make many a hen blush with shame for neglecting them.

The children were pining for a run down on the beach, so I took my knitting and a book, and we went to a quiet nook. Our beach is shingly, with sandy stretches here and there, and breakwater-looking things, which Charley says are "grones." I sat down behind one of the "grones" and knitted, looking up every few minutes to watch the children.

While I was watching them, I also saw two figures—a lady and a gentleman—walking arm-in-arm some distance away. He was slim and tall, she was short;

"'THE NEXT WAVE WILL FLOAT YOU'" (*p.* 606).

so I thought to myself, "There they are! Mr. Jennings and Miss Eggström."

They were too far for me to distinguish, but as the children were safe in a boat, playing at being at sea, I thought I might stroll along the beach for my health's sake; for really sitting in the sun isn't altogether wholesome! If there was anything in "arm-and-arm," those two were as good as engaged.

There they were, "like two lambs," as the saying is—not as lambs go about in pairs arm-in-arm, at least not in our parts—and with a last look at the children, who were safe, I believed—for Tommy Benson was mending his net close by—I strolled along the beach promiscuous-like. "Now, Miss Trusdale," thought I to myself, "we will find out your scandal. I *do* detest scandal-talkers and busybodies!"

The lady and gentleman were walking away from me, but slowly; and I went on just quietly; but somehow or other I went farther than I intended, and when they reached the Dun Stream, which comes into the sea beyond the Red Cliff, they stopped.

"Ah!" thinks I, "you won't cross the stones, then."

So I waited a little. They turned round and came towards me. I sat down and knitted.

Sure enough the lady and gentleman were Mr. Jennings and Miss Eggström—an engaged couple, no doubt. They recognised me, and I stood up when they came near.

They bade me good day, and I said something about the Dun Stream and the way home through the pine-woods, which is pleasant and private.

"We could not cross," said Miss Eggström; "the tide was coming up so fast."

"The tide coming up, miss!" I cried. "Why, it's early time for it, I'm sure."

"High water at five o'clock," said Mr. Jennings. "We shall only just get back in time. Spring tide, Mrs. Farmer; don't you delay too long!"

I jumped off the ground nearly. A spring tide and wind off shore were sure to popple up a sea presently; and my two innocents playing in the boat; and now I came to remember it, a leaky boat.

For a minute, believe me, I couldn't stir! Suppose the children were carried out to sea by themselves! It was rather a lonely part of the beach, because all the men were away in the fishing-boats, and few people came down our way except "canoodlers," as Charley calls lovers, and young couples. So I ran back and found, as I trudged through the loose sand and the shingle, that the tide *was* coming in fast; and the current would be setting round the Horse-shoe Sand out to sea. Oh, my innocent children! "Where are the little darlings?" I cried.

I passed the young couple and told them my fears.

"Why did you leave them alone so long, Mrs. Farmer?" said Miss Eggström, as I hurried on.

I couldn't tell her it was Miss Trusdale's fault for spreading reports and curiosity—as it won't do to get people into trouble—and so I held my tongue, and went on.

Oh! it was weary work—the sand under the cliff where I had to walk was deep and loose. I sank nearly up to my ankles at every step; and what with the heat, the fright, and the difficulty of walking, I wished Miss Trusdale in Jericho or any other such place, if it's as disagreeable as people think; and it must be an unpleasant place, for I've known many rude and disagreeable people sent to Jericho.

When I was fairly beat—it being nearly tea-time and lonely—I happened to turn the corner, and came in sight of the "grone" again. I screamed out loud! Not a sign of the two poor children; and when I looked out to sea again, there was the boat adrift, and little Charley's hat with its red ribbon just showing over the gunnel.

"Mercy!" I screamed, as soon as I could find my voice. "Help, quick!" Oh, if I could only launch a boat! There was no one about; they were all at tea or in the "Ship Aground"—a quiet inn enough—and my babies afloat in the sea. Oh, that old maid, Trusdale!

I ran along screaming when I had found my voice and my feet. But screaming did no good. Suddenly I heard "Hullo! Stop!" and, looking round, I saw Mr. Jennings running after me as hard as he could.

"What's the matter?" he gasped. "Are you ill?"

"My children, sir—they're floated off in the boat yonder—and I believe it's sinking. The current round the Horse-shoe is terrible with this wind, and they'll be dragged in. Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Is there another boat handy?" he asked.

"Only that big punt of Mackay's; you'd never get it along, sir."

"Can you row?" he asked.

"No, sir, not to say row. I can steer, though."

"Not much good," he said, shaking his head—"Help me to run that punt into the water."

It was a great, wide, broad-beamed thing, as heavy as lead, with two tiny sculls and a bigger oar.

"Come, Mrs. Farmer, push with all your might. Oh, Violet!" he cried to Miss Eggström, "help us here, please—Mrs. Farmer's children are out at sea by themselves. Quick! That's right—now again—good—another!"

You would never have thought he was so strong, and I'm sure I didn't know I was as powerful. We pushed the boat out, and Mr. Jennings leaped in.

"Oh, you'll never pull it, sir!" I cried; "it's too wide. Let me run and call the men."

"I'll help!" exclaimed Miss Eggström. "I can pull. Help me in, Maurice, please; never mind—I'm not much wet—it's only one foot. Now, Mrs. Farmer, will you come with us?"

"Jump in, Mrs. Farmer," said Mr. Jennings, as he jumped out. "The next wave will float you, and I will push you out."

I climbed in and sat down. Mr. Jennings, standing with his knickerbocker stockings in the water, steadied the boat, for the waves were already breaking in. Then when her head was straight he gave a tremendous shove, and out we went. He climbed in at the back. Up we went in the air, and the boat turning sideways, when Miss Eggström seized a scull and pulled us round again to meet the next wave.

"Well done, Violet!" cried Mr. Jennings. "We might have been swamped but for you! Now, pull steadily. What's the matter, Mrs. Farmer? You are as pale as a ghost!"

No wonder I was pale! My eyes were fixed on the small boat out at sea, and I saw it was being dragged into the current by the Horse-shoe, and then it would be dashed to pieces on the Camel Rock—a great bunch of granite which stuck up outside, and looked pretty enough, but was very dangerous, although out of the track of big vessels, and about two miles from the beach.

"We must pull out, Violet," said Mr. Jennings. "Are you afraid?"

"Of course not," she replied. "Pull away; I am ready."

"Sit quiet, Mrs. Farmer, please," said the young gentleman. "You mustn't be too anxious—we will save the young ones. Now, Violet, mind the waves!"

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

A PRECARIOUS POSITION.

WE bobbed about up and down, and it seemed to me as if we should never reach the children. "Yet we must be going faster than their boat," I knew, and said so. Oh, the agony I suffered I can't describe! The two poor babies didn't know their danger, but little Charley had been waving his cap at us and screaming something, but we couldn't make out what he meant.

I suspected the water was coming into their boat, and begged Mr. Jennings to pull harder.

"I can't," he replied; "we are doing all we can."

"Yes, sir, and you too, miss," I said. "Heaven reward you! but my children will drown! Oh, dear! oh, dear! why did I ever leave them?"

Then I fairly broke down and cried. I said a prayer to myself, too; and then we came into the current and drove rapidly after the other boat, which was, to my idea, sinking!

The children were crying, and little Charley was waving his cap again, and sometimes giving a loud scream. Poor lad! He did recognise the danger, and I was miserable.

But we were closer now, and though the tide was against us, we went along finely. Miss Eggström pulled like a man, and sat as steadily as the gentleman, her mouth shut tight, and her little hands clasping the rough-looking scull. I was afraid she would hurt herself—but I didn't dare to stop her.

"All right in a minute," said Mr. Jennings. "The children are running ashore nicely—they will come to an anchor on that slip of sand—and all will be safe. Look, Mrs. Farmer."

I looked, and sure enough Mr. Jennings was right. The old skiff had providentially grounded on the sand, and that darling Charley was trying to help his little sister out! Isn't he sensible?

We were drifting now; pulling not so hard because we could see the children would be safe until we came up with them. They were wet, and evening was drawing in. The wind was chilly here, too, and I was afraid they would take their deaths of cold, even after the salt water, which isn't so dangerous, I believe.

I had my eyes on the children, and I was not attending to our own boat, when suddenly, some yards from the rock, our boat bumped against something and stuck fast!

"Oh, mercy me, we're wrecked!" I screamed, and jumped up.

"Sit down, you stupid!" said Mr. Jennings. Miss Eggström had not moved — perhaps she was too frightened!

Mr. Jennings rose quietly, and with the big oar pushed the punt off the jagged rock, but in a minute the water came rushing in, and before you could count fifteen—not that I tried—the sea was half-way to our knees.

"We shall all be drowned!" I cried. "Oh, Charley! Oh, the poor children! Oh, sir, save us!"

"Here," said Mr. Jennings, "take this oar and put it under your arms. Jump in; you will float ashore. Now, Violet, dearest, we must try our good fortune. You may trust me."

She only looked at him. Oh, such a look it was! I couldn't help thinking how fond she was of him, and she trusted him fully, I could see. I never saw any one cooler in danger. She didn't seem to mind. I heard him say—

"Are you afraid, love?"

"Not with you, dearest Maurice," she replied, softly, and as firm as the rock.

Then the boat began to sink, and in a moment—whether Mr. Jennings pushed me in or not I can't tell—in a moment I was in the sea, with the oar under my arms.

"Keep up!" he called out—"Keep up!"

It was not so easy to keep up, and my head was going round. Every few seconds the waves dashed into my eyes and mouth and nearly suffocated me. Then the shore seemed so much further off when I was in the water. It looked quite close when we were in the boat, which lay full of water to the brim, but didn't sink.

I felt I couldn't keep up much longer. I turned round once and saw Mr. Jennings assisting Miss Eggström. She had the sculls under her arms, and he was swimming. She was safe enough. Suddenly the oar slipped, and I gave a scream. Then I went under water, and things got confused. After that I can't tell you any more till I woke up, feeling very cold, on the sand.

The children, bless their little hearts! were clinging to me, crying.

"Oh, mother," said Charley, "are you awake?—The gentleman pulled you out of the sea. We thought you had gone to sleep, and wouldn't wake up for us. We are so hungry, and Minnie wants her tea!"

I couldn't speak for joy, but I cried and kissed the little darlings until I was satisfied they were safe and sound. They were both quite wet through, and all over sand, and sticky with the salt water. So was I. My hair was all down, and my clothes weighed *tons weight*. I have never felt so dreadful in my life before nor since; and the wind seemed to blow through me as if I was a porous thing—like we have for cooling the drinking-water.

I was so taken up with the two innocents that I did not pay much attention to Mr. Jennings; but when little Charley said, "The lady isn't awake yet, mother," I felt a deathly chill at my heart!

Not awake! Was Miss Eggström dead? Oh, this was awful! Was it possible?

I got on my feet somehow, and felt the whole rock going round and up and down. But after a while I made out Mr. Jennings stooping over Miss Eggström, who was lying wet, and lifeless apparently, on the sand. I staggered across to him.

"Oh, sir——" I began.

"Don't talk to me, woman. Let me try to revive her. Do something, stupid, can't you?—Oh, my love, my love, have I lost you? Darling, darling Violet, speak—open your eyes, my own—do you hear me, dearest?"

He was terrible to see. He looked as if he would go mad. Poor young gentleman, I did pity him; and I chafed Miss Eggström's hands; and then when he did that, I rubbed her feet and limbs to try and restore the circulation.

"I think she is coming-to, sir," I said, in a whisper. "Look—there's a tinge of colour in her face; I *am* thankful."

He stooped and kissed her again and again, calling her by her name, and all the fondest names he could think of besides. I believe his voice and words had most to do with her recovery, because to me she seemed dead. I had heard people talk about the power of love many a time, and somebody sang it one night at the schools—but this was it itself.

Her eyelashes and lids quivered. Then her mouth twitched, and she sighed. I declare I was so overcome that I sobbed out loud. I couldn't help it. A big lump was in my throat, and big tears dropped down upon the beautiful pale face. Oh, it was a sad sight! Would she live? Poor young lady! Poor young gentleman! Ah, that Trusdale!

I declare that Mr. Jennings was as tender and kind to his bride-elect as a mother could have been. And when she opened her poor dazed eyes and looked at him, he was almost out of his mind with joy. Between us we managed to revive her, and then we began to think of some means to get her home to the Manor.

Mr. Jennings would not leave Miss Eggström, and I was not able to row the boat—leaky as it was, too

—back in the teeth of the eddy. We should all have had a very bad night of it if Tucker and his mate had not come along in the outer channel, and seeing people on the rock, "bore up" and laid-to. He came across in the "dingy" and rescued us.

In a quarter of an hour or so we were safely on board the *Star of Hope* smack, and were running for the little harbour. People were surprised to see us, I can tell you. Five of us dripping wet in the August twilight, looking as miserable as owls and as mute as fishes. A messenger was sent up to Cardewe Manor for a carriage, but I got Edwards of the hotel to lend me his cart and drive me and the children home, wrapped in shawls and comforters.

Miss Eggström was too weak to go up to the Manor immediately, so Mr. Jennings took her to the hotel; there Mrs. Edwards put her to bed; and in the course of the evening she was driven up to the Manor.

When I got home with the children I found Charley had had his tea, and was in a fine state about me and the children. He had been searching for us in the woods and had looked for us on the beach, but did not go down to it.

"Well, old lady," was his remark, after I had been tidied up and had supper, and the darlings were safe in bed—"Well, old lady," said he, "and so you wanted to be a mermaid!"

"Rubbish, Charley! But there is one thing: that Miss Trusdale is, of all the inquisitive old tattlers, the very worst!"

"Hem!" says Charley with his cough. "Didn't you tell me you were inquisitive to find out Mr. Jennings and Miss Eggström?"

"That's quite different. And now look—I declare if here isn't Miss Trusdale herself! Now listen, Charley."

"Good evening, Mrs. Farmer; and how are you, Mrs. Farmer? Sad thing, that accident!"

"What accident, miss?" said Charley innocent-like.

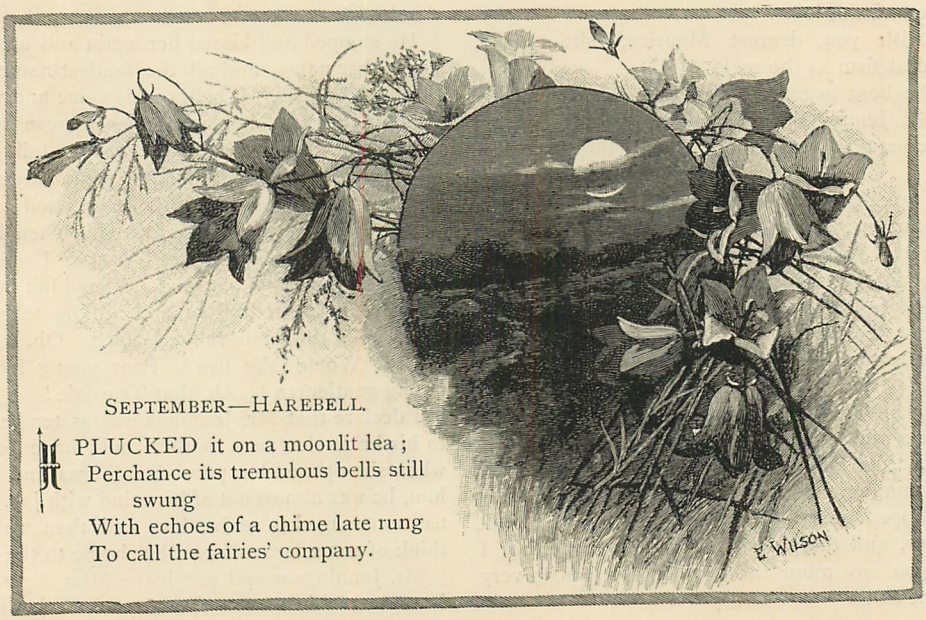
"Why, the accident which happened to Mr. Jennings and Miss Eggström. They intended to elope, assisted by some unprincipled woman, but were caught by the tide, and carried home in a fishing-smack. Oh, the humiliation of such a proceeding!"

"There is some mistake," said I. "There was no elopement, nor any idea of any such thing; and as to the unprincipled woman, it was *me*, Miss Trusdale; I was the cause of the accident. My children were in danger, and Mr. Jennings saved them—and me."

"You are a really kind-hearted person, Lucy Farmer, to shelter people so. Good evening. I am sorry you have been mixed up in this business—very sorry. I thought Mr. Farmer would have minded his——"

"His own business, Miss Trusdale. So he does," said Charley; "and if he might give you a piece of advice, he would say, Don't *you* be spreading envy, hatred, and uncharitableness in tales—untrue tales—about your neighbours. Good evening, Miss Trusdale!"

FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS.



SEPTEMBER—HAREBELL.

I PLUCKED it on a moonlit lea;
Perchance its tremulous bells still swung
With echoes of a chime late rung
To call the fairies' company.

HOW SHIPS ARE SPOKEN AT SEA.

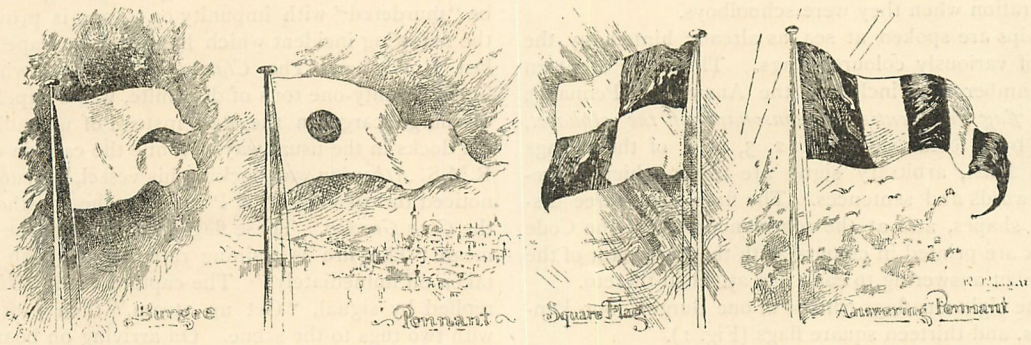


FIG. 1.

NOT least among the lasting glories of the Victorian era is the almost absolute perfection attained in the system by which messages are rapidly and intelligibly signalled by ships passing each other at sea. What, at first blush, might appear a problem insolvable by human ingenuity has at length, by dint of patient and painstaking investigation, been completely and satisfactorily worked out. True is it in this, as in all things worth the having, that "Rome was not built in a day." The ordinary observer, eloquent of the extraordinary facilities effected on *terra firma* by the agencies of the electric wire and the modern and magical telephone, is perhaps apt to quite overlook the almost equally effective triumphs of invention on the great thoroughfares of the ocean. Distance is bridged by the telegraph, but the non-existence of the telegraph is no obstacle to the transmission of confidences from ship to ship passing each other at sea.

It is thirty years since "The International Code of Signals" was finally adopted by the great maritime Powers. A Committee, which had been appointed by the Board of Trade in July, 1855, "to inquire into and report upon the subject of a Code of Signals to be used at sea," after a sitting of a little over a year, made their important presentment on September 24th, 1856. The valuable suggestions of the Committee were embodied, and in April, 1857, published in the Book of Directions, which is at this day in universal use, and printed in ten different languages.

England having set the initiative, no less than fifteen nations followed suit, and decided to adopt this most perfect and inestimable Code, which thus received the vast consensus of approval of the whole nautical world. Previous to the conception of the International Code, there existed a multiplicity of codes in a corresponding variety of languages, thus creating a confusion at sea only rivalled by that which obtained upon land at the disastrous building of the Tower of Babel. Among all these contending codes, the most notable was "Marryat's." It may not be generally known that the inventor whose name is associated with this

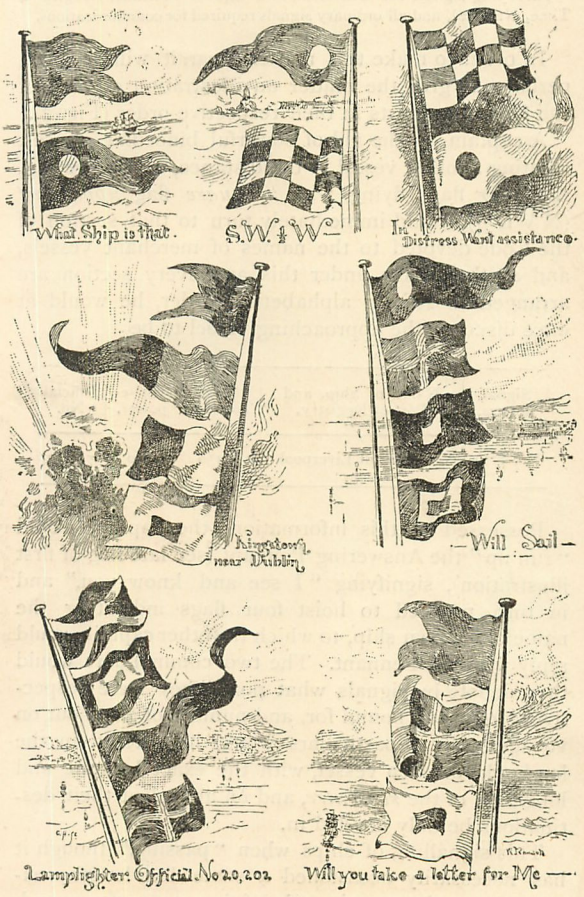


FIG. 2.

particular system of signalling is one and the same individual with the celebrated author of "Peter Simple," "Midshipman Easy," and other stories, which gave such unbounded delight to the men of this generation when they were schoolboys.

Ships are spoken at sea, as already hinted, by the aid of variously coloured flags. These are eighteen in number (not including the Answering Pennant), *each flag representing a consonant of the alphabet*, and by a combination of 2, 3, or 4 of these flags in a hoist, arbitrary signs are made which represent words and sentences. The flags have three distinct shapes, and at the commencement of the Code Book are printed in colours, with the consonant of the alphabet answering to each flag attached thereto.

The eighteen flags consist of one Burgee, four Pennants, and thirteen square flags (Fig. 1).

By the arrangement of the Burgee, Pennants, and square flags, *specially distinctive characters* are given to the signals, thus :

In Signals made with *Two Signs*—
The *Burgee uppermost* represents . . *Attention* Signals.
A *Pennant uppermost* ,, . . . *Compass* Signals.
And a *square Flag uppermost* represents *Danger* Signals.

In Signals composed of *Four Signs*—
The *Burgee uppermost* represents . . *Geographical.*
A *Pennant uppermost* ,, . . . *Vocabulary.*
And a *square Flag uppermost* represents . *Ships' Names.*

Three-flag signals are Universal, and express Latitude, Longitude, Time, Numeral, and all ordinary signals required for communications.

In order to make this matter clear, it will be well, perhaps, to give the reader an illustration of each of the foregoing hoists in their respective order (Fig. 2).

A captain, by the aid of powerful binocular glasses, sighting another vessel in the distance, and observing, say, *four* flags flying with a *square* flag *uppermost* (N V B Q), would immediately turn to that section of the Code devoted to the names of merchant vessels, and as the letters under this and every section are arranged in strictly alphabetical order, he would at once discover the approaching vessel to be

Signal Letters.	Name of Ship, and Port of Registry.	Reg. Tonnage.	Horse-power.	Official No.
N V B Q	*Germanic* of Liverpool..	3,150	760	70,932

Possessed of this information, the captain would "run up" the Answering Pennant (see last flag of first illustration), signifying "I see and know you," and in turn proceed to hoist four flags indicating the name of his own ship, to which the other captain would reply with the Pennant. The two commanders would then denote by signals what ports they were respectively from and bound for, and number of days out on voyage. These particulars would be entered in the log-books of each vessel, with the exact latitude and longitude of the *rencontre*, and on arrival at their destinations be duly handed in.

This signalling of ships when "passing," though it has necessarily occasioned a somewhat lengthy explanation, only occupies a brief time to perform, and, as a rule in ordinary circumstances, this is all the "speaking" that takes place.

That it is absolutely necessary to "speak" correctly on board ship, however the "Queen's English" may be "murdered" with impunity on shore, is proved by the following incident which happened at Cape Town last November. The *Clan Gordon* (s.), having on board seventy-one tons of dynamite, was compelled to discharge cargo in the Bay, instead of unloading in the docks in the usual way. While the captain of the R.M.S. *Athenian* was docking his vessel, he suddenly noticed the two flags "N P" run up the masthead of the *Clan Gordon*. These flags, according to the Code, mean "The fire is gaining rapidly ; we wish to be taken off immediately." The captain of the *Athenian* replied by signal, "Get up steam," then proceeded with two tugs to the scene. On arriving on board the *Clan Gordon* everything appeared in perfect order, and nobody was more surprised than the quartermaster, who had placed the flags upside-down—"P N" being the signal for a tug, and "N P" that the ship was on fire. The captain of the *Athenian* immediately returned to the shore, and explained to the excited crowd that had gathered at the pier-head "that a slight mistake in marine signalling had been made."

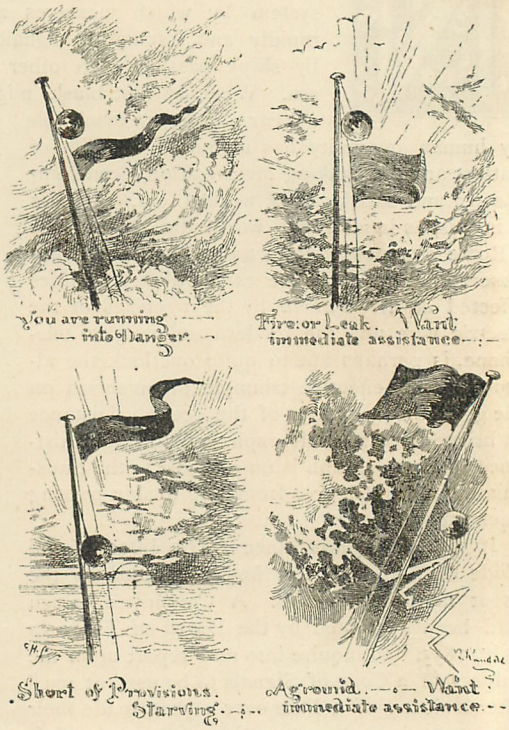


FIG. 3.

It goes without saying that the meaning of each signal is given in the Code Book opposite the letters represented by the flags shown at the masthead. A glance at the following table will show the marvellous number of distinct signals which, by Permutations, ten or more flags, in hoists of from two to four signs, are capable of forming :—

Single Signs not reckoned.	With 10.	With 11.	With 12.	With 13.	With 14.	With 15.
In Hoist of 2 Signs ..	90	110	132	156	182	210
Ditto 3	720	990	1,320	1,716	2,184	2,730
Ditto 4	5,040	7,920	11,880	17,160	24,024	32,760
Ditto 5	30,240	55,440	95,040	154,440	240,240	360,360
Total with 2, 3, 4, and 5 ..	36,190	64,460	108,372			
Total with 2, 3, and 4 ..				19,032	26,390	35,700

Single Signs not reckoned.	With 16.	With 17.	With 18.	With 19.	With 20.
In Hoist of 2 Signs ..	240	272	306	342	380
Ditto 3	3,360	4,080	4,896	5,814	6,840
Ditto 4	43,680	57,120	73,440	93,024	116,280
Ditto 5	480,480	742,560	1,028,160	1,395,360	1,860,480
Total with 2, 3, 4, and 5 ..					
Total with 2, 3, and 4 ..	47,280	61,472	78,642	99,180	123,500

It will thus be seen that the Committee of 1856, in fixing on eighteen flags, provided for no less than 70,000 distinct signals, with a possible extension to 78,642, each signal consisting of a hoist of not more than *four flags;* and this provision (as experience has testified) has proved amply sufficient. To counteract the obvious difficulty of *colours* of signals not being discernible by reason of distance or hazy weather, a Code of Distant Correspondence is inserted in the book, and *shapes* of signals are substituted, of which we give examples (Fig. 3).

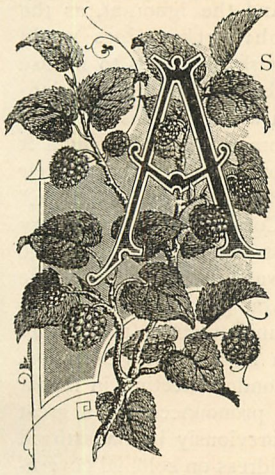
There is one thought that seems to arise from our brief consideration of this interesting subject. Our country is popularly designated "The Mistress of the Sea." The poet Campbell has sung :

> "Her march is on the mountain wave,
> Her home is on the deep."

It appears to us that the best practical evidence of this assertion may be discovered, not alone and solely in the victory achieved at the Baltic or Trafalgar, but in the more peaceful and enduring conquest by which, in 1857, she gave a common language to the countless thousands of all peoples and tongues "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters."

RICHARD HOLLAND.

WILLIAM EDWARD FORSTER, STATESMAN AND PHILANTHROPIST.



S a man's death dissolves from our memories the acid of antagonism — be it personal, political, or religious —so a good memoir enables non-combatants and the world at large to get a clear view of the totality of a man's character. The one purifies recollection, the other rounds off judgment. Mr. Reid's story of Mr. Forster's life,* told, "so far as may be, in Mr. Forster's own words," enables us to reconcile conflicting theories, to follow the evolution of a singular character, to come to close grip and quiet converse with a powerful, storm-loving, and yet tender-hearted man. It is not a history so much as a panorama—full of battle and pathos, thunder amid the crags, and gleams of sylvan beauty and pastoral peace.

Mr. Forster was not a Yorkshireman by birth, but he was "more a Yorkshireman than the Yorkshiremen themselves." There was Northern blood in his veins ; and when he had made his first trip to the North, and studied the hardy folk there, and learnt to love them for their grit and grip, he seems to have said to himself, "These are my own people, and amongst them I will dwell." Norwich had been lazy and sleepy ; in the North all was vividness and activity. He was engaged in wool-sorting in the Pease mills at Darlington, and he wrote in his diary, "Employment, dirty drudgery ; standing, tiring ; bear it heroically, because I hope it will do me good." He had previously assisted his famous uncle, Mr. Fowell Buxton, in preparing his anti-slavery speeches, developed an interest in questions touching native races, and settled in his own mind what he should like to be. When twelve years old he had said, "I shall take to the law, because in that line I may get into Parliament." However, it was commerce that claimed him, and as a man of commerce that he entered public life. His father opposed him in several ways, notably when he desired to be his uncle's secretary ; and his uncle was equally hostile to his wish to join the ill-fated Niger expedition.

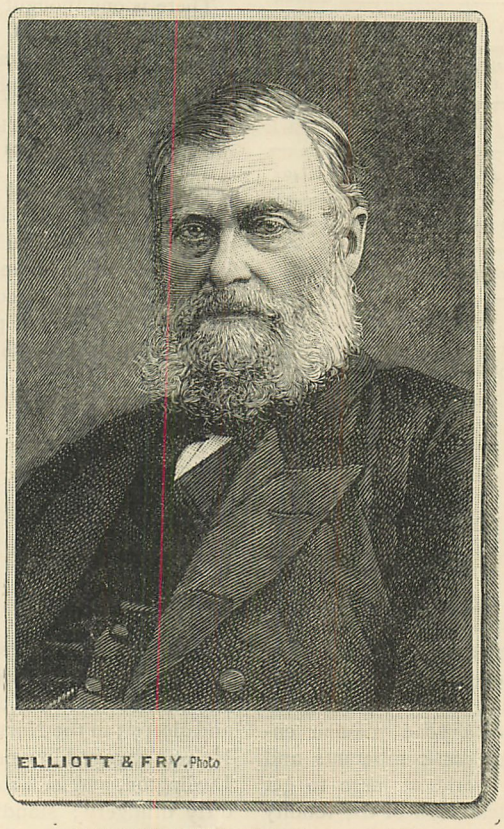
Again, when Forster consulted his uncle about entering a manufacturing concern where slave-grown produce was manufactured, the answer came, "Pray it out." He did not join it. His interest in the anti-slavery question was intense. The Northern Slave Trade was a favourite subject with him, and he compiled facts and statistics concerning it with great

* "The Life of the Right Honourable William Edward Forster," by T. Wemyss Reid. Two Vols. Chapman and Hall.

ardour. "Most glad should I be," he wrote to his uncle, "if, by doing anything or going anywhere, I could be of the slightest use in the mighty cause." It was after reading a paper he wrote on the subject that Mr. Fowell Buxton said, "That young man will make his mark."

Probably the fervour of the anti-slavery movement did very much to develop the two great qualities of Mr. Forster's nature—courageous aggressiveness and delicate sensibility. His father was sensitive to womanliness at times, with spells of distressing lethargy. The son was never inactive, and always bright and hopeful. The miseries and inhumanities of the slave trade and of slave-life burnt themselves into his brain. His father wrote to him, when he was still in his teens, about some pathetic scenes over signing petitions — "men signing out of doors, on a horsing-block—on the top of a wall;" others, who could not write, thinking "the blood of all the negroes would be upon them if they did not make their mark"—saying, "I often think how much I should have valued thy help. Thou wouldst have managed the whole thing so capitally for me." Pouring out his whole soul for the movement, Mr. Forster defended Mr. Fowell Buxton's scheme against Mr. Sturge; and still later in life we find him writing in the *Westminster Review* to welcome Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to increase the powerful effect it produced, and to move the Northern people to say to their friends in the South, "We will no longer be either your slave-catchers or their gaolers." Still later, when the slave question became prominent in America, he wrote to an American friend, Mr. Yarnall, "I feel for you and with you intensely; so much so that my hand shakes when I open an American paper." His attitude in the Civil War, and over the Geneva Arbitration, belong to the strict domain of politics, and need not concern us here. The poor slave had no truer friend than Mr. Forster.

He complained of one philanthropist, that he had "never fully believed the negro to be a man and a brother." His own feeling was a combination of pity for the down-trodden, of desire to assist the backward races in their struggle with civilisation, and of love for everything—black or brown or white—that bore God's image. His philanthropy, in fact, was a part of his nature. Very early in life he realised the fact that he could not attain to his father's ethical standard. He loved mathematics, and used to receive little lectures upon rising immoderately early to study them. It seemed that his father wanted him to do many things he disliked, and checked him over other matters he would ardently pursue. But there came no check to his love of human-kind, of nature, and of animals. The father was a missionary enthusiast; the son was a burning reformer.



THE LATE RIGHT HON. W. E. FORSTER.
(From a Photograph.)

The Kaffirs were early taken under Mr. Forster's care. He condemned our Cape policy in the *Westminster*, and he lived to use his influence to assist the Bechuanas when assistance could be given in office and in Parliament. He "unearthed the telegraphic despatch" which justified their appeal for help. His general policy was described in a letter he wrote, as follows:—"We must not abdicate the duty which our right as the strong and the wise gives us to rule the weak and the ignorant, as the philanthropists would wish; still less to misuse that right and turn it into a wrong, as has been our practice; nor to fulfil it by denying them their rights, as would Carlyle." Colonial feeling was very strong in his nature. He wanted to mature the young communities, to unite them to the Mother Country, and to bind them in a great Federation. He took the chair at the London meeting in favour of Federation in 1884, and pronounced it "a great success;" and nine years previously he had stirred Edinburgh with a striking address on colonial government and our responsibilities. Our glorious heritage had deeply impressed him "from boyhood," Mr. Reid says; "and, in no small degree, it had modified the influence of his birth and early training, putting him, to a certain extent, out of harmony with some, at least, of the traditions of the Society of Friends." When he was about to marry Dr. Arnold's daughter, he received a solemn remonstrance; and years afterwards he told some Friends, "You people turned me out of the Society for doing the best thing I ever did in my life." When he decided to abandon the distinctive dress of his early life, he did not

gradually alter it; "he changed his appearance in a single hour."

His youthful ideals were slowly realised. He did not get into Parliament until 1861, and it was many years before he could do anything actual in pursuit of the aims which he had formed when he was eight-and-twenty. Time after time he said, in conversation with Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, "If I had to take a part in the administration of the affairs of this country, I would strive to accomplish two great purposes—to give relief, and lasting relief, to poor Ireland; and to get the children of the working classes out of the gutter by educating them." Close contact with Irish misery in the famine time had touched his heart, and made him tender. How he laboured hereafter we all know, amid peril and controversy, to achieve some little good upon the lines of an early ideal. Had his work been cast in quieter times, probably his success would have been more marked; but no chapters Mr. Reid has written are full of more vital interest than those in which he stirs the controversies upon which we cannot enter. Mr. Forster's educational work remains an enduring monument; it developed all his fighting qualities, and he sacrificed many friendships in pursuance of his plans. It was frequently his misfortune to struggle with companions and friends, who were compelled to admire his sincerity of purpose even when they differed from him as to modes and forms. The children have, indeed, been taken out of the gutter, and we owe that fact to Mr. Forster's determination and his heroic zeal. The practical mind of a Yorkshire manufacturer accomplished what the doctrinaires would have fought over for many years to come.

Upon social questions Mr. Forster was always keen-sighted and bold. Mr. J. M. Ludlow described him as a mill-owner "whom the working men all round love and trust, and take pride in as a friend;" who would "come up from Yorkshire on a fool's errand, to urge the Government to legalise co-operative associations." The theme was one he loved to discourse upon, and he made it his text on taking the chair when the Company was formed to which this publication belongs. His faith in work was worthy of Carlyle, whom he resembled in energy, but excelled in human kindliness. He penned a series of articles on the subject of "Man's Right to Do his Duty"—namely, to work; and he broached the then curious doctrine that "instead of shutting men up in Union houses, he would put them on farms with spades in their hands, and then tell them to work or want." This practical way of looking at difficult problems was characteristic of his whole bent of mind. He was always for overcoming something.

His overpowering courage was exhibited in many ways. He showed it in his early Bradford days, when he risked business to favour current agitations. "I am determined to tell no lies, either to the mob or myself, if I can help it," he wrote in his diary in 1848, and so he set himself to study everything procurable about French socialism. A friend of the Arnolds pictured him about this time as "frightened of nothing." In 1859 he shocked all his earlier friends by joining the volunteer movement. He even went to Hythe, a business man of forty-two, for instruction in musketry! He did not shoot well. "I find I know absolutely nothing," he wrote in one of his playful Hythe letters. He liked the "heckling" of the platform by reason of his combativeness. Mr. Reid says, "There was something to him positively exhilarating in this brisk give-and-take in argument and assertion before a crowded audience."

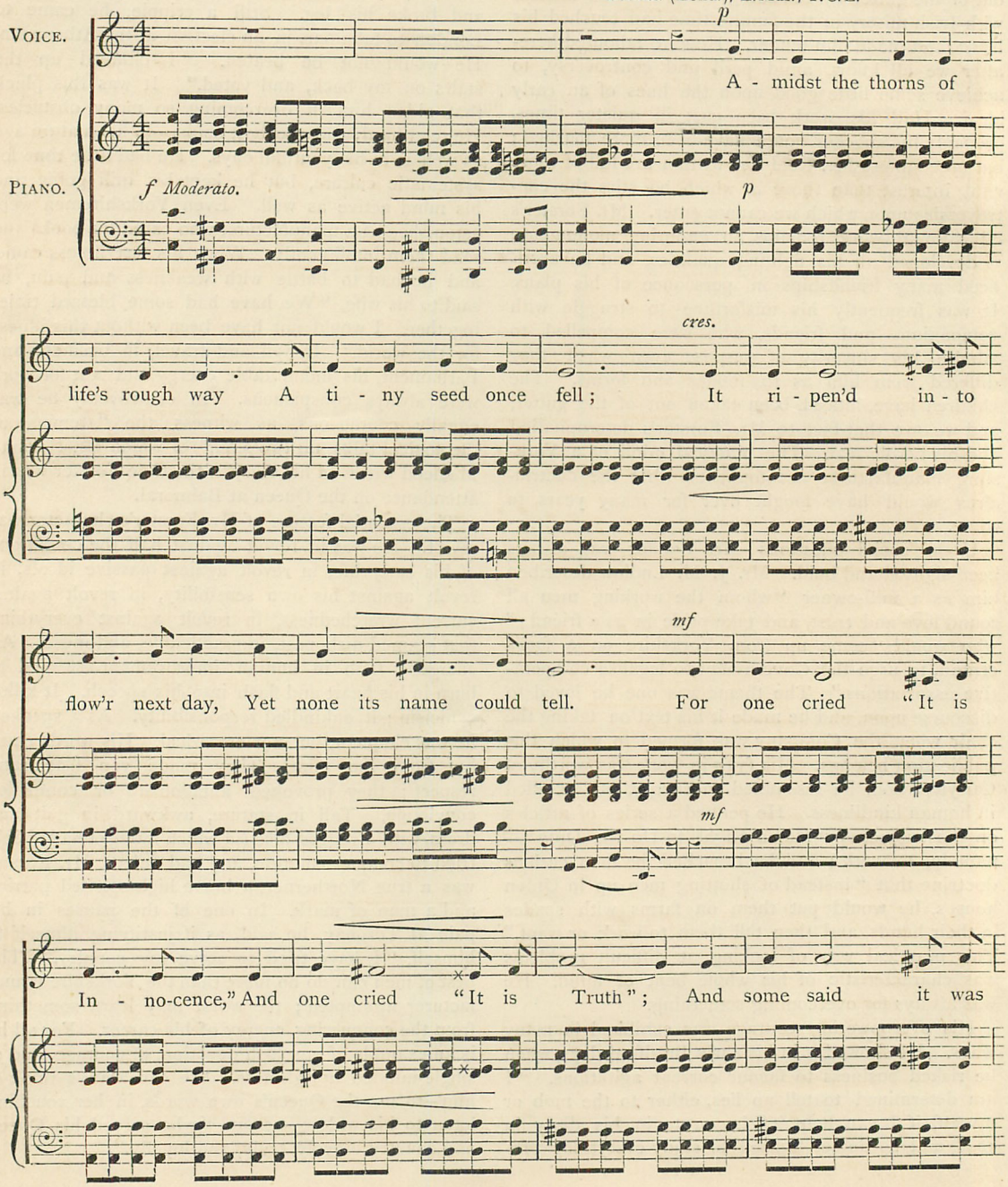
In 1878 he was thrown from a carriage at Pau and broke his leg. Still a cripple, he came to London to take part in an election at the Athenæum. He would not be beaten. "I climbed up the stairs on my back, and voted." It was this pluck that aided him in overcoming so many obstacles. He read hard, and the best books—in his mature age as well as in his youthful days. He had little time for systematic culture, but he kept his mill going and his mind active as well. Even Yorkshiremen were astonished at a manufacturer who cared for books and read them intelligently. When his last illness came, and he had to battle with weakness and pain, he said to his wife, "We have had some blessed times together. I would not have been without this illness for the world." In toil and travel, in business and Parliament, his indomitable energy and zest for work were always conspicuous. In controversy he was equally courageous, as witness the "tremendous theological talks till two a.m.," of which Dr. Norman Macleod writes in his diary at the time Forster was in attendance on the Queen at Balmoral.

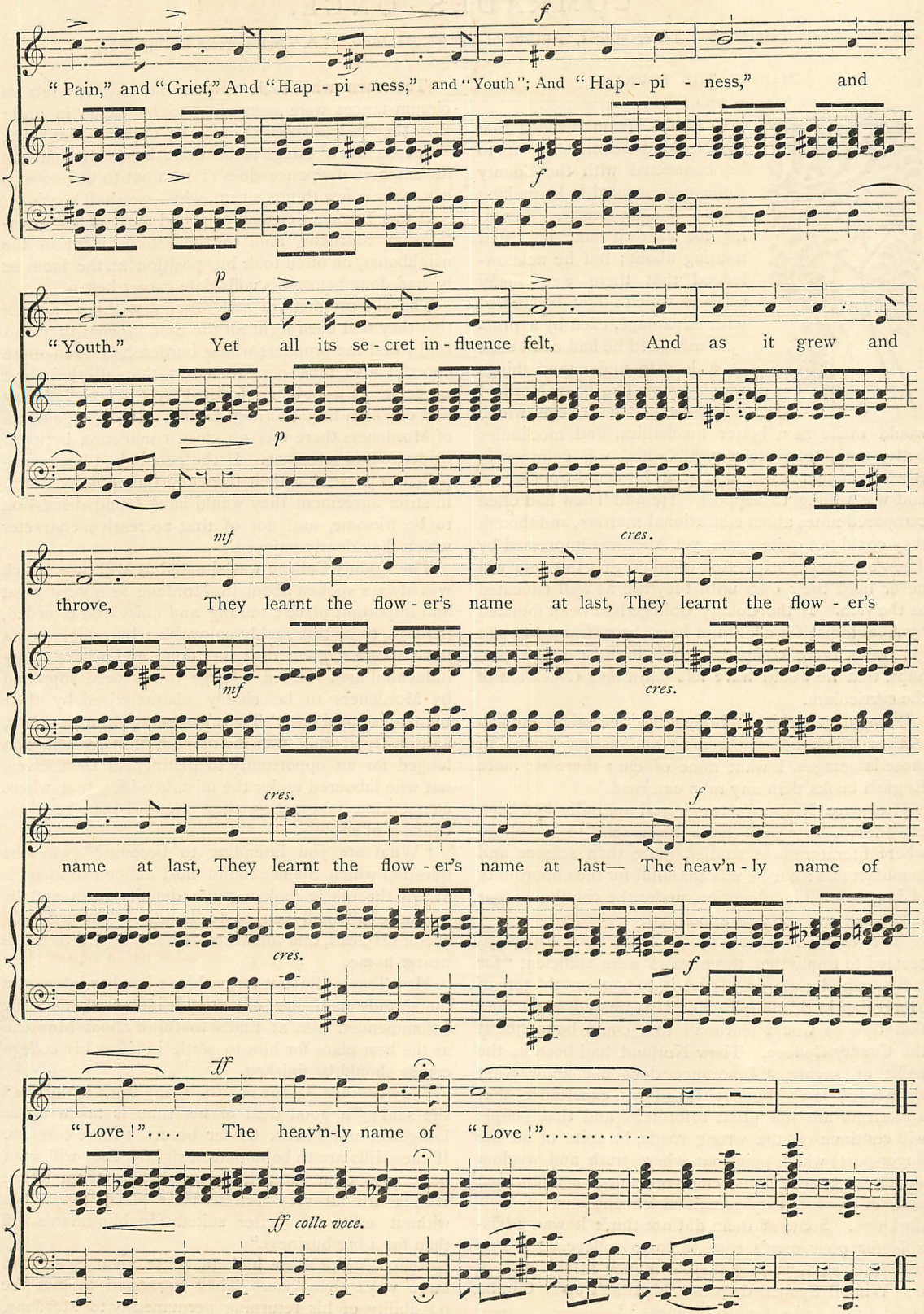
The essential feature of Mr. Forster's character was revolt. He was in revolt against half the conditions of his early life, in revolt against passive ideals, in revolt against his own sensibility, in revolt against current wretchedness, in revolt against everything that seemed dishonest, impracticable, and mean. An energetic faith in human improvement seemed to burn in his heart and flash into his speech. It killed cynicism; it enkindled responsibility. As a speaker, he was eloquent, but not oratorical. His words came hot from the mint. They made you listen and respect; they provoked antagonism or compelled conviction. Tall in stature, awkward in gait and dress, with a rugged face (in which intellect had visibly tried to conquer emotion, and had failed), Mr. Forster was a true Northerner, a brave high-spirited patriot, and a man of mark. In one of the pauses in his pain at Torquay, he said, as if justifying himself to himself, "I have tried to serve my country." The best of men can do no more than the Yorkshire manufacturer attempted; the worst may learn something from the conquering energy of his career. For all he is an example of unselfish devotion, of courage, and of single-minded uprightness. We can always think of him—to use the Queen's own words, in her touching letter to his widow—as one "who served his Queen and country bravely, truly, and loyally."

The Little Flower.

Words from the German.

English paraphrase and Music by WILLIAM H. HUNT, D.Mus. (Lond.), L.Mus., T.C.L.




"Pain," and "Grief," And "Hap - pi - ness," and "Youth"; And "Hap - pi - ness," and
"Youth." Yet all its se - cret in - fluence felt, And as it grew and
throve, They learnt the flow - er's name at last, They learnt the flow - er's
name at last, They learnt the flow - er's name at last— The heav'n - ly name of
"Love!".... The heav'n-ly name of "Love!".....
ff colla voce.

COMRADES ONCE.

By THOMAS KEYWORTH, Author of "Mistress June," "A Treacherous Calm," &c.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

AT MILLTOWN.

WHEN Abel Claxton decided that the Norland Scholarship was to be connected with the County College he seemed to be making a kind of compromise. Learning for its own sake he cared nothing about; but he acknowledged that there were many subjects which might be studied with advantage, even by a practical man, and he had often been at a loss to understand things which people like Thew Norland understood. A college which would make men better mechanics, and mechanics better men, to quote a motto which was common in Abel's younger days, was what he could approve of, and was willing to support. He and Thew had often compared notes about educational matters, and though they could not quite agree, yet Abel was impressed by Thew's earnestly expressed opinion, that the poor will never hold their own until they are as well educated as the rich. If the County College had been founded by Abel himself it could not have been framed to suit his tastes more completely than it did; except, perhaps, that he would have left Latin and Greek out of the curriculum.

"Languages which nobody talks," he said, "are like clothes which nobody wears; and as for books in those languages, I want none of 'em; there are more English books than any man can read."

If Spence Norland's tastes and aptitudes had been considered, he would have been sent to a college where literature was studied more than science and manufactures; but he was thankful for the opportunity of improving his education, under the conditions that Abel Claxton's will had appointed.

The opinion which most Mordeners expressed seemed to imply that three years were sufficient "for a chap who knows what's what, to get on th' top of everything in th' studying line." It was never doubted that Spence would learn all that could be taught at the County College. Thew Norland had been in the habit of saying, "Ignorance does not know what knowledge is;" but he found by experience that aphorisms are not great reformers, and that people will continue on the wrong roads, in spite of all the finger-posts which point out where truth and wisdom should be pursued. Mordeners remained unenlightened and, of course, they remained unconscious of their darkness. Some of them did not think it was advisable for poor men's sons to go to college. "It's no use," they said, "unless there's money at th' back of it. What'll Spence do when his time's up? Can he build a mill and set up in business?"

The men who took a more favourable view of circumstances were compelled to be vague in order that they might predict success. Their idea was, "There's lots o' things to be done by them that can do 'em, and if Spence doesn't turn out to be one who can make a few things sit up, why—we shall see."

It was Spence's custom to spend most of his vacations at Mordene, and, to the astonishment of the neighbours, he often took his position at the loom as he had done before his collegiate career began.

The old prophets of evil referred to this as a proof that they had been right all the time in what they had said; and the prophets whose burden had been more cheerful also took care to assert that all their best expectations were being fulfilled by Spence's industry and devotion to his former calling. In the arguments of Mordeners there was no close connection between evidence and inference. If the people had been compelled to prove that their facts and their opinions were in strict agreement they would have found discussion to be irksome, and not of that recreative character which they dearly enjoyed.

The County College was situated at Milltown, which was always spoken about in Mordene as a very great and important place; too big and noisy and crowded, perhaps, to be thoroughly enjoyable; but still it was a town where a great deal was done and where many influential men resided. Large towns were supposed by Mordeners to be chiefly characterised by their numerous openings. "There's openings in a big place, and plenty of 'em," was the opinion of many men who longed for an opportunity to distinguish themselves, but who laboured under the mistaken idea that where competition is greatest they would have the most chances of success.

"What are you intending to become?" was the question which Spence found most difficult to answer. When the query took a more definite form and he was asked, "Shall you go to London?" he generally shook his head, and answered that he hoped to settle nearer home.

Mrs. Travis did not forget him; but her interest in the grandson of her old friend increased, and she recommended him at times to think about Mordene as the best place for him to settle in after his college course should be finished.

"My brother Arthur has too many irons in the fire," she said; "a good deal of his time is taken up at Longdale, and I think Caster becomes more careless. If the Mills are to be managed rightly, they will want more eyes than there have been about them lately. Hands are all very well in their place, but hands without eyes are better suited for blindman's-buff than for a big business."

Remarks like these had an effect upon Spence in more ways than one. They suggested to him the possibility of his returning permanently to Mordene,

which he fervently desired to do, and they helped to strengthen his growing hope that the projected union between Hilda and Caster would not take place. He had no reason to suppose that Arthur Claxton had given up his old scheme, or that Caster was unfavourable to it; probabilities seemed to point the other way; because he frequently saw Hilda and her cousin together, and the busybodies of the village spoke about the match as settled. There was nobody to say a word on the other side, as Philip Gledwin had done; and Spence often felt that all his efforts were in vain, and he never would be able to reach a position to place himself in rivalry with Caster Claxton.

"Hilda is friendly," he said to himself, "and her mother is friendly; but what would they think if they knew my feelings? Perhaps they would spurn me with anger, or laugh at my presumption."

No, he could not say that about them without self-rebuke, even in the privacy of his own meditation. But was not Hilda's frankness with him and interest in him a proof that she had no suspicion of the manner in which he regarded her? If she had dreamt that he loved her, would not all friendship between them have been destroyed?

Yet if he had been able to contemplate with coolness the possibility of anybody but himself having Hilda, he would have preferred to see her marry the greatest lout in Mordene rather than the man who had been chosen for her—if not by destiny, by the one person

'MRS. WINNYTON KNEW ALL ABOUT THE PRIDS" (*p.* 618).

who seemed to rule everything and everybody within the sphere of his influence.

"Caster Claxton is unworthy of her in every way," said Spence, "and I am afraid she does not know it."

He never forgot what Philip Gledwin had said to him about Luton's Madge, and it was only natural that he should make some inquiries in Milltown about the Lutons. He found that Jake Binns had not misrepresented facts. Jack Luton, as everybody called the father of Madge, was very successful as a machinery broker. It was said that he had discovered the real secret of buying cheap and selling dear, so that his profits were enormous. He was a rough fellow with a ready tongue, and his company was appreciated by those whom he favoured with his friendship. His daughter Madge was a fine-looking girl. She had a ready tongue, like her father, and it was said that she knew almost as much about the business as he did. Spence saw the shop in a back street where Jack Luton once kept a marine-store, and he heard many stories about good bargains which had been made, and large sums which had been cleared.

The people with whom Spence lodged in Milltown were distant relations of his mother. They had lived all their life in the place, and they seemed to know the history of all the families there. It was never difficult for Spence to obtain any information about his neighbours; the difficulty was to stop the torrent of information which was poured upon him whenever he spoke a word about anybody in the town. Mrs. Winnyton was his mother's half-cousin, and she gave her young kinsman the benefit of all her experiences, besides retailing to him the abundant news which she heard from her numerous acquaintances.

"Jack Luton began with rags and bones," she said, "and now he is making money as fast as he can count it. When Madge was a child, you might have seen her running about the streets any figure, but now she dresses like my lady, and they say she has a young man from Mordene way, a Mr. Claxton too, of all the people in the world."

"It is difficult to look at life with other people's eyes," Thew Norland often said, when he was alive, "and yet we must try to do so, or we shall be puzzled a great deal more than is good for us."

Spence had frequently heard his grandfather speak those words, but he forgot them, or forgot their signification, when he saw Luton's Madge for himself. She had a striking appearance, he could not deny; she was tall and upright, with good features and abundant black hair, but she was loud in her speech, and she was fond of slang—slang, as Spence knew, which savoured of the Milltown streets. Spence formed her acquaintance at the house of a young fellow whom he had met at the College. The young fellow, whose name was Prid, assured Spence beforehand that Miss Luton was a gem of the first water. Spence was glad to see her, and then he asked himself how it happened that a person situated like Caster Claxton could ever think of Luton's Madge when he seemed to have every opportunity of winning Hilda Travis.

"Look here, Norland," said Prid, the day after Spence had been introduced to Madge, "I saw you taking stock of Miss Luton last night, but you must manage to keep your heart to yourself, for I intend her to be mine. That is my present determination, young man, and if you doubt the strength of my will, ask anybody who has ever had the temerity to thwart it."

Prid was weak and good-natured, and he scarcely knew his own mind about anything, but he seemed to labour under the impression that he was as hard as iron, and as terrible to encounter as a lion in its lair.

"I hear that somebody in my part of the country is enamoured of Miss Luton," said Spence, with a smile.

"I am endeavouring to bottom that matter," was Prid's reply. "I have heard rumours too. Miss Luton puts me off when I ask her about it. I shall fathom the mystery. I always do."

Prid had a small speckled face, and his hair was the colour of tow. He looked most harmless when he frowned, and Spence could scarcely keep from laughing when he heard this threatening language.

Mrs. Winnyton knew all about the Prids too, and she was quite ready to pour out her information for the benefit of Spence. People who had risen from the ranks in her own time she designated by the name of "jump-ups," and as a rule she did not speak of them very favourably.

"The Prids are jump-ups," she said. "This town is full of jump-ups. I cannot think what things are coming to, that I cannot."

Spence suggested that Milltown contained a great number of very poor people still.

"In that sense you are right," Mrs. Winnyton replied. When anybody showed that her sweeping remarks were contrary to the facts she always met them with the same rejoinder—"In that sense you are right." Then she proceeded with her statement as if no objection had been raised. "But I refer to people like these Lutons and these Prids. I remember the time when they could not raise ninepence among them, and look at them now! That is the worst of Milltown, it is crammed full of jump-ups."

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

A PERPLEXING CIRCUMSTANCE.

IT was a great disappointment to Spence that Philip Gledwin had moved away from Mordene. Nobody in the place seemed to know the reason, and conjectures were so numerous and varied that, instead of throwing light upon the question, they seemed to enshroud it in deeper mystery.

"He must have had a good place offered to him," said Sarah Lister, "and so he went, as young folks do, without asking anybody's advice; and yet some of us were willing to give him our opinion."

Lavinia Loom could not allow the opportunity to pass.

"If he had asked anybody's advice," said Lavinia,

"I should have given him up for a simpleton. He had advice enough without asking for it, and he wasn't likely to go round to you all, saying, 'Tell me what to do.' No, Philip Gledwin was not a lad of that sort. He once told me that he was about sick of being interfered with, and talked to about all sorts of things which he could manage very well without anybody's meddling."

There was not a word of truth in this last assertion. Nobody believed it, and Lavinia did not expect them to believe it; but it answered her purpose, and proved as distasteful to Sarah Lister and several others as if it had been known to contain the exact words which Philip had spoken.

Spence learnt that Philip took his departure two days after that last brief but painful interview in the cottage, when Spence had spent the evening at the Knoll. There was something strange about it all. Was it Annice whom he heard sobbing upstairs? And why was the decision so sudden? Spence had not heard a word about the project before. Philip did not even wait to take his furniture with him; but he and his sister and two brothers started very early in the morning. Somebody had met them going to the station. Annice and the two younger brothers were weeping bitterly, but Philip looked as careless as if they were all going for a day in the country. The only person who accompanied them to the station was Henry Norland, Spence's father, and he looked, so it was said, just as he always looked, as if he was trying to remember the last word he spoke, but could not do so, because it was so long ago. A few weeks afterwards the furniture was sent away by Henry Norland, and then it was known among the neighbours that Philip had settled in London, where, it was conjectured, he had obtained work at his own trade.

The one man in Mordene from whom it was useless to expect any information about a subject like Philip Gledwin's removal was Henry Norland. What the neighbours could discover by the exercise of their wits, and by "putting this to that," as they called it, was soon arranged to their own satisfaction, but beyond that they could not go. One thing, in their opinion, was absolutely certain: Spence Norland knew all about it, and if he had not been compelled to go to "that College place," he would have seen Philip off at the station, and he would have looked after the furniture; but Spence, knowing that he could not attend to these duties himself, had made his father promise to do so. There was no doubt in anybody's mind about that part; what puzzled people was the suddenness and unexpectedness of the transaction.

Philip wrote to Spence, as he had promised to do, and he said that himself and the young ones were very well. "Things were a bit slack at the Mills in my department," the letter continued, "and I had no trouble about getting away when I wanted. It was a risk, I know, coming here; but I worked with a fellow once who was a London man, and when he left Mordene he came back here. He told me that if ever I wanted a change I was to try London. So I came and looked for the place where he lived, and found it. They could not take me on at his mill, but they said there would be an opening before long; so I looked round for a few days, and then I got a job. Annice has got work too. The other young ones are at school again, but I hope to find something for them to do before long. We were in lodgings until your father sent the furniture, but we have a nice little house now. London seems to be a queer sort of a town. Of course, it is very large compared with Mordene, and the people are strangers to us, but we shall get used to it. I like Mordene the best, and so do the young ones. I dare say you wonder why I came; but, Spence, old fellow, you know I had a reason. It is best not to say anything about it. When I told your father I was coming away, he asked me no questions, and I was thankful for that. He did everything I requested him to do, and never said a word. If you can come this way when you have holidays, or anything of that sort, we shall be glad to see you. London is very noisy compared with Mordene. This is a long letter for me, but I did not feel comfortable, so I thought I would explain things to you. Jim Buttershaw and the young ones wish to be remembered."

That was all the explanation, and Spence felt as much puzzled after reading it as he was before. Jim Buttershaw was the young fellow whose native place was London, but who had worked for a time as a spinner at Mordene. He was always steady, but full of fun, and he had taken a great fancy for Philip. Spence knew all that, but it threw no light upon the problem which perplexed him.

When he returned home for the Christmas vacation, he was soon questioned by the neighbours about the reason why Philip had left the old place so suddenly, "like a chap who owed money, though he did not; no, not he." It was best for Philip, he thought, not to make more mystery about the affair than was necessary, and therefore he did not tell the people that he was as much perplexed as they were. He tried to put them off with a joke, and said that Philip could not endure Mordene after his friends had left it.

"Jim Buttershaw went first, and then I went, and it was too much for Philip, and he went to seek his fortune. Perhaps he will come back some day and build a mill of his own."

Mordeners were fond of jokes among themselves, but they felt that Spence had ceased to be one of them, in the truest sense, and they were inclined to resent everything but plain and unvarnished tales.

"I never knew any good come of Colleges," said Hugh Lister, when Spence's answer was repeated to him. "Big sprats are only little herrings at the best, and a working man's son who goes to College can only be a big sprat."

Lavinia Loom, who was always ready to oppose any statement made by the Listers, whether made by Hugh or his wife, Sarah, took the opportunity which presented itself, and gave Hugh a "piece of her mind."

"You may know something about sprats and herrings," she said, "but you know nothing whatever about Colleges. I don't suppose you ever knew any-

body before who had been inside a college. Spence Norland knows his own know, and he is not such a twaddle-tongue as to go about telling his business and his friend's business to everybody. When a man is greedy about the ears, feed him with lies ; that is what I say."

There was only one way in which a man like Hugh Lister could deal with Lavinia Loom, and that was to ignore her. He remembered what Thew Norland was fond of saying : "There are infinite possibilities in silence, and nobody can tell what amount or quality of speech is hidden in the man who says nothing." Hugh quietly turned to somebody else, and began to talk about something altogether different from the interesting topic which had just occupied his attention. This was not quite in keeping with Thew's teaching ; but he flattered himself it was an improvement on it.

Lavinia was as inquisitive as other people, but at the same time she was fond of having a rap at those whom she did not like ; and the people she did not like formed a large proportion of her acquaintances. Thew Norland was once referring to persons like her, and their fondness for censure and detraction, though he did not mention her name ; and he said, "The judgment of some minds is like the reflection of mirrors when the glass is warped ; for they invariably make handsome people look ugly, but they never make ugly people look handsome." If Lavinia defended her friends, it was done in a way that brought no credit to them ; either she said bad folk were no worse than good ones, or she implied that so-called good folk were successful hypocrites.

Spence did not enjoy the talk of the neighbours, and he soon earned for himself the nickname which Hugh Lister had suggested, "the Big Sprat."

Judith Norland, his grandmother, was never tired of looking at him, and listening while he talked. All her children, except Henry, had gone away from Mordene, and Henry was as silent with her as with other people. He was tender and kind, he was always willing to lend a helping hand, but he had nothing to say.

"It's very lonesome, dear, when you are away," Judith said to Spence. "Your grandfather was a wonderful man ; but having a husband like him, and living with him all the years I did, makes it a great deal worse to lose him. Do you think, when men like your grandfather are dead, they ever become impatient because those they leave behind are a long time in coming to them ?"

That was a question which Spence had not thought about, and he could not answer it.

"I miss Annice Gledwin," said the grandmother. "She had young ways with her, and I always liked them that had young ways. Your grandfather never seemed to grow old—never. I could not understand why Philip went to London."

Sometimes Henry Norland was present while his mother and his son were talking, but he never appeared to hear what they said ; his thoughts were far away.

"If souls ever went out of folks," Judith remarked to Spence—"if they ever went out of folks to try and find them as are dead, I should think sometimes your father's soul was searching around for your mother ; but that cannot be, can it ?"

Spence shook his head.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

MATTERS OF BUSINESS AND LOVE.

WHEN Arthur Claxton decided not to oppose his father's will, or the codicil which referred to the Thew Norland Scholarship, he had a scheme in his mind which he knew could not be carried out successfully if he made himself obnoxious to the leading men in Longdale and Milltown. He wanted to turn the Mills into a limited liability company, with himself as managing director.

"It would bring capital to the concern," he said to his brothers, "and capital is what we want if we are to do anything on a big scale."

The brothers had no objection so long as their interests were well looked after ; but difficulty arose in an unexpected quarter. Mrs. Travis and her sisters were not willing to have the change ; and, according to Abel Claxton's will, their consent was necessary. Arthur was very angry about this, and he made some bitter remarks about people "who are only fit to spend money, and do not understand how it is made."

His disappointment did not last long. His father-in-law, Bryan Coalville, had a project which seemed very feasible ; and when it was mentioned to Arthur, it commended itself as worthy of favourable consideration.

"You are too impatient," said King Coal, who could not miss the opportunity to convey rebuke and counsel to his son-in-law. "What you want is dexterity ; rushing headlong into plans, and then bellowing because of disappointment, is not the way to make your position sure in the world."

The speaker's hair was black and bushy, he was exceedingly well dressed, and he gave himself airs which were galling to Arthur.

"If dexterity is all jaw," was the reply, "I cannot see that it is worth much. You are master of your own money, and have not to consult a pack of women before you do anything. Be thankful, and don't crow over a fellow who is bound hand and foot."

There was no misrepresentation about the words which ascribed to Bryan Coalville the control of his own resources, and no offence was committed when that fact was stated.

"If you could see your way to turn the Mills into a company," King Coal resumed, "I should be happy to put a few thousands into it ; how many—I am not prepared to say ; but I should not be one of the least shareholders, I can tell you. I should be a director too, of course, because I always think my money is safer when I am there to watch it. Conceited, perhaps you think, but conceit of that sort has paid me so far, and I shall trust it to the end."

"If I could see my way to turn the Mills into a

balloon," replied Arthur sullenly, "they would float in the air; and if I could turn them into a ship, they would float on the water. Are there any more benevolent actions you are willing to suggest, on condition that I perform impossibilities?"

"The fellow has no more dexterity than a cart-horse," was King Coal's silent comment on this outburst of spleen. But his purpose was a serious one, and he proceeded to lay before Arthur a plan which he had been pondering in his own mind. It was in connection with a bank, to be called the "Milltown, Longdale, and Mordene Joint-Stock Bank."

"I count for something in Longdale," said Coalville, "and you count for something in Mordene; Jack Luton counts for something in Milltown. I have talked the matter over with him, and he thinks with me that there is a splendid chance of starting a bank. Mordene is what might be called the vital element in the concern; because there are banks enough and to spare, in both Milltown and Longdale; but you have nothing of the sort at Mordene, and that supplies the large print on the prospectus. There is a good deal of dexterity about large print."

"Go on," said Arthur; "there is something else."

"Something else!" was the reply, with a slight assumption of surprise; "of course there is something else; but it would all follow as a matter of ordinary procedure."

Arthur stood waiting for further explanation, and his father-in-law explained—

"I was intending that Griffin should be the manager. Perhaps I did not mention that."

"No, you did not mention it," was Arthur's answer, with a sagacious nod; "but if anybody had asked me to finish the tale for myself, Griffin's name would have been in it. Not that I have any objection to Griffin, but I like folks to say what they mean, and not leave out the most important part, as if by accident. Well, I'll think it over, and see what my brothers think about it. I don't mind saying, without any 'dexterity,' that the plan looks a bit likely."

Griffin had married another daughter of Bryan Coalville, and was therefore Arthur's brother-in-law. He held a good appointment at the "Longdale and District Bank," and was a favourite with King Coal, who had a high opinion of his ability, and thought that his progress was not equal to his merits. Coalville's chief desire was to do something for Griffin; but, at the same time, he believed the plan which he had mentioned would be advantageous to everybody connected with it.

Arthur had no objection to Griffin, though he had no great fondness for him. There was once a vague rumour that Griffin had designated Coalville's two sons-in-law, "Beauty and the Beast." "But then," as Arthur remarked when this was repeated to him, "he did not say which was which, and while there's doubt there's hope, as old Thew Norland used to say to my father; so I will give myself the benefit of the hope, to use another of Thew's remarks, and I'll take it for a compliment."

Griffin called Arthur a diamond in the *rough*, with the emphasis on rough. He had more to do with planning the scheme for a new bank than anybody else, but he was one of those men who knew how to impress their opinions on people without appearing to advocate a cause or recommend a course. He had a very good opinion of himself, but fortunately he succeeded in making many other persons have a good opinion of him also. He was a son-in-law to be proud of, and was well connected, so that Bryan Coalville felt in duty bound to give him a lift. What Griffin thought about King Coal it would be difficult to say, but he always acted as if he held his father-in-law in very high esteem.

Three names like Coalville, Claxton, and Luton, were sufficient to move a mountain, almost; and there was no difficulty in getting the shares taken up for the new bank. Many Mordeners rubbed their hands and said that Mordene was coming to the front at last.

Arthur Claxton's brothers were led entirely by him. They were engaged in the practical part of the business, and were very clever at it too, but they were, if possible, worse educated than he. Ned Claxton, as everybody called him, was notorious for his greed; he had in him all the elements which produce miserliness. Dodd, the youngest of the three brothers, was a heavy drinker; but it was always said that his eyes were as wide open when he was drunk as when he was sober. The brothers were good workers, and energetic managers of departments, but they interfered very little with Arthur's plans and schemes. They told him to use his own judgment about the bank.

"How is that snug scheme of yours about Hilda progressing?" Ned asked, just as he might have inquired about the price of cotton or silk.

"Caster is a fool," was the reply. "Everything has been in his favour. The girl is cut off from everybody. She does not see a man in six months who could possibly marry her. All that Caster needed to do was to make himself a bit agreeable and attentive; but instead of that he seldom goes near the Knoll, and when he does, unless I am mistaken, he lets everybody see that he wants to rush away again. If Hilda was nicely married to Caster, I would let Chris see about thwarting my plans, and putting Emma and Jane up to the same pranks."

"Caster seems more at home with some of the mill-girls," replied Ned. "If he sees a decent-looking one about, he has something to say to her. A place like Mordene is all echoes, and whatever he says is repeated twenty times in an hour. If I wanted to marry a lass like Hilda, I should mind my p's and q's."

Arthur said something which was complimentary to neither Caster nor the mill-girls. Then he mentioned what he called his notion of getting the best return he could for the Norland Scholarship money. He told Ned that all the Norlands were steady and reliable; not too bright, but the sort of fellows who might be trusted to do their duty. He had heard that the County College was only a "one-horse affair," and that Spence was spending a good deal of his time studying subjects which would be more useful in connection with the Mills than anywhere else; and it might not

be a bad plan to make him confidential clerk, or something of the kind. "I dare say I could get him cheap," Arthur added, "and he should be very useful to me when his time is up. He will be looking out for a job soon."

The suggestion about getting Spence cheap was what struck Ned Claxton more favourably than any other part of the communication. He looked upon the clerks as parasites which fed upon the Mills, and he sometimes fancied that less of what he called "quill-driving" would do; but he did not wish to interfere; he had his own department, and did not pretend to understand anything besides.

Arthur was in no hurry to make a proposal to Spence. He thought there was time enough, and did not care to manifest any eagerness. He thoroughly believed in the bargain-maker's axiom: "Not too anxious, not too hurried, and not too much." But Caster seemed less useful than ever, and the manifold duties connected with the Mills and the bank were too burdensome for endurance; therefore Arthur sent a note to Henry Norland one day, saying—

"If your son is in want of a situation, for I believe his time at College is nearly up, I should not mind having a word or two with him about his intentions. Perhaps I might find him a job worth his while."

Henry gave the note to his mother, who proceeded to adjust her glasses, that she might read it. When she had mastered the contents she told Henry it was providential, because it opened up a way by which Spence could return to Mordene; and what she longed for most was to have him there, as she was lonesome without him.

Not long afterwards Spence went to see Arthur at the Mills.

"I feel a bit of interest in you," Arthur said. "My father had a wonderfully high opinion of your grandfather, and as you were the first to get that Norland Scholarship, I couldn't help wondering what you intended to become. What's your idea? Lawyer, doctor, parson, or what?"

Spence replied that his training at the College had been to a great extent in technical studies connected with the leading trades of the district, and that he had no intention of devoting himself to a professional career. The further expense would be too great.

"Just like these Norlands," Arthur could not help thinking. "If any of us had been in his position, we should have fixed our minds upon a place somewhere towards the top of the tree, and no power on earth would have been able to keep us back; but if a chap is short of steam, the best machinery in the world is not of much use."

By degrees, and as if the idea was being then developed, Arthur told Spence that he could offer him a kind of confidential clerkship, adding: "If you see any way of doing better for yourself, do so; you are under no obligation to me." He thought the suggestion could be safely made, for Spence had already told him that he had formed no definite plans about the future.

"Take a week to think about it," were Arthur's last words, "and then write and tell me what you decide to do."

"He's safe enough," he muttered, when Spence was gone. "If that College affair turns out chaps like Spence Norland, the world will not be turned upside-down any sooner for it. But he is the sort of fellow I want; he has brains enough, but they are not of a very brisk kind."

Spence knew that he was short of enterprise. He had industry without limit, and he was painstaking. His success in his classes had been marked, and at the examinations he had always taken a high position, but he saw no way in which he could turn his attainments to good account. And his heart went out towards Mordene, for more reasons than one. The humble home at Grew Corner was still his real home, and Hilda was at Mordene; whether he won her or lost her, the place where she lived must continue to be the dearest spot on earth to him. Without purposing to do so, he had formed a tolerably correct opinion of Arthur Claxton's ability and disposition, and he came to the conclusion that it would not be the most difficult task in the world to work with him. Spence took the whole week to think the matter over, but he might just as well have given his decision at first, for his mind did not really waver from the beginning. He accepted the offer; it would enable him to be near his friends, and it would enable him to be near Hilda.

Christine and her daughter were both pleased when they heard about Spence's decision. Hilda had never looked upon him in the light of a possible lover. The only person towards whom her maiden thoughts had ever turned in that capacity was her Cousin Caster; for she knew well enough what Arthur desired, and what Caster in a very unpoetical kind of way seemed to desire also. She did think sometimes that if Caster was more like Spence it would be very agreeable to those who shared his society. She had no fondness for her cousin, and professed to have none; but her position was a difficult one, because he never said anything about love to her, or acted in any manner which implied that he stood in the position of a wooer. He was her kinsman, and, among the Claxtons, ceremony was conspicuous by its absence. Caster was no exception to the rule, and his demeanour might be interpreted to signify that he was simply one of the family, or it might signify that he was looking forward to the time when he would speak plainly about his affection, and ask her to be his wife. Hilda knew nothing about Luton's Madge, and she knew nothing about the stories, which were often repeated in Mordene, of Caster's free-and-easy manners with some of the better-looking mill-girls. If she could have read her cousin's heart, she would have shrunk from him; he was continually balancing probabilities and comparing advantages, asking himself whom he preferred, Madge Luton or Hilda, and asking himself whom he was likeliest to succeed with, if he made up his mind to propose to one of them. Madge was a flirt, he knew that quite well, and he did not feel sure of his ground in that quarter; Hilda was quiet and self-possessed; he never told himself that she might refuse

him, though he believed she would say some disagreeable things to him, if they came to an understanding, as he designated any formal engagement between them. His conscience was busy, and he fancied that she knew more about his behaviour than she did. The background of his nature was mean and treacherous; therefore he made a double resolve—he would be more careful in the future, and he would boldly deny any charges which might be brought against him.

It was not sentiment only which made Christine pleased with Spence's engagement at the Mills; she said to Hilda—

"The Norlands were always true grit, and it will be all the better for us when Spence is near to Arthur. I never know what games your uncle may be up to."

"True grit," Hilda repeated to herself.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

IN CONFIDENCE.

THERE was some amount of dissatisfaction expressed in Mordene when it was known that Spence Norland had accepted an engagement at the Mills. The chief grumbler was Maddox Tatterway, Snape Tatterway's only son. He had been a schoolmaster, and was popularly supposed to understand everything.

"I am an example of mistaken kindness," he said; "not that I have made the mistake, or shown the kindness. It was that mother of mine; she worked hard all her life that she might make a gentleman of me. The only way she could think of was to give me a good education, and turn me into a schoolmaster. No greater mistake was ever perpetrated. If the company will subscribe a shilling, they will have the pleasure of hearing the names of the months in four different languages."

This was in the "Tyke's Rest," for that was a favourite house with Maddox. The shilling was subscribed at once, and then the specimen of linguistic ability was given. Nobody present knew whether Maddox was right or wrong; but in matters of that kind the customers of the "Tyke's Rest" were not prone to be sceptical.

Some, who were proud of Spence when he went to College, were of opinion that it ought to have led to something better than a clerkship at the Mills. If he had taken a similar situation somewhere else, it is possible that they would have been satisfied; but to come back to the same place did seem to them the sure proof of a disappointing career, especially when Maddox Tatterway was continually denouncing education as the chief bane of existence. Maddox was troubled with that "spark in his throat" which took so much quenching, like his father before him; but he preferred to lay the blame of his poverty upon something else.

"Why wasn't I trained to be an honest spinner or weaver?" he asked. "Or why wasn't I inducted into the mysteries of tailoring, shoe-making, or even hair-cutting and shaving? If the company will put their pence together until the modest sum of one shilling is accumulated, I will give 'Pop goes the Weasel,' in Latin."

Some men who never had a high opinion of education, especially education for their own children, which would interfere with the earning of wages, were strengthened in their prejudice by what Maddox said; and others, who were undecided before, were won round to his way of viewing things. The "Tyke's Rest" was a good place for winning converts to any theory which seemed to promise increased income without extra exertion.

"Spence Norland is on the highway to what I have reached," was the oracular statement of Maddox which always carried weight with it. "When a man has in his head what he ought to have in his hands, he finds himself helpless in the midst of worthy friends whose manual skill is an inalienable fortune."

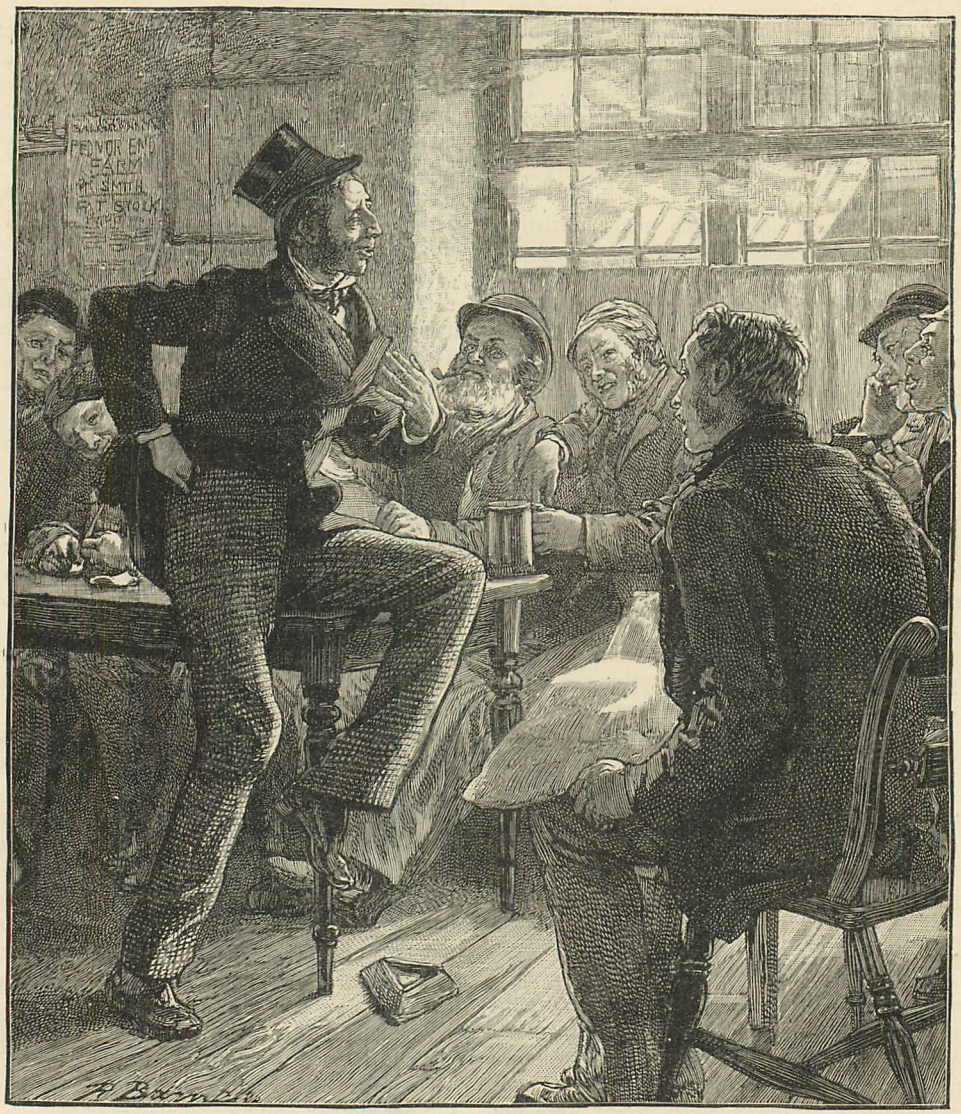
After a speech like that there was not a glass upon the table from which Maddox might not have drunk, and welcome.

But there were people in Mordene who said Spence was doing the right thing: he was giving Mordene the benefit of what he had learnt, and he was showing his confidence in his birthplace, by trusting it to provide him with a worthy sphere for his exertions. Some of the women went so far as to say that if Caster Claxton were out of the way, there were unlikelier things than that Spence might be a member of the firm after all. Even the women who did not think it was probable, or possible, were pleased with the idea, and agreed that worse things might happen all round.

Spence proposed to his father and grandmother that they should leave Grew Corner, but the look of pain and bewilderment which followed his suggestion made him resolve not to mention the subject again. He had two rooms nicely furnished in the double-cottage, and he procured efficient help for his grandmother in the household work, and then he settled down to do his duty in his new position, hoping in his heart that the long and silent love which he had felt for Hilda was not doomed to perpetual disappointment.

He was made welcome at the Knoll by both Hilda and her mother, and he accepted readily the invitations which he received, but he was too wise not to understand what these invitations signified. "They think I am out of the running," he often said to himself, in language which he had learnt from some of his fellow-students with sporting proclivities. "They would not show the cordiality they do if it were not for my grandfather's sake. They have never imagined that I care more for Hilda than she cares for me."

Modesty is a good quality, doubtless, but single-handed it is not always able to win its way to a maiden's heart. Hilda had no reason to think that Spence was literally living for her; she had no reason to suppose that he cared for her in any way, except as one whom he had known since childhood. The possibilities of love for him were all the time in her nature, and the admiration and interest which she felt when she remembered what he had accomplished were near akin to love itself. If she had been able to read the secret of Spence's heart, the knowledge



"'I AM AN EXAMPLE OF MISTAKEN KINDNESS,' HE SAID" (*p.* 623).

would have been like fire within her, and she would have responded to his affection; but she could not read the secret, and new complications appeared to render it impossible for Spence to make it known.

Arthur Claxton became wonderfully communicative, and he soon found himself enjoying a luxury which hitherto had not fallen to his lot—the luxury of being able to talk freely about all his hopes and expectations. He wanted a listener, a man who could talk but did not; that was the quality he valued, or he might have uttered his meditations to the empty air. In his case, the human voice craved for the human ear. He asked for no opinion or advice; what he wanted was a listener. Amongst other confidential communications, Arthur told Spence what his purpose was in reference to Hilda and Caster. This was not new, because Spence had known about it before, though he had sometimes tried to convince himself that it was merely the idle rumour of the place. When Arthur told him about it, however, and told him how much his heart was set on it, he felt as if he was being bound by inflexible principles of honour to do nothing which would thwart the plan. Something within him rebelled against the feeling; but there it was, and he was ready to curse the day he entered Arthur Claxton's service.

"It was to bring me nearer to Hilda," he thought, in silent agony, "and it has thrust me hopelessly away."

"Caster's a fool," said Arthur. "If Hilda had not been cut off from everybody who was likely to care for her, or whom she was likely to care for, he might

have found himself turning up a day too late for the fair. If anything in this world would make me mad it is that. Look how convenient everything is. Emma and Jane are both single, so are Ned and Dodd, and they are likely to remain so. There is only one way that looks at all dangerous; only one way, that is, which might upset my plans, for I want to keep everything in our own branch of the family. If Hilda married an outsider, I should be done. I have egged Caster on for years, but he has a shilly-shallying way with him. Bless my life! if she had been vicious or ill-tempered, I could have understood him, but she is a very tidy sort of a girl. I pitched into him properly a day or two since, and he talked more sensibly about it than he has done before. From what he says, Hilda knows all about it, and she doesn't say 'No.' It would serve him jolly well right if she did, though I should be as mad as a wasp. I only hope Hilda will be Mrs. Caster before long."

Confidences like these made Spence's position a difficult one. It was fortunate that Arthur had not the habit, which was common in Mordene, of ending each sentence with an interrogation. "It's a fine day, isn't it?" was the favourite method of passing a compliment on the weather. Thew Norland often said in reference to this habit, "It is a poor opinion which cannot hold itself upright; and to end a statement with a question is like feeling for a bean-stick to hold on by." If Arthur, even in the formal manner which prevailed in Mordene, had asked Spence to confirm the opinion that a union between Hilda and Caster was desirable, he would have betrayed his own opinions on the subject. He could maintain silence, but he could give no support, either direct or implied, to what he considered was a horrid and hateful scheme.

But this acquiescence on the part of Hilda! He had trusted her all through, even when his pain was greatest because he dreaded that he might never win her for himself. Had she listened to Caster Claxton's love-making, and given him a favourable hearing?

"If a woman doesn't say 'No,' she means 'Yes,'" Arthur said with a laugh; "and sometimes she means 'Yes' when she does say 'No.'" Then he winked and chuckled as if he enjoyed his own joke.

Spence could not help admiring the great powers of work which Arthur Claxton manifested. If there had been nothing to think about but the Mills and their manifold interests, it would have been sufficient for any ordinary man's brain; but Arthur appeared to be hungry for fresh labours and responsibilities. The bank took a great deal of his time and attention.

"I have every confidence in Griffin," said Arthur, "but he wants somebody behind him to spur him on. I cannot tell how it is that so many folks want spurring on. If Griffin had stayed at the 'Milltown and District,' he would have been second fiddler to the end of the chapter, and yet he thinks no small beer about himself."

"I should say second fiddlers are often very happy men," Spence observed. He felt as if he was a second fiddler himself, by descent and by choice, and he could not help speaking a word on behalf of his class.

"Nonsense," replied Arthur. "The second fiddle would never suit me; not if I could handle the first fiddle, by hook or by crook."

"If nobody would play second fiddle, the world would never get an orchestra together," was Spence's answer. "My grandfather often said that a world full of big trees, without smaller vegetation, would be an impossibility; and I know quite well that in many places where the brushwood has been destroyed, the large trees have perished."

"Well, give me big trees," Arthur said. "I intend Griffin to be a big tree too. I don't see why you shouldn't be a big tree as well."

Spence did not care to continue the discussion. He had his own opinion about the qualities which make life a true success, and he knew that his views and those of his employer were as wide as the poles asunder.

Arthur Claxton had seen a favourable opportunity for carrying out a scheme which had been in his mind often during his father's lifetime, but which Abel was never willing to encourage or even listen to. Arthur had said—

"What we ought to do is to get favourable terms for contracts, and then to buy up largely at the other side of the brokers; then to fulfil their bargains they must buy from us at our own price, and sell to us cheap. With proper care and sufficient capital, we could do a stroke of business in one year which would put us ever afterwards among the big-wigs of this country."

"I have some idea how much care would be needed," Abel always replied; "but neither thee nor me nor anybody else knows how much capital it would take. A chap once wanted me to go in with him for a machine to hatch eggs by steam, and I said to him, 'If that machine of thine will lay eggs by steam too, I don't mind looking at it. Hatching eggs is not the chief trouble in this part of the country, but getting eggs to hatch is what makes us put our studying cap on!' Take my word for it, Arthur, we have nothing to spare in the shape of loose capital to rig the market with. Borrowers are sorrowers, thou knows. Somebody said it once. Rogues would help thee to fleece fools, I dare say, and happen they'd like th' job so much that they'd fleece thee afterwards. Mordene Mills are founded on real honest work, and they've been built without any hop-skip-and-jump tomfoolery, and I don't mean to start skylarking now."

There was an article used at the Mills which was known locally as "golconda," and Arthur Claxton fixed his mind upon that as the object of his first experiment. Without the bank at his back, he might have been afraid to make the venture; and if either himself or his co-directors had anticipated how great a struggle they were about to engage in, the probability is that what was known as the "Golconda Corner" would never have existed. But one step leads to another, and undesired expedients are thrust

upon those who tempt fate in the uncertain region of rash speculation.

Coalville only stipulated for certain precautions, which he designated "dexterity." Luton needed but little persuasion ; the other members of the board were either ornaments or stop-gaps, and they did not feel called upon to raise objections or make resistance. The enterprise was started very cautiously, and Arthur Claxton showed, as plainly as figures could show anything, that however the result turned out, they were safe to be great gainers by the transaction.

Spence found himself more than ever the acting head of affairs at the Mills. Arthur said to him, "When this golconda business is settled, I must turn my attention to my own work ; but Griffin is only like half a man. If I did not look well after him, he would lose his head. Caster is playing the fool too. The money he gets through is enough to ruin a duke. He says he owes nothing ; that's lucky, if it's true. From what I can hear he has been spooning about a daughter of Jack Luton's, but I have put an end to that. I told Luton it was no go, because Caster was spoken for. He cut up a bit rough at first, but he saw the sense of my scheme when I explained it. No harm has been done, for Luton's Madge, as they call her, had another string to her bow, and now I hear she's going to marry a fellow called Prid. I wish him joy. I haven't cared to say anything to Christine about Caster and Hilda ; that would be enough to set her against it altogether. But I think, now this Madge business is out of the way, he will face his duty like a man. I had heard a whisper or two about Luton's Madge before, but I paid no attention to it. If Caster thwarted me, I'd turn him into the street, as soon as I'd turn off any hand in the Mills."

Arthur Claxton became irritable. At the best of times he was not a patient man, but he seemed to lose some of his healthy vigour, and he was not as pleasant to work with as Spence had anticipated would be the case. He was often absent-minded, and did not hear what was said to him ; his thoughts would wander while anybody was answering a question, and then he would say, "Speak up. Don't mumble. I don't know what the world is coming to ; I cannot find a fellow who will open his mouth."

After he had spoken several times to Spence in that strain, and when it was plain that the conduct of the employer was becoming worse instead of better, Spence thought it right to expostulate. He knew that Arthur was dreadfully harassed, and that he was not very happy in his home life ; for it was the talk of the country-side that Mrs. Arthur was becoming more extravagant every day, and that Holmwood Hall was swallowing up money as fast as any mills in the world could make it. Spence knew all that, but he felt called upon to assert his own rights.

"Excuse me, Mr. Claxton," he said, "but do you think it is right to act as you have acted lately ?"

Arthur glared at him, and exclaimed—

"What now? Art thou going to put thy back up ?"

"If you like to call it putting my back up, when I ask to be treated in a proper manner, then you may call it that."

"Out of this !" Arthur shrieked ; "out of this, or I'll kick thee out."

Then something, which must have lain dormant in the Norland blood for a long time, showed itself. In a moment Spence was on his feet, and he asked in a calm voice—

"You'll do what ?"

Arthur changed colour, and then left the office.

Spence called in the chief clerk, gave up his keys, and made a few explanations about the books and correspondence, then he took his departure, and returned, sad at heart, to Grew Corner.

He told his grandmother and his father what had happened, and they both sided with him at once : Judith with many words of consolation ; and Henry with silent pressure of the hand.

The details were soon known throughout Mordene. It was confidently affirmed that Arthur and Spence had fought ; the uncertainty was in reference to the victor—on that point there was much controversy.

Before two months were passed, a new topic of interest quite thrust out of sight the dispute about the fight. There had been several forged cheques presented at the Milltown and the Longdale branches of the bank. Arthur Claxton's name was forged, and the blank cheques had been abstracted from a book in his private office. He made no secret of his intention to bring the fraud home to Spence Norland.

When Hilda and her mother heard the news, they were amazed. Christine was bitterly disappointed ; but Hilda's feelings could not be described ; she was grieved ; she did not know what to think ; but she neither thought nor said that Spence was guilty.

END OF CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

WHAT TO WEAR IN SEPTEMBER.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

IN September a sportsman's fancy turns to thoughts of shooting. However late the session may sit, it rarely happens that the exigencies of Government demand that the faithful Commons should linger so late in town. London is deserted by those who chiefly make dress a study, and it is the women who work with hand or brain who are among the majority that remain. These may be reckoned by thousands. So, before beginning to talk of the country and its requirements, let me say a word as to what would be comfortable wear, rather than fashionable, in the great metropolis. August is over, and we are beginning to realise that autumn is close upon us, though we may hope for perhaps the best weather we have yet had, in a year distinguished by rain and east wind.

A shawl has long been set aside by the well-to-do classes, but it is worn out of doors by the majority of the working women in the intervals of serving as a wrap for baby or an extra bed-covering. Sensible people, however, at this particular season would do well to have a useful wrap-shawl at hand to slip on when the shades of night fall fast, and cool air is apt to give colds. The most durable and suitable shawls are the gossamer Shetlands of the natural tone; they roll up into so small a space.

What the commonalty wear, generally has much to commend it, for it has been adopted without any regard to appearance, from the fact and the value of perfect utility, exactly meeting the wants of the million. At this time of year an outdoor garment is generally worn; the long paletot by the lower middle class, the short jacket or ulster coat by those better off. Smart-looking jackets are within reach of everybody, as far as price is concerned. The newest shapes have revers on each side which turn open, and these are not usually fastened in any way. Warmer and more serviceable jackets are those with waistcoats, the single-breasted ones fastening diagonally. They slip on better if lined with satin. Fancy and plain cloths are the materials used. Short silk mantles reaching to the waist are also useful. All of these require to be well put on. The distinctive feature of ordinary Englishwomen's dress is untidiness. How few skirts hang evenly! and a satisfactory dress-improver is hardly to be seen among the middle classes. Look round where many women assemble, and note how few pads, bustles, or whatever it may be, are put on evenly, or the draperies over them evenly either. How few veils are pinned on exactly straight, or the hair beneath arranged with any thought as to the head-covering to be placed upon it!

Simple woollen gowns are the best town wear in September. Washing dresses are so seldom clean, they are an eyesore. The skirt can be made in one long piece over a foundation edged with an invisible pleated flounce and caught up on either side; the material falls in easy semicircular folds in front, and in straight lines at the back; it is puffed at the waist as much as three extra inches in length will admit. A Norfolk bodice is thoroughly useful wear, but a close-fitting bodice should be trimmed each side differently; one revers, for example, crossing diagonally is perhaps the most trim-looking.

Our initial letter shows a style of bonnet which in light or dark colouring can be adapted to any season. The foundation may be straw or embroidery. The edge has a full band of velvet, on which velvet leaves are laid; the only other trimming is the high velvet bow with the bunch of white Marguerites in front; the strings of wide velvet, placed beneath the chin, are tied without any pendent ends. It is a style which in black velvet and straw, with poppies or pansies, would serve all the autumn, and would be hardly too smart or too sombre for any occasion.

But hats are now more generally worn than bonnets, and the toque in our second illustration is of a shape which suits most women, and is well adapted for using a piece of the same stuff as the gown is made of; the brim is covered with velvet. This figure displays just the sort of dress which would be suitable for wearing either in town or country. The gown is most simply arranged, with a pretty striped grey and blue vicuna. The under-skirt is full and plain, with revers fastened with buttons as large as a shilling. The over-skirt forms a point in front and falls straight at the back. The bodice is perfectly plain, with a chamois leather waistcoat—one of the most useful kinds. The colouring throughout is electric blue and beige; the outdoor jacket is blue, single-breasted, and braided, made in the finest cloth, and standing up well in the neck.

The other figure shows how the best washing dresses are being made; and should any of my readers have bought materials at the sales, which they desire to utilise in a style that will not be unfashionable next year, they should copy it. It has many distinctive points. At the foot is a bouillonné of the material carried to the back breadth, and standing out well round the feet in front; the over-skirt is gathered to the waist, with a narrow heading, and is draped into pleats at either side. On the right these pleats are almost hidden by a looped sash of watered ribbon. The full bodice, you must notice, is not gathered on the shoulders, but in the immediate front at the neck and waist, and the fulness disappears in a corselet-

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

bodice of white watered silk edged with pleating; this starts beneath the arms and crosses in front, being edged with a kilting. Many such additions are being introduced this year, and have been made in various kinds of shot poplin and watered silk. Properly cut, they greatly curtail the apparent size of the waist. The sleeve has a short over one, like a classic sleeve; and the collar, though still high, turns down at the neck. For outdoor wear the parasol is made of the same material as the dress, which has a floral Pompadour pattern all over, and may be either muslin, mousseline de laine, foulard, or poplinette—for all are well worn.

This is a year when we have had cause to bless the man who invented waterproofs, and our thanks are further due to those who have transformed them from an ugly to a becoming garment. By a new process any material is easily coated with the impervious preparation, and check cloths of all kinds make prettily shaped raiment which will stand even a tropical downpour. Some of them have capes bordered with a deep pleating. Others have the simple all-round capes, which can be kept from flying up by unbuttoning one end of the strap inside (these straps were originally intended for the hand to slip through), and fastening it across to the other side of the cape.

Cloth jackets are being lined with brilliant-tinted mackintosh, and many of the difficulties of cut and fit have been surmounted. They are perfectly ventilated; and there is no reason why in this treacherous climate we should not have most of our woollen mantles and coats made to withstand the rain that "raineth every day."

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Green continues to be the colour of the year, but as autumn approaches it loses its bright tone, and the shades of myrtle, tea, and sage have replaced the more brilliant hues. These will be used all this autumn, and they withstand the effects of damp and climate better than most other colours.

Frenchwomen are still faithful to the polonaises and coats. Our third illustration shows two varieties. The figure with the hat wears, perhaps, the most useful and practical one. The under-skirt is of plain material embroidered in a conventional Gothic pattern at the feet. But there is more than this to notice in the set of this skirt; it is full in the front—a most sensible innovation. Of late, women's dresses—seen as you approach them—have the appearance of one-legged trousers. Walking towards you the outline of the limbs is clearly seen—the outline, by-the-by, disfigured and not improved; moreover, the straight tight front impedes the freedom of the limbs and makes walking a difficulty. The over-coat worn by the figure in our illustration is striped, and is sufficiently short to show that the embroidery is carried round the skirt; it is draped at the back, and starts three inches from the centre of the front of the bodice. It has one large button at the waist, which does not serve for fastening, being purely ornamental. It is bordered with velvet revers cut on the principle of a man's dress-coat, and these revers are united at the waist by a velvet plastron pointed at each end. The collar is velvet, and the striped material is fulled for the vest, and embroidered just at the waist. The sleeve is not that of the ordinary coat, but is gathered at the wrist into a wide band.

The hat has a low crown, but is so trimmed as to appear high, with green velvet loops and a white bird nestling in the front; the brim is lined, turns up at the back, and shades the face so well that a parasol or en-tout-cas is almost a superfluity as far as the sun is concerned.

In the other figure the coat constitutes the skirt, and is simply supplemented by a front. A long chapter might be written on waistcoats, vests, and plastrons, and other things of the kind; but the newest this year, among innumerable varieties, is of a soft material crossing the chest, as in this picture, in easy folds. The figure is shown to perfection. The front of the bodice and skirt is all in one, and a ruche at the foot is formed of bows of ribbon. This dress fastens at the side—a

point which usually needs explanation, for most of the season's gowns look as if they had been built up on the figure. There is one large revers on each side—and a fringe falls from the waist. The velvet, lined with a lighter tone of silk, falls at the side, and the sleeves are very tight, being faithfully copied from the Medicis period. The bonnet has the flaring crown which makes so little way in England, though nearly every milliner who came from across the Channel this spring or summer took back one or more such models, which were sold at an alarming sacrifice in the sale-time. Those who wisely purchased them at a reduction will before long find themselves quite *en règle*. This particular bonnet is made in chip, with satin loops and ostrich-feathers. It has long ends at the back, which can, if desired, be loosely knotted in front.

Now that Paris is deserted as far as fashionable society is concerned, blue and red are much worn again, especially blue woollens trimmed with red silk; both tones will stand salt water and sea air—far better, by-the-by, than the huge steel buttons with which many of them are adorned, matching large steel buckles at the belt. Such dresses have mostly full or puffed sleeves rather than the tight coat form. Ostrich-feathers are rarely seen in the country—all useful hats are trimmed with straight wing-feathers or flowers.

Hoods are a head-covering which, in our time, we elect to adopt almost entirely for ornament, not use, though their serviceable capabilities are far greater than are realised in modern days. Pélerines with hoods lined with a bright colour, which serves to redeem them from dowdiness, are made to wear with most of the autumn, seaside, and country gowns, as they are slipped on in a minute; and the dress is equally complete without them.

Yokes, straight and pointed, are introduced into the bodices of many gowns, and accord well with puffed sleeves.

Wafer-spots are likely to be the fashion of the future—the immediate future, I should say; and some of the new woollens are made with skirts in which those of a distinctive colour are graduated towards the top, the silk trimming used matching the tone of the spots. The Incroyable jackets, cut straight at the waist, having large buttons at the side, where they fly open, and with revers at the neck in some solid colour, are much worn with full vests and striped skirts; for example, a mauve and white striped cotton or wool skirt with a soft silk jacket.

Stripes are often so treated on one dress that they look like two stuffs; for example, many skirts are horizontally tucked (which reduces the stripes to a solid mass of colour) and then over-draped with the fabric left in its original condition. Sleeves tucked at the shoulders and wrist leave the elbow-piece of a different width of stripe. Wide moire sashes are universally worn at the back, and threaten to be so considerably wider as to form a train-piece in themselves.

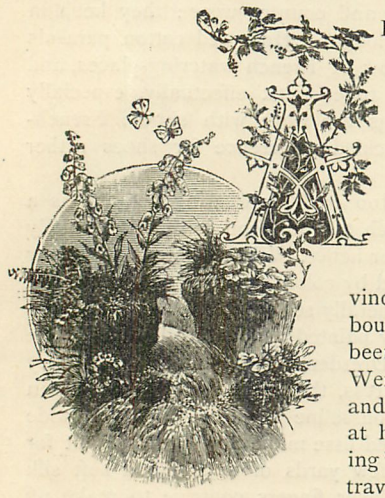
Suède, chamois, and the long gamut of neutral tones which go by so many names, are superseding grey for travelling and country wear; they keep in condition so much longer. Huge red cotton parasols are the fashion now at French watering-places, and brighten up these tones most effectually, especially when red stockings are worn with shoes; French-women show a decided preference for shoes rather than boots.

Foulard is not too cool for wearing yet, and is a fabric with so much to commend it that it is likely to find favour a year hence. White printed on a colour is being superseded by colours printed on white; but they are not so generally serviceable. Foulard parasols are ingeniously painted; they recall some of the pretty figures on Dresden china; and so does a very popular style of dress, the bodice low, but filled in with a fichu of mousseline de soie. Jabots of wide hemmed and pleated lisse make dowdy dresses fit for *fêtes*, and with a few yards of muslin and soft silk those who have clever fingers contrive to make an endless variety with but few gowns.

ALONG THE CLIFF.

TO HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED," "MANNERS MAKYTH MAN," ETC.



AFTER shutting up her house for some time a woman used a weak tincture of iodine to stain herself and her children brown, and then succeeded in convincing all the neighbours that she had been to the sea-side. Were not this woman and her family better at home than "enjoying" the sea-side or travelling abroad in the silly, hurrying, uncomfortable way in which it is usually done? Certainly, foreign travel and trips to the sea-side may be the best and most intelligent forms of recreation, but only when they are properly planned and conducted according to wise method. Globe-trotters neither improve themselves nor increase their happiness when they rush over a number of countries, just to have to say they were in them. And how is health benefited by leaving a comfortable home and living in some unsanitary dog-hole of a lodging by the sea-side?

If foreign travel or a holiday at the sea-side or in the country is to be followed by the advantages expected, it must be entered upon in the right spirit. When we reach a period of recreation we should shun sights, if we honestly have no appetite for them. I think of the story of a man who set off with the professed intention of visiting France. When he got to Dover he changed his mind; and, sitting down on the cliffs, looked at France across the Channel.

"Well," said his friend, when he returned, "and what do you think of the French?"

"Much as I did," he replied, "only they appeared rather distant."

He was not going to put himself out by doing violence to his legitimate inclination when he went out for a holiday. He knew that what does good in a holiday is complete rest and change, so he declined seeing that which he intended to see because it did not fall in with his humour.

When taking a holiday we should, of course, try to cultivate our tastes and to enjoy beautiful things and places, but we waste both time and money if we make a labour of a pleasure. For this reason we should follow our real desires rather than conventional got-up ones. Why, for instance, should farmers force themselves to "do" picture galleries, and pretend to love church architecture? *Revenons à nos moutons* should be their motto. If a man prefers wandering through back-streets, so as to study the manners or want of manners of the inhabitants, he does not commit a crime in staying away from more conventional sights. Having paid your money, you yourself, and not other people, should choose your "objects of interest." Do not be afraid of the catechism of your friends on returning home. To the question, "Have you seen this or that?" there is no disgrace in answering, "No, I did not care to see it."

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson to a fine gentleman just returned from Italy, "some men will learn more in the Hampstead stage than others in the tour of Europe." Ordinary people cannot bring on their tours great knowledge and powers of observation. We are not scientists like Sir Charles Lyell, of whom it was said by those who had travelled with him, "That to see him hanging out of the window of a railway carriage to watch the geological formation as he passed through a railway cutting, was as if he saw the sides hung with beautiful pictures." Still, we petty men can learn much if we travel open-eyed. "The wise man's eyes are in his head; but the fool walketh in darkness." Nothing more distinguishes one person from another than a difference in their powers of observation. These powers, however, may be greatly improved by cultivation. Always try, whether at home or abroad, to see all you possibly can. Look at a shop-window and see how much you can carry away at a glance—not feloniously, but in your mind's eye; then look again and see if you cannot take in some more objects. By such simple means habits of observation are acquired. Children should be encouraged to see all they can. I know several officers who have been all over the world and seem never to have seen anything; and yet they were not blind—they were only victims of that common malady, "the disease of not marking."

Long ago Horace advised his ailing friend to take a holiday as his best cure, and to give a slip to his client through the back-door. This was excellent advice. When we go from home we should give our business a slip, and forbid letters or messages or anything that would make us think "shop" to be sent after us.

"Fret not thyself" is the practical advice of the Psalmist, which should be laid to heart by tourists. Have you made up your mind to spend fifty or a hundred pounds? Put the money in your pocket, and return when it is expended; but do not grieve about every supposed over-charge, or imagine that "all is lost" when a single shilling cannot be accounted for, and that, therefore, "these scenes" are not any longer "so charming." Again, many tourists are slaves to their clothes, and are too anxious about bag and baggage to enjoy anything. We once travelled with an old bachelor who was much disappointed with the Alps. Why? He saw them not; for he was thinking

of, and boring us about, those pills he had forgotten at Paris! Nor should we *think back* in a remorseful way on sights we have missed or mistakes we have made. "Things without all remedy should be without regard."

On every trip you meet two classes of travellers. One is always complaining of the dust, the noise, the disagreeable people. When the weather has been very dry for a long time, and it at last changes, the grumbler, being unable to complain of the rain, complains that it did not come sooner. Very different is the easily-pleased traveller. He cannot go half a dozen miles without meeting some agreeable companion or some interesting adventure, and if the weather is not quite perfect he tells you cheerfully that "*any* weather is better than none."

An American lady the other day in Paris saw a beautiful globe in a shop-window. She went in and asked the price.

"A thousand francs" (£40).

"Well," she said, "it certainly is very elegant, but it would be better if there were not so much of that ocean. Just put in a few more islands and I shall give you the thousand francs."

Some people on their return from travelling are equally disappointed with what they have seen of the world. If only they had made it, there would have been less ocean and more islands, and the whole thing would have been turned out in better style! The last motto we should bring with us on our travels is that dismal one, *Nil admirari*.

"Smelfungus," says Sterne, "had been the Grand Tour, and had seen nothing to admire; all was barren from Dan to Beersheba; and when I met him he fell foul of the Venus de Medici, and abused her ladyship like a common fish-fag."

"I will tell it," cried he—"I will tell it to the world!"

"You had better," said Sterne, "tell it to your physician."

This grumbling, fault-finding disposition, when it is not the result of ill-health, is generally a habit which has been carelessly formed. The will has much to do with it. Resolve to be bright and easily pleased during your holiday-trip, and you will move through a world the exact opposite of that in which Smelfungus lives.

When Boswell was about to start for a tour on the Continent, in his sentimental way he began to imagine whole hosts of possible worries which might await him. While he was weaving his silly fancies, a moth fluttered into the flame of the candle and was burned; upon which Dr. Johnson slily but gravely remarked—

"That creature was its own tormentor, and I believe its name was Boswell."

Next day the doctor honoured his biographer by accompanying him as far as Harwich, where they dined at an inn by themselves. Boswell happened to say it would be "terrible" if his friend should be detained long in such a place.

Johnson: "Don't, sir, accustom yourself to use big words for little matters. It would *not* be *terrible*, though I *were* to be detained some time here."

If one is to get good out of a holiday, one must take pleasantly any roughing that has to be done—not imagining it to be a "terrible" evil, and not going half-way to meet possible troubles. Certainly the old lady of whom the following is told could not have greatly enjoyed her excursion:—

Almost immediately after the steamer on which she was had started, she went up to the captain and asked him if there were any danger.

"No danger," was his reply, "but there seems to be much fear."

It is a difficult but most important matter to find a congenial travelling-companion, for iron sharpens iron, and joys are doubled when shared with a sympathising friend. Travelling-companions, however, should have, as nearly as possible, the same tastes, and, above all, the same length of purse. Does our companion care for nothing on earth but a cathedral, a waterfall, old ruins, ancient masters?—while we ourselves care for nothing in particular? Then we shall feel far from happy, leaving our premeditated route, spending money, and generally boring ourselves, all to see his hobby.

Many people take their holidays in too great a hurry. They rush from place to place, are in a worry about their luggage and impedimenta, and do not take that which brain-workers especially require—rest and recreation. The holiday of a wise man is "idle time not idly spent;" but nothing can be more idly spent than the time of rushing, scratch-surface, yet think-they-know-all-about-it globe-trotters. A fortnight in a farm-house at home, or at the sea-side, if comfortable lodgings can be obtained, is often far more beneficial than this rush on the Continent. At the same time, the variety of language, dress, behaviour, religious ceremonies, mode of life, amusements, arts, climate, and government, to be seen in a foreign country, do, perhaps, better hold our attention and more easily take us out of the wheel-tracks of our every-day cares.

One object of travelling should be to improve our manners by intercourse with the polite foreigner, and to lay up a stock of beautiful thoughts and mental pictures that would tend to elevate our conduct. Instead of this, too many seem to lose what little manners and morals they have when they go abroad. They copy what is bad in foreigners, but not so readily what is good. Because Mrs. Grundy is a stay-at-home old lady, and does not accompany them, some think that they can do what they like when abroad. What bad manners may be seen in tramway cars and railway carriages! Here selfishness reigns supreme. People will act a lie by covering three or four vacant seats to make believe they are engaged. Those who would scorn to cheat an individual have no objection to act dishonestly towards a railway company. It goes without saying that there is no advantage in travelling if we allow our manners to be injured by it, as a lady known to us did, of whom her friends remarked that she was never the same after a certain long voyage.

A DAY ON THE HILLS IN ARRAN.

CYCLOPEAN WALLS AND THE "CASTLES."

(*From Goatfell—looking North.*)

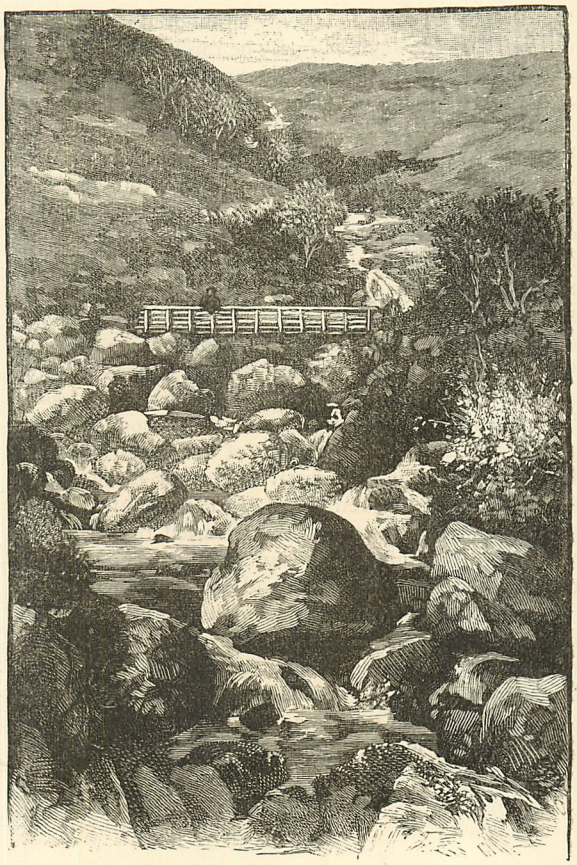
WITH the exception of the Cuchullin Hills of Skye, there is no grander mountain scenery in all Scotland than that which can be found in the Isle of Arran, within a short journey, by rail and boat, from Glasgow.

The finest peaks are all on the eastern and most accessible side of the island, and an afternoon's walk from Brodick Bay will take one into the wildest recesses of mountain and glen—a most pleasant contrast, this, to that inevitable tramp over interminable miles of heather and moorland which must be performed by those who would gain the chief summits of the Eastern Grampians. Goatfell (2,866 feet) is the highest point in Arran, and therefore the one to which the tourists flock in ever-increasing numbers; but a far more interesting peak than Goatfell is Cir Mhor (pronounced Keer Vōr), which, in spite of its inferiority in height by some 250 feet, claims the place of honour among the Arran mountains by its magnificent shape and very central position.

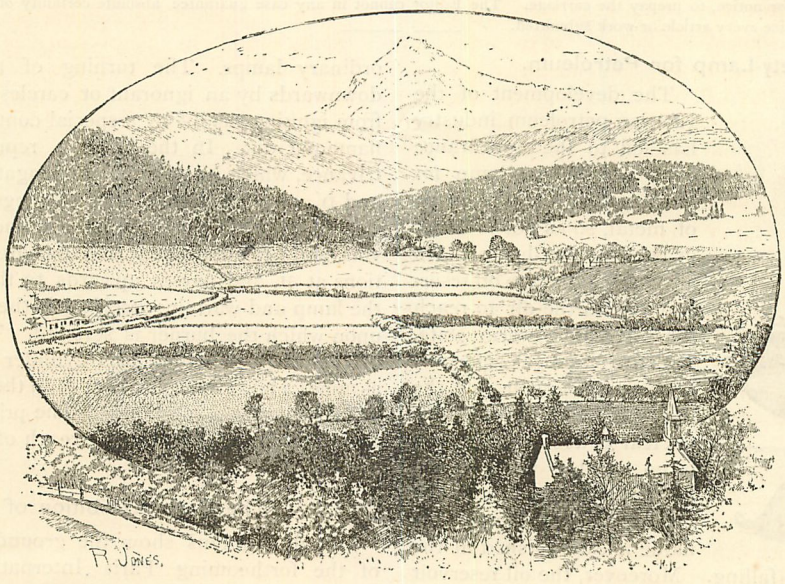
The ardent lover of mountain climbing cannot wish for a grander expedition than that obtained by walking up Glen Sannox and down Glen Rosie, and ascending Cir Mhor on the way, thus making the circuit of Goatfell and seeing the very best of Arran scenery. The two glens both have their heads or sources under the slopes of Cir Mhor, from which centre Glen Sannox runs to the north-east and Glen Rosie to the south-east; Sannox and Brodick Bays, into which they respectively debouch, being some six miles apart, while the triangular space between the glens is filled by the mass of Goatfell.

The moment Glen Sannox is entered the wayfarer finds himself in the presence of a strange array of lofty and imposing mountains, which are so grouped around the glen as to give it a singularly weird and sombre appearance. One of the characteristic features of Arran scenery is the extreme steepness and blackness of the heather-clad slopes which rise abruptly from the beds of the valleys to the region of granite which is above; hence many of the glens, and Sannox in particular, have a severity and simplicity of outline which is not to be seen elsewhere. Above the heather the bare granite rocks rise, tier over tier, till they culminate in a line of jagged and fantastic crests, broken spires, and notched parapets, which resemble some gigantic and cyclopean masonry. The rough, coarse-grained granite of which these ridges are formed decomposes very rapidly under the action of the weather, and this is the cause of the grotesque shapes assumed by the vast blocks which are piled up, height above height, into the form of massive towers and castle-like eminences. The smooth slabs and sheets of granite, which are sometimes seen to coat the sides of the ridges like plates of armour, are another striking feature of these Arran mountains.

After about three miles' walking along the side of the stream which flows down Glen Sannox we make the ascent of the "Saddle" (1,250 feet), a ridge of rocks which forms the link between Goatfell and Cir Mhor and the watershed between the two glens. As we ascend we perhaps see a herd of red deer at the head of the valley, or a wild goat on one of the dizzy ledges above, for on the north side of Cir Mhor, where the precipices are almost inaccessible, the wild goat still makes its home and breeds in diminished numbers. After gaining the "Saddle" we pick our way as best we can up the eastern face of Cir Mhor, now winding between huge overhanging boulders, and now scrambling up one of the steep chimneys, or "trap-dikes," as the geologist calls them, which here scar the sides of the mountains in every direction. When we stand on the top of Cir Mhor we find that it is a sharp, aiguille-like peak, more or less precipitous on three sides, and affording a very moderate amount of standing-room at the summit. It is the central point of the group of mountains by which Glen Sannox and Glen Rosie are formed, and the view, though less extensive in some directions than that obtained from Goatfell, is distinctly the wildest and most impressive of any in the island. Looking eastward across the "Saddle" you have the whole range of Goatfell right opposite, with Glen Sannox winding seaward on your left hand and Glen Rosie on your right; in the distance you may see, if the day be clear, Ben Lomond and its neighbouring heights on the north-east horizon; to the north Ben Cruachan and a host of other peaks; to the north-west the islands of Mull, Islay, and Jura; and to the south-west a strip of the Irish coast. It is said that in a very clear atmosphere the fells of Cumberland and the Isle of Man are also visible, but as



AN ARRAN BURN.
(*Garb Albt — Glen Rosie.*)



GLEN SHURRY AND GOATFELL.
(*From Brodick.*)

the distance to these is at least a hundred miles, it is obvious that the sight can only be rarely obtained. In addition to the *view* from these mountains, there is a *sound* that can occasionally be heard there, by which visitors are sometimes attracted; this is the roar of the breakers from where the Atlantic beats on the western shore of the Mull of Cantire, a dull, distant, heavy thud, which on calm breathless days can be caught by a sharp ear across the twenty miles that intervene. From the top of Cir Mhor we now descend again to the "Saddle," and thence, turning to the right, we make our way down Glen Rosie to Brodick, a distance of five or six miles. In its upper reaches Glen Rosie is wild and heath-covered, famous too for its adders, if local report be true, though I confess I have always regarded this as a pious fiction invented and propagated by the Duke of Hamilton's game-keepers to prevent an excessive influx of tourists into the domain of the red deer. At the foot of the glen the scenery is milder and more varied than that of Sannox, low undulating hills and well-wooded dingles taking the place of the stern and barren slopes.

Such is one of the many fine walks and ascents that may be made in Arran. The best way to enjoy a visit to the island is, in my opinion, to avoid the hotels and larger lodging-houses, of which there are fortunately extremely few, and take one of the many cottages that can be rented in the summer months for a moderate charge; but this can only be recommended to those who are inclined to "rough it" for awhile in the matter of diet and accommodation. There is one great advantage in Arran for those who wish to do much climbing, and this is that visitors are permitted to wander wherever they like across hill and valley, and are in no danger of being turned back by gamekeepers, as is too often the case on some Scotch mountains.

But though the presence of man is thus tolerated, even in the sacred regions of the red deer, the presence of man's faithful friend and follower is strongly deprecated and prohibited. "No dogs admitted except on business," is the *fiat* that went forth years ago from the Lord of Arran, and woe be to the tenant who, without permission, has either kept a dog himself or permitted the stranger within his gates to keep one! I was told by an Arran peasant, in whose cottage I spent a few weeks, that he had once kept a dog for a short time—"an awful kind dog," was his own description of it—but when it came to the gamekeeper's knowledge he was obliged to "make it away" by drowning it in the sea. My advice to those who wish for a week or fortnight of mountain climbing is therefore to try the Isle of Arran, provided always that they leave their dogs behind them.

H. S. S.

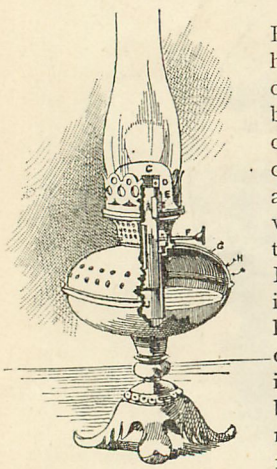
*** *The Illustrations to this paper are from Photographs by* Messrs. G. W. WILSON & Co., *Aberdeen.*

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Safety-Lamp for Petroleum.



The development of the Russian petroleum industry has led to the appearance of a new safety-lamp for burning that oil. It is made of metal, so as not to break or become over-heated. An air chamber on the oil reservoir allows the air to reach the flame in a warm state. No dangerous gas is formed in the oil reservoir, and the light can be blown out without fear of accident. There is no smell or waste of oil by vaporisation; and by means of two levers the flame is extinguished in the event of the lamp falling. Moreover, the oil reservoir is modelled on the principle of the unspilling ink-bottle; hence there is less escape of oil than in ordinary lamps. The turning of an ignited wick downwards by an ignorant or careless person is kept from igniting the oil by a special contrivance, and the flame put out. In the figure, A represents this contrivance, which is, in fact, an elongated wick-tube; C and D are pivoted caps, which extinguish the flame in case of accident; G is the air chamber over the reservoir, and the air enters it from outside through perforations at H, and passes upwards to the flame, cooling the lamp and warming itself; J is the cylinder or tube upon which the burner is screwed. The greater part of the oil runs behind this cylinder when the lamp assumes a horizontal position, as in the ordinary safety, or tax-collector's, ink-bottle. The price of the lamp is such as to bring it within the reach of all classes.

The Paris Exhibition of 1889.

Our illustrations show the grounds and buildings of the forthcoming Paris International Exhibition next year in the Champ de Mars, and gardens of the Trocadéro opposite (Fig. 1). Besides the great

machinery hall, which is no less than 1,390 feet long by 492 feet wide, and with its annexes encloses an area of 911,832 square feet, the building will contain space

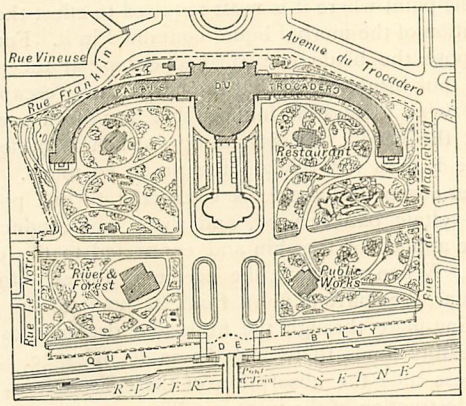


FIG. 1.

for archæological collections, furniture, tissues, alimentary products, agriculture, pisciculture, electricity, extractive operations, horticulture, and many other industries. Amongst the historical collections will be representations of wild animals, lake and rock dwellings, mediæval laboratories and publishing shops, trade workshops, vehicles of different periods—from the canoe to the screw steamer, the litter to the Pullman car—and the balloon. Military art will also be largely represented. The great Eiffel Tower, shown in the second illustration, is approaching completion, in spite of the unexpected difficulties encountered in its construction, and will form a great landmark to the whole Exhibition, affording a magnificent view. The Exhibition will probably be unparalleled in the history of the world, and visitors from every nation may be expected to it.

An Unpolishable Diamond.

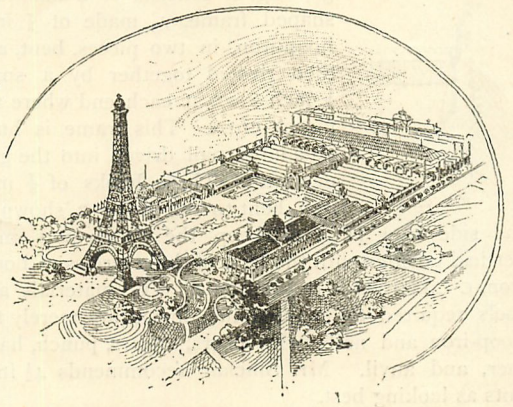
A remarkably hard diamond was recently exhibited at the French Academy of Sciences by Mr. George F. Kuntz. It was a compound crystal of the class known in France as "extreme durate," and all attempts to polish it had been in vain. It was kept on the polishing-table for 100 days, with the wheel revolving at a speed of 2,800 revolutions per minute. Calculation shows that the friction-surface traversed by the facet in that time was 75,000 miles, or nearly three times the circumference of the earth. Nevertheless, the stone remained unpolished, even after the pressure on it was increased to 40 lbs. The wheel was badly damaged, the diamond ploughing into it and scattering sparks in all directions.

An Air Tram-Car.

Tram-cars worked by compressed air on the Mékarski system are now running on the Holloway Road and King's Cross tramway line. They are like ordinary cars without horses, and they take their turn with the horse-cars. The air is contained in reservoirs under the cars, and is warmed by passing through hot water contained in a receiver before it goes to the engines, which are also under the car. This heating prevents the formation of hoar frost in the cylinders, owing to the cooling due to the expansion of the compressed air which actuates the engines.

The Corrosion of Lead Pipes.

Professor Carnelly and Mr. Frew, of University College, Dundee, have made an important study of the corrosion of leaden pipes by water, from which they deduce the conclusion that corrosion is much greater when the pipes are exposed to the air. The corrosive action of water is diminished to about one-fourth, and that of slaked lime to one-fifth, when air is excluded. The corrosive action of blue clay and aluminium hydrate is, however, increased somewhat by excluding the air. Calcium carbonate, old mortar, calcium silicate, and a mixture of calcium carbonate and sand are not much affected in their corrosive power whether air be excluded or not. With potassium nitrate, however, the exclusion of air is important, since it becomes about as protective as calcium silicate when air is kept out, and as corrosive as water when exposed to air. Slaked lime is a powerful corroder whether air be excluded or not. Peaty soil exerts a slight protective action on lead pipes. Sand, calcium carbonate, old mortar, calcium silicate, and a mixture of sand and calcium silicate exert a protective influence. The amount of silica in soft water reduces its corrosive power ; and silica can be readily supplied to the water by passing it over a mixture of flints and limestone. A *mixture* of calcium carbonate and sand is better than either alone, perhaps by the formation



THE PARIS EXHIBITION, 1889—THE EIFFEL TOWER.

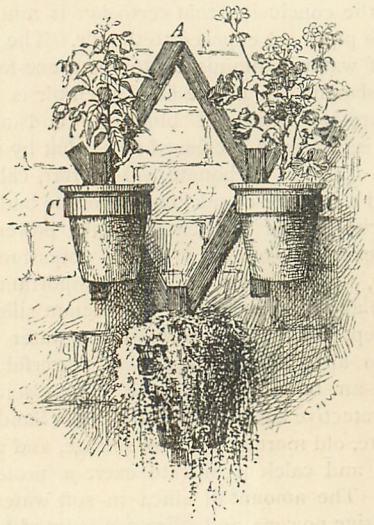
of calcium silicate. Hence also, perhaps, why *old* mortar is better than new in point of protective properties. The protective action of magnesium oxide is also very remarkable, being nearly equal to that of calcium silicate.

A Cure for Whooping-Cough.

Herr Sonnenberger has tried the new remedy—antipyrin—in cases of whooping-cough, with satisfactory results. This remedy is already known as a cure

for sea-sickness. A little syrup of orange, raspberry, or tolu is a good medium for taking it in. The dose for young infants is, according to our authority, half a grain to a grain and a half administered three times a day. For older children the dose can be increased; and it is remarked that the medicine should be taken systematically, for otherwise the amelioration of the patient's condition may not continue.

A Simple Flower-Bracket.



A simple flower-bracket for garden walls, which can be made by an amateur, has been devised by Mr. Alfred Sinclair, of Coventry. As shown in our engraving, it consists of a diamond-shaped frame, A, made of $\frac{7}{8}$ inch hoop-iron, in two pieces, bent, and then riveted together by a small $\frac{1}{8}$ inch rivet at each end where the pieces cross. This frame is hung on a large nail driven into the garden wall. Three hooks of $\frac{7}{8}$ inch iron, bent to the shape B, shown in the side view (Fig. 2), keep the flower-pots in a vertical position with the help of three circles of hoop-iron, C C C, riveted to the frame. The materials and tools required for making the device are merely the hoop-iron and nails, with pliers, shears, punch, hammer, and anvil. Mr. Sinclair recommends $4\frac{1}{2}$ inch pots as looking best.

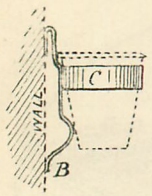


FIG. 2.

Electric Acupuncture.

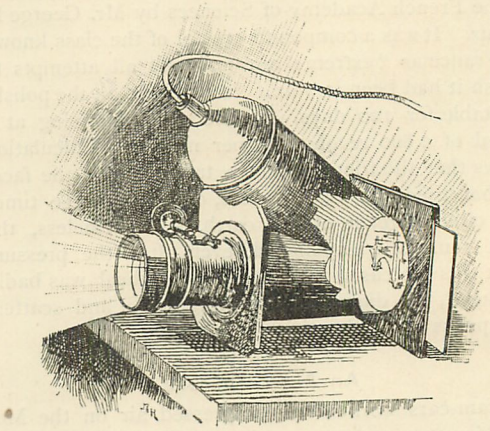
The Chinese, we are told, employed acupuncture at least 4,000 years since, and the Japanese adopted it long ago. Their practitioners employed puncturing needles of gold and silver, and their manufacture was an art of great importance. They were of different shapes: some bladed like swords, and others of the ordinary needle form. At the end of the eighteenth century acupuncture was introduced into Europe, and was developed in the present century. M. Gaiffe, a French electrician, has recently constructed a variety of needles for electric acupuncture, specially applicable to the perforation of painful tumours, so as to avoid unnecessary pain. By the electric acupuncture the current is conveyed into the tumour and applied at the point where it is most required to effect the dissolution of the morbid liquid contained in it. For this purpose the blade is varnished, except at the point, and thus insulated, so that the current only escapes at the point. Glass or india-rubber has been used to coat the needle, but insulating varnish is preferred, since it does not thicken the probe so much. The upper end of the needle is connected to one pole of the voltaic battery used, and there is a conducting-plate applied to the skin and connected to the other pole. When, therefore, the needle is forced into the tumour, the current flows from its point to the conducting-plate through the flesh, and decomposes any unhealthy fluids there may be in its passage. This process aids the absorption of these secretions, and the destruction of the tumour. The operation, as performed by French physicians with these improved needles of M. Gaiffe, is almost painless, and there is hardly any blood-letting.

A Sun-Stove.

Professor Morse, of Salem, Massachusetts, has devised a simple stove for warming rooms by means of solar heat. It consists of a shallow box, having a bottom of corrugated iron and a glass top. This device is placed outside the building, so that the sun can shine directly into it. The rays pass through the glass and are absorbed by the metal, heating it to a high temperature and warming the air of the box. The air, which on sunny days rises to a temperature of 90° Fahr., is conveyed into the room which is to be heated.

The Auxanoscope.

An apparatus for projecting drawings, photographs, medals, and so forth, on a screen—in other words, an electric megascope—has been devised by M. Trouvé,

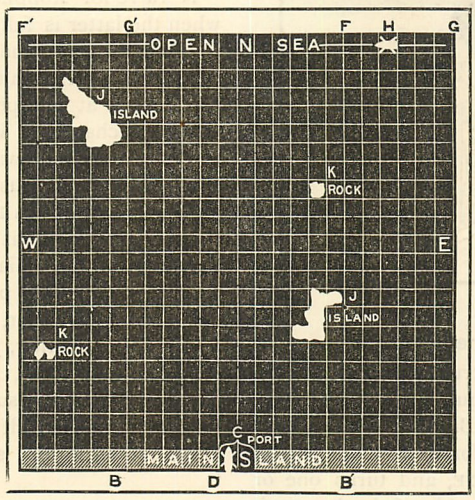


a well-known French electrician. It consists of two cylindrical tubes fitted together at a certain angle. One is provided at its upper part with a lamp and a parabolic reflector; the other contains an ordinary

photographic objective lens. At the angle formed by the junction of these tubes is placed the object whose image is to be projected. In the accompanying figure the apparatus is cut away to show this arrangement. The object may be solid as well as plane ; for example, the works of a watch, which form an interesting projection. The lamp employed is an electric incandescent lamp ; and another form of the apparatus is provided with a third tube containing a second lamp placed in the focus of a parabolic reflector. A battery of four bichromate cells is used for the lamps.

A New Naval Game.

The new naval game of Lieutenant H. Chamberlain is played with a board and movable vessels, islands, and rocks ; two dice-boxes and a die. A couple play —one manœuvring the ships attempting to run the blockade, the other directing the vessel of the enemy in chase. Having arranged who shall make the first move, the game begins by the person who plays second arranging the islands and rocks in a way likely to retard the progress of the blockade-runners. Victory goes with the vessel which succeeds in ramming the other or driving her ashore, or with the vessel escaping from the port to sea. The play-board is of paper, and it may be folded up like a chess-board. It is divided into squares, as shown, and marked with the cardinal points of the compass, N., E., S., W. The south edge of the board, B B′, is coloured to represent land, and has an opening, C, for the port from which a vessel, D, heading due N., escapes. If she reaches any of the north squares, she is successful ; for these mean "open sea." Certain squares on the north, from F to G, F′ to G′, are set apart for the position of the enemy's ship, H, keeping watch, and it can be placed in any one of them, heading due east or west. The islands, J J, and rocks, K K, cover a certain number of squares, each of which represents a certain area. When the vessels come within the pre-determined range of 1,000 yards, the die is cast to settle the effect of the shots. On three sides of the die is marked the word "miss," the other sides have "dis" (disabled = 4 points), "pen" (penetrated = 2 points), and "hit" (1 point). A code of rules has been drafted, and the game requires no umpire.



A NEW NAVAL GAME.

Condurango.

Professor Oser, of Vienna, has made experiments with a new tonic, "condurango" bark, and he finds that it has an excellent effect upon the appetite, and that it relieves over-sensitiveness. In some patients, however, its use may set up nausea, which is corrected by employing different preparations of the bark, such as wine or liquor. He considers condurango worthy of a place in the materia medica as a symptomatic remedy.

A Stereoscopic Camera.

Mr. Augustus Stroh has given a simple method of forming a stereoscopic camera. It consists in taking out the rising front of an ordinary half-plate camera, and replacing it by a front with two lenses. The only other arrangement necessary is a partition inside the camera, dividing it into two compartments. This can be made of thin wood or cardboard. We may add that Mr. Stroh has constructed a stereoscopic detective camera for instantaneous work. We may also mention here that Mr. W. R. Wynne has devised a spirit-level for cameras, which can be carried in a small box in the vest-pocket, or fixed to the camera itself.

A Purple City.

A remarkable atmospheric effect was observed at Moscow on the evening of May 19th last, during sunset. The rays of the sinking sun were intercepted by clouds which, owing to some peculiarity in their absorbing power, caused the whole city to appear suffused in a vivid purple light. The phenomenon lasted for about eight minutes, and produced a weird impression, which can be more easily imagined than described.

A Destructive Wave.

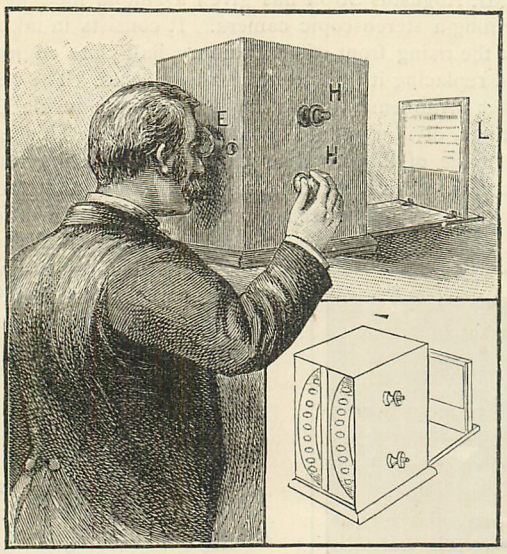
An enormous wave is reported to have struck the beach at Baraçoa, in Cuba, recently, and flowed inland for a distance of 400 feet, before it retired. It destroyed in its course nearly 300 huts and houses, but happily no lives, as the inhabitants saw it coming, and fled to the nearest hill. Curiously enough, the wave was neither tidal nor due to earthquake disturbance, but, it is stated, to a north wind, which had blown for three successive days.

Wire Soles.

A Nuremberg inventor has devised a sole for shoes, consisting of wire network overlaid with a composition resembling india-rubber. The soles have been tested in the German army, and found more durable than leather. We may add that canvas shoes, rendered watertight by a kind of varnish, are now used in the Austrian army.

A Levelling Machine.

A levelling machine has been introduced into South Staffordshire, from America, for imparting to sheets of iron, steel, or copper, a uniformly flat surface. The sheet is simply fed into the machine, which is worked by hydraulic power, and automatically grips and smooths it.



A New Opsiometer.

A useful "opsiometer," or instrument for determining the eyeglass or spectacles required for failing eyes, has been introduced by Mr. E. Barnard. The wood-cut shows the device as ready for use. The person looks through the eye-pieces, E E, and turns one or other of the handles, H H, at the side of the box until he can read the letterpress, L, fixed at a certain distance. A small hole shows the power or "sight" of the glasses required by means of an indicator, which need not be described. The right-hand figure of the illustration exposes the interior of the box, with lenses of different powers mounted upon revolving drums, which are brought into the line of sight of the looker as he turns the handles.

A New Method of Bleaching.

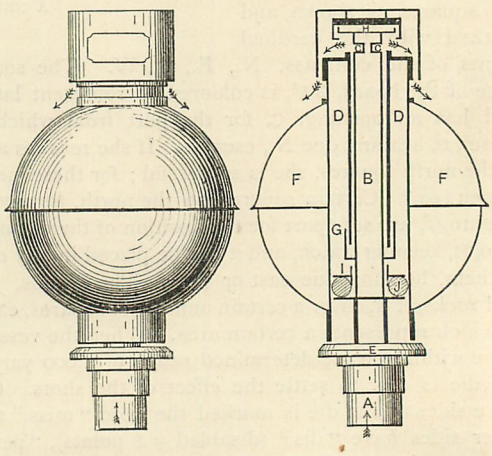
A method of bleaching has recently been tried in the North of Ireland, which is likely to prove a commercial success, according to our information. It is a modification of the plan proposed by M. Hermite for bleaching by liberation of chlorine under the action of an electric current. The new method is due to Messrs. Cross and Bevan, who found that a solution of magnesium chloride when electrolysed by the current delivers up active oxygen of strong oxidising properties. They also found that a smaller quantity of bleaching-oxygen effects the purpose than when ordinary bleaching-powder is used. In short, the new process is about one-third cheaper than the old, if some experiments are to be trusted. The process has been applied not merely to the whitening of yarn but of paper pulp. At Belfast the electrolysed solution circulates through the bleaching-tank, and is kept active by the voltaic current. The tank is of special construction ; but as the process is capable of further modification, we need not enter into details.

Spirally-welded Pipes.

Pipes of sheet iron or steel cut into strips and welded in a spiral are now made at East Orange, New Jersey, U.S., of sizes from four inches in diameter upwards. They are intended to take the place of cast-iron pipes when these would be too expensive to use. A special machine is used in their manufacture.

A New Cistern Valve.

A valve for stopping the water supply to a cistern when the latter is full, by utilising the water pressure in the main, has been introduced. The water enters the valve by the inlet, A, and passes up the stem, B, to issue at full pressure by outlets, C C, until the cistern is charged. When the level reaches half up the ball, F, the ball with the cylinder, D, begins rising from the plate, E, thus partially closing the outlets, C C, and the water enters D by passing between B and D to the receiver, G. This causes the ball and cylinder, D, to leap up to the india-rubber seating, H, and seal the outlets, C C. The pressure of the water then acts between the cylinder, D, and the collar, I, which rests on a rubber seating, J, and effects the closure of the lower portion of D, stopping the supply in a silent manner. The day's supply having thus been delivered, the valve locks itself until released by the turncock. On an intermittent service system a supply of 150



gallons can be had in a few minutes, and emptying the cistern does not induce a fresh supply by the falling of the ball, owing to the locking of the valve. On a constant service a supply of fresh water need only be admitted by the householder when required. The diameter of the ball is about 5½ inches, and the length of the device about 9 inches.

Crawling-Rugs, and How to Make them.

Now that we are once more approaching the time of longer evenings and colder days, an employment for the little ones, which affords at once recreation and instruction, will be welcomed in every household. The making of crawling-rugs, which are decorated with designs representing different familiar animals cut out of bright-coloured materials, appeals at once to that love of animals which is so characteristic of children, and to their liking for "cutting out" which is so often a source of trouble to nurses and mothers. In "Babies' Crawling-Rugs, and How to Make them" (Griffith, Farran & Co.), will be found full directions and tasteful designs for this work, which deserves to be more widely known than it has been hitherto.

Something to Sing.

It is often said that "the old songs are best," and to a large extent we are inclined to agree with this criticism so far as the words of the songs are concerned. The London Music Publishing Company has just issued a collection of "Twelve Songs" to old English words, by Erskine Allon, which has called to mind this saying about old English songs, and certainly the words, which have suggested this very taking music, would be hard to beat. From the same publishers, and from the same composer, come a sonata for the pianoforte which has not a little to commend it, despite its severity, and also two books of pianoforte solos entitled "The Months," which are very pretty though some of them are rather difficult. "Honi soit qui Mal y Pense" (Harberd Bros.) is the not very original title of a song in which Mr. Frank M. Merridew has given us words which are decidedly novel, and where the music is by Mr. H. J. Mauli.

A Holiday Guide.

Primarily intended for the use of American visitors to this country, Gillig's "Tours and Excursions in Great Britain," published at the United States Exchange, is likely, nevertheless, to prove extremely useful to British tourists. London is taken as the starting-point in most cases, and then the reader is told how all the points of interest in the kingdom may best be reached, and at what cost, while a brief description accompanies the reference to each "beauty-spot." So far as we have been able to test this guide, it would seem to be very correct and reliable.

A Pocket Encyclopædia.

An encyclopædia in one volume, and that so tiny a volume as even to admit of being carried in a good-sized pocket, or in one's hand-bag or portmanteau, without any inconvenience, is certainly a novelty. Messrs. Cassell have issued a "Miniature Cyclopædia," which, in the space of 764 pages, includes no less than 30,000 references, of a character likely to be extremely valuable for every-day use. No reader's table will be complete without this volume. Space is saved in the work by a system of abbreviations which is almost self-explanatory.

More New Music.

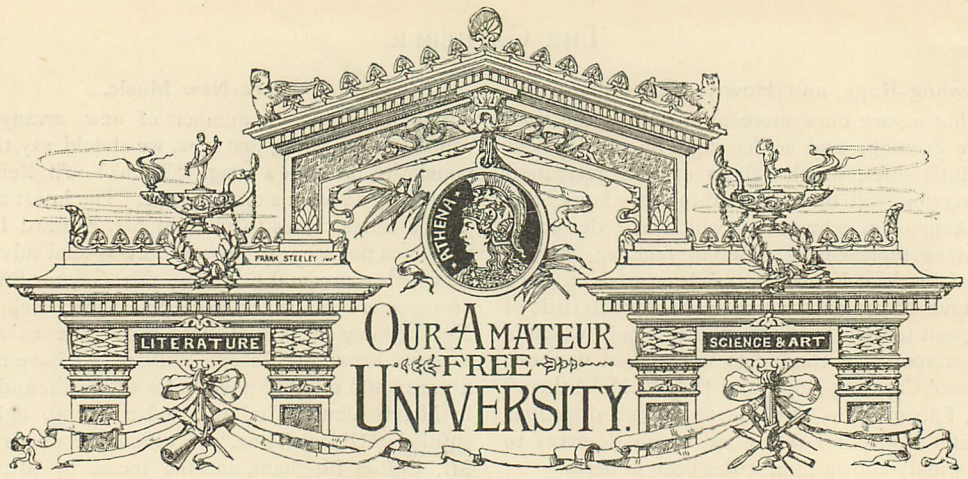
Judging from the number of new arrangements which are appearing just now, we should say that the popularity of Balfe's song, "Then You'll Remember Me," is by no means on the wane. The latest addition to the series comes to us from Mr. Edward Phillips, and does not seem to possess any special advantages except clearness and neatness. Mr. Gaynor Simpson's arrangement of an anthem, "O Lord, Rebuke Me Not" (Patey & Willis) does not strike us as very happy. From Mr. Joseph Williams we have received a pretty and original gavotte for the violin and piano, by Mr. Benjamin Godard; and a taking, light song entitled "Olden Time," of which the words are by Mr. Clifton Bingham, and the music by Mr. Henry Farmer. About Mr. W. W. Hedgcock's "Bourrée" for the piano (same publishers) there does not seem to be anything at all out of the ordinary rut, but in his "Gigue" for the piano he has been much more successful, and has produced a piece which should prove attractive to many players.

An Epoch-making Reign.

The reign of Henry II. marks a distinct step in the progress of the English nation, and it was fitting that Henry should be included among the "Twelve English Statesmen" of Messrs. Macmillan's series. The telling of his story has been entrusted to Mrs. J. R. Green, the widow of the historian. How Mrs. Green helped her husband in his work is well known to all students of his writings, and she has brought to bear on this new task all that knowledge and grasp of the vital points in historical progress which distinguished her husband's work. We could wish that the volumes of this series had been issued in chronological order, and not in the apparently haphazard manner in which they are being put forth. But perhaps the individuality of each statesman is more clearly marked by the adoption of the publishers' plan.

For Musical People.

The title of Mr. Hamilton Clarke's "Manual of Orchestration" (Curwen) is somewhat misleading until explained by the sub-title. It is "designed especially to enable amateurs to follow intelligently the performance of orchestral music," and not, as some would imagine, to instruct students in the technicalities of orchestral composition. For the musical amateur, however, this is one of the most acceptable books we have seen of late, and we cordially commend the work to our readers. Dr. Henry Fisher, in the book before us entitled "The Musical Profession" (same publisher), gives valuable information and advice to all who are desirous of entering upon what we have always understood to be one of the most precarious and anxious of callings. Dr. Fisher proves conclusively that the status of the professional musician is not at present what it should be; but there is no doubt that it will be improved by the infusion of a better-educated class of persons. This readable little work contains much that is interesting to all musical people, whether professional or amateur.



WE are now able to announce the Award in the Knitting Section of the Domestic Course, opened in our May Number. The Stockings received were of an unusually high order of merit, as will be seen from the large proportion of Honour Certificates awarded in the Pass List which is published this month. The Stockings have been distributed among the children at the Princess Louise Home, and we have no doubt they will be much appreciated during the coming winter months.

We have not yet been able to complete our arrangements for a new Term; but we would remind our Undergraduates that the Patch-work Competition, announced in our February Number, closes on September 3, and when this, the last Competition of the present Course, is decided, we shall be in a better position to make a fresh start.

All Undergraduates who claim Certificates of Graduation, under the rules published in our December Number, must send in to the Editor, as early as possible, the dates of the awards on which they base their claims, and the certificates will then be made up, and the list of Graduates published as soon as possible. Each application must be accompanied by a fully-addressed label and two penny stamps, to pay the cost of postage and roller.

PASS LISTS. DOMESTIC COURSE (MAY PORTION).

The successful candidates may have their Certificates posted to them on their sending to the Editor a fully-addressed label, together with two penny postage stamps, to defray cost of postage and roller. The Editor cannot be responsible for loss or damage to Certificates in the post.

KNITTED WOOLLEN STOCKINGS.

THE PRIZE of One Guinea is awarded to Mrs. EMMA TURNER, 15, Liverpool Road, Newcastle, Staffordshire; and Special Commendation, with Certificates of Honour, to

Name.	*Address.*	*Name.*	*Address.*
Bassett, Lizzie	Longton.	Phillips, M.S.	Limerick.
Lawlor, Mrs.	Ballymena.	Souter, Annie	Elgin, N.B.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR.

Bashall, M. Eisie	Kensington, W.	Mackie, Mary I.	Leith, N.B.
Cardwell, Alice	Blackpool.	Moses, Ellen	Harmston.
Carr, Elizabeth M.	Birmingham.	Pedder, C.	Bath.
Carr, Frances A.	Birmingham.	Perks, Alice K.	Stourbridge.
Chaffey, Jessie	Crewkerne.	Perks, Rosalie E.	Reigate.
Christie, Isabella G.	Walsall.	Pickering, A. E.	Torquay.
Cooper, Miss	Ravelston Park.	Powell, Mary A.	Hayling Island.
Cooper, M. Maud M.	Market Rasen.	Rowbotham, S.	Bowes, Darlington.
Crocker, Annie M.	Bournemouth.	Shepherd, E.	Bridgwater.
Dick, Agnes C.	Langside.	Stevens, Nellie	Leighton Buzzard.
Elsy, Elizabeth A.	Attleborough.	Shillington, L.	Keith, N.B.
Fearon, H. J.	Hull.	Thompson, Fanny	Middleton.
Fisher, Emily	Seaton.	Tomson, M.	St. Neots.
Gould, M. I.	Barnstaple.	Waddilove, Agnes M.	Bayswater.
Hazell, Ada K.	Farnham.	Walker, Frances	Long Ditton.
Hiscock, A.	Holloway, N.	Weston, E. L.	Leighton Buzzard.
Hogg, Grace	Tulse Hill, S.W.	Wood, Emma	Leicester.
Lailey, Elizabeth N.	Swansea.	Wrighley, Alice	Hooley Hill.
Laird, Margaret R.	Forfar, N.B.	Young, Mrs. Wm.	Sutton, Surrey.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

Blanthorne, Annie E.	Birmingham.	Lloyd, Emily J.	Cardiff.
Bleby, Florence E.	Calne.	Mellor, L. M.	Hungerford.
Boucher, Emma	Taunton.	Scarlett, Alice	Piccadilly, W
Bryant, Lizzie	Manchester.	Stone, Ellen	Taunton.
Campkin, Mrs. J.	Royston.	Sturges, G.	Bolton.
Craig, Margaret	Peterborough.	Thornham, Clara	Hull.
Duncombe. Emily C.	Eaton Square, S.W.	Trafford, Lizzie	Abingdon.
Griffith, Adeline J.	Sutton, Surrey.	Tupman, A. M.	Ripon.
Henry, Mrs.	Brentwood.	Valinder, Ellen	Maidstone.
Hockley, A. E. M.	Tiverton.	Waddilove, Edith L.	Bayswater.
Huthwaite, Emma	Northallerton.	Waddilove, Isabel B.	Bayswater.
Kerr, Ellen K.	Margate.		

N.B.—We regret that it is quite impossible to reply to any inquiries respecting unsuccessful efforts.—ED.

COMRADES ONCE.

By THOMAS KEYWORTH, Author of "Mistress June," "A Treacherous Calm," &c.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

A LONG SILENCE IS BROKEN.

WHENEVER Spence Norland was troubled or disappointed, his thoughts turned to the loom which he had forsaken for more ambitious pursuits, and he was inclined to blame himself for having attempted to leave the manner of life with which his father and grandfather had been satisfied.

In the days when he was studying for the Norland Scholarship, if he felt discouraged by anything which he heard about Hilda and Caster, he was ready to say that he doubted whether, after all, he was adapted for the mental strain which a collegiate training would involve. To Philip Gledwin he said at that time—

"I have heard and read about men who did a hard day's work at the loom, or something quite as difficult, perhaps more difficult, and then they rested themselves for hours with studying languages and mathematics. But it is not rest in my case; it is real labour. I enjoy reading, if the reading is of my own choosing, but this continual effort of the mind is worse than carrying great weights, or walking long distances. I am afraid I am not cut out for it."

Philip had always been willing to believe Spence's statements, but he reserved to himself the privilege of rejecting his conclusions. It was possible that Spence found the pursuit of knowledge very difficult, but Philip would not acknowledge that there was any calling of life for which he might not qualify himself.

Spence often thought about Philip's cheering and strengthening words after the quarrel with Arthur Claxton; and he wished he could see him and pour out his tale of anxiety and disappointment. The two friends had not met since Spence went to College and Philip started so suddenly for London. At first they wrote to each other frequently, but afterwards their correspondence was more irregular, though there was no falling off in mutual regard.

"I have a good mind to go and see Philip Gledwin," Spence said to his grandmother, the day after he left the Mills.

Tears sprang to her eyes at once, and she replied—

"If you go to London, my dear, we shall see you no more, or only seldom. The women have often said you would go to London, and that you ought to go there. It may be wrong for me to try to hinder you, but I cannot help my feelings. We should be dreadfully lonesome if you went away. Perhaps Arthur Claxton will send for you when he sees how wrong he is, and I should be sorry if you were not within reach. Abel Claxton was a passionate man, too, but he always came round."

Then she told about the time when Christine was married, and about Abel's rage when Thew Norland said he should go with her to the church.

"But he was back again the next day, as if nothing had happened. Men who flame up quickly are not the worst of men to live with; though I never had much to do with them, for your grandfather always said a bad temper is not worth board and lodgings, and I never saw him put out much with things about him. If he ever became very angry, it was when he read about poor people's wrongs—slaves and such-like; or when there was a war, and nations had to suffer for nothing except that bad men might show their badness. Your grandfather was often angry then, but that kind of anger does not upset a house, or make a family uncomfortable."

Spence did not think Arthur Claxton would relent, but he postponed his projected visit to London, and in order that he might occupy his time, he took his place at the loom again.

A doorway had been made in the partition wall which separated the two cottages, so that it was possible to pass from one to the other without going out of doors. As Spence worked at the loom, he could see the cottage where Abel Claxton was born; it was just across the narrow alley which was called Grew Corner. Many painful and perplexing thoughts passed through his mind at that time, for he could not decide whether his life had been a failure or not.

Spence heard more about his mother in those days than he had ever heard before.

"Your mother was not a Mordene woman," Judith Norland said to her grandson. "Her father was a farmer over the moors, beyond Bleakstone. When your father was a young fellow, he was fond of rambling about the country, and gathering plants. Your grandfather encouraged him in it, and many a long talk those two had by the fireside, about things which were growing in places which very few people went to. Your father was the quietest child I had, but he was not always as he is now. He did not mix much with the lads and lasses about here; he always seemed to be happiest when he was talking to your grandfather about flowers and grasses and little things which grew in moorland pools. There was a farmhouse beyond Bleakstone, as I said, and your father often called there for a drink of milk, and that is where he met your mother, for she was the farmer's daughter. If I were you, Spence, I would go some day and look at the place; some of your mother's people live there still, and they would be glad to see you. It is well enough to weave a bit when you feel inclined, but do

not stick to the loom as if you meant to work at it always."

The old woman was proud of her College-trained grandson, and she did not like to think that everything which he had striven for had been wasted, though she was comforted by his presence.

"Mordeners always were great talkers," she continued, "and I suppose they always will be; but I never knew them have so much to say as when your father got married. They had all set him down for an old bachelor, and were almost offended when he upset what they had reckoned on. That is always what meddlesome people do. They say what will happen to you, and if you think well to act differently, they blame you for being inconsistent. I was pleased to see your mother when she came, dear; for she had the sweetest, gentlest ways in the world. Annice Gledwin often reminded me of her, only that Annice was younger, and a bit different in many ways. Your father has never smiled since your mother died, and he will never smile again, I know, unless it is just before he dies. He will smile then, I feel sure."

Those last words were spoken in a low and solemn tone, and they impressed Spence all the more because he could hear the steady working of his father's loom, and he knew that the reticent man was silent with sorrow.

"It is a saying that the Norlands only love once," Judith continued.

Then Spence must have blushed, for his grandmother looked surprised, and she changed the subject. But afterwards she pondered the matter over, and asked herself what it meant. She did not for a moment suspect that Spence was in love with Hilda Travis, but she had often asked herself whether he ever cared for Annice Gledwin.

"It is strange that Philip took Annice away," she murmured. "I never could understand it; and Henry knows no more about it than I do, though he saw them off."

That conversation between Spence and his grandmother led to the next great change in Spence's life. He resolved that he would pay a visit to the moorland farm where his mother's early years had been spent. He received the necessary instructions from his father, who was strangely moved when Spence mentioned his purpose.

"You might come with me, father," Spence said; "it would do you good, and I would rather have company."

"Do go, Henry," said Judith. "You have not seen the place since——"

She did not finish the sentence, but her son understood her; and he allowed himself to be prevailed on to take a holiday and visit the scenes of his happiness in the years when he, like Spence, was young.

The maiden name of Henry's wife was Spence, and the farm where she was born was called Spence's Nook. Very little conversation passed between father and son. Each had his own thoughts, and the journey did not seem long or tedious. A Spence still occupied the farm, but he was a cousin of Miriam, as Henry Norland's wife was called. The visitors were made welcome, and were introduced to Mr. Parkinson, who was related to the family, and was on a visit for a few days, "breathing real air," he said, and not the questionable mixture which had to do service in Milltown. Mr. Parkinson was an elderly man, but it was evident that Milltown had not disagreed with him much, for though he said he had lived there forty years, yet he was bright and healthy. Spence soon learnt that Mr. Parkinson was the chief proprietor of the *Milltown Daily Post*. Mr. Parkinson soon learnt that Spence had been a student at the County College, and that he was well acquainted with the trades of the district; and an invitation was given for him to call at the office of the paper in Milltown on the following Tuesday, as there was about to be a vacancy on the staff, and a cultured man with commercial knowledge was just what Mr. Parkinson wanted.

Spence went, according to arrangement, and accepted the offer which Mr. Parkinson made, and it was soon known in Mordene that he intended to settle at Milltown.

It was not his intention, however, to forsake his old home altogether, so he arranged to return each week-end, and spend the Sunday at Grew Corner. There were various rumours about the kind of occupation which he had found, but the general opinion seemed to be that at the best it was nothing more than making the best of a bad job.

Spence worked steadily in his new sphere, but he was not happy. A feeling of despair settled upon his heart, and he could not think about Hilda except as one whom he had loved and lost. But he wanted her to know all about it. She might be no better for knowing. How could she be any worse? He had loved her since she was a child, when in her own artless manner she said, "Spence is good," and when his young ambition was quickened to achieve something which would make him worthy of her affection. He had done his best, but circumstances had not been favourable, and he seemed likely to bear with him through life a crippled heart and soul, as some of the outspoken neighbours said his father did.

One Saturday afternoon he returned from Milltown earlier than he expected, and without definite plan or purpose he wandered towards the churchyard; and he entered the sacred enclosure, where the mother whom he had never known was buried. After standing for awhile near the grave, he went to the monument which had been erected to the memory of his grandfather and Abel Claxton.

"I am afraid we have all deteriorated in our own way," he murmured. "I shall never be the kind of man my grandfather was. Then there are Arthur Claxton and Caster to illustrate what Abel's descendants are capable of becoming." He did not care to think about Hilda in connection with this condemnation. But her image, as a disturbing presence, was upon the background of his thoughts, and it seemed to condemn his misanthropy.

He had seen very little of Hilda or her mother

since his quarrel with Arthur Claxton, and he did not know what view they took of the circumstances which led to his leaving the Mills and betaking himself to journalism. He had not heard full particulars about Arthur's statements, and did not know how far his good name had been soiled by what he could not help calling the mean malignity of his late employer; for he was aware that Arthur had spoken bitterly.

"Arthur Claxton has told his own story," Spence continued, giving half utterance to his thoughts; "and one side is always good until the other side is heard. Will the other side ever be heard? Must I be misunderstood and blamed, because an overbearing man attempted to treat me as if I had no rights to maintain? 'Comrades Once.' What would Abel Claxton and my grandfather say about it all? My grandfather always said that Abel Claxton had built up his fortune on a foundation of strict integrity. I believe he did, too. Poor grandfather, how manly he was, and how happy! I might have done worse than stick to the loom."

Somebody was approaching in an undecided manner. It was Hilda. The monument had hidden Spence from her view until she had advanced too far to retreat, even if she desired to do so. Neither herself nor her mother had believed the worst which Arthur Claxton said about Spence, but they were both perplexed by statements and rumours which had not been satisfactorily contradicted. If Hilda could have escaped without appearing to be unkind, it would have pleased her to do so; but, under the circumstances, the thought of turning away from her old playfellow never seriously entered her mind. She wanted him to see her before she drew any nearer, because her position was peculiar; but he was plunged in thought, and did not see her until she stood beside the monument.

"'Comrades Once,'" she heard Spence say, in a low, sad voice.

She knew, or thought she knew, that he was referring to their grandfathers; but if his words had been purposely addressed to her, and if they had referred to the early friendship of two children, who were happy with books and playthings in Thew Norland's loom-house, they would have been quite as appropriate. She knew then, as she had never known before, that she cared more for Spence than for anybody else. She had missed him since he ceased to visit at the Knoll; but other feelings, besides that of regret, had hidden from her this great fact, which forced itself upon her like a new revelation.

When Spence saw her, he was more embarrassed than she was, but he raised his hat and held out his hand in the old way; he had not time to consider in what relation they stood to each other.

"Pardon me, Hilda," he said; "I did not see you. I must have been in what my grandfather called a black study. Do you remember he called some states of abstraction too dark to be designated brown?"

"I had forgotten," replied Hilda, with a smile; "but you did seem to be dreadfully unconscious of everybody and everything."

After the first greetings were over it became difficult to continue the conversation. Hilda was thinking about her uncle's boisterous remarks, in which charges of ingratitude and suggestions of incompetence were recklessly and indefinitely mingled together; she was also thinking about that piece of self-revelation which had just come to her, and she would rather have been alone at the moment, if it had been possible. Spence was wondering what Hilda thought about his quarrel with her uncle, and he was undecided whether to mention the subject or not.

"I was thinking about our grandfathers, Hilda," he said. "How fond they were of each other! Circumstances never seemed to change their mutual esteem and affection. But their descendants have fallen on evil times."

Hilda understood what he meant, but she scarcely knew what to say.

"My uncle has been very much harassed of late," she replied. "I am afraid he is over-working himself. Mother and myself were both sorry when we heard about the misunderstanding between you and him."

"It was not a misunderstanding," Spence said. "It was the opposite of that. I had to remind your uncle that he was forgetting how he ought to treat me, when the disturbance arose. But I will not enter upon that. I was regretting a few minutes ago that I ever left the loom and sought to improve my position by means of that Scholarship."

"Do not say that, Spence," Hilda exclaimed. "It was your duty to act as you did."

"Hilda, I will tell you, once for all, why I did it, and then you may despise me or hate me, just as you think well. I did it because I loved you, and, like a fool, but a fond fool, I imagined that I could bridge over the social difference between us, and win for myself a place from which I might, without presumption, tell you of my life-long dream. The hope before me was never very bright, but it was hope, and it kept me from despair. I have in safe keeping every scrap of paper and every childish plaything you ever left behind you at Grew Corner, and I shall keep them as long as I live; you must not begrudge me that poor pleasure. I could not rest without telling you this. It is my penance, I suppose. You must not think me ungrateful because I have not called at the Knoll lately. I would rather you thought me unworthy to do so than that; and yet I am as worthy as ever I was. Your uncle knows that, though I am afraid he has spoken cruel and unwarrantable words."

What could Hilda say? It was impossible to deny the charge which Spence made. She could only assure him that her mother and herself did not doubt his good wishes. But this other matter—this life-long dream—this love! Caster had been very attentive to her of late, and he had also spoken about a life-long dream, or something of the kind, and she had taken time to think about the subject before answering him. At first she had rejected him, but he had pleaded in such an unexpected manner that she could not refuse to take time before she finally answered him. Her mother would not advise her

either way. "Act for yourself—I did," was all the counsel which Christine would give. Spence had loved her always! Why, there had never been anybody like Spence. But she could not tell him so; and the emotions of her heart, all except the wondering joy, marked themselves upon her features; amazement and pain seemed written there. Spence read only what was unfavourable, and his heart sank within him.

"Good-bye, Hilda," he said; "I do not like to leave my father and grandmother, or I should go to London, where so many have gone seeking fortune before me. They tell me at Milltown that I ought to succeed in journalism, because I know more about the trades of the district than most newspaper men. Knowledge of trade seems to be my chief recommendation to literature."

Hilda took his outstretched hand, and murmured something which he could not hear. In a moment she was alone, and blinding tears filled her eyes. Oh, it was sad that so much should come upon her at once: this strange story of love, and then farewell! Why had she not seen the truth sooner? Why had not Spence told her? Then she had to return home, and she knew that Caster would be awaiting her.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

THE FORGED CHEQUES.

IT was the Saturday after Spence's interview with Hilda in the churchyard that the paragraph appeared in the *Weekly Courier* which produced so much commotion among Mordene people, wherever it was seen. Something had been said already about dishonesty, in connection with Spence's dismissal from the Mills, as it pleased a few persons to describe what had taken place. There was also a vague rumour about cheques, but this might be nothing but the "natural increase" which Mordeners expected to take place in any story which passed from mouth to mouth. It was different, however, when a statement was given in the *Courier*, like the one contained in the famous paragraph. Spence had heard about charges made by Arthur Claxton, which the circumstances did not justify; but he was puzzled whether to blame Arthur's powers of misrepresentation, or the perverse exaggerations of the gossips. Then he remembered a remark which his grandfather had often made: "We sometimes try to discover which of two conflicting statements is true, when perhaps each of them is wholly or partly false."

Spence was willing to let the bad words die out, as he thought they would in time; but when he saw the printed statement, he felt that something must be done. He had hurried to the station at Milltown, that he might again catch an early train; and he intended to go to the churchyard, with the hope that Hilda would perhaps be there, as she was on the previous Saturday. Words which he had read in Shelley kept floating through his mind —

> "The desire of a moth for a star,
> Of the night for the morrow,
> The devotion to something afar
> From the sphere of our sorrow."

"Just my position," he said to himself.

Then he was interrupted by Maddox Tatterway, for whom he had no fondness. But what Maddox said about the *Weekly Courier* caused him to purchase a copy at the railway station, and he took the train to Topside, instead of waiting for the next one to Mordene.

Sometimes when Spence was in great perplexity he put to himself the question—

"How would my grandfather have acted under these circumstances?"

If he could frame a satisfactory answer to his own inquiry, he endeavoured to carry out the plan which was suggested to him.

When he stood in the churchyard, and read the inscription, he tried to imagine what course Thew Norland would have pursued in a position like that.

"I think he would have seen Arthur Claxton," Spence said; "and that is what I will do."

Without delay he directed his steps towards the Mills. The workpeople had gone home, and everything was quiet; but he knew that Arthur often stayed late on Saturday afternoons, and he hoped to find him in his office.

There was not a more unhappy man in Mordene than Arthur was that afternoon. He was over-worked and he was uneasy in his mind. The speculation in "Golconda" was not prospering as he had expected it would, and yet he could not withdraw from the position which he had taken up. A simile which his father was fond of using occurred to his mind: "It is not very difficult to seize a rat by the tail, but it may be very difficult to loose its mouth." Arthur seemed to have taken the rat's tail, and the rat's teeth were in his fingers. He missed Spence Norland more than he expected to do, and blamed the pride of the young upstart for what had taken place. But Arthur had a feeling that Spence had schemed to bring about the dispute, that he might have an excuse for leaving.

"It was not Norland fashion," he said; "but fashions change."

Spence entered by the small door in the gate, which he knew well, and was crossing the yard towards the offices, when he saw Arthur Claxton approaching him.

It was an awkward meeting, and Spence felt that he would rather have said what he had to say in the office.

"I want to see you, Mr. Arthur," said Spence.

"Stare away, then," was the reply. "I am big enough to be seen, especially in broad daylight."

"I would rather say what I have to say inside."

"Thou'lt have to say it here," Arthur growled, "if thou does say it. But it strikes me the less thou says the less thou'lt sigh afterwards."

Spence felt his blood rising, but he controlled himself, and said—

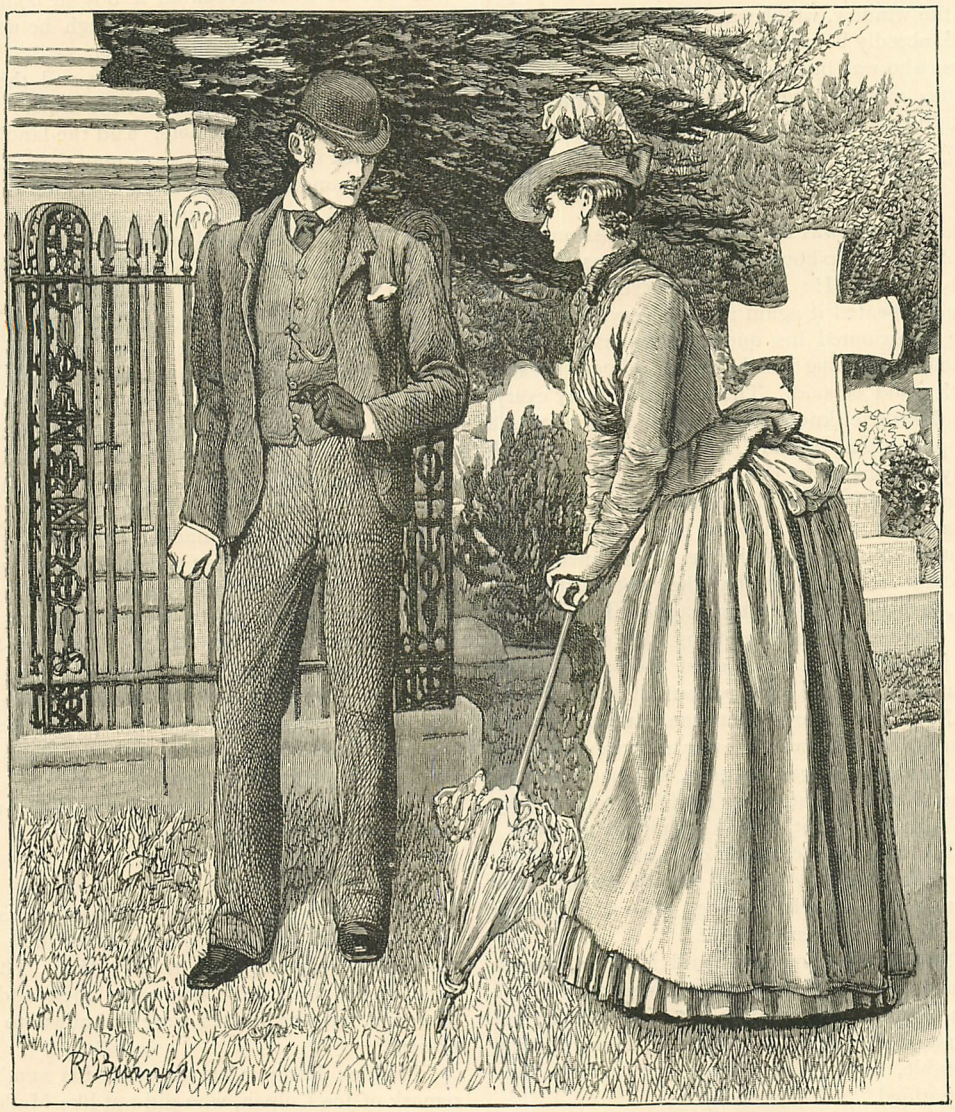
"I came as much for your sake as mine. Some contemptible scoundrel has caused a paragraph to be put in the paper, which clearly points to me. It hints that I was discharged for misconduct, and that I have been guilty of robbery and forgery. You know there

is not a word of truth in it, and I called to ask you what you think ought to be done to put matters right."

Arthur stared at Spence as if he could scarcely believe his ears.

"Some contemptible scoundrel!" he hissed.

Arthur looked once as if he was about to attack Spence; but the younger man was watching him closely; and even a man in a violent passion like Arthur Claxton could see that nothing was to be gained by an enterprise like that.



"HE DID NOT SEE HER UNTIL SHE STOOD BESIDE THE MONUMENT" (*p.* 643).

"Some low, libellous blackguard," Spence said. "Whoever he is, he ought to be made a public example of."

"Look here, my lad," replied Arthur; "take thyself off, while thou art safe. I don't want to take the law into my own hands. Whether thou was discharged or not, the cheques were stolen, and my name was forged. Some of the cheques have been paid, too; more's the pity. But I shall bottom it, depend on that."

"Now, march," said Arthur; "and if I see thee on these premises again, I will have thee thrown into the mill-pond."

"You will not see me here again," Spence replied. "I came with peaceful intentions to have a wrong put right, and now I must take other steps. You know as well as I do that it is a trumped-up case, and the *Courier* will have to say so next week."

Spence stood for a minute to hear what Arthur

would say, and there was that peculiar expression on his face which showed itself for the first time during the dispute in the office.

Arthur said nothing, so Spence turned away, and left him standing there.

This interview had taken place near one of the engine-rooms ; and when both Spence and Arthur had disappeared, a head was very cautiously put through the window, which was open at the top. The head undoubtedly belonged to Joe Culpan, one of the engineers, who was busy among the machinery, cleaning, oiling, and putting everything to rights. The foremost thought in Joe's mind at the moment was that he would have something to tell the men at the "Tyke's Rest," which would make them open their eyes.

That night there was an animated discussion in the parlour of the public-house, and Culpan was the hero of the occasion. He repeated everything he had heard, and repeated it again ; then everybody in the company contributed his quota of remarks, until it seemed that everything had been said about the subject which could be said. The next day nearly everybody in Mordene knew about it, and there was a general opinion that Arthur Claxton intended to crush his enemy by hook or by crook.

On Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, Joe Culpan was still a hero, but on Wednesday night another topic was wanted at the public-house. The men there talked so fast and so much that they soon exhausted a subject, and therefore it often happened that when ordinary Mordeners were enjoying the details of a scandal, it had ceased to interest the special luminaries who shone in the back parlour of the "Tyke's Rest." Even the quarrel between Arthur Claxton and Spence Norland, and the awkward circumstances connected with the forged cheques, had become stale news when Maddox Tatterway made his appearance on the Wednesday night, after a fortnight's absence.

"Maddox has been carrying on," was the spontaneous remark made by several people when it was noticed that the ex-schoolmaster showed signs of unusual indulgence, even for him.

"I shall treat the company," said Maddox, almost immediately, "and it shall be rum-punch. There will be no contribution required on my behalf ; but for all that, if Hamlet's Soliloquy, in French, would be acceptable, make your wishes known, and they shall be gratified."

Tremendous applause greeted this suggestion.

Practical jokes were of nightly occurrence, and nobody was spared ; but the novel position of Maddox as the paymaster of the party, and his readiness to give learned displays for nothing, seemed to take everybody by surprise, and the recitation was listened to with admiration until Maddox stopped, and began to denounce education ; then he burst into tears and sat down ; he rested his head on his arms, and was soon asleep. In his hand were several papers which he had referred to as money, and when the punch was brought in, the landlord wanted to be paid for it. Anybody else would have been trusted, but Maddox had no credit. The drunken man was aroused, and he threw the papers on the table, saying, "Take the money out of that," and immediately went to sleep again. An old pocket-book from which he had taken the papers fell upon the floor.

"It strikes me that Maddox has got that big fortune his father used to talk about," said Sam Sneeseby, who was as mischievous as a boy in company, and always ready for a bit of fun, though he was said to be as dull as a dark night at home.

Sam picked up the pocket-book, and the landlord began to examine the papers on the table.

"This is a five-pound note," said the landlord.

"Maddox is a rich man, you may depend upon it," Sam exclaimed. "Old Snape Tatterway always talked about a lot of money that was waiting for him somewhere. You may depend upon it, Maddox has been able to get it. Scholarship has done it, as sure as fate."

There was not a man present who would not have examined the pocket-book if he had been in Sam's place. Under ordinary circumstances, Maddox was always ready to join in a bit of jollity, as he called it, however objectionable the jollity might seem to right-minded people. Emptying a man's pockets, and then filling them with sawdust or sand, was a common practice at the "Tyke's Rest," if there happened to be a case of drunkenness sufficiently pronounced to enable this to be done without the victim knowing anything about it. Nobody was surprised, therefore, when Sam proceeded to examine the contents of the battered old pocket-book. The landlord took the bank note, and went for change ; some members of the company opened the papers which Maddox had thrown upon the table, the punch was served out, and there was a general opinion that everybody was enjoying a first-rate time.

"These are characters," said one of the men, who had opened an envelope containing several sheets of note paper.

"Read them," was the cry.

The letters were read, much to the amusement of the company ; for Maddox was described as sober, industrious, honest, and trustworthy. The letters were signed by people who gave their addresses in Mordene, but the names were unknown to the men present.

"Maddox has put 'em together his sen," was the remark of Joe Culpan, who did not like Maddox.

"Capital!" exclaimed the others. "If you want a good character, make one."

"I think these are chiefly old love-letters," said Sam Sneeseby, placing the papers back in the pocket-book. "It's no good reading them."

If he had said it would be well to read them, all the company would have agreed with him ; but when he expressed the contrary opinion, the men thought the same. The testimonials were handed to him that he might put them back in the pocket-book ; this he did, and then he thrust the book into Maddox's pocket, who was still fast asleep.

Not long afterwards, Sam gave a sign to Joe Culpan

and left the room. Joe followed him almost immediately.

"Joe, what does thou think there is in that pocket-book of Maddox Tatterway's?" Sam asked, in a low voice, when the two were together in the street.

"I donnot know," replied Joe, "unless it's what thou said—love-letters and such-like."

"I believe there's one of them forged cheques in, that thou heard so much about just lately," Sam whispered. "That's the thought that struck me when I saw it. It is made out to somebody or other, not Maddox, and it's signed 'Arthur Claxton.' Does thou think Mester Arthur ought to know? There's another queer paper, too. Ought he to know?"

"I should say so," was Joe's answer.

"Then thee go back and keep things a bit lively," said Sam. "If anybody misses me, say I hope to be back before shutting-up time. Mester Arthur's at th' Mills till all hours o' th' neet, and I dare say I shall find him."

Joe returned to the back parlour of the "Tyke's Rest," and Sam went on his errand.

Maddox was awoke that he might be told how good the punch was, and how soon it had disappeared. He ordered another bowl, and denied that he had been asleep. It was not customary to contradict a man who was standing treat, and therefore the company cheered him, and called him a wakeful old bird.

Not long afterwards the landlord entered the parlour, and told Maddox that he was wanted for a minute. Maddox declared that he would not stir, but the landlord persuaded him to leave the room.

Somebody came in soon after and told the men that Mr. Arthur Claxton was in the "Snug" with Maddox Tatterway, and that a policeman had been sent for.

The thoughts of the company turned to the five-pound note at once. Had Maddox stolen it? "We have had that punch," said one, "and whatever happens to Maddox, nobody can say we haven't." This gave rise to considerable mirth, but an uneasy feeling pervaded the company.

The interview between Arthur Claxton and Maddox lasted a long time. A policeman came, and waited patiently in the passage until his services might be required.

If the landlord had permitted it, the passage would have been crowded with people, so anxious was everybody to be near the door of the "Snug." But that was not good for business, besides having an unseemly appearance.

"A policeman can do a lot of things," the landlord said, "and among others he can keep chaps quiet."

No hint was given about the welfare of the house requiring that orders for pots and glasses should be issued in the usual brisk style, but the result was attained without direct reference on the landlord's part. Men went into the tap-room, and into other parts of the establishment, where they could be within easy reach of the "Snug" door. The policeman stood like a man who felt that much was expected from him, but that opportunities of distinguishing himself were being kept in abeyance. He was there, however, his look seemed to say, either to maintain order among those who were impatient to see what would happen, or to prove his ability to cope with any special difficulties which might be at hand. He had been sent for in the name of Mr. Arthur Claxton, the great man of Mordene, and there were few things which he would not do to show his zeal in that gentleman's service. The company soon began to drift back again towards the passage, and one or two men who were on speaking terms with the policeman endeavoured to engage him in conversation, but his answers were so abrupt and enigmatical that they did not feel encouraged to pursue the task any further.

The door of the "Snug" opened at length, and Maddox Tatterway stepped forward with his head erect, and with as much dignity in his appearance as he could possibly assume.

"I rise like the phœnix from its ashes," he remarked, glancing round at the people, and addressing them in his usual manner. "If you are vain enough to desire information on that subject, I shall be at your service on some future occasion."

"It is all a mistake," said Arthur, making his appearance, and slipping something into the constable's hand. "Tatterway has explained everything in a satisfactory manner."

If he had said unsatisfactory manner it would have agreed better with his appearance, for he looked pale and haggard.

The policeman said nothing, but took his departure.

Soon afterwards Arthur and Maddox left the house together, and went towards the railway station.

The "Tyke's Rest" was busier than ever that night, and when Sam Sneeseby returned to the company in the back parlour, his friends told him that he had missed the fun; and they explained what had taken place in his absence.

Sam seemed quite surprised.

A few days afterwards Arthur Claxton took the opportunity of seeing Joe Culpan and Sam Sneeseby together, and he impressed upon them the desirability of nothing further being said about the discovery which had been made in Tatterway's pocket-book.

"You understand me," he said, looking fiercely at the two men. "You did perfectly right, Sneeseby, to let me know. But the subject must drop."

Both men promised readily to do as the master wished, and when he gave them a sovereign each, they were abundantly satisfied. They would have liked to tell this piece of news at the "Tyke's Rest," but they refrained. Joe Culpan was terrified lest Arthur should learn that he had overheard the conversation between him and Spence Norland.

In the *Weekly Courier* of the following Saturday there was a paragraph in large type expressing regret that, through a piece of oversight, a statement had been made the previous week which reflected unfavourably upon a gentleman who had the respect of everybody who knew him. The gentleman referred to was a credit to his native place, and a worthy representative of an honourable family.

"'HAVE YOU SEEN THIS?' HE ASKED" (*p.* 650).

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

A RUN ON THE BANK.

SPENCE NORLAND knew that Arthur Claxton was engaged in a life-and-death struggle to carry out his great speculation successfully. There were people in Milltown who shook their heads ominously, and predicted that he would burn his fingers. Others, however, who prided themselves on their ability to look beneath the surface, said that Claxton was too well backed up to come to any harm; and the names of eminent financiers were freely mentioned in connection with "Golconda." Coalville and Luton were known to be on intimate terms with Claxton; and with that ready method of calculation which some men use when talking about business in which they have no personal stake, the capital which could be commanded by the "Golconda corner," as it was called, was reckoned up in millions.

Spence would not talk about the subject, and in those columns of the *Daily Post* under his charge, no notice was taken of the struggle which was going on.

There had been several attempts made at various times to publish a satirical paper in Milltown; but either the Milltown people did not care for satire, or they were not satisfied with the specimens which were offered to them. Personality was the chief feature which writers had depended upon to make their articles readable, and it was found that the supply could only be maintained by holding up very obscure people to ridicule, or by giving prominence to the foibles of individuals who were known in very limited circles only. The result was that the comic papers,

as they were flatteringly designated, soon ran through their course and disappeared. But as soon as one expired another was announced ; either money was abundant or faith was strong. *Puck* was followed by *Quiz ;* and then came successively the *Watchman* and *Queen Mab.* After *Queen Mab* had gone back to the land of dreams, *Don Quixote* made its appearance, and this paper promised at the outset to guard against the glaring faults which had disfigured its predecessors. The motto at the head of the first page declared that its purpose was to "Right all wrongs, and wrong no rights." Sagacious people shook their heads, for they remembered that each new candidate for public favour had begun with unexceptional professions of pure motive and lofty purpose. "Th' texts has been reight enough," said some of the people, "but th' sarmons has been up to nowt." The new paper, however, soon began to show signs of having a definite purpose in view. An article appeared, which was to be the first of a series, on "Wolves in Sheep's Clothing, and What Becomes of the Sheep?"

"Wolves are not born in sheep's clothing," said the article, "and they do not find such garments growing upon trees. In all ages of the past, sheep have been slaughtered that ruthless monsters might have the opportunity of deceiving fresh victims, and in every case the victims have been devoured. It is our purpose to castigate these public enemies, and to warn the unwary of the fate in store for them if they put any confidence in the specious professions of those who live by deceit, and fatten upon the credulity of the simple."

That kind of writing would not have produced much effect in Milltown or the neighbourhood unless there had been something more definite. "It's all swagger," was what Milltown men said about general charges and vague sentences. "Let 'em hit the nail on the head, if they can, an' then we shall know they can do it. What's th' good o' bow-wowing about like a dog barking at his sen ?"

It soon became clear that the writer was hitting a nail on the head, and a number of people knew which nail was undergoing the process.

There were large mills not a thousand miles away from a county which was famous for the number of its acres. These mills had been built by a man who, by steady industry and perseverance, had overcome every difficulty and placed his business on a sure foundation. "But foundation is not everything," said the article. "Unless the superstructure is strong, it will fall into ruin. Madness to-day will bring scorn and contempt upon yesterday's wisdom. A long life of integrity may be succeeded in the next generation by unscrupulous scheming. There are men who ought to be called the pirates of commerce; they look upon property in the hands of others as a sufficient excuse for enmity, and they wage war against the whole world for the sake of plunder."

Then came a description of wild speculations. An attempt was being made to procure a monopoly. A well-established business was put in jeopardy that wild dreams might be fulfilled. There were confederates in the baleful enterprise—men who had already filled their pockets at the expense of a purblind public. That was not the worst. "Like pirates who compel their victims to walk the plank, the conspirators are contriving that the public shall provide the means by which the public may be undone." This led up to the subject of a bank which had been started, the funds of which were employed to paralyse the markets of the world as far as a certain nameless commodity was concerned. "Be warned, ye gullible mortals," the article concluded. "If this enterprise should succeed, the general public, yourselves among the rest, will suffer because of enhanced prices ; if the enterprise should fail, then it will mean ruin to some of you."

It was often boasted in Milltown and the district round that the men there were hard-headed, though Thew Norland often said that stiff-necked would be a better description. But they called themselves hard-headed, and laughed at mere sentiment. Nobody cared twopence for the opinion of the new satirical paper. Many people went as far as to say that the liberty of the press was being terribly abused, and "some of those fellows ought to be stopped." But the article was talked about, and there was a brisk demand for the paper. Copies were sent to friends, and before many days were over it was widely known in Milltown, in Longdale, and even in Mordene, that "something was wrong, or might be wrong, with the new bank."

Then a run set in. The small depositors began it, and were paid readily. This, it was thought, would restore confidence ; but the sight of men with their money safe made other men long to be in the same position. Before long there was a panic. Assistance was sought from other banks, and it was refused. There was nothing for it but to suspend payment ; only for a day or two, it was confidently asserted ; but there was a widespread feeling, freely expressed by those who had nothing to lose, that the "day or two would mount up to a tidy few before everybody was paid."

Arthur Claxton had overreached himself. As far as he could tell, and as far as anybody could tell, he was within sight of victory, when the run upon the bank began. In a few days more he would have been in a position which his father never dreamt of occupying. But the victory, if it had proved a victory, would have been purchased at a terrible cost. How great the price was which he staked, nobody knew but himself and Griffin, his brother-in-law, the bank manager. Luton did not know, Coalville did not know, and the other directors did not know. Not only had Arthur's account been enormously overdrawn, but all the security he could deposit had been used, and all the means which Griffin could employ, legitimately and otherwise, had been placed at his disposal. They were sure to win ; there was no doubt about it. One thing they never foresaw, and that was a run on the bank. But though they did not foresee it, yet they had in a jocular manner provided for any unforeseen hitch. Therefore, Arthur Claxton and Griffin dis-

appeared. They knew that the game was up, and they did not care to stay and face the consequences. They had seen the paper which caused the mischief almost as soon as anybody; for a copy had been sent by post to each of them. When Griffin read the article, he started for Mordene at once.

"Have you seen this?" he asked, when he reached the Mills, and found himself in Arthur's private office.

Arthur had a wild and haggard appearance, and he answered—

"What about the bank?"

"Pretty much as usual when I left."

"It's beastly bad," Arthur exclaimed. "I thought we had weathered the storm, and this contemptible stuff may spoil everything."

Then the two men had a whispered consultation, though nobody was in the room but themselves.

"There is nothing else for it," said Arthur, in conclusion. "If there's a run on the bank we must run. What we joked about will be real."

"Whoever wrote this?" Griffin asked, pointing to the paper.

"I know of two men who could write it," was the reply.

"Two men? Who?"

"Spence Norland and Maddox Tatterway."

Griffin wanted further explanation, but Arthur hurried him away.

Neither Arthur nor Griffin escaped before it was necessary. They declared that everything was right, and they condemned the fickleness of the public in very lofty language. But when there was no longer any doubt that confidence in the bank was shaken, they both disappeared, and left no trace behind.

An earthquake would not have caused greater consternation in Mordene. The life of the place depended on the Mills. About Grew Corner, and in the old parts of the village, other trades were carried on; but the Mordene which the outer world knew anything about was bound up with the Mills, and if they stopped, it was thought that the place would become a wilderness.

The gossips had something to talk about at last which was interesting to nearly everybody. Old Mrs. Norland heard the news, and wondered at the strange things which she had lived to see; her son Henry worked on as usual; but when Spence came home the grandmother said to him—

"People tell me the Claxtons will all be poor again. Surely it is not true!"

Spence could only answer that nobody knew.

The Claxtons were almost like Fate to many Mordeners, and when calamity came, as it did, through the misconduct of Arthur, there was a tendency on the part of not a few to regard it as inevitable, like bad weather and old age.

The Mills were stopped for a time. The affairs at the bank were in such a state of confusion, and the action of Arthur Claxton had bound up the finances of the bank and the Mills so closely, that outsiders could scarcely be blamed for thinking both concerns would be involved in complete ruin. But it was soon clear to the persons who were interested in the matter that it was madness to have the Mills standing empty, and to allow a profitable business to be scattered. Legal powers were obtained as soon as possible to carry on the Mills under official inspection.

Many of the workpeople, however, who lived only from hand to mouth, and who were plunged in poverty if they lost a week's wages, had already departed to seek employment in other places. So Mordene had a desolate appearance, even when the Mills commenced to run again.

There was a widespread notion that the article in *Don Quixote* which had brought about the trouble was the handiwork of Spence Norland, and the prevailing feeling was that he had acted unworthily, though he had doubtless suffered great provocation. Hilda and her mother, in the absence of evidence on the other side, thought that they owed their disasters to Spence's connection with journalism and his familiarity with Arthur Claxton's affairs.

"Disasters" was the word they used, because they knew that it was only a question of time, and they must leave the home they loved, and face the hard realities of poverty. Enough had been revealed to them to show that the liabilities which Arthur had incurred would require all the property to meet them, and even then there would be a serious deficit, for which men like Coalville and Luton would be held responsible.

"So much for partnership," said Christine. "My father acted for the best, but he made a great mistake when he put it in the power of a man like your uncle to scatter everything. If Arthur had been honest, he could not have done so. My father knew that he needed checking, but he never dreamt that deliberate fraud would be committed."

Hilda was perplexed amongst it all. The house in Grew Corner where her grandfather was born was her own, and she had some money which he had left her, so that she and her mother would not be rendered homeless and penniless, but the outlook was very dreary. All the partners had been in the habit of leaving as much money in the business as they could, because Arthur's constant cry was, "Capital; more capital;" therefore the one catastrophe had beggared the whole family. It was an odd fancy which caused Abel Claxton to leave the house in Grew Corner to Hilda. The place had been put into good repair, and it was occupied by an old couple who had lived in Grew Corner all their life.

"Do not take any rent for the cottage," Abel often said to Hilda. "I shall leave it to you out-and-out, and I shall leave you a few hundreds, not very much, mind you, because your mother will have her full share. We have not many poor relations, I think, but if you find one, let him live in that cottage, and let him live there for nothing."

Hilda knew of no poor relations, and she had tried to carry out the spirit of her grandfather's wish by allowing two old people who had known him in early life to enjoy the benefit of his bounty. The few hundreds were still intact, fortunately, for her mother had

insisted on keeping the cottage in repair without touching Hilda's money.

The outlook was dreary. After that interview with Spence, near the monument in Mordene Churchyard, Hilda had felt that she must tell Caster it was impossible for her to love him. But Caster had refused to receive her answer until the time which had been agreed upon.

"You cannot refuse that to a fellow," Caster said, "unless somebody else is wanting you."

There was nothing for it but to nurse her thoughts. She knew, however, that time would make no difference; her heart had spoken, and it was absolutely impossible that Caster Claxton could ever be anything to her but a cousin.

But before the appointed time for the answer came, the outlook was changed. Arthur had risked everything on a great venture, and had been defeated by unforeseen circumstances. It was more difficult to buy up "Golconda" than he ever anticipated. All his available resources, rightly and wrongly acquired, were not sufficient to affect the market as he intended. More money was wanted, but only for a short time, then the crisis would be past, the speculation triumphant, a great fortune cleared, all irregularities repaired, and the family placed in a front rank. The temptation was too great for him and Griffin. Similar things had been done before, and had succeeded. The fatal step was taken. Bonds deposited at the bank for security were used. Then came the run on the bank. Arthur and Griffin fled, and the family was left impoverished and disgraced.

The outlook was indeed dreary. People said that Spence Norland had revenged himself on Arthur for wrongs received. The revenge was complete, but it fell upon others besides the offender. It fell upon all the Claxtons, Caster among the rest. It fell upon Hilda and her mother. It fell also upon the Coalvilles, the Lutons, and many more.

Spence called at the Knoll after the flight of Arthur Claxton. He wished to sympathise with Christine and Hilda, and to offer his assistance, if he could possibly do anything. He did not know that his name was associated with the article which had wrought the mischief.

Christine sent a message that she and Hilda declined to see him.

Hilda did not speak when her mother ordered the servant to make that offensive communication. Silence appeared to be her only recourse, because she could think of nothing to say which would mend matters. If Spence had brought pain and loss upon a whole community for the sake of revenge, was he worthy of the love which she had begun to feel for him?

But Christine did not like silence when she was troubled, and she began to justify what she had done.

"Your Uncle Arthur has often said that I am not a Claxton," she remarked, "but I am sufficiently a Claxton to show what I think when traitors to the family want to keep my friendship."

Traitors to the family! Had it come to that?

"We are not sure that Spence did write the article which has made so much mischief," replied Hilda, in a tone which sounded like reproach. "If you had allowed him to come in, I should have asked him all about it. He may have written it; we cannot tell, but I should like to hear his own account of it."

Christine's first impulse was to charge Hilda with wanting to go over to the enemy. Good woman though she was, she had some difficulty in understanding that people might differ from her in opinion, and yet be acting honestly and wisely all the time. But when she saw how sad Hilda looked, and how much in her sorrow she resembled her dead father, the unkindly thoughts were crushed back silently into the heart, and those words of bitterness were not spoken. Then the mother felt sorry for what she had done. Had she become so much a Claxton in her zeal that she was not willing to sift the right from the wrong? It was too late, however; Spence had gone away.

Christine's sorrow, born of uncertainty, was as nothing compared with that which smote the person against whom her anger had been directed in the harsh message the servant had delivered. Spence could scarcely credit the testimony of his own senses. All the remembered past was contradicting that painful moment when he was, without ceremony or apology, refused admission at the Knoll. Could the milk of human kindness become so sour?

It seemed to him that whatever happened he was placed in an unfavourable position. He could not charge himself with having rejoiced in any way at the misfortunes which had overtaken the Claxton family; but the thought did strike him that at length all inequality was removed, and he might venture to look upon Hilda as he had never dared to look before—unless, indeed, she was pledged to Caster. That was the bitterest reflection of all.

"Mrs. Travis and Miss Travis decline to see you," was the bald statement which the servant made; and she appeared to enjoy her task, for she knew what people said.

Spence walked away, grieved and crushed. On his way to Grew Corner he met Hugh Lister, who said—

"Big sprat or little sprat, I mean to tell you what I think. If other men about here were of my opinion, they would go to the churchyard and upset that monument—'Comrades Once.' I never thought to see the day when Thew Norland's grandson would ruin Mordene."

Spence was about to speak, but Hugh Lister walked away, muttering something to himself.

Judith Norland, with the quick eye of affectionate solicitude, perceived that her grandson was in trouble when he returned home. She had no wish to pry into his secrets, but still it was impossible for her to restrain the consoling impulse which took possession of her. The rumours which were in circulation about the authorship of the famous article in *Don Quixote* had come to her ears, and although she

could not help feeling sorry at the trouble which had fallen upon Mordene, yet she was not prepared to lay the blame upon Spence. If he had done what was said, "he had smitten evil-doers;" thus she reasoned with herself.

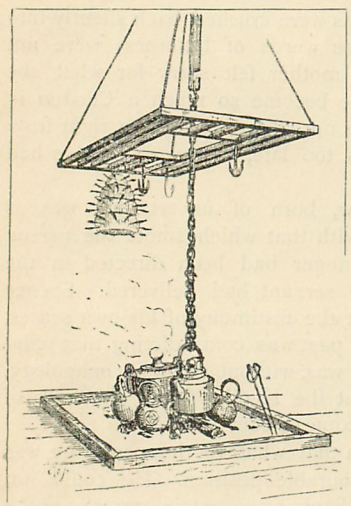
"You look sorrowful, my dear," she said, taking both his hands in hers.

"I called at the Knoll," he replied, "and they refused to see me."

"That is not a wise plan," Judith answered. "If they had anything to say, they ought to have said it. Your grandfather often told people that only some kinds of silence are golden."

END OF CHAPTER THE TENTH.

"JAPANESE HOMES AND THEIR SURROUNDINGS."



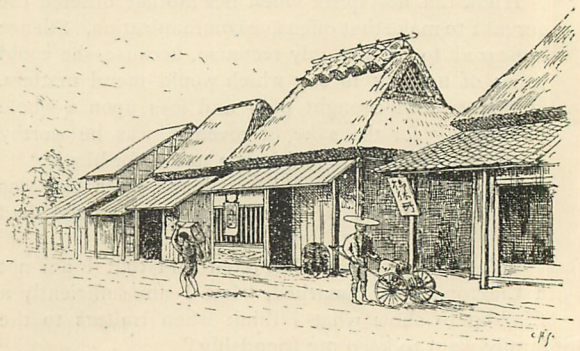
FIREPLACE IN COUNTRY HOUSE.

IT is not every inhabitant of England that has a full understanding of the way in which an English house is built; even professed builders seem sometimes to understand only imperfectly how it ought to be built. But any one that will be at the pains of reading Mr. Morse's "Japanese Homes and their Surroundings"* may gain a tolerably clear idea of the way in which a Japanese house is built, from the top to the bottom—one cannot say from the foundation to the chimney-pots, for a Japanese house has no foundation, except some large stones on which the stout posts supporting the heavy roof rest, and no chimney-pots, the smoke escaping through outlets of various shapes, sometimes at the ends of the main roof, sometimes at the end of a smaller roof projecting at right angles to the main one.

Japanese houses consist often of only one storey, and very seldom of more than two. They do not, of course, resemble one another exactly, any more than English houses do; but it may be said of them generally that they have no windows in our sense of the word, and sometimes no regular doors; but that they are always provided with a verandah before the lower storey, and, when they have a second storey, with a balcony. The front of the house, if one may say so, is generally at the back, no attempt being made to present an imposing appearance to the street; and while the roofs, thatched or tiled, are made strong and heavy, the walls are intentionally made light and weak.

"The Japanese house," says a learned writer on Japan, "lacks chiefly solidity and comfort." So far as comfort is concerned, this merely means that a European would be uncomfortable there, not that a Japanese is; but as to solidity, it is a fact that the Japanese do not even aim at making their houses substantial, as English houses are, or as, even when constructed by a "jerry-builder," they profess to be. The outer walls of an English house are always intended to be fixtures, and so far durable that when once put up they cannot be pulled down without sending for workmen; but among the Japanese two or more of the sides are not permanent walls, but are closed with sliding screens, which can be set up and taken down at the pleasure of the inmates. On a hot day, or when thorough ventilation is required, the whole side of a room can be opened to the outer air.

Of course, people who are not particular about having a permanent wall between their rooms and the outside world, do not care to have immovable partitions between one part of the house and another. Although in England rooms are occasionally parted from one another by a curtain or by folding doors, yet, as a general rule, they are separated by walls, which, however flimsy their construction may be, are fixtures, and cannot be taken away and replaced at will. But in Japan one room is commonly parted from the next merely by a screen—a framework of wood covered with paper, which runs in a shallow groove on the floor and a deeper groove on the ceiling: a plan which gives the inhabitants the power of adding to or decreasing the number of their apartments at their pleasure. Baron Nordenskjöld, the famous Arctic traveller, has recorded the surprise with which he woke up one morning at a Japanese inn in quite a small room, having gone to bed over-night in a very large one.



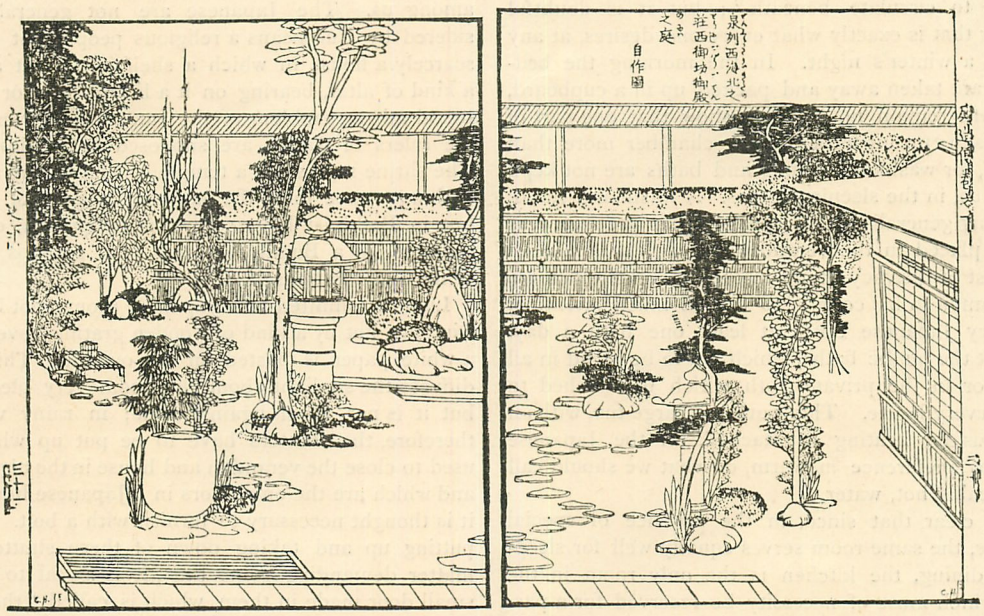
VILLAGE STREET IN NAGAIKE, YAMASHIRO.

* London: Sampson Low & Co., Limited.

A JAPANESE LADY.

See p. 652.

It has been suggested that the reason why the Japanese do not build their houses more solidly is that, in a land like theirs of continual earthquakes, it is not worth while spending a long time on rearing up a building which may be tumbled down again at any moment. But it is doubtful whether this explanation is a true one, for earthquakes violent enough to destroy a really strong building do not happen very often at any one place, and besides, the Japanese do in the first place, that the Japanese themselves are a smaller people than their English visitors, and, in the second, that an unfurnished room always looks much larger than one encumbered with furniture. Now the Japanese room is invariably, according to our notions, nearly unfurnished. An Englishman would consider it a very bare chamber which did not provide him with a single chair to sit down on; but the Japanese does not want even a single chair, for the simple



GARDEN OF A DAIMIO.

(*Reproduced from a Japanese work, "Chikusan Teizoden."*)

erect durable houses, which the English call "go-downs," for the protection of their property from loss or accident. The most common accident is by fire, to which the inflammable Japanese houses fall an easy prey, and by which large parts of the towns are continually being burnt down. On the approach of a conflagration, the prudent Japanese, as far as possible, pulls his house down, and takes away not only its contents but large parts of itself to the "go-down," which is a building thickly coated with fire-proof clay, very strong and substantial, but very seldom used as a home.

The floors of Japanese rooms are invariably carpeted with rush mats of very careful construction, some two or three inches thick, and about six feet long by three broad. As these mats are all of one pattern, the size of a room can be determined by the number of mats it contains, and it is described as a six-mat or twelve-mat room, as the case may be. Since the commonest rooms are either of six or of eight mats, and since an eight-mat room is only about twelve feet by twelve in extent, it will be seen that the rooms of a Japanese house, like the Japanese house itself, are generally small; but it must be remembered, reason that he never sits down, as we understand it, but prefers to rest upon his knees with his feet tucked under him, thus reposing comfortably upon the floor in an attitude which few Europeans could endure without agony for five minutes, and which, perhaps, could never be acquired by people accustomed to live, as we do, in boots. To come into a Japanese house with boots on, as ignorant or uncivil European visitors often do, is a worse breach of good manners than to enter an English house with a hat on. It is pointed out that the Japanese way of sitting has the advantage of keeping the feet warm; and this is an object which the Japanese, though they are a far from chilly people, must often find highly desirable, for Japan has a cold winter, against which the paper walls are but a poor protection, especially as they do not, of course, contain fireplaces. The Japanese fireplace is generally a portable brazier, made of bronze, porcelain, or wood, lined with clay, in which not coal, but charcoal ashes are burned. Sometimes, however, there is a clay-lined hole in the floor, containing a fire of the same kind.

People who do not sit on chairs, of course, require no tables; and in the absence of tables and chairs it

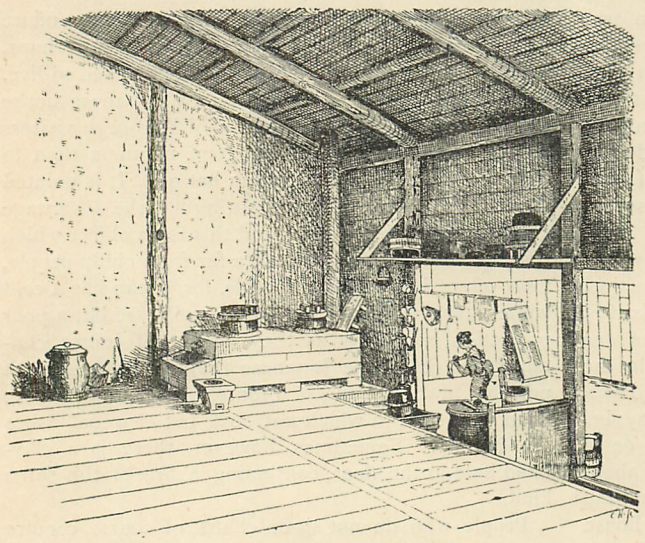
is not wonderful that the Japanese house, to the idea of a European, lacks comfort. Perhaps, however, even a dining-room without a table seems less dreary than a bed-room without a bed; yet bedsteads, at all events, are not essential to sleep, and the Japanese do without them. They sleep contentedly upon the mats under coverings of wadded shawls, and with their heads supported by little wooden pillows, which their European visitors find terribly uncomfortable. Mr. Morse, indeed, who is an enthusiast for Japanese manners, points out that "the neck is kept free for the air to circulate beneath"; but it is doubtful whether that is exactly what every one desires, at any rate on a winter's night. In the morning the bed-clothes are taken away and packed up in a cupboard, and there remain no signs to show that one part of the house is meant for a sleeping-chamber more than another, for washhand-stands and baths are not kept, as with us, in the sleeping-rooms. A washhand-stand, consisting generally of a wooden bucket and scoop, is always placed in the verandah, for a Japanese does not insist on privacy at his ablutions. Ablutions are too common in his country to attract much attention, for every Japanese takes at least one bath a day, either at the public baths, which are to be found in all towns, or in the private bath which is attached to almost every house. This bath is a large tub, with an apparatus for heating it attached, for the Japanese bathe by preference in warm, or what we should call disagreeably hot, water.

It is clear that since, in the absence of special furniture, the same room serves equally well for sleeping or dining, the kitchen is the only room in the house which must of necessity be reserved for a particular use. It is also clear that as the rooms are carpeted with oblong mats, and enclosed chiefly by thin screens, they must be, as a rule, of square or oblong shape, and without recesses. It is, however, usual for the best room to have a recess, situated in that one of the sides which is a permanent wall. This recess generally consists of two parts: one containing a cupboard, in which the bedding is stored during the daytime, while the other, called the "tokonoma," is reserved for purposes of ornament. It is raised slightly above the general level of the floor, and is always decorated with a flower-vase, and also with a picture, which, in a house well supplied with works of art, has to take its turn with the other pictures. Sometimes, instead of a picture, a Chinese motto or maxim is hung up, as a text from the Bible might be among us. The Japanese are not generally considered by Europeans a religious people, but there is scarcely a house in which a shelf is not set apart as a kind of altar, bearing on it a little shrine or a small round mirror, emblem of the sun-goddess from whom the rulers of Japan are supposed to be descended. The shrine represents a temple of Shinto, the ancient, and now once more the national, religion of Japan; but in Buddhist houses it is accompanied, or even replaced, by a Buddhist shrine, with perhaps a figure of the Buddha himself.

Light is admitted into Japanese rooms, not by glass windows, but by a kind of wooden gratings, over which a white paper is pasted on the outside. This paper diffuses the sunlight about the room very pleasantly, but it is not proof against rain; in rainy weather, therefore, the shutters have to be put up which are used to close the verandah and house in the night time, and which are the only doors in a Japanese house that it is thought necessary to furnish with a bolt. As the putting up and taking down of these shutters is a matter demanding some time, it is usual to have a small door made in them, which is called "the earthquake door," to provide means of quick escape in case of emergency.

Besides its human inmates, a Japanese house is usually tenanted by an unpleasantly large number of rats, and sometimes by more agreeable companions in the shape of swallows. Englishmen have been found churlish enough to knock down the martins' nests from under their outside eaves; but the Japanese will not drive away the swallow which makes its home in the house itself, and will put up a shelf below the nest to save the mats beneath from soiling rather than disturb his beautiful little guests.

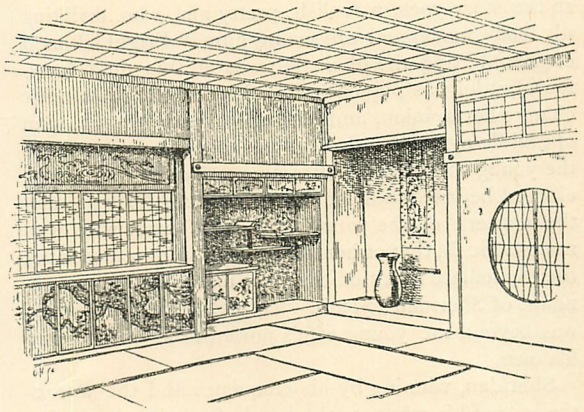
The love of the Japanese for flowers shows itself outside the house as well as in. Lilies are sometimes grown on the ridge of a thatched roof, which is made flat for the purpose; and, even in the midst of large cities, every house which possesses enough land to grow a flower has a garden. The hideous dingy little back-yards of our cities are, happily, unknown in Japan. The Japanese garden is generally of a more artificial character than ours. There are miniature lakes, with tiny bridges across them and gold-fish swimming in them, rockeries, stone lanterns in



KITCHEN IN CITY HOUSE.

which candles can be placed, and mounds intended to represent hills, which, in large gardens, are sometimes thirty or forty feet high. In the neighbourhood of Tokio, the capital, it is sometimes contrived that the artificial hill shall command a view of a very real hill, the great mountain Fuji-san, dear to all Japanese, whose form is represented, not to say exaggerated, on thousands of paper screens, lacquer trays, and other ornaments. One of our illustrations is a representation from a Japanese work of the garden of a Daimio. Every possible artifice seems to have been employed to increase the apparent space, reminding us in this respect of some of the tiny, trim little plots to be met with in out-of-the-way corners of some of the old Flemish cities.

Japan possesses in some of her temples and old castles buildings more pretentious than those here described. As to the latter, though they often display the exquisite taste in decoration which their inhabitants possess, no very high architectural rank can be claimed for buildings made of materials so flimsy and so little durable. They ought not, however, to be despised by the modern English, who continue, year after year, to erect thousands of houses so mean and hideous that the only pleasant thing to be said about them is that they are not durable either.



GUEST-ROOM, WITH RECESSES IN CORNER.

*** The Illustrations to this paper are reproduced from cuts in Morse's "Japanese Homes and their Surroundings," by special permission of Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., Limited.

THE LOVE-AFFAIRS OF SOME FAMOUS MEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY, THOUGH MARRIED."

SECOND PAPER.

WHEN the Sheridans lived at Bath, there was another family there, called "a nest of nightingales"—the family of Linley, the composer, who had been for years at the head of musical enterprise in the district. The voice of Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, was as lovely as her face, and she was the *prima donna* of her father's concerts. The young men were all at her feet, and not only the young men, as was natural, but the elder and less innocent members of society. Among these last was a Captain Matthews, who, though a married man, tormented the young lady with his attentions.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, becoming known to Miss Linley through his sister, who was her devoted friend, assumed the position of the young lady's secret guardian. He made friends with Matthews, and discovered the villainous designs which he entertained. At length the poor girl was so persecuted that she tried to take poison—searching for, and finding in Miss Sheridan's room, a small phial of laudanum, which fortunately was too small to do any great harm. After this evidence of her miserable state, Sheridan disclosed the full turpitude of Matthew's intentions, and showed her a letter in which the villain announced that he had determined to carry her off by force. What was to be done? The poor girl seems to have had no confidence in her father's power of protecting her, and probably knew the inexpediency of embroiling him with his patrons. Sheridan proposed that she should fly to France and take refuge there till the danger should be over. He would go with her to protect her, and after he had seen her settled he would return to England and place her conduct in such a light that the world would applaud, and not condemn her.

Such was the wonderful expedient by which the difficulties of this terrible crisis were surmounted. Miss Linley's mother was ill, and the house in great disorder, and under cover of the accidental commotion the persecuted fair one and her gallant young deliverer posted off to London.

She did eventually reach her destination, whither she was attended with punctilious respect. In the following Lent, Miss Linley came to London to sing in the oratorios, and it is said that young Sheridan resorted to the most romantic expedients to see her. He disguised himself as a hackney coachman, and drove her home on several occasions. But love conquered in the long run, as an honest and honourable sentiment, if it lasts and can wait, is pretty sure to do. About a year from the time of Miss Linley's journey to Calais she was married to her gallant escort. Mrs. Sheridan was a devoted wife, forming for the nineteen years of her married life no small item in the success, as well as in the happiness, of her brilliant husband.

Two or three years after the death of his first wife Sheridan married again. He had met one evening,

so the story goes, a foolish, pretty girl, who, disliking his looks, exclaimed on seeing him, "Fright! horrid creature!" and the like. He was at this time forty-four, but he was piqued into making so frank a critic change her opinion, and letting her know that a man of middle age and unhandsome aspect may yet outdo the youngest and most attractive. No very long time elapsed before he was completely successful in gaining the consent of the young lady, and, what was even more difficult, that of her father also. Moore describes the immediate result of the new marriage as the renewal of Sheridan's youth. To reclaim him, however, was beyond the young wife's power, as it was beyond his own.

Sheridan, winning by his eloquence and the attractiveness of his manners the hand of a lady who had a short time before recoiled from him as a "fright," reminds us of the famous Wilkes, the best-mannered but ugliest man of his day. "I am," he said, "the ugliest man in the three kingdoms; but if you give me a quarter of an hour's start I will gain the love of any woman before the handsomest." He married a woman ten years his senior.

Not long ago, when speaking of his wife, Prince Bismarck is reported to have said, "She it is who has made me what I am." There have been English statesmen who could say quite as much. Burke was sustained amid the anxiety and agitation of public life by domestic felicity. "Every care vanishes," he said, "the moment I enter under my own roof!" His description of his wife is too long to quote, but we must give an epitome of it. Of her beauty he said that it did not arise from features, from complexion, or from shape; "she has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these that she touches the heart; it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, and sensibility which a face can express, that forms her beauty. Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe you when she pleases; they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her stature is not tall; she is not made to be the admiration of everybody, but the happiness of one. She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy; she has all the softness that does not imply weakness. Her voice is a low, soft music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has this advantage, you must come close to her to hear it. To describe her body, describes her mind; one is the transcript of the other. She discovers the right and wrong of things, not by reasoning, but by sagacity. No person of so few years can know the world better; no person was ever less corrupted by that knowledge. She has a true generosity of temper; the most extravagant cannot be more unbounded in their liberality, the most covetous not more cautious in their distribution. Her politeness seems to flow rather from a natural disposition to oblige, than from any rules on that subject. It is long before she chooses, but then it is fixed for ever; and the first hours of romantic friendship are not warmer than hers after the lapse of years. As she never disgraces her good nature by severe reflections on anybody, so she never degrades her judgment by immoderate or ill-placed praises: for everything violent is contrary to her gentleness of disposition and the evenness of her virtue."

"HE MADE FRIENDS WITH MATTHEWS" (*p.* 655).

Lord Beaconsfield described his wife as "the severest of critics, but a perfect wife." She was the widow of his friend, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, and twenty years his elder. The great affection which Disraeli entertained for his wife, whom he always esteemed as the founder of his fortunes, is well known. She was in the habit of travelling with him on almost all occasions. At a dinner party a friend of the earl had no better taste than to expostulate with him for always taking the viscountess with him. "I cannot understand it," said the graceless man, "for, you know, you make yourself a perfect laughing-stock wherever your wife goes with you." Disraeli fixed his eyes upon him very expressively and said, "I don't suppose you can understand it, B——, I don't suppose you can understand it, for no one could ever, in the last and wildest excursions of an insane imagination, suppose you to be guilty of gratitude!"

On the 3rd of April, 1872, Disraeli made a great speech in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. In a box at the end of the hall, opposite the platform, sat several ladies, conspicuous among others being Lady Beaconsfield. We

are told by one who was on the platform that "next in interest to the great speech of the evening were the sympathetic face of the orator's wife and the way in which, from time to time, the orator lifted his head, as if to ask for her approval. When all was over, Mr. Disraeli waited in the retiring-room for a short time, and was then driven rapidly to the house of his host (Mr. Romaine Callender), in Victoria Park. There Lady Beaconsfield was awaiting him, and no sooner were the carriage-wheels heard grinding upon the gravel than she hurried from the drawing-room to the hall, rushed into the arms of her husband, embraced him rapturously, and exclaimed, 'Oh, Dizzy! Dizzy! this is the greatest night of all! This pays for all!'"

Washington and Franklin both married widows. Franklin's case was rather peculiar. During his early life in Philadelphia he paid attention to a Miss Read, but soon afterwards went to London, where he remained several years. During the separation he neglected Miss Read in a manner which he himself afterwards condemned. On his return he found that she had married and become a widow. Franklin's early love revived, and he asked her forgiveness and a renewal of her affections, which were readily enough granted. He remarks of this union, which continued for nearly forty years, "We prospered together, and it was our mutual study to render each other happy. Thus I corrected, as well as I could, the error of my youth."

"'THIS GENEROSITY OVERPOWERED ME'" (*p.* 658).

At the age of twenty-six Dr. Johnson married a widow twenty years older than himself. Johnson and his bride travelled on horseback from Birmingham to Derby, at which last place they were to be married. The bride complained that Johnson rode too fast, and when he slackened his pace she passed him and scolded him for lagging behind. Johnson then pushed on till he was out of sight, and when the bride at length came up with him she was in tears. He was not "to be made the slave of caprice," and resolved to begin as he meant to end. Johnson attributed this conduct of hers to the reading of old romances, where she had imbibed the idea that a woman of spirit should treat her lover like a dog.

A quarrel on the way to church is not a happy beginning of wedded life; but Johnson proved a good husband, and had great confidence in his wife's judgment. He read his *Rambler* to her, and she, wife-like, told him that she had not imagined he could write anything so good. Some men would not have cared for this; but Johnson was much delighted, and said that praise from a wife comes home to a man's own bosom.

A considerable time after Mrs. Johnson's death her husband said that ever since the sad event he seemed to himself broken off from mankind, a kind of solitary wanderer in the wild of life, without any direction or fixed point of view, a gloomy gazer on the world, to which he had little relation. After recording some good resolution in his journal he was in the habit, since her death, of writing after it his wife's name—"Tetty." It is only a word; but how eloquent it is! When a certain Mr. Edwards asked him if he had ever known what it was to have a wife, Johnson replied, "Sir, I have known what it was to have a wife, and" (in a solemn, tender, faltering tone) "I have known what it was *to lose a wife*. I had almost broken my heart." Nor did he allow himself to forget this experience. To New Year's Day, Good Friday, Easter Day, and his own birthday, which he set apart as sacred days, dedicated to solemn thought and high communion with his own soul, he added *the day of his wife's death*.

Recently we have seen a contrast drawn between the domestic virtues of Johnson and the supposed absence of them in the case of one who in some respects resembled Johnson—Thomas Carlyle.

Since the publication of "The Life of Carlyle" and of the letters and memorials of his wife, the public has been much concerned about the domestic affairs of these remarkable people. Mr. Froude, "coming to bury Cæsar, not to praise him," has involved the matter in a cloud of misrepresentation prejudicial to Carlyle and his wife, which, however, has been to a great degree blown away by Professor Norton, the editor of Carlyle's early correspondence. In reading Mrs. Carlyle's letters about the irritability and negative unkindness of her husband we must bear in mind that

she, like him, spoke direct from her nerves, and had a Titanesque power of making mountains out of mole-hills. There were, as in most cases, faults on both sides. She was not more easy to live with than was he, as even her own mother had discovered. Charming, witty, brilliant, affectionately playful as she naturally was, she had "a hot temper and a tongue, when she was angry, like a cat's, which would take the skin off at a touch."

Carlyle's faults (which in his late remorse he exaggerated, as men of noblest natures are most apt to do), his impatience, his irritability, his singular melancholy (which made him at times distressing as a companion), were the effects of temperament first, and of a peculiarly sensitive organisation; and, secondly, of absorption in his work, and of his determination to do that work as well as it could possibly be done. Mrs. Carlyle suffered perhaps more than her husband from colds, and pains, and sleeplessness; when he was dilating upon his own sorrows, he often forgot hers, or made them worse by worry. It was her experience that "when the wife has influenza, it is a slight cold—when the man has it, it is," &c. &c. Even when at heart he was really grateful for the thoughtful care of his wife, Carlyle's acknowledgments were limited; he was shy of showing feeling, and even those who knew him best, and understood his ways, were often hurt by his apparent indifference.

All this is true, but if Carlyle, in spite of his good resolutions, was occasionally "a little ill-haired," we must remember that he was engaged in work into which he was throwing his entire heart and soul. His wife, instead of allowing her mind to be "churned to froth," might, understanding all as she did, have been more ready to pardon, and might have seen in the deliberate expression of his feeling the affectionate loyalty of his heart.

Very touching was Carlyle's remorse for the want of consideration towards his wife, for which he blamed himself. "For many years after she had left him," writes Mr. Froude, "when he passed the spot where she was last seen alive, he would bare his grey head in the wind and rain—his features wrung with unavailing sorrow. 'Oh!' he often said to me, 'if I could but see her for five minutes, to assure her that I had really cared for her throughout all that! But she never knew it, she never knew it!'"

Whatever may be thought of Carlyle as a husband, there is no doubt that the next celebrated man about whose love-affairs we shall speak was deficient in domestic virtues. How Sterne, whose own journey through life was a truly sentimental one, wooed and won his wife, was related by himself to his daughter in the following words:—"At York I became acquainted with your mother, and courted her for two years. She owned she liked me, but thought herself not rich enough, or me too poor, to be joined together. She went to her sister's in Staffordshire, and I wrote to her often. I believe that she was partly determined to have me, but would not say so. At her return she fell into a consumption, and one evening that I was sitting by her, with an almost broken heart to see her so ill, she said, 'My dear Laury, I never can be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live! but I have left you every shilling of my fortune.' Upon that she showed me her will. This generosity overpowered me. It pleased God that she recovered, and we were married in 1741."

FORTY YEARS AGO.

COMES a dream of a quaint old town,
Oft my waking eyes to fill;
Through its dear streets, up and down,
In fancy I wander still.
Ah, the merry times that I had—
That I never again shall know—
When I was a careless lad,
Just forty years ago.

I remember the seat by the beach,
And the castle washed by the tide;
And I list to the prattling speech
Of a dear one at my side.
For a young face made me glad,
And set my heart in a glow;
When I was a lad—a lad,
Just forty years ago.

But at length came a weary day,
When the farewell words were said,
And I snatched, ere I sailed away,
A kiss from the lips so red;
When the fair young face grew sad,
And its roses forgot to blow,
For love of a sailor-lad,
Just forty years ago.

And the dreams of bliss, alack!
That was never to take its flight—
They are here, for they *will* come back,
In the silent hours of the night;
And tears—well, well! am I mad,
That I babble of trifles so?
Ah, me! for the lass and the lad,
Just forty years ago.

MATTHIAS BARR.

THE ART OF TYPE-WRITING.

THERE are very few things that a woman can do better than a man, but there is one, and that is type-writing; her touch is lighter and truer, and up to the present time she has been able to attain a greater speed.

This is an important matter, seeing that the female labour market is over-crowded; and that one of the most difficult social problems of the day is, how educated women, unprovided by fate with incomes, are to earn a living. Up to the present time the supply of proficient type-writers is not equal to the demand.

In America, type-writing clerks are almost universally employed in business houses, and the majority are women. Many of them attend for a stated time daily, take down in shorthand verbatim replies to the contents of the post-bag, type these necessary letters, and pass on elsewhere to repeat the process; thus accomplishing what would otherwise be a morning's work in an hour or so.

Up to the present time type-writing with us has been but little adopted, but the field is widening, and the more efficient workers there are to be had, the more their value will be appreciated.

Education is a necessary adjunct; besides being neat and quick, a good type-writer must be highly educated, a thorough linguist, well versed in literature, and, most essential of all, a shorthand writer. All kinds of work are brought to a type-writing office: many plays and novels, books of all classes in MS., and some with numerous quotations in all tongues. The medical profession has hitherto patronised type-writing a great deal, and the terms and phrases incidental to that profession are not learnt in a day.

Authors are proverbial for illegible writing; and patience, common sense, knowledge, and quickness are all essential in deciphering their manuscripts.

Curiously enough, the first type-writing machine was made by an Englishman, Henry Mill, as far back as 1714—a clumsy, useless instrument; but it started an idea, and the honour of ultimately attaining a practical result is due to America.

So much depends on the machine that it is impossible to discuss type-writing without making reference to the several kinds of type-writers. For hard business wear the No. 2 Remington is acknowledged to be the best. It costs a little over £20, gets out of order with great difficulty, is simple, though cumbersome. The Caligraph, which is much after the same order, but with different keys for capitals and small letters, and the No. 1 Remington, which has only capitals, are the next best; then comes the Hammond, which is built on a different model, and is a wheel machine, the type being arranged round the segments of an oscillating wheel. Whatever letter is struck, the whole wheel rotates, causing much more friction, so that it cannot of necessity last so long with hard wear and tear, although for ordinary use it has many merits. There are smaller machines, such as the Hall and the Columbia, which would do very good amateur work, and have the great merit of being portable; but they attain no great speed, which is one of the chief virtues of type-writing. The most ordinary type-writer ought to be able to type twice as fast as writing; forty to sixty words a minute is the lowest computation. An adept can accomplish seventy-five, and the most proficient a hundred words and over.

But all this speed depends on the proper manipulation of the machine. At first sight this seems so easy. The type-writer, with its key-board of four rows of letters and figures, &c., which only have to be pressed, when a word is very easily printed, is in truth a snare and a delusion. The letters are not placed in their natural sequence, and the new operator realises that he or she must master that difficulty; but not one in a dozen understands the amount of slow and patient practice which is required to use the thumb on the narrow wooden bar in front, which divides the words; and the three fingers of each hand on the key-board itself. It is far easier to use four fingers instead of six, and dispense with the thumb; but no speed and no accurate work can be thus accomplished. It is most difficult to avoid employing the wrong letters sometimes, and you never are a good writer until you are so completely master of the machine that you understand all its mechanism, and could do your work blind-fold. Then, and then only, can you achieve the requisite speed and accuracy.

Festina lente—"Hasten slowly"—should be written up well in sight of all type-writing pupils; slow and sure wins the day, and the more haste in learning the less speed in writing.

Type-writing would have made its way much faster in England had the manipulators been more adept—bad work has acted as a deterrent, but that is being got over now.

Admirable lessons and training can be obtained; but with patience, and the directions for using the type-writer given with the machine, and Mr. Edward F. Underhill's hand-book of instructions, it is quite possible to acquire the art untaught. To do this, however, the inductive exercises should be faithfully carried out. They teach fingering, and a perfect knowledge of the key-board. They are tedious, and most wearisome, but they are worth all the trouble.

Improvements are continually being introduced; indelible ink that will, it is said, last for centuries is now to be had, and in America, where the State archives are mostly typed, this is of great value. Type-written minutes take up much less space than written ones. A new machine has been patented, too, for binding and perforating. This inserts an eyelet-hole into as many pages as are required to be put together, and runs a tape through several inch packets, thus effectually

binding them together. A very good testimony to the durability of the ink used in the type-writer is that a document which went down in the *Oregon*, and remained two or three months under water, was quite legible when recovered after its immersion.

Those who have to write much, and continuously, will recognise one or two great merits in this mode of reproducing their thoughts. In the first place, it spares the over-strained muscles of the hand, which have a habit of aching just when a pressure of work must be done; and then during type-writing an upright position may be maintained. No stooping is required, and thus much more continuous work can be carried on.

Printers and editors appreciate its legibility, and authors save much expense in correcting proofs by availing themselves of it. Indeed, in many firms across the Atlantic manuscripts that are likely to be published are typed before they are submitted to the reader. The introduction of type-writing will certainly not take employment from one class to give it to another. On the contrary, it has created a need which women of education are peculiarly well able to supply.

Many type-writing offices now exist in London, where there are only female clerks, and pupils from thence have opened other offices in Scotland, Oxford, Liverpool, and Cambridge. As civilisation grows, the value of the refinement and higher education of gentlewomen becomes more recognised, though the struggles of life grow harder. There is no doubt that a wide and acceptable field is being opened to them through type-writing.

In the United States type-writing has been adopted as part of the curriculum in many schools.

Many perfect copies can be obtained at the same time by placing carbon paper between each sheet, and copies can also be made in the usual way in the copying press. If a specially prepared ink is employed, the writing can be transferred direct to the lithographic stone.

We live at railroad speed in this nineteenth century, and all aids which enable us to do the work of life well and quickly should be recognised and adopted when feasible, or we are apt to be laggards in the race for existence, which perchance may prove too much for us.

ARDERN HOLT.

A FAMILY OF BOYS, AND HOW THEY WERE STARTED IN LIFE.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

FOURTH PAPER.

EGBERT!"

"St. Clair!"

"I *am* glad to see you. How you've grown! I should not have known you."

"And you—why, St. Clair, you are quite a man. Moustache and all. And how dark you've got! As brown as india-rubber."

"And quite as tough, Bertie. Sit down, my boy, and tell me all, everything. How are they at home? How does my mother look? And old dad, and Ethie? Ah! Bertie, boy; sometimes I would be willing to give half of all I possess in the world just to have one peep at the dear old scenes of my boyhood, the old farm, the home, the village in the valley, the church, and the plodding unambitious country folks. But, I say, lad, I'm not going to let you starve. Waiter, here! How soon can we have dinner? In an hour? That'll do first-rate."

St. Clair paused at last, and for a moment or two the two young men looked at each other silently.

"You'll have such a long story to tell me," said Egbert.

"Ay, boy, and a somewhat sad one. And your story?"

"Well, you will find that very commonplace. But it must be *senior prior*."

"Certainly."

Egbert was not half done answering his brother's questions when the waiter announced dinner. Some of his answers, indeed, had brought tears to St. Clair's eyes, tears he had tried in vain to conceal.

After dinner, the brothers sat out in the porticoed verandah, high above the broad street. It was in the afternoon; but even when the sun was sinking in the splendour of cloudland, behind the Blue Mountains, they still were there; and there, too, when the bright southern stars were shining; the coffee the waiter had brought standing almost untouched on the little table beside them.

"When I look back," said St. Clair, "to the time I left dear old England, so full of hope and joy, and the certainty of making my fortune all in a hurry, and all of a heap, and when I think, Bert, of all I've gone through since then, why, though it isn't much more than eight years, I feel quite an old man."

St. Clair paused for a moment, then laughed at some recollection of his former "lime-juice" days, as he proceeded with his story. "Why, I must have been the veriest greenhorn that ever stepped on shore in Sydney, I do believe. And yet I met people going back to Australia who would have willingly enlightened me a little, and who even tried to, but their first sentences made me think of some excuse for flying from them. I would not have my El Dorado torn from my imagination. I preferred to dream, and believe that

"'OH, THE LONG, WEARY JOURNEY, THE HEAT, THE THIRST!'" (*p.* 662).

Australia was waiting for me, waiting to welcome the exile with joy, and receive me into society; that my race for wealth would be a mere walk over. Hadn't I talents? wasn't I clever and handsome, Bertie?—think of my pride!—weren't my boxes filled with the best new clothes from England? hadn't I introductions? and over and above—and better as I thought than all—hadn't I a bit of money to keep me well till something good should turn up? I'm sure you never knew your brother was so verdant, Bertie. Yes, my situation must be something good, and I must see my way to fortune before I put foot on the bridge that was to bear me thereto. In a word, I thought I could command success. Heigho! I wish now I had taken to heart the advice my uncle gave me; I should have been better off to-day. But I didn't; I inwardly supposed, while he was talking to me, that his heart and ambition must always have been strangers; and, ass that I was, I actually glanced at his brown hands as if they were something to be ashamed of. Look at mine now, Bertie.

"Well, I was all in a maze when I got to Sydney. My ship lay in harbour till next day, and I'm sure I walked the deck half the night. Such a scene of beauty I never before had witnessed! The lovely bay, the distant hills, over which the sun was going down in a sky as radiant as that we now see, dear Bertie, the noble buildings, the churches, the mansions, the glorious trees, and, at night, the lights.

"Everything was not quite so nice underfoot as overhead though, I found that out. The streets were not paved with gold, in fact few of them are paved at all. Well, to begin with, the people looked almost too civilised for my taste. I had got myself up regardless of expense, and when, quite bewildered by the bustle, I asked my way to the place where I meant to deliver my first letter of introduction, the gentleman interrogated, though quite civil, had the ghost of a smile playing over his face. It seemed to me, even then, that my appearance was not making the impression I had intended. It soon dawned upon me, too, that there were lots of people in Sydney as well as

myself. I feared I looked green. I know now I did. But then, every one looked more knowing than another. The gentleman I called upon was kind, but a trifle distant. He brought me down from my seventh heaven 'by the run,' as they say. I had come out at a bad time, trade was depressed; periods of paralysis did occur occasionally in the tropics. However, he added, I was young, and could afford to wait a bit, but I must not be too particular. Anyhow, I was to consider him my friend. He had known my father; I must call upon him occasionally, and if he heard of anything he would let me know. He gave me some other good advice about where to live, &c., and finally I went away, Bertie, with a big lump in my throat that for the life of me I couldn't swallow down. This friend of my father had splendid offices, and a fine house in the country, but—he didn't ask me to dine, and drive me out.

"I remember taking a walk out that evening, and going just anywhere. I felt so lonely that I was glad when I lost myself, because it gave me an opportunity of accosting some one. I looked about and waited a bit, and presently a young fellow about my own age came along. He told me, on inquiry, I was very far out of my way, Sydney was so scattered, but he was going to my quarter, if I cared to walk. Yes, I would walk; the night was fine, though warm. He pumped me, Bertie, in a most polite way, and I dare say he sort of felt for me. He was kind, anyhow, and I found myself in his club, among his set, in less than half an hour. I heard some strange stories that night, I can tell you. I did not know what to believe and what to consider fun; I felt a fool, and I dare say looked the part. I know that most of the men there eyed me as—at home—we eye the big gooseberry or the monster turnip in the silly season.

"There was no use putting on any airs, that was evident, though I hated the patronising way some of these fellows talked. I couldn't wriggle clear, I had to accept the situation, I was a 'new chum.'

"I soon began to think Sydney no end of a nice place. There was lots to see in and around it; and I can tell you what, Bertie, weeks, ay, and months, sped so quickly on that I positively began to forget what I had come out for, only I got pulled up with a round turn one morning when I found I was within a measurable distance of the bottom of my purse.

"I thought I must now set about getting employment without more ado. I really had not made the most of my introductions; some of those I called upon were kind enough, though none were too encouraging.

"One, however—and I hated him for it—was bold and blunt enough to inform me that hands were of more use in a new colony than heads. Seeing he had offended me, he added that I was a likely lad to do well if I'd put one of my broad shoulders to the wheel.

"'If I could get a good clerkship, now,' I began.

"'Good fiddlestick,' he interrupted. 'You want to get into a good shop all at once, don't you? Do easy office work for a few years, then be taken on as partner, ride in your carriage, marry your chief's youngest daughter, and all that sort of thing. It won't wag.'

"Yes, I did hate that man, and caught myself wondering if he was a lineal descendant of some fellow banished to Botany Bay. I took my leave abruptly. Then I had a spell of depression. Then a period of recklessness. This was followed by contrition, and I really was silly enough to think of offering to work my passage home, and return to Wilton Grange like the prodigal son.

"The clerkship never came, nor anything genteel in the shape of it. But a crisis came. I was going home somewhat late one night, feeling very dismal, and hating everything and everybody, but myself worse than all, when I met a party of young roughs singing and joking. I was surrounded and chaffed, lost my temper, and struck out; was knocked down, beaten insensible, and *robbed*.

"I found myself in bed next morning, and if any one had told me I had been through a mill I should have felt inclined to believe them.

"I had a fever of some kind after this, and lay ill for weeks, and who do you think became my best friend? Why, the bluff old fellow I had so despised.

"When I recovered I found this friend had not only paid my bill, but left me something—a little loan—to begin life anew. I went to thank him. He had gone, and would not be back for months.

"Well, my crisis was over. I had met a friend who was going to the country. No; not to the diggings. I'm thankful now I wasn't guilty of attempting that folly. We were going on tramp. Oh, Bertie, the long weary journey, the heat, the thirst, the hunger, at times, and the hard tack that formed our best!

"After this I became lost to you at home, you know. I might have written sometimes, but the rough life I led among the squatters, cattle-driving, fence-making, sheep-shearing, what-not, and the strange climate, and everything strange, Bertie, made me a callous-minded heathen.

"The country was gorgeously beautiful and wild, and often, in the stillness of night, Bertie, did I lie awake, thinking of you all at home, and resolved to write the 'very first chance.' I even began letters, but I was ashamed. Silly shame?—It was. I soon got used to my wild life, and even loved it. I saved money, I felt new blood in my veins, and a glorious feeling of independence.

"Myself, and the man who had come with me, took a holiday. I did not frequent my former gay habitats, though, when I returned to Sydney; I only looked in. I called and paid my debt, however, and soon tiring of city life, I started once more for the bush. I could command employment now; I earned good wages, and I saved money. You see now before you, brother Bertie, an Australian sheep-farmer—well, squatter, if you like—on a fair way to make a bit of a pile."

I do but give a brief outline of St. Clair's story. A goodly volume would hardly suffice to contain all his adventures and hardships. What I have told, however, points, I think, a moral; and it is this if it be

anything — Australia is not the country for the "tender foot." It is a new land, a rising struggling country, and to succeed in it a man must feel that life is real, life is earnest.

"And you, Bertie, you are a surgeon in the P. and O.; so young too!"

"I've had wonderful luck."

"You always had plenty of cheek."

"Well, my audacity did me good, St. Clair. You see, I never did let down my heart. I had made up my mind, at first, to become a clerk in the same service, but, on application, I found that this branch was done away with, and, of course, that pursers were no longer extant, their duties now devolving on the head steward of a vessel.

"Well, I was a trifle vexed, because, you know, I was looked upon by both my sister and mother as surrounded by a kind of halo of romance, a species of head-dress, St. Clair, that all British sailors are supposed to wear.

"Yes; I might have got in as clerk and risen to purser at sea in other lines, either in our country or America, but I did not like the word 'steward' connected with the profession. You see, if a steward has the capability of being purser, why, it is hardly a career."

"My dear boy," said St. Clair, "if you lived in Australia you'd soon have those patrician notions knocked out of you."

"Well, never mind. As it so happened my uncle and I became fast friends. He had never forgiven John, you know, for becoming a vet., and he always said that the *amour propre* of the family had been bequeathed to me. I must be a gentleman."

"A name, Bertie, that has different meanings."

"Don't interrupt, St. Clair. My uncle sent me to study medicine. He is a dear old fellow, and my whole aim and object while studying was to curtail expenses. And they are not so heavy when you go the right way to work, and when you *do* work."

"Well, and are you going to stick to the sea?"

"No; if I did I should join the Royal Navy, for from that service I could retire after a term of years, and take a practice."

"You couldn't, Bert. The navy spoils a man for shore practice. And don't you stay too long at sea, under any consideration. Dr. Devon, with all his talents, has gone to rust in a country village, but, dear boy, the sea air rusts one even worse than a hum-drum life in the woods."

"I do not mean to. The fact is, I'm too young to take my degree. And can I spend a year or two better than in seeing the world?"

"You can't, lad."

"Well, that is how the land lies. And now, St. Clair, I have a whole week's holiday, so I shall be able to see Australia thoroughly."

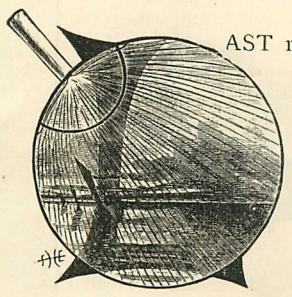
St. Clair laughed till the spoons rattled in the cups.

"Why, Bertie, lad, if you lived here for fifty years you would not know the country, nor have seen a hundredth part of its wonders."

"It is a strange place."

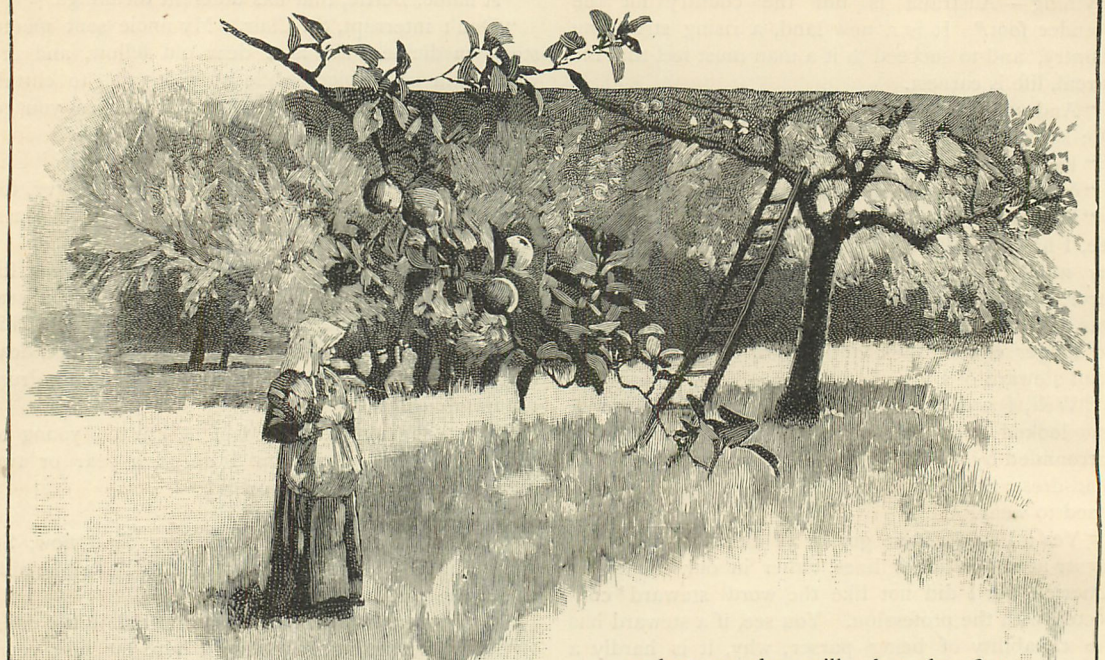
"It is a good place. But tell young men, when you go back, Bertie, that though heads here are no good without hands, the man with plenty of brains, who can work and does work manually, will rise, while the working man, without brains, will always be a 'hand.'"

THE GARDEN IN OCTOBER.

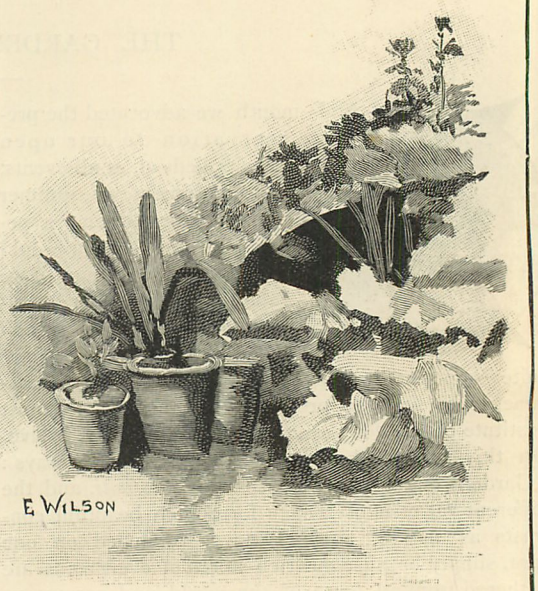


LAST month we advocated the preservation in our open flower-beds of, at all events, the *appearance* of summer flowers for as long a period as the season would allow, and this month we shall open our paper by advocating the same principle: that is to say, we are quite opposed to the custom of too many gardeners who seem to prefer having their beds almost destitute of life for seven months out of the twelve. On this subject, however, a great authority says: "Gardens ought to look green at *Christmas*, and the different varieties of foliage form such beautiful contrasts as nature, unaided, never produced on one spot, simply because our rich stores of evergreens are gathered from all parts of the world, and present us with almost endless varieties of habits, forms, textures, and shades."

Here, then, is at once a hint on which to act, and one, too, which brings with it plenty of consolation for those who are mourning over the wane of the season, and grumbling at the prospect of desolate beds for a long and dreary winter. But as many of us would object to having our open flower-beds permanently stocked with evergreens, there is an easy remedy for this difficulty. A few bright, dwarf, and shrubby evergreens can easily be procured in pots, and then plunged in the beds. Even a few of them will immensely relieve the otherwise monotonous appearance of the uncovered soil, while, if we desired it, any of these could be afterwards transferred permanently to our shrubbery proper to take the place of any decayed shrub, or indeed to fill any vacancy there. And these vacancies, unhappily, will be at all times occurring in every part of the garden.



One very important operation in the flower garden must not be overlooked this month, and that concerns our bulb show for the next spring. The middle of October will certainly find us clearing our beds of the ordinary summer bedding-out stock, though perhaps in a favourable season a few dahlias will still be giving us a few blooms, which, for the very gaiety of their colouring, we suffer to remain on as long as they will; but the first frost will topple them over, so we have recourse now, as we have said, to our dwarf evergreens, and arranged among a few of these we now put in our bulbs. Our tulips and hyacinths should have a good four inches of soil over them, but those bulbs of the snowdrop and crocus class need not be quite so deep in the ground. Do not, however, choose a frosty day for putting the bulbs in. And, next, have an eye to their arrangement with regard to colouring, as well as to height. The alternations of red, white,



and blue cannot well be improved upon, while the crocuses of blue and yellow should also be got in, in small heaps alternately. By the end of January these latter will begin to push through, and on an early spring day will show a disposition for flowering, so that this will only leave us three months without actual flowers in the beds.

Here again, however, we are taking too gloomy a view of things, for we are forgetting the bright-looking berries, both red and yellow, on our dwarf shrubs, as also the creamy softness of the Christmas rose, which will fill up for us the winter gap. And, the crocuses gone, the hyacinths fill their places, the gayer tulips coming in almost at the same time, and then the first of the early summer flowers that we have forced on in our frames ; and thus hardly a link in the chain of flowers is lost all the year round.

One other heavy operation there is sometimes forced upon us this month, and that is anything in the shape of garden changes. No better month than October is there for moving shrubs, altering the lawn, making new beds, or planting fruit-trees. The sap is down, no severe frost is about, as a general rule, and the days are still fairly long for heavy work ; but all these operations are dangerous later on, in a severe frost, and almost as dangerous if attempted under the rays of a July sun. One gay flower we have omitted to name, and that is the chrysanthemum. This, however, we call our November flower. Those of this class that are in pots should now be placed where they are to bloom, no matter whether it be in the greenhouse or in the open air ; so that here we have another early winter flower to brighten our beds. The potted chrysanthemums in our greenhouse will need water from time to time, since the blooms that are now swelling rapidly exhaust the moisture : want of water now would much impoverish the bloom.

Next comes our kitchen garden. One thing we do this month : we utilise an old frame for mushroom-growing. To do this, we merely stir up the surface of the soil, having first, of course, got away all the growth of our melon or cucumber crop, and leaving only about an inch of soil over the dung : pieces of spawn placed upon it some six or eight inches apart will soon yield us a good crop. Indeed, for the matter of that, if we want our frame for something else we can as readily grow mushrooms in a cupboard or cellar, although no ray of light finds its way there. Salads are what we like to have at all times of the year, so our frame could be utilised for them : sow then, even at the end of the month, mustard and cress, hardy lettuce, radishes, &c. Then, at this time, the celery will want careful earthing up. But perhaps the most important operation this month is the getting up and careful storing of the potatoes : they will keep well in a good dry cellar, but if you have them in heaps, they must frequently be turned over.

The orchard, however, by itself, if nothing else, would keep us well occupied this month. We must repeat the usual but still most necessary caution, and bid the gatherer beware that he does not bruise the fruit while harvesting. Nothing bruised will keep at all : that is quite certain. And then, as to the best method of keeping carefully-gathered fruit from decay, experience tells us that air is essential for its preservation. The best proof of this is to go into your garden six weeks later, and you will perhaps find lying on the ground a forgotten apple concealed accidentally by some beetroot or other vegetable, and yet in a very good state of preservation. A mouldy and unaired fruit-room will only give your whole house an unpleasant and sickly smell, and you will find apples lying about in all directions as brown as chocolate, but not so savoury.

A PREACHER'S JEST-BOOK.

BY THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

THE day has gone by when sermons were held to be necessarily dry, and unspiced with anecdote, illustration, and simile. The press now issues handbooks of stories or parables, that may be suitably used in the pulpit to point a moral and enforce a truth.

At the close of last century and the beginning of this, a sermon was nothing unless ponderous, lengthy, and dry. We are now, perhaps, swinging into the opposite extreme, and we hear, occasionally, pulpit discourses that are a trifle too lively. It is thought, especially among our young preachers, to be necessary to thrust an anecdote into a sermon, and they are not always careful that it shall be apposite to the subject of their discourse.

The gravity and heaviness of the sermons of last century were due, in a measure, to a recoil from the quirks and fantastic jokes which were tolerated in the pulpit in an earlier age. Certainly, just after the Reformation, every effort was made, by both the reformed and the non-reformed preachers, to lay hold of the attention of their hearers by whatever means lay in their power, and they sometimes exceeded the bounds of good taste in so doing.

At this period there appeared a good many volumes containing stories suitable to be used—suitable, that is, in the opinion of the collectors—for pointing morals and enlivening pulpit discourses.

Perhaps the most curious of all these is one by John Pauli, a Franciscan friar, written in 1519, and

published at Strasburg in 1522. He did not give it an appropriate title, "Schimpf und Ernst" (Abuse and Earnest); but what he meant by his title was that some of his stories were appropriate to be used by a preacher when giving his congregation a scolding, and others when delivering an earnest exhortation to piety. He sorted his stories according to this somewhat arbitrary division, and tacked on to each an indication whether it was to be used in scolding or in edification.

Sometimes Pauli seems to have been puzzled to what category he should count a story he has told, and to have designated it hesitatingly, like his fifty-ninth tale, which he labels "Scolding *or* Serious."

But perhaps we may take it that by "Schimpf" he really means joke; but, if so, we can only say that there is much more of joke than gravity in his book.

Pauli, though a friar, had no hesitation in telling stories that hit the Pope and the prelates hard—as hard as any Reformer. For instance, he relates how a rich man, wanting to plead a cause before the Pope, put four hundred ducats in the lap of his Holiness. The Pope turned the money about in his lap, and said—

"Irresistible! quite irresistible!"

Here is another. One day a beggar-woman asked the Pope for a shilling.

"Pshaw!" said his Holiness; "too much! far too much."

"Then—sixpence."

"Still too much! a great deal too much."

"Then—threepence."

"You are exacting, still too much."

"Well—a penny."

"No, I will not give you that."

"Then, your Holiness, may I have your blessing?"

"Certainly—most cordially."

"I won't have it," said the beggar-woman; "it cannot be worth a penny, or you would have refused it me."

There was once an abbot, "a simple sheep, and not very learned," who was accused to the Pope as ignorant, and therefore unsuited to be abbot. The Pope put him through his grammar.

"What part of speech is 'The Pope'?" asked his Holiness.

"A participle, I suppose," answered the abbot.

"Why so?" inquired the Pope.

"Well," replied the abbot, "I think so because he somehow participates in all the good things everywhere; he has a part out of every income he can finger."

"Get along," exclaimed the Pope; "you know too much."

To show how men excuse the sins they are inclined to, and condemn those towards which they have no leaning, he tells how the ass was accused to the lion of having eaten three leaves of parsley without salt.

"Infamous!" said the lion, "he shall die, and I will eat him."

The wolf was accused to him of having eaten three lambs without any condiment.

"Ah!" said the lion, "that is nothing."

"Why not?"

"There is a difference," said the lion solemnly. "Lambs are only lambs, but parsley-leaves are—parsley-leaves."

Sometimes Pauli tells how he made a point in one of his own sermons. He was in Strasburg one year when two lazy loons deserted their wives and children to loaf about the country begging, and drinking, and doing nothing. The magistrates had them arrested, and condemned to wear long grey woollen cloaks, to mark them out among all men.

"As I was preaching in the cathedral," says Pauli, "I said, 'Ah! if all lazy loafers were to be habited in grey gowns, where should we friars get enough cloth to make one of our habits?"

To show how we are inclined to let appeals to the conscience glide off ourselves, he tells another story of a great preacher who was discoursing on usury with wonderful force and thrilling power. After the sermon a usurer came to him, and put some money in his hand, and said—

"Preach away against that hateful sin of usury. Give it the usurers hot and strong."

"But," said the astonished preacher, "you are a usurer yourself."

"Yes," was the reply, "but there is too much competition in this town. Sting their consciences well, that some may give up, and then I shall do a roaring business."

On the extravagance shown in funerals, Pauli tells this tale. The Emperor Vespasian heard that the funeral of a noble Roman had cost sixty ducats.

"And, pray, what will my funeral cost?" asked the Emperor of his chancellor.

"Oh, sire! not less than three hundred ducats."

"Then, in pity, hand me the ducats now, and when I am dead chuck me into the Tiber."

The Emperor Domitian shut himself up in his room for some hours a day. The courtiers said—

"He is engaged on matters of State;" or, "He is studying philosophy;" or, "He is planning something great for the advantage of the city."

Then, one peeped through a chink in the wall, and saw that he was catching flies.

It is so with a good many people whom we suppose to be hard at work at profitable occupations; cultivating their brains, storing their minds, executing great works—they are only catching flies.

Preaching on the absurd and trifling occasions of quarrel, occasions which sometimes cost a life, Pauli tells the following amusing story:—

A Florentine gentleman came to Milan, where he saw over a house-door the shield and arms of the owner: argent—an ox-head couped at the neck, gules.

"Hallo!" shouted the Florentine, "that is my coat of arms; how dare any dirty Milanese assume it!"

He rushed into the house and charged the owner with having assumed arms that belonged to another.

"Not at all," said the Milanese, "I inherited that coat from my ancestors."

"Then your ancestors committed a fraud on mine. I challenge you to fight to-morrow."

On the morrow the two men met in a field.

"Only one of us two can live," said the peppery Florentine. "Only one shall bear on his arms—argent, an ox's head, gules."

"But," said the Milanese, "mine is a cow's head."

"Oh! a cow's head, and not an ox's! Then we need not fight; let us kiss and be comrades."

Pauli gives advice to husbands and wives how to maintain love and concord. One of his stories on this topic is as follows:—

A man about to be married visited a wise man, and asked his advice how to make home happy.

"Follow me to my house," said the sage, and he led the way to his own dwelling.

On reaching the house-door he called out to his wife, who looked forth from an upper window.

"Wife," shouted the sage, "pitch out to me my big bottle of turpentine."

"Certainly," answered the woman, and threw it down. It was smashed on the pavement, and the turpentine spilt.

"Never mind," shouted the wise man, "throw down the other."

"Certainly," answered the wife, and presently did as ordered.

"Now, my friend," said the sage, "this is the secret of household order. Make your wife mind you and obey without arguing."

At table with company one day a farmer said—

"Well, I have been married thirty years, and only once have my wife and I been of one mind in all those years, and that was when the house was on fire, and each wanted to be the first to escape."

John Pauli gives us occasionally his own experiences, and things that have happened to persons of his acquaintance. He tells a rich story of "a great ball of a man called Herr Werner, at Villingen," but it smacks of irreverence, and can, therefore, hardly be reproduced.

And this next story—surely it could do no good when told in the pulpit, however well it might come in at table.

A priest had a loud, harsh voice, and when he sang the service, or preached, one of the women in the congregation wept. He noticed this, and was touched. He thought that it was an acknowledgment of the power of his sermons or the beauty of his singing, but was not quite sure *which*. So he asked the woman one day why she wept when he sang and preached.

"Oh, sir," she answered, "I had once a faithful, dear old ass, and one winter the wolves ate him. Whenever I hear you, sir, I recall the bray of my ass, and my tears flow!"

Or, can this story do good?

A farmer's wife hanged herself on a tree in his garden. He married another wife, and, curiously enough, she, after a few years, hanged herself on the same tree. He married again, and the third wife did the same. The farmer wrote sadly to a distant married friend to tell him of the mournful coincidence. In reply his friend wrote—

"There is great virtue clearly in that tree. Send me a cutting."

Some of his fables are probably original; we do not remember to have seen them elsewhere. Here is one, new to us, with much dry humour in it.

Two wolves looked on whilst a sheep was licking its lamb.

"Dear me! Dear me!" said one wolf to another, "how unjust the world is! If you or I, brother, were to lick a lamb, what an outcry the farmers would make!"

Some are old favourites, as that of the farmer, his son, and the ass.

He mentions some well-known and widely-spread myths, as that of Rip van Winkle, and that of the Flowering Thorn of Glastonbury, which, however, he transfers to Würzburg.

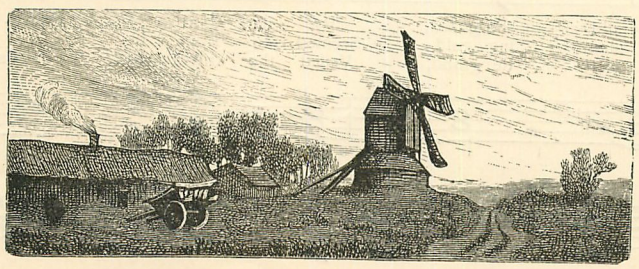
Sometimes he illustrates proverbs. Thus, on the saying that "Humours change manners," he mentions the case of a monk who always walked with downcast eyes till he was elected abbot, when he became proud, insolent, and fond of pomp. When asked why he who had looked down before with such humility now looked up and about with such pride, he answered—

"Oh, then I was looking for the key to my present office."

Pauli relates a story of a preacher, who most certainly cannot have been himself. A parishioner came to him with the petition—

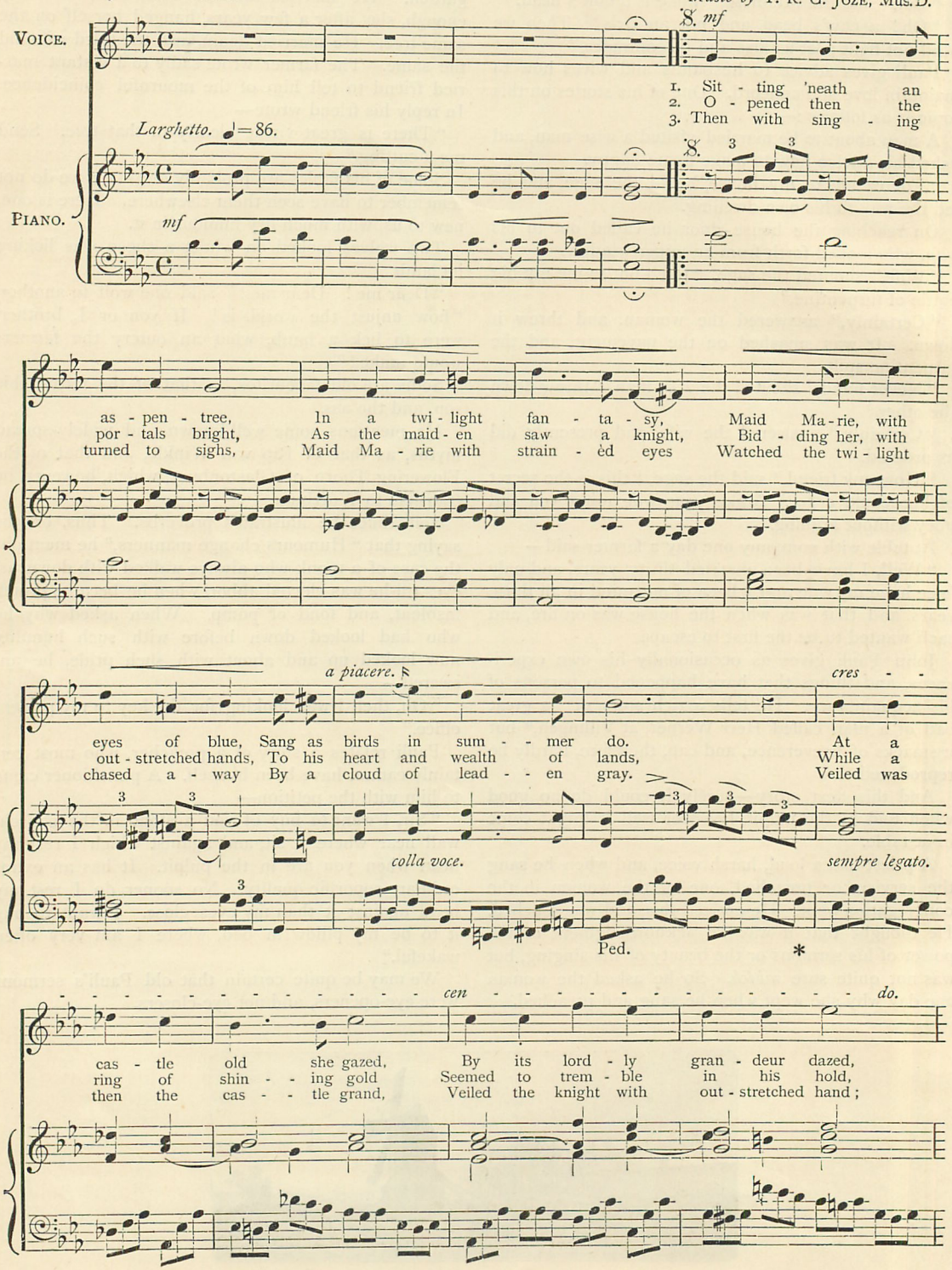
"Sir, I want to buy of you a stone in the church-wall near where I sit, and against which I rest my head when you are in the pulpit. It has an extraordinary soporific quality. No sooner do I rest my head against it than my eyes close. I want to buy it to be my pillow in bed, where I am very often wakeful."

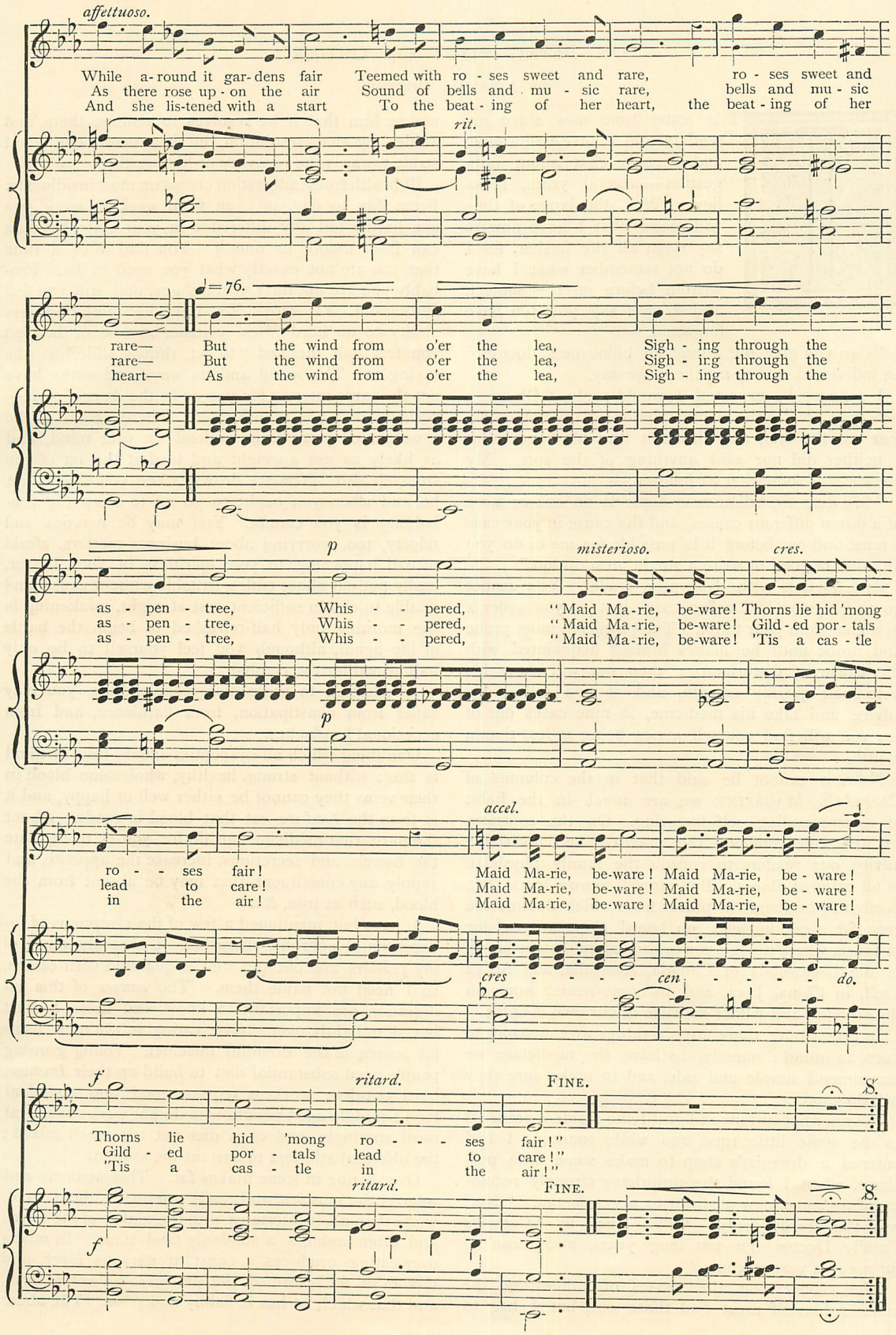
We may be quite certain that old Pauli's sermons were eye-openers, and not eye-closers.



Maid Marie.

Words by LOUISA GRAY. *Music by* T. R. G. JOZÉ, Mus. D.




affettuoso.
While a-round it gar-dens fair Teemed with ro-ses sweet and rare, ro-ses sweet and
As there rose up-on the air Sound of bells and mu-sic rare, bells and mu-sic
And she lis-tened with a start To the beat-ing of her heart, the beat-ing of her
rit.
♩=76.
rare— But the wind from o'er the lea, Sigh-ing through the
rare— But the wind from o'er the lea, Sigh-ing through the
heart— As the wind from o'er the lea, Sigh-ing through the
p
misterioso.
cres.
as-pen-tree, Whis--pered, "Maid Ma-rie, be-ware! Thorns lie hid 'mong
as-pen-tree, Whis--pered, "Maid Ma-rie, be-ware! Gild-ed por-tals
as-pen-tree, Whis--pered, "Maid Ma-rie, be-ware! 'Tis a cas-tle
p
accel.
ro--ses fair! Maid Ma-rie, be-ware! Maid Ma-rie, be-ware!
lead to care! Maid Ma-rie, be-ware! Maid Ma-rie, be-ware!
in the air! Maid Ma-rie, be-ware! Maid Ma-rie, be-ware!
cres----cen----do.
f
ritard.
FINE.
Thorns lie hid 'mong ro----ses fair!"
Gild-ed por-tals lead to care!"
'Tis a cas-tle in the air!"
ritard.
FINE.
f

ON BEING "OUT OF ORDER."

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

IT is some time now since my readers and I have had a quiet and friendly chat about indigestion — several years, I believe. Well, the lapse of time will make what I have now to say seem all the fresher, for I do not remember what I have written before on the subject, and I dare say you too have forgotten.

"Can you give me a cure for biliousness, doctor?" an individual said to me the other day.

I suppose he expected I would reply, "Oh, yes; here you are," write a prescription in my note-book, tear out the leaf, and thrust it into his hand. But I neither did nor said anything of the sort. My answer was somewhat as follows :—

"My dear sir, biliousness depends on one or more of a dozen different causes, and the cause in your case I must find out before it is possible for me to do you an atom of good or write a single prescription."

And so it is with dyspepsia, reader. You cannot go to a doctor and order cures just as you order a new coat from your tailor. The physician must probe and probe until he makes himself acquainted with the cause of disturbance; then out will come his note-book quickly enough, and if you follow his advice and take his medicine, in nine cases out of ten you will find yourself a new being in less than a month.

Now, it cannot be said that in the columns of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE we are much in the habit of recommending self-doctoring. On the contrary, we as a rule condemn the practice, and invariably advise our readers to consult the family physician in all cases of illness. But our well-known MAGAZINE is often to be found in places from which doctors are very far away indeed: on board ships at sea, for instance, where no surgeon is carried, in distant lands, in the backwoods of Canada, Australia, and Africa itself, in China, Java, and, to come nearer home, in the outlying and wilder districts of our own country.

In prescribing, there are two things we endeavour to keep in mind: namely, to have the medicines we recommend simple and safe, and to make sure they will do good.

A somewhat curious and gratifying incident occurred to me some little time ago while touring. I had entered a druggist's shop to make some little purchase, when I found the proprietor strongly recommending some new nostrum to a gentleman. "No," was the sturdy reply. "I've stuck by 'Cassell's Family Doctor' for ten long years, and mean to for many a year to come."

Well, concerning the causes of indigestion, the sufferer himself must find those out, but I beg to assure him that if he resolves to remove them, and abides by that resolution, he has made one giant stride towards the recovery of his health.

Ill-health from indigestion creeps on most insidiously. From day to day, or even from week to week, you can hardly tell any difference in your state, but you can from month to month. You find after a time that you are not exactly what you used to be. Probably you are not forty years of age, and still you feel getting old, as it were. You have less ambition, less ability to do hard work, whether mental or bodily; you feel half inclined "to let things slide," as the saying is. The world and its ways and works have not the same interest for you as in the days of yore—perhaps only six months ago. There seems to be a weight on your brain, a load on your mind, and as likely as not a weight and load at the pit of the stomach also. You are drowsy when you should not be, and when you ought to go off to sleep the probability is you cannot. You may be nervous and fidgety, too, worrying about business matters, afraid of evil happening to you, spiritless in your labour, easily put out about trifles, irritable without cause, and unable to obtain sufficient rest at night, awakening in the morning only half-refreshed to begin the battle of life again, although you feel yourself to be only half-armed for the combat.

In addition to these disagreeablenesses, you may suffer from constipation, from flatulence, and from occasional headaches.

One thing which all dyspeptics should bear in mind is this: without strong, healthy, wholesome blood in their veins they cannot be either well or happy, and it is from the *food* we eat that blood is made. About the most that medicine can do for you is to regulate the bowels and secretions, increase the appetite, and supply any constituent that may be absent from the blood, such as iron, &c.

I have but mentioned a few of the symptoms of indigestion of a chronic character. Unhappily, many of my readers are but too well acquainted with others, so I need not name them. The *causes* of this indigestion are important to know, and these I must but skim lightly over. Over-eating is *the* most fruitful source of the dreadful mischief. Young growing people need substantial diet to build up their frames; hard out-door workers require good and abundant food; middle-aged people who do not work should eat most sparingly, and of a diet not too much mixed; the old need still less to sustain the system.

Over-eating in some makes fat. This weakens and wearies the muscles, and really attenuates them; and, worse than all, it interferes with the action of the heart, and often induces a suddenly fatal issue. In others over-eating produces a constant nervous fever, and though no fat is formed, the person loses actual flesh, and that which he has is flabby and poor. The abuse

of stimulants is another cause of the complaint ; and remember, when I say "stimulants," I include rich sauces and peppers, tea, coffee, and cocoa. Tobacco counts its victims on its finger-ends, and it is a fiend with a thousand fingers.

Drinking fluid *with* instead of after meals is injurious. An injudicious mixture of diet, indigestible food, badly-timed meals, want of exercise, want of proper ablution and the bath, sleeping in badly-ventilated rooms, hard work, worry, anxiety, want of sleep : all these are liable to induce the ailment ; and once begun, it has a terribly disagreeable tendency to go on to the bitter end. It is for all the world like a ball or piece of rock started down-hill. The farther it goes the worse it gets, and the greater difficulty there is in stopping it, and if it is not stopped it is dashed to pieces at the foot.

Now for my remedies. To begin with, I do *not* wish you to look upon yourself as an invalid. Because if you do, you will become nervous, and things will become worse. There are no bounds to the imagination of a nervous invalid. A patient of mine came to me the other day with a pimple on the side of his nose.

"Tell me the truth now, doctor," he said, "that I may be prepared. This"—he referred to the pimple—"is the beginning of the end, is it not?"

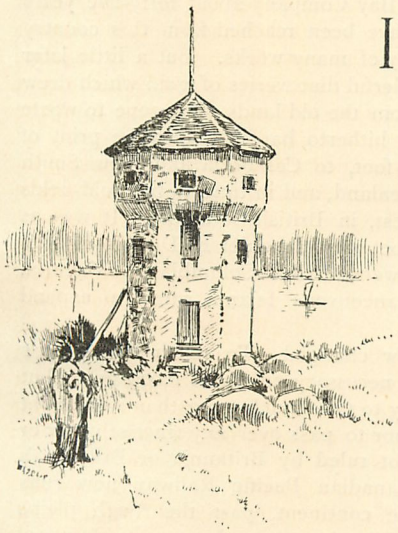
Do not look upon yourself as an invalid, but resolve to live by rule, all the same. If you are a society man, better keep out of it for a few months. Go and travel, or tramp, or camp, or anything to keep you away from the demoralising vice of over-eating. I am *not* using too strong language, for over-eating is quite as dangerous as over-drinking ; but woe is me, or woe is *he*, if the two should go together !

Well, you have, let us hope, regulated and reduced your diet, then as accessories you have pleasant exercise, fresh air, the matutinal tub, rising betimes, ventilation of your bedroom, and good sleep procured naturally.

If you feel really very dyspeptic, weak, and poorly, go to a hydropathic establishment, where you will have your diet regulated for you, and come back a new man. But not to begin old ways : you may re-enter society, but live abstemiously at table, and if you do so you will feel so full of life and spirit that you will think the tide of time is being rolled back, and you are getting young again.

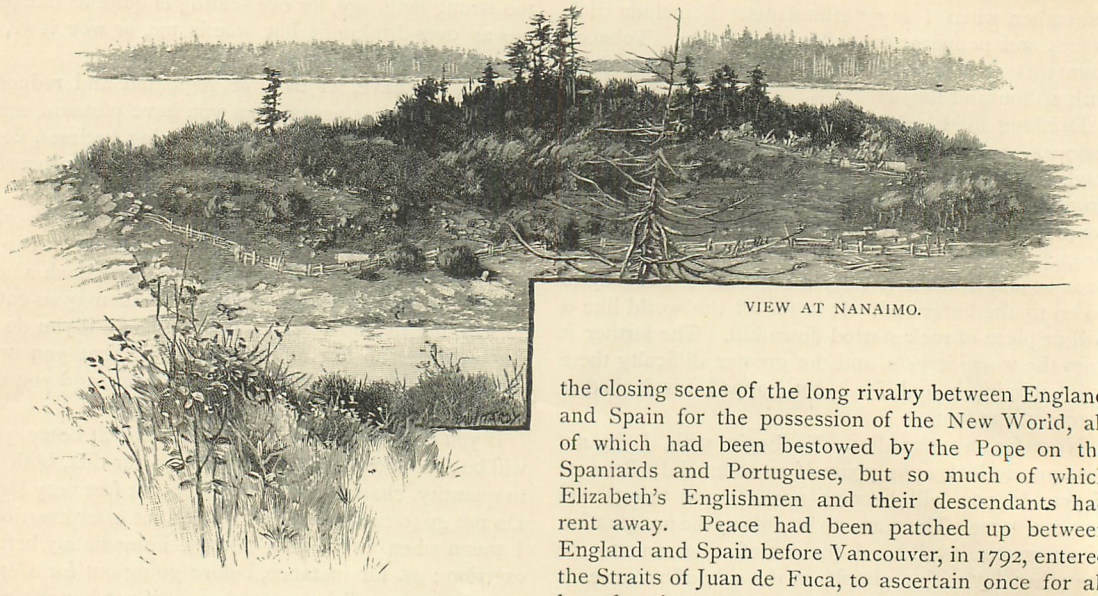
If you do not go into society, but live at home, you will be able more easily to regulate your diet, both as to quantity, change, and time. Do not fast very long. Do not go to bed hungry. Do not eat *after* exertion : I mean when tired. Do not eat immediately before exertion : as, for instance, before going out for a spin on your cycle. Take no food at all if not hungry, and be regular with your meal-hours. Never eat tough meat. Take tea, coffee, and cocoa in moderation, and never any meat with it ; an egg at most. Take bread and butter or toast with these beverages. Do not drink fluid till you have eaten. Never touch alcohol in any form unless your doctor bids you.

ENGLAND'S TREASURE-ISLAND IN THE WEST.



OLD BASTION—FORMERLY BELONGING TO THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY.

IT is nearly three hundred years since an English merchant at Venice met Juan de Fuca, an old Greek pilot, who had been in the service of Spain, and who, if his story were true, had done great things for his employers ; for he said that, after the scare given to the Spaniards by the appearance of Francis Drake in the Pacific, he had sailed on an expedition past California and up the western coasts of America to the northward, to see whether any North-West Passage from the Atlantic did really exist, and, if so, what measures could be taken to prevent the English from coming through it. He said, further, that in the latitude of 47° he had found the entrance to such a passage, and sailed in it for many days, describing the strait, and giving reasons for his certainty that it would be found to reach from one ocean to the other. Such a passage, corresponding to the Strait of Magellan at the other end of the Western Continent, was exactly what the English of that day were constantly hoping, though repeatedly failing, to find ; and Lock, the English merchant, lost no time in laying Juan's offer to show them the way before Sir Walter Raleigh and other leading spirits of that adventurous age. But whether it was that they thought the old pilot's undertaking to make the whole passage in thirty days a little too confident, as undoubtedly it was, or for some other reason, his services were not accepted by the English ; and, while Juan died in obscurity, his story met the fate of many better stories, and was disbelieved long before it had been disproved, just as Baffin's discovery of Baffin's Bay was for two centuries regarded by every one as a fiction merely



VIEW AT NANAIMO.

because none had proved it to be a fact. Nevertheless, at the present day the channel parting Vancouver's Island from the mainland of Oregon is called by the name of Juan de Fuca's Straits, and it corresponds well enough, both in latitude and in appearance, with the ancient mariner's description to make it probable that, if his theories were wrong, his facts were not far from right.

It was a navigator more famous than Juan de Fuca, the great Captain Cook, who in 1778 made what may be called the first discovery of Vancouver's Island, though he did not guess it to be an island, much less call it by the name of Vancouver, who was then only one of the officers in his company. Cook saw the entrance to the strait, but did not enter it, for he did not believe in Juan de Fuca, knowing that the American continent reached much further to the north than the sanguine Elizabethans had supposed; besides, his instructions were to search for the North-West Passage in latitudes far more northerly than the Spaniards had attained. But on his way northward Cook halted at Nootka Sound, on the western coast of the island, where he landed and made friends, according to his wont, with the natives, and claimed the land for the English King. The Ahts, as these natives of Vancouver's Island are called, knew the English henceforth as "King George men."

The Ahts had not long to wait before making the acquaintance of other European nations, and discovering, perhaps, that civilised men do not always set an example of peaceable living to savages. Ten years had hardly passed before the destruction of a small English settlement at Nootka Sound by the Spaniards had nearly set the two nations by the ears: but diplomacy was equal to the occasion, and the great European war was delayed for a few years. The affair of Nootka Sound is, however, interesting as the closing scene of the long rivalry between England and Spain for the possession of the New World, all of which had been bestowed by the Pope on the Spaniards and Portuguese, but so much of which Elizabeth's Englishmen and their descendants had rent away. Peace had been patched up between England and Spain before Vancouver, in 1792, entered the Straits of Juan de Fuca, to ascertain once for all how far they could be followed, and if by them a passage might really be found to the other side of the continent where the English had already made homes. He found no such passage, but, after exploring every nook in the winding channels around him, he came back to the Pacific by a narrow strait to the north, and proved that this, the most westerly of our American settlements, was an island.

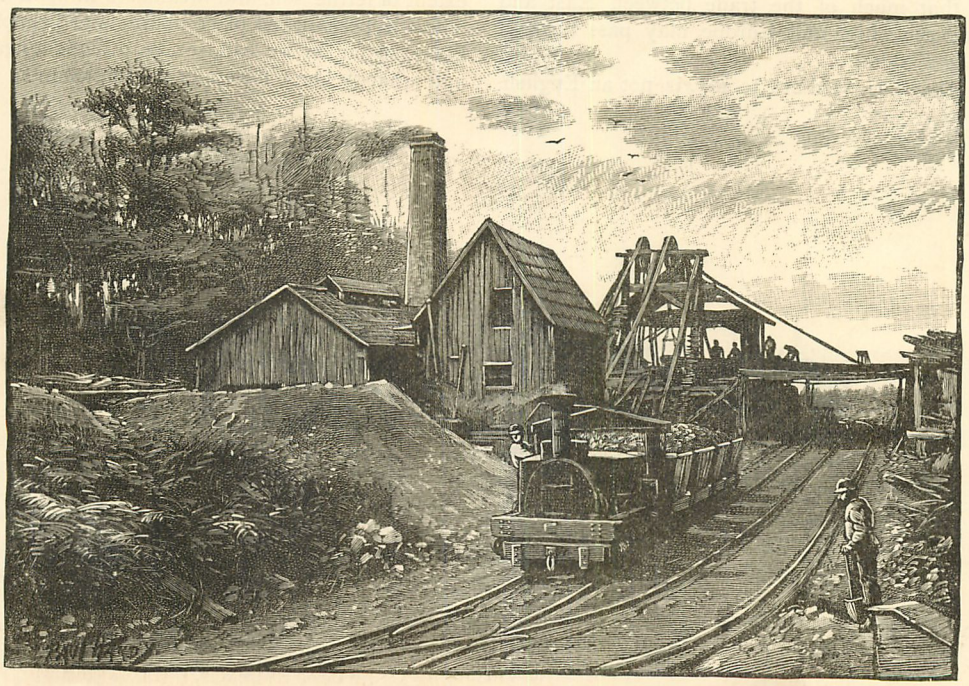
Vancouver's Island, with the desolate waters of the North Pacific before it, and the "great lone land" of North America, then uncrossed by any highway, at its back, was then, and for a long time, about as remote from England as any spot on the earth's surface could be; and the little settlement of Victoria, made there by the Hudson's Bay Company about forty-five years ago, could not have been reached from this country without a journey of many weeks. But a little later began those wonderful discoveries of gold which drew men in crowds from the old lands of Europe to waste places which had hitherto hardly known the print of the white man's foot, to California and New South Wales, to New Zealand, and in time to the gold-fields of the furthest west, in British Columbia. It was as a halfway house between the older El Dorado of California and the newer of British Columbia that Victoria, the capital of Vancouver's Island, came to expand into a town.

All this is now changed. To reach Vancouver's Island it is still necessary to travel 6,000 miles, but it is not necessary to take much more than a fortnight on the journey, nor to pass over any tract of water or land which is not ruled by Britannia or Britannia's Queen. The Canadian Pacific Railway now runs across the whole continent, past the rough plains north of Lake Superior, past the grassy plains of Manitoba, past the gorges of the Rocky Mountains, and the other ranges which rise in the beautiful province of British Columbia, to the shores of the Pacific itself.

Vancouver's Island, being not much less than 300 miles long from north-west to south-east, and over 50 miles broad at the widest part, contains a great deal of land, of which, though explorations in the interior have been made, much yet remains unknown. Most of the country is mountainous, the highest summits having, it is said, an elevation of over 6,000 feet, or half as much again as the highest mountains in Scotland. The shores abound in beautiful bays, and among the mountains lie numerous lakes, while upon their sides are dense forests, giving shelter to many wild animals which no cultivation has as yet disturbed. There are bears and wolves, such as existed once upon a time in merry England, and also panthers or pumas, such as England never possessed even in her merriest days, and deer of several kinds, including that most stately animal the wapiti, to which even the English stag cannot be compared for beauty. And here, too, live several tribes of Indians, once the lords of the soil, which "the high chief of the King George men," "seeing that they did not work it," ordered them to sell. The Ahts were a very backward race of men, who, though bold sailors and skilful hunters, did not know how to work metals, or to grow corn, or to improve their country, much less to defend it. Their strange customs and beliefs have been described and discussed at length; these they will now probably lose, but there seems little hope they will acquire any of a higher character in their place. No such acts of brutality as are recorded of the white settlers in Tasmania have apparently been committed by the settlers of Vancouver's Island upon the Ahts; yet such of these as have mixed with the white man seem to have learnt from him nothing but some of his worst vices; nor have they, any more than the native Australians, any cause to bless the day when their lonely home was betrayed to the eyes of covetous Europe.

The country which has so long sheltered these fortunate animals and less fortunate men will, it is believed, afford the best of homes to English settlers. The Pacific shores of North America have a climate very unlike the scorching summer and Arctic winter of Eastern Canada, a climate far more nearly resembling that in which the English race has grown up to its present development at home. The weather of Vancouver's Island is described as resembling that of the South of England, but with a larger percentage of bright sunshine than English meteorologists are accustomed to record, save in exceptional seasons like last year's summer. On the other hand, fogs are common enough to remind the patriotic Briton frequently of his original home, while snow puts in an appearance seasonably every winter, though in the lower and warmer parts of the island it seldom lies.

The agricultural resources of Vancouver's Island are as yet but little developed; some parts of the country are indeed already cultivated to great advantage, as others doubtless will be before long; but much of it, in the opinion of those who should know, will never repay the labour of clearing. Meanwhile, the forests supply timber in plenty, and will do so for many years to come. The mineral resources are supposed to be very great, and in one important direction they have been developed already. A little railway runs from Victoria for about 70 miles to



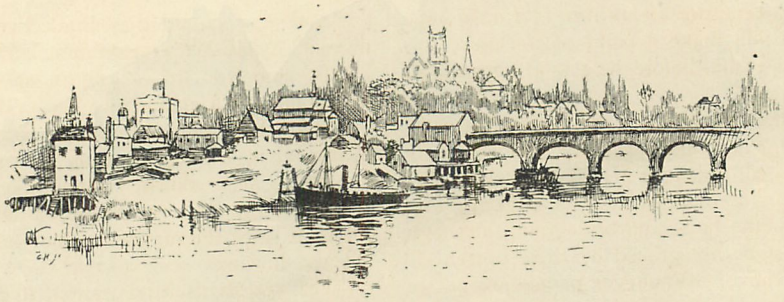
COAL-MINE AT NANAIMO.

Nanaimo, where coal-mines, said to be "inexhaustible in extent," are being worked with very great success. Since coal is conspicuous by its absence from the Pacific shores of North America, its presence at Nanaimo in great, if not inexhaustible, abundance, confers an important distinction upon Vancouver's Island, which is very likely destined to become one of the chief commercial centres in its part of the world. The railroad from Nanaimo conveys the coal to the magnificent harbour of Esquimalt, two or three miles west of Victoria, the praises of which have been sung by almost every one who has seen it, and for which every one who is at all given to prophecy predicts a most brilliant future. Hitherto, indeed, the somewhat scanty traditions of Esquimalt have not been altogether glorious ; the port seems to have first come into existence as a refuge for the ships and a hospital for the sailors of the British fleet which failed rather disgracefully in an attack made, with the aid of the French, on the town of Petropaulovski, in Kamschatka, during the Crimean war. But now fortifications are to be raised, and Esquimalt, which is large enough to hold a navy, made into a stronghold suited to the Power which has interests to protect in every sea, even in the North Pacific. The Pacific Ocean is, indeed, so large that one is tempted to doubt whether even Esquimalt will be able, as enthusiasts seem to suppose, to "dominate" the whole of it ; and when one finds such an enthusiast pointing out that it is "but three weeks' steam from Sydney," one cannot help reflecting that, after all, this is three times as far as from Liverpool to New York, places which are not yet considered quite as neighbouring towns. However, there can be no doubt of Esquimalt's importance, seeing that in no very distant future it is possible that much of the trade between East and West, between China and Europe, may pass through Vancouver's Island.

Esquimalt, it is needless to say, is not an English, but an Indian word ; and it is to be hoped that as fresh settlements are made in the island they will be called as much as possible by their old Indian names, of which there should be plenty, since we are told that with the Ahts "every bend has a name, every hill a story, and every dark pool a tradition." We have Victorias enough in different parts of the world, and do not need any more Portlands and Newcastles, still less Smithtons and Jacksonvilles. And it is even easier to appropriate the names of the land than to appropriate the land itself.

There is one product of China which has already come to Vancouver's Island without waiting for the opening up of a trade-route, and that is the Chinaman himself. In Victoria a very considerable proportion of the (as yet) small population is Chinese ; and this may become a serious matter, for, useful as the Chinese workman can make himself, his presence among Europeans cannot be regarded as an unmixed blessing, at any rate by European workmen. The question of Chinese labour, however, is one which affects British North America no more than Australia and America generally.

Should the Canadian Pacific Railway fulfil the hopes of its promoters, Vancouver's Island must become an important halting-place on one of the greatest highways in the world. Steamers from Yokohama can run to Esquimalt as easily as to San Francisco, and Esquimalt has the immense advantage of a vast supply of the best coal in its immediate neighbourhood. It is true that a country might be so situated as to attract a large trade, without being otherwise an attractive place to live in. But Vancouver's Island, as has been said, possesses a fine climate, delightful scenery, a large if not unlimited extent of fertile soil, and invaluable mineral treasures. There is, perhaps, no place in England's Empire more likely, so far as we can see, to provide a healthy life and a happy home for emigrant Englishmen.



VICTORIA, VANCOUVER.

FOR THE GOOD OF THE FAMILY.

By KATE EYRE, Author of "A Step in the Dark," "A Fool's Harvest," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

JANET IS PERPLEXED.

ROMA.

THE telegram—which had been despatched from the South Western District Office—contained only a few words, to the effect that Mr. Darton and his wife had been driven from the church to Victoria Station *en route* to Paris, together with a request that Adelaide's trunks might be forwarded to an hotel in that city.

Mr. Slade received the intimation of his son-in-law's extraordinary conduct with characteristic airiness.

"I assure you this has not surprised me in the very least," he exclaimed, gracefully waving the telegram backwards and forwards in his hand. "Darton is the most thoughtless, impetuous fellow imaginable! Accustomed to the greater freedom which our colonists enjoy in the land of their adoption, he cannot bring himself to submit to the restraints which our modern civilisation imposes on those who dwell in the old country."

"When one goes to Rome one should do as Rome does," was the not very original remark with which Lawrence received this explanation of Mr. Darton's non-appearance.

"I must say I think it would have been more becoming on the part of my nephew if he had considered the feelings of others in preference to gratifying his own whim," said Mrs. Fergusson severely, feeling that as Mr. Darton's behaviour was so generally disapproved of by all present, she could safely indulge in a few disparaging remarks about him. "I only hope that in future he will make a point of consulting his poor young wife's wishes before he sets at defiance all the usages of society."

More or less pointed remarks expressing astonishment at Mr. Darton's extraordinary conduct were made on all sides, till at length Mr. Slade exclaimed—

"Pray let us begin breakfast. We can at any rate drink the health of the bride and bridegroom, although the marriage feast be not graced by their presence." This was a wise move. Whenever people are out of humour, and don't quite know what to do with themselves, if it be possible to set them to eat, it is always advisable to do so.

"I cannot imagine how my very eccentric cousin can have succeeded in persuading Adelaide to go off in this outlandish fashion," said Lawrence to Janet, when they had seated themselves at the table. It was the first time he had spoken to her in the old confidential tone since she had rejected his offer. Even now his manner towards her was a shade less genial than of yore, and Janet was quick to note the difference, although she was so pained and perplexed by her brother-in-law's unaccountable behaviour.

"Neither can I. Adelaide has always had such a horror of doing anything unusual. I wish I knew what it all means."

"Depend upon it, he has done it just to show his power. He's the kind of pigheaded man to glory in being perverse."

"Poor Adelaide!" sighed Janet.

The truth was, Mr. Darton had not attempted to use his powers of persuasion with his newly-made wife. He had merely ordered the coachman to drive straight to the station, and they had nearly reached Victoria before Adelaide was aware anything unusual had taken place. The manner in which Mr. Darton had hurried her into the carriage had startled her a little at the time, but she had not attached much importance to it, merely thinking that he did not like being stared at.

"Where are we going to?" she inquired in great astonishment, the unfamiliarity of the neighbourhood through which they were driving having suddenly arrested her attention.

"Straight to Victoria."

"But we were to have gone back to the breakfast! Didn't the coachman understand?"

"I dare say he understood right enough."

"Then why is he driving us to the station?"

"Because I ordered him to."

"But, William—why? Whatever will they say at home?"

"If they don't like it they can lump it."

"They will think that you have gone out of your mind. Everybody at Pelham Common will be talking about it."

"And why should they think I've gone out of my mind?" asked Mr. Darton fiercely.

"Because you are acting in so extraordinary, so unaccountable a manner."

"And what's there extraordinary and unaccountable in a man of my age wanting to get out of all that tomfoolery at breakfast, I should like to know?"

"You wanted to escape the breakfast, then?" said Adelaide, with the manner of one on whom a light has but just dawned.

"Yes, yes, that's it; I wanted to escape the breakfast," replied Mr. Darton eagerly.

Adelaide had dreaded the ordeal herself, but still she would far rather have submitted to it than have acted in so unprecedented a manner. However, she was not one to make a fuss when she had nothing to gain by so doing; she therefore abstained from all further comment on her husband's conduct, contenting

herself with merely drawing his attention to the unfitness of her attire for travelling.

"Oh, lor! I forgot all about your being rigged out," he exclaimed.

"It's a little awkward, isn't it?" and Adelaide smiled one of her placid smiles. "I haven't my trunks either, you know."

"Here's a pretty go!" and Mr. Darton laughed aloud with rapidly returning good-humour. "Well, we can wire to them to send the boxes on to Paris, at any rate. Then we'll go to an hotel at Victoria, and you can send one of the chamber-maids out to buy you a travelling-cloak and bonnet, and whatever else you want. There's never any difficulty about things when you've got the money."

In writing to Janet the next day, Adelaide alluded to herself and Mr. Darton as a runaway bride and bridegroom, and gave a playful account of the straits to which she had been put for the want of her luggage, never hinting that Mr. Darton had acted entirely on his own responsibility without ever thinking of consulting his wife's comfort. Adelaide had said she meant to make the best of her wealthy husband, and she was evidently bent on keeping her word.

Janet did not know what to make of it. Nor was her perplexity lessened when month after month passed away, and still Mr. and Mrs. Darton remained abroad. Previous to their marriage, it had been arranged that they were to spend three months on the Continent, and then settle down quietly at Meadowlands. But when the first anniversary of their wedding day came round, they were still away. "Going from capital to capital, and seeing everything worth seeing," so said Adelaide in her letters to her sister. Sometimes handsome presents would arrive for Janet, for Adelaide had always been good-natured in a careless, easy-going fashion, and the generosity which had characterised Mr. Darton as a lover clung to him apparently as a husband. "I think William must have taken a dislike to Meadowlands," wrote Adelaide, "for he talks of selling the place when we return to England. I really believe he would like to live abroad, only I tell him he mustn't banish me from home and country after that fashion. It would be a breach of contract, wouldn't it? But I really must coax him to return shortly. You know I couldn't be away when——" and then there followed some sisterly confidences. Adelaide always wrote in this strain, speaking half-playfully of her husband and her married life, after the manner of young wives who love their lords. She was the last woman in the world to wash her dirty linen in public; nevertheless Janet was far from satisfied that there was no such linen to be washed simply because all mention of the process was carefully avoided.

And now at length they were expected home. They were to spend Christmas at Meadowlands. Not the Christmas following their marriage, but the Christmas after that.

Janet was in a flutter of excitement. She wanted to see with her own eyes how her sister bore her new honours, if there ever can be anything honourable in being the wife of an unloved husband. Notwithstanding those playful letters, Janet was very uneasy on Adelaide's account, for their number and their length seemed to her mind to silently proclaim their writer's craving for love and sympathy. And Janet had been very punctilious about answering them, telling her sister every little scrap of news likely to interest her, but abstaining for the most part from all mention of herself and her affairs, for Janet was not given to talking of the former, and Adelaide had never concerned herself about the latter. And in truth there was not much to tell. Lawrence had never even so much as alluded to that memorable walk across the common. He had taken Janet's answer as final, well knowing how rare it was for her to change her mind about anything when once she had come to a decision. And now that she and her father were settled again at Surrey Lodge, he could not bring himself to feel any very wild regret that she had said him nay. He told himself over and over again that she was the best and the sweetest woman in all the world, and that he never would, and never could, and never should cease to love her. But even while he was telling himself this, he was dimly conscious of a feeling of relief that he had not been called upon to endure that wearing poverty which must have fallen to his lot had Janet consented to be his wife, and of which his mother had so often drawn such appalling pictures. As for Mrs. Fergusson, she did indeed congratulate herself on the part she had played. For had she not saved her dearly-loved son from a life of misery—saved him, and saved Janet too? True, it seemed as if she and Janet would never again be on the old friendly terms, for Janet kept aloof from her; but what of that? Was not her son more to her than all the rest of the world put together? Not but what she did desire that the unrecognised breach between herself and her former favourite might be bridged over. She had even tried to appease the wrath of the woman she had indirectly accused of having led her son on. But the attempt had been made too soon after the accusation, and it had, moreover, lacked the tact which alone could have insured its success. She was taking leave of Janet on the day of Adelaide's wedding. "Good-bye, dear Janet," she had said, kissing her on the cheek. "I hope when your turn comes you won't let Mr. Right run away with you in such an extraordinary fashion." Then she had lowered her voice to add, "And I hope too that your Mr. Right will have all Mr. Darton's advantages of wealth, and will be a lover of the good old Sir Charles Grandison type into the bargain, and make you, dear, oh! so happy." As a rule a young unmarried woman does not care to hear her Mr. Right described by her married friends for her delectation when he is as yet only an imaginary being. In the first place, the description seldom tallies with her own ideas of what that Mr. Right should be, and even apart from this objection, she would far rather a seemly silence were preserved on the subject. If Mr. Right is ever to come forward, it will be quite time enough to talk about him when he makes himself known, while if he does not exist, the less said about him the better. Unfortunately, however, many married ladies

are very slow to understand this, and when Mrs. Fergusson said that she hoped Janet's Mr. Right would be of the Sir Charles Grandison type, she had intended to make amends to her old favourite for that word of advice which she had previously tendered, and which Janet had taken in such bad part. Janet had listened very quietly to Mrs. Fergusson until that worthy lady had brought her little speech to an end; then Janet had drawn herself up to her full height as she replied, "You are very kind." Four simple, commonplace little words they were, such as are often on people's lips, but the tone of Janet's voice, and the expression in her eyes as she uttered them, were so stern, so icily cold, that Mrs. Fergusson had made up her mind then and there never again to speak to her about matters matrimonial.

After her sister's marriage, Janet had applied herself with more energy than ever to the perfecting of her factory scheme. She knew she had set herself so difficult a task that the time could never come when she should feel she had achieved all that was waiting to be done; nevertheless her heart was in her work, and she would not allow herself to be discouraged. She knew what her doom must be—the doom that awaits all those who honestly strive to make the corner of the world in which they have been placed a little better than they found it; she knew she must press on and on only to leave her work unfinished; that she could but sprinkle a little grain, while the gathering in of the harvest must be left to those who should come after her. She felt, oh! how acutely, that there were thousands upon thousands of her suffering sisters crying aloud day and night for aid, which she was powerless to render.

"A TALL, GRACEFUL, FAIR-HAIRED WOMAN CAME SAILING IN" (*p.* 678).

And thinking of their agony, her own puny little trouble sank into insignificance. She was only a unit amongst millions on one little planet amongst so many. Could it matter, then, if she were called upon to bear one heartache the more? It would all be over so soon—so soon; the constant strivings, the ever-present weariness, the oft-repeated failures: all must come to an end some day, and she would be at rest.

Thus Janet stifled her sorrow, and worked and worked. Then one day she unexpectedly caught the reflection of her own face in the mirror. She started. She was thin, pale, lined, old, and careworn-looking! Yet she wanted two years of thirty, and it seemed to her that only the other day she had been a girl in her teens. Then she smiled sadly to think she could ever have been the chosen of Lawrence Fergusson's heart. Yes, it was better as it was; nature had placed them far apart, and she would never regret it again—never.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

ADELAIDE RETURNS.

IT was Christmas Eve. Janet and her father were in the library at Meadowlands awaiting the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Darton.

Janet was very restless, going out of the room every three or four minutes to see that all was in readiness for the reception of the travellers. Mr. Slade, on the contrary, had drawn the easiest of easy-chairs up to the library fire, and having provided himself with a goodly supply of current literature, was calmly awaiting his daughter's return.

"Janet, I wish you would rearrange that screen. I have observed that on each occasion when you have opened the door, the draught has been most distressing. I greatly fear I have caught cold."

Janet did as she was requested.

Presently Mr. Slade observed: "I have a very interesting article here on Board schools, which I think might tend to modify your views on the subject. If you will draw your chair up to the fire, my dear, I will read it aloud to you."

"Oh, not now, father, please! I couldn't fix my attention on anything while I am expecting them every minute."

"Your impatience will not hasten their arrival, my dear. Just put a little more coal on. One large lump will, I think, be best; there—just in that hollow. Dear me, how very cold it is to-night!"

"There they are!" exclaimed Janet, as she caught the sound of wheels on the drive. In her agitation she dropped the lump of coal she was about to put on to the fire, and it fell with a crash into the hollow indicated by her father, dislodging several pieces of burning fuel which had been sending up a cheery blaze.

Mr. Slade took up the tongs, and having as far as possible repaired the damage which his daughter had done, he hastened out to meet Mr. and Mrs. Darton, whose voices could now be heard in the hall.

Janet stood with clasped hands. She had thought so much of the meeting that now the all-important moment had arrived she was half afraid to go forward to greet her sister.

"My dear child—a thousand welcomes!" she heard her father exclaim. "Darton, my dear fellow, I'm truly delighted to see you! Where is Janet, did you say, my love? She's in the library awaiting you."

Then Janet heard her sister approaching. But still she stood, rooted to the spot, watching, with breathless eagerness, the door by which Adelaide must enter.

A tall, graceful, fair-haired woman came sailing in, dressed in rich velvets and soft furs, and advancing towards Janet with outstretched hands, exclaimed, "Dear child! I am so glad—so very glad—to see you once again." Then she caught hold of Janet's hands, and drawing her to her, she kissed her with far more tenderness than of yore.

"Oh, Addie, Addie!" was all Janet could say. She would have been puzzled to have laid bare her feelings at that moment: they were composed of so many elements; but the one sentiment of which she was above all others the most painfully conscious was that of yearning pity for her beautiful sister. And yet Adelaide seemed hardly a fit subject for commiseration. Her loveliness was enhanced by a quiet assumption of matronly dignity which well became her, and her manner towards Janet was even a shade more patronising than in the days gone by. If she had ever had cause to regret the step she had taken, she was careful to hide from others all indications of such regret.

Then Mr. Darton and Mr. Slade came in.

"Hallo! Miss Janet! and how are you?" asked the former, and the brother-in-law and the sister-in-law shook hands, without, however, the exhibition of much cordiality on either side.

Agitated as Janet then was, she could not fail to notice a change in Mr. Darton. It was not that he had grown either thin or pale, because he was one to whom neither thinness nor pallidness was possible; but he had aged very perceptibly, and that restlessness which Janet had observed in him from the first was now more noticeable than ever. He had a quick, uneasy habit of turning his head half-way round, as if he thought he was being followed, and when he was talking to one person he seemed ever on the alert to catch what others who chanced to be in the room were saying. "He must sleep at night like other people," Janet had often said to herself; "but his doing so is one of the things I well know must happen, but which I cannot bring myself to realise."

Janet had longed to see her sister that she might judge for herself as to whether she was happy as William Darton's wife. But now that they had met, Janet began to understand how little of the inner life can be ascertained from the outer bearing.

Adelaide sat at the top of her husband's table, making a charmingly easy and graceful hostess. True, the husband and wife spoke but seldom to each other; but, then, Mr. Darton was talking to Mr. Slade, and Adelaide was naturally anxious to devote all her attention to her sister at this their first meeting

after so long a separation. Adelaide, too, now that the excitement of her home-coming had worn off, was a trifle pale ; but the fatigue which necessarily attends a long journey would account for this.

And to Janet, as she sat listening to Adelaide's gentle flow of words, in which Mr. Darton's name was introduced now and again in so perfectly natural a manner, as his wife told of countries visited and sights seen, came a vague sense of the mystery, the impenetrable mystery, of marriage. Two lives are linked together in the closest relationship, and yet if each will keep silence no outsider can ever know whether the union is productive of joy or sorrow. Thus thinking, Janet began to realise that she would probably never be certain if her sister were happy or not. True, there had not at any time been much sympathy between them: they were cast in such very different moulds; nevertheless Janet felt with the deepest regret that Adelaide's marriage had widened the gulf to an extent that would henceforth cause them to be poles asunder.

Suddenly Mr. Darton's voice aroused Janet from a reverie in which she had both heard and replied to all her sister had been saying, while at the same time she had been steadily working out her own train of thought.

"Well, it seems to me," he was saying, "that the best thing would be for you and Janet to give up Surrey Lodge, and move into Willow Cottage. I don't see the fun of paying rent for one house, while another house, not half a dozen doors off, is standing empty."

Mr. Darton was speaking of a small but prettily-built house situated close to Meadowlands, of which he was the landlord.

"But why despair of letting Willow Cottage?" asked Mr. Slade, to whom the notion of leaving Surrey Lodge did not commend itself. "Surely there should be no difficulty in finding a tenant for so charming a bijou residence situated so near to London?"

"All I know about it is that the place has stood empty for the last two months, and that while money is going out of my pocket to pay the rent of Surrey Lodge, nothing's coming in from Willow Cottage. Of course, things may be different now I'm on the spot again myself to look after them a bit."

"Doubtless, doubtless, my dear Darton; your presence upon the scene will make a vast difference, as you say. Property invariably improves when the owner is able to look after it himself," and as Mr. Slade spoke he determined to do his utmost to find a tenant for Willow Cottage.

Then Adelaide rose, and the sisters went up into the drawing-room together. Janet half hoped that now they were alone she would have more opportunity of satisfying her anxiety concerning Adelaide's happiness.

But Adelaide was not disposed to talk about herself or her own affairs. She asked Janet for news of the neighbours, and seemed interested in every little bit of local gossip.

Presently she inquired after Dr. and Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds, and on hearing that they were quite well, she asked if Fred Sinclair had visited them since she had been away. Janet was rather surprised she should mention the name of her old admirer, and yet for her not to have done so would have been a noticeable omission, seeing that she was inquiring after all her old friends and acquaintances.

"He has not been to Pelham Common, then, lately?" she remarked, alluding to Fred Sinclair. "I suppose he knows I am married?" Adelaide spoke in a thoroughly matter-of-fact tone, and her face was quite composed as she put this question.

"Mrs. Barnard-Reynolds is sure to have told him," replied Janet, and then the subject dropped.

Presently Adelaide asked, with some show of interest, about Janet's own work.

"You are not looking well, dear," she remarked, regarding her sister intently. In the old days she had not been wont to make observations about Janet's personal appearance.

"I am growing old and wrinkled and ugly, am I not?" and Janet laughed a little as she put the question, but there was not much mirth in her laughter. A certain comeliness had been hers in the past, but she had never been really pretty, nor had she ever thought much about her personal appearance ; still she did not like losing her youth. What woman does?

"I don't know about the age, or the wrinkles, or the ugliness ; but I do know that you are looking worn out. Don't do so much, dear. You always have had such an idea of working yourself to death for a lot of people who will never be in the least grateful to you, do what you may for them."

Janet had her own ideas about the gratitude that one class should feel towards another. In her opinion, those of our poorer brothers and sisters who have through their own fault lost their way in the struggle for existence, are certainly called upon to feel grateful to any charitably-disposed persons who endeavour to put them right again. But there is another class who, although it has never wilfully gone astray, has, alas! been shoved aside; and surely when the "shovers" only try to do away with some of the evil effects brought about by their own injustice, they ought not to expect those whom they have injured to feel grateful to them for their tardy efforts at restitution. And if we divide the population into those who shove and those who are shoved, how large must be the former class if we include, as in justice we should, not only active "shovers," but all those who participate in the benefits derived from the shoving system!

Janet felt, however, that her sister would not enter into her feelings if she attempted to give expression to these somewhat hazy ideas, and so, fearing lest she should vex Adelaide, whose manner was now so much more considerate than it had been in the past, she merely said, "I think I am a little tired this evening."

"By-the-by, how has Lawrence been getting on lately?" asked Adelaide.

"Much about the same as usual, I think."

"Do you know, Janet, I don't believe he will ever do any good; he isn't one of the right sort to get on in the world."

"That's very unfortunate—for him; isn't it?"

"Yes; but it doesn't matter so much as long as he has only himself to think about; does it?"

"No, I suppose not." Janet was more on the alert now than she had been on a previous occasion when Lawrence's prospects as affecting herself were under discussion, so that she was not slow to discover she was again being lectured about her old playfellow. But the lecturer in this instance had only Janet's interest at heart, so that the lecture was not so hard to bear.

"I think Lawrence is a very nice fellow in many ways; but still I should be very sorry to see any girl in whom I am interested married to him."

"Well, I don't think you are likely to see any girl in whom you are interested married to him or to any one else, if by 'any girl' you mean me," said Janet laughingly, thinking it better to come to the point at once, and treat the matter lightly.

"And why shouldn't you marry?"

"Because I've made up my mind to be 'maiden aunt' to all your bairnies. Come, didn't you say you had some pretty things to show me? Let's go up and look at them before the gentlemen join us."

Then they went upstairs, and Adelaide exhibited, with some show of pleasure, all sorts of pretty nick-nacks and elegant articles of attire that she had purchased abroad, forcing many a handsome present on Janet, who would fain have refused them had she not feared to vex her sister.

It seemed very strange to Janet to bid Adelaide good night, and start for home without her. And when she heard the doors of Surrey Lodge being fastened for the night, she could not get rid of the idea that her sister was being barred out.

And then she fell again to thinking of that impenetrable mystery, the mystery that makes it natural for a woman to leave her home and those who have loved her from her youth up, for the companionship of one whom she has probably known only a few years at most. And, so thinking, Janet fell asleep.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

MRS. SAUNDERS.

IT was the last day of the Old Year, and great excitement prevailed at the factory. All the "hands" were invited to a tea, which was to be followed by an entertainment and a huge Christmas-tree, generously hung with useful presents.

It was an annual affair, this treat. The idea had originated with Janet; but as her factory scheme had grown, she had been unable to keep the entire management of it in her own hands, and had, therefore, been very grateful to the clergy of the parish, and some very energetic parishioners, who had kindly offered to assist her with both time and money.

This year Mr. Darton had come down with a very handsome contribution. He was always ready to subscribe liberally to local charities, especially if subscription lists were to be published. In fact, he was ever eager to give to anything if it should lead people to say he was doing well with that fortune to which he had succeeded so unexpectedly. He had also promised to look in during the tea to see how matters were progressing; and Mr. Slade had volunteered to accompany him, for Adelaide's father was by no means averse to being seen about with "my son-in-law, the owner of Meadowlands."

Adelaide and Mrs. Fergusson were at the factory early in the afternoon, helping Janet to cut cake and bread and butter, and to set the tea-tables. The vicar's wife and several other ladies were also there, making quite a merry, busy, talkative little party.

Among those present were a Mrs. Saunders and her niece, Roma Burnside. The former lady was a widow of about forty, of striking appearance and energetic character; as, however, her personal appearance has already been described in these pages, when she chanced to be a spectator at William Darton's wedding, nothing further need be said on the subject. She was an Englishwoman, having been born of English parents on English soil; but she had been taken to South Africa in her infancy, and had lived there until within the last year or two. She had married twice. Her first husband was a feather-grower, who owned an extensive ostrich farm some ten miles out of Grahamstown. He lived long enough to initiate his wife into all the mysteries of artificial hatching, an art which must be learned before feather-growing can yield satisfactory results. Then when the lady, aided by her untiring energy, and her great 'cuteness in observing and following to the most minute particulars all that instinct teaches the ostrich mother, had become an adept in the use of an incubator, her husband quietly departed this life, leaving her a prosperous widow without incumbrance.

After his death she succeeded in managing the farm, and the Kaffirs who worked on it, admirably. She did not, however, long remain a widow; and it was said that, in selecting her second life-partner, she failed to exercise the shrewdness with which she was so generally credited as a business woman. That the man was penniless was an undoubted fact, even if he was not, as many declared him to be, a needy and unprincipled adventurer.

But if the widow was foolish to marry William Saunders, she was yet wise enough to keep the management of the farm in her own hands. After a few years she was again left a widow. The circumstances, however, under which her second husband met his death need not be chronicled at present, although they were of a somewhat startling character. Then Mrs. Saunders sold her farm for a good round sum, and came to London, where she was joined by her niece, Roma Burnside.

As Mrs. Saunders knew nothing of London, she not unnaturally took apartments in Walworth, that being the locality in which she had lived as a child. With the neighbourhood she soon grew disgusted; she had, however, become deeply interested in Janet's factory

scheme, its ever-widening sphere of action promising a full scope for her indomitable energy. She was, therefore, desirous of meeting with a small, prettily-built house, situated in a more select suburb than Walworth, which should at the same time be within easy distance of the factory.

As a cutter of bread and butter, Mrs. Saunders was equal to any six ordinary women. The firm grip with which she held the loaf was enough in itself to inspire a looker-on with confidence. How she invariably managed with one application of the knife to cover the blade half-way up with *just* sufficient butter for one slice of bread, was a mystery which baffled the most earnest inquirers. Nor was the manner in which, by passing the knife quickly over the cut surface of the loaf once, and once only, she succeeded in spreading the whole of the butter in a nice smooth layer, less worthy of admiration than it was difficult of emulation. Then, quick as lightning, the loaf would be laid face downwards on the table, and a slice would be chopped off it before the admiring spectator could say "Jack Robinson." But, in common with all those who are proudly conscious of great achievements, Mrs. Saunders was fully alive to the advantages of her own particular method. She always expressed the greatest contempt for those whom she observed "sawing" at the bread, as she pronounced all attempts to cut slices from a loaf held in an upright position; she had also been heard to say that it made her quite sick to see the way in which some people would keep pecking at, and messing about with, the butter, and scraping it into the bread. Nor was she any more lenient towards others who failed to work at the same speed as herself; *she* never let the grass grow under *her* feet, she was wont to observe, in a tone which seemed to imply that many a goodly crop might be cut from under the feet of her neighbours.

But we must not linger any longer over the description of Mrs. Saunders, well as that most remarkable of women would repay such lingering, because her niece, Roma Burnside, is waiting to be introduced to the reader. A word must, however, be said as to Roma's parentage. Her mother, who was Mrs. Saunders's sister, had married a missionary in Natal, and had returned with him to England. Five years later, he died, leaving his wife and little Roma to mourn his loss. Then, when Roma was seventeen, she lost her mother, and this second loss would have caused her to be cast adrift on the world if "Aunt Charlotte" had not offered to "take her in and do for her," to use that worthy woman's own expression.

And now comes the difficult task of attempting to give some faint idea of Roma herself. Of course it is easy enough to say she was tall and lithe; that her figure abounded in exquisite curves; that the garments with which she was draped immediately became artistic by virtue of their wearer's unstudied grace; that she had rippling, sunny, nut-brown hair gathered together in a knot on the top of her head, while the softest and most wayward of little curls fell over her forehead, and clustered in the nape of her neck; that she had the most glorious of brown eyes—eyes which could sparkle with girlish mirth, or soften with unshed tears, but in which no evil or selfish passion had ever

"'I THINK THE MAN IS MAD,' REPLIED MR. SLADE, MELODRAMATICALLY" (*p.* 684).

lurked; that she had the sweetest, most bewitching, and altogether irresistible trick of blushing about just nothing at all; that her voice was clear, full, and musical, worth all the low-pitched voices in the world; that added to her manifold attractions was that rarest of all charms, the total absence of self-consciousness; that no one had ever thought of *calling* her beautiful: they, men and women alike, only looked upon her and loved her, without pausing to ask themselves why. Yes, it is easy enough to say all this, easy enough to say more, much more than this, in praise of one so wholly sweet and good and true as was Roma Burnside; but when it is all said, it not only gives no adequate idea of her as she was, but it seems almost sacrilege to have tried to describe feature by feature that which was perfect only as a whole. Better that the reader should fling aside the description, and let his thoughts dwell on the face of some sweet woman, who has made all the poetry of life seem real to him, and then give to the vision that his imagination has conjured up the name of—Roma Burnside.

Roma, too, was cutting bread and butter, standing opposite to her aunt, and next to Janet.

As Mrs. Saunders proceeded with her task, she glanced from time to time at her niece, and addressed to her words both of advice and reproof. "Bless me, Roma, do for gracious goodness' sake cut the bread a little thicker! They'll never stop eating if you give them such delicate slices. Look alive, girl! You won't have finished by to-morrow morning if you don't work sharper than that." But Roma did not seem in the least disconcerted by her aunt's fault-finding. Truth to tell, she had grown accustomed to it, having long since discovered that Mrs. Saunders was rather given to speaking brusquely to those whom she loved best. So when Roma was told she was cutting the bread too thin, she calmly replied that she did not think the factory-girls would care much about thick bread and butter; whereupon Mrs. Saunders declared "*she* would soon settle them if they attempted to try that on with *her*," in a tone which seemed to suggest that by "settling them" something too terrible to be expressed in plainer terms was meant. As to the complaint about the speed at which she was working, Roma playfully retaliated by pretending that she was not exerting herself, merely out of consideration to her aunt, the result of whose herculean efforts would appear all the greater by contrast. Then, having delivered herself of this highly satisfactory explanation, Roma went on chattering to Janet; for they had grown very fond of each other, those two, the enthusiastic woman who was so earnest in trying to solve life's problem, and the lovable, almost child-like girl, who seemed to do right instinctively without troubling much about it.

Presently the tables were all ready, and the factory-girls in their seats waiting for the tea to begin. The visitors were arriving, both those who had promised merely to look in, and those who had offered to help to dispense the comestibles. There was the vicar, a jovial man, who soon managed to set the "hands" at ease by making a droll remark or two. The curate was also present. He had come simply because he felt it was his duty to do so; but being a very shy young man, he was not only intensely uncomfortable, but also painfully conscious of his inability to hide his discomfort. Then each of the ladies who had previously been engaged in cutting bread and butter took charge of an urn, and the vicar having said grace, the business of tea began in real earnest.

There was the usual sprinkling of useful young men, rushing wildly hither and thither with cups of tea and plates of cake, joking in condescending, affable fashion with the factory-girls, and, alas! it must be admitted, carrying on mild flirtations with the ladies presiding at the urns when those ladies chanced to be young and pretty.

Lawrence Fergusson was one of those who were taking upon themselves the duties of waiters; and although he carried up many cups to be filled from Janet's urn, he took still more to Roma's. He did not mean to do this. All men and women like to think that they are by nature very constant. They try to delude themselves into believing that to love once with them is to love always. In most cases circumstances are too strong to allow them to retain this illusion, and they are forced to admit that their feelings have undergone a change; but then they are invariably very anxious to insist that the events which have brought about this change are of a very exceptional character, and that had not they, the faithless ones, been placed in the most trying of positions, they would without doubt have remained true to the end of their days to their first love. Such had been the case with Lawrence. When Janet led him to believe she did not wish to become his wife, he had been loud in telling himself that the fact of his love not being reciprocated would make no difference either in its intensity or in its duration; that he was, in short, the victim of a hopeless passion which would exercise precisely the same influence over him to the end of his life. But Lawrence had, in the first instance, learned to love Janet principally because he believed that she loved him. He was not aware of this himself, for he had never attempted to analyse his feelings towards his old playfellow; nevertheless, such was the case. When, therefore, the rude awakening came, the conditions under which his attachment to her had ripened were entirely changed, and from that very hour his love began to wane for want of nourishment. The waning was very gradual, so gradual that he was quite unconscious of it as long as nothing occurred to make him aware of the change his feelings were undergoing. But on meeting Roma Burnside, he was startled to discover the effect which her beauty had on him; startled, and a little disgusted with his own fickleness. Not that he was at once prepared to admit he had been fickle, or that he realised how dead was the old love within him. On the contrary, he struggled to overcome that which he would fain have persuaded himself was but a passing fancy.

Janet, however, was never deceived. She knew full well that her old playfellow had ceased to love her. She even realised something of the struggle going on in his heart, how he was hovering between a newly-awakened and very real passion for a most charming and lovable girl, and a consciousness that he ought to continue faithful to an old love, only the husk of which remained. And, in her unselfishness, Janet would have endeavoured to adjust the balance in favour of the new love, had she not felt instinctively that eventually the balance would of itself incline in that direction. Not that she was indifferent to the change in Lawrence's feelings towards herself. The man was as dear to her as ever, and the knowledge that he was about to pass out of her life was very bitter to her. Still her love for him was so real that his happiness was of greater moment to her than her own. For herself she had begun to realise that the performance of duty is better worth living for than the hope of happiness. Latterly she had grown so weary that she even longed to lay down the work of her life, if only she could feel that another would take it up, so that she might rest from her labours. She had striven against this feeling, striven against indulging in that vision of a

secluded spot, far from the madding crowd, where the tumult of toil and sorrow would not reach her, knowing full well that for those who have once entered the lists of life's hard battle there is no such haven of rest on all the surface of this fair earth. But for Lawrence she wished all earthly joys. And what could be a surer source of joy than the possession of so sweet a wife as Roma Burnside would make the man she loved? Lawrence's life, she knew, had not always been a happy one. His official career had been one long disappointment, embittered by what seemed to him to be injustice; and whether the injustice were real or only imaginary, it was none the less hard to bear. Would it not, therefore, be only fair that in domestic bliss he should find some compensation? And then that little difficulty of income about which Mrs. Fergusson had had so much to say in the past was now no longer insurmountable. For it was generally believed that Mrs. Saunders was very comfortably off, and it was also rumoured that, notwithstanding her brusqueness to her niece, the girl was to her as the very apple of her eye. Yes, Lawrence was about to fall on his feet at last; and Janet—dear, unselfish Janet—was prepared to rejoice. Only somehow she did not wish to be a spectator of his joy—that is, not just at first.

Then, when the tea was nearly over, a very strange incident occurred. It did not cause much commotion, because only a few of those present were aware of it. Janet was, however, one of the few, and it disturbed her greatly.

True to their promise, Mr. Darton and Mr. Slade had "looked" in during the tea. Both gentlemen succeeded in attracting a good deal of attention. Mr. Slade was in his element, as he went from one to another of the visitors, waving his hands about, and throwing back his head as he talked "big" about the good work in which his daughter was engaged. There was nothing he liked better than playing the part of philanthropist when he could assume the character without any trouble to himself. Mr. Darton, too, thoroughly enjoyed being the "great man" amongst less-favoured mortals. But still he was not altogether at his ease. So to hide his awkwardness he blustered a good deal, and swaggered about with one hand in his pocket, while with the other he held his hat straight out in front of him, after the manner of one not accustomed to uncovering his head in public.

"A tidyish little sum this affair must have cost, eh?" he observed to the vicar. "It's lucky for Miss Janet that she knows some who have got long purses, I'm thinking."

"Should we not rather say that she is fortunate in being acquainted with those who are prepared to make a good use of the riches entrusted to them?" replied the vicar, with a lively anticipation of favours yet to come.

"It don't much matter which way you put it as long as the money's safe. It's money that's wanted if you're to do any good to a poor wretched lot of girls like these."

"Money *and* the instillation of sound principles, Mr. Darton," the meek little curate felt constrained to observe.

"I'm bothered if I'd give much for the sound principles you're likely to instil unless you've got the money to shove 'em in with," laughed Mr. Darton.

The trio were standing close to the table at which Mrs. Saunders was sitting. That energetic woman was, however, too busily engaged in pouring out tea to give a thought to the visitors. Nor did her somewhat remarkable appearance attract attention, as she was almost hidden behind the urn.

Just at that moment Lawrence brought up some empty cups to be refilled, both Janet's and Roma's urns having run dry.

"What? more! It strikes me those girls are just drinking for drinking's sake. I believe they'd drain the ocean dry if they weren't stopped at it. Look here, Mr. Fergusson, before any more tea can come out of this urn some more water must go into it; so you'd better fetch a kettle."

The sound of Mrs. Saunders' voice caused Mr. Darton to look round quickly. Mrs. Saunders, too, glanced towards the owner of Meadowlands, so that their eyes met. The widow started visibly, and ejaculated, "Well, I never!" with characteristic energy. But the effect on William Darton of what appeared to be their mutual recognition of each other was far more alarming. For a second his eyes seemed to be starting out of his head, and he clutched hold of the table for support, while beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead, and his lips parted as if he were about to speak, but no words came. However, he recovered himself in a surprisingly short time, and even tried to laugh it off.

"How beastly close this room is! It almost turned me up," he remarked.

Janet, who was passing at that moment, noticed the sudden change in her brother-in-law, although it was not until later on in the evening that she learned its cause.

"Are you ill, Mr. Darton?" she inquired.

"It's this beastly close room, as I've just been saying. I've been used to fresh air, you see," he replied.

"Shall I ask Adelaide to come to you?"

"Yes, yes; and, I say, tell her to look sharp, will you?"

"I am afraid you are ill, William," said Adelaide, with pretty wifely concern.

"If I ain't ill now I shall be if I stop in this stuffy hole any longer. Here, Miss Janet, I wish you'd have the goodness to fetch your sister's cloak for her."

"But I promised to help with the Christmas-tree," objected Adelaide. "Papa and Janet can see me home if you would rather not stay yourself."

"I tell you I'll have you come home with me now. The air in this place isn't fit for a dog to breathe," and Janet having brought Adelaide's cloak, William Darton wrapped it round his wife with no very tender touch, and hurried her out of the room.

Janet looked after them in much distress, wondering if Adelaide were used to being spoken to thus roughly.

Over rough speaking in private, Janet did not believe her sister would grieve much ; but she knew that she would bitterly resent being treated discourteously in public.

"What is that gentleman's name? The one who has just gone out."

Looking round, Janet saw that she was being addressed by Mrs. Saunders.

"He is my brother-in-law, William Darton."

"Darton?" repeated Mrs. Saunders rather incredulously. "And was that your sister with him?"

Janet replied in the affirmative.

"Why, he looks old enough to be her father!—Whatever could have induced her to marry him?"

"He is very well off," said Janet, who was too much taken off her guard either to resent Mrs. Saunders' cross-questioning or to frame a reply which should reflect more credit on Adelaide.

"Well off, did you say?" asked Mrs. Saunders, in evident surprise. "This is a funny world to live in, and no mistake," she added ; and then, as she moved away, she murmured to herself, "If I don't get to the bottom of this, my name's not Charlotte Saunders."

Notwithstanding her efforts to devote the whole of her attention to entertaining the factory-girls, Janet could not succeed in throwing off the unpleasant impression left on her mind by William Darton's strange behaviour.

Even when the evening was over, and she was walking home with her father, her thoughts were still with her sister's husband.

"My dear Janet, I thought this would have been so pleasant a surprise for you," remarked Mr. Slade, in a tone of deep resentment.

"What would be a pleasant surprise, father?" asked Janet, trying to rouse herself from her abstraction.

"Why, I have just been telling you that my efforts have been crowned with success, and that I have found a tenant for Willow Cottage. Now guess who it is."

"Please tell me. I am afraid I am too tired to guess."

"Mrs. Saunders and her niece, Miss Burnside."

"Indeed! I am very glad it is some one whom I know."

"Yes, I thought you would be gratified. I must confess that I hardly hoped to be successful, for Mrs. Saunders refused point-blank to entertain the idea when I first suggested it to her. But later on in the evening, after I had had an opportunity of explaining matters more fully to her, and of telling her that the house belonged to my son-in-law, who was prepared to be very generous in the matter of repairs, &c., to a suitable tenant, she quite snapped at the offer. It always answers to meet a shrewd business woman like Mrs. Saunders on her own ground."

All the way home Mr. Slade sounded a note of triumph, dwelling much on the satisfaction Mr. Darton would experience when he was informed of the proposed arrangement.

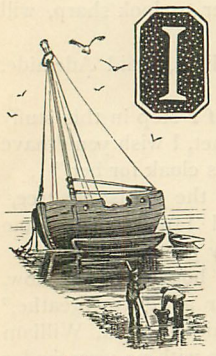
But the next day, as Janet was returning from the factory, she met her father coming out of Meadowlands, looking terribly crest-fallen.

"What does Mr. Darton say about Willow Cottage?" she asked.

"I think the man is mad," replied Mr. Slade, melodramatically. "I have no time to enter into an explanation now, as I must hurry away to keep an engagement for which I am already half an hour late. But I really do fear that my poor daughter's husband is going out of his mind. I can account for his extraordinary conduct on no other hypothesis."

END OF CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

SOME THINGS WE SAY, AND DO, IN AMERICA.



I HAD been absent from my native land many years that hot September morning upon which I returned, feeling half a pensive exile, half a home-sick stranger, to New York.

Everything was strange to me ; the very madness and riot of business signs upon Broadway, the novelty of the elevated railway on mighty stilts, even the breathless rush of people in the streets, seemed to me something I had never seen before, so many and many a long year was it since I had seen them. Nothing came back to me as half-forgotten things do come back by something like the slow development of the old-fashioned daguerreotype, and for a time I felt appalled that I had remained away from it so long that I no longer had a fatherland.

This nightmare impression of absolute estrangement from my own land lingered with me for months. In time it slowly wore off, and now I look back to the foreignness of America to me as upon a dream.

I never shall forget, however, various curious things that in those foreign days made an impression upon me. They are things that neither American nor stranger has ever, to my knowledge, related in print, notwithstanding the volumes of impressions concerning us that have been given to the world.

As we walked from one of the Sixth Avenue stations to the restaurant where I was to have my first "square American meal," I noticed how different the letter-boxes are from the purple-red pillars of England, re-

minding one of Tommy Atkins on guard at street-corners. They are dark green and small, and are fastened to street lamp-posts. They are so insignificant that I probably should not have noticed them but for the marvellous ornaments they each and all wore. These were ornaments in a true sense of the word, being proofs of the trustworthiness of the community those boxes served. They were bundles of papers, pamphlets, and even books, too bulky to be forced into the aperture for letters, therefore left there on the top of the box, in full view and open exposure to every passer-by, till the postman should make his next round.

This is a common practice all over America; that is, in cities. Every Christmas time since then I have been amazed to see how thoroughly the American public is trusted. Every Christmas, often at other times, the letter-boxes are filled high with packages of all sizes and shapes, awaiting the postman. Every one of them had a Christmas look, and even the postage stamps on them would tempt dozens of street-arabs, one would think. If any are stolen, I never heard of it, and the practice is so general as to receive no attention. Once at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twentieth Street I saw a sudden gust of wind send half a dozen of these packages flying. Every passer-by put himself in pursuit, but he who caught the most of them was the pea-nut vendor whose stand is at that corner.

That opportunity is not lacking to steal is proved by the number of times I have paused at midnight, returning from some entertainment, to expatiate upon the honesty of a people that could see a stamped newspaper or two lie all night long upon the top of a post-box without running away with it.

The English postman, the French, Italian, German, are forbidden to receive packages and letters *for* the mail, but the American knows no such restriction. Hence, in the University town where I live one may see at all hours of the day stamped letters stuck under the keyhole-protector of doors, till the "letter man," as he is called here, shall in passing take them away. More than once I have seen a letter fastened down with a stone upon gate-posts, remaining there for hours in perfect security, till carried away by a knapsacked man in grey.

Ours is a very rural town, buried in foliage, with wide streets, gardens, and letter-boxes somewhat far apart. As a University town, lovingly inhabited by literary people, it sends and receives countless letters; these letters are left lying about, confided to public honesty in a perfectly startling way.

Upon that day of my return we stopped at a news-stand to buy a paper. The owner was nowhere to be seen, but upon the stand was perhaps twenty cents, perhaps more, in silver and copper. My companion selected a paper, laid down ten cents, took seven from the silver and copper collection, and we walked away.

I looked timorously over my shoulder, expecting to be grabbed by a policeman, although I had not yet seen one in America, they being few and far between. Since then I have found exactly this a frequent practice, and once in New York, for three days in succession, I helped myself to both my paper and my change without once encountering the owner.

Yet there are New York aldermen in Sing-Sing prison, and Canada riots with our defaulters!

The simplicity which characterises literary and University circles here is in striking contrast to the extravagant flutter and pretentious flop of American fashionable life. Brains are the circulating medium, not money; ideas, not jewellery, are personal ornaments. The simplicity of daily life would remind one of that of quiet University towns in Germany, only that nothing really American *can* be sluggish, and that grotesque economies and pinching needs are not to our manner born. Many of the professors who have lived much abroad have brought foreign wives home with them; few of the American wives have not lived much abroad, and nothing provincial marks social intercourse in which many languages are spoken. The simplicity is not intellectual where men are in close communion and *rapport* with the most searching, complex, and abstruse minds of the age, and of all nations and races. Neither can it be said to be spiritual where the doctrine of evolution stands higher than that of special creation, and knowledge, not faith, is the mainspring of religion. It is merely a simplicity of outward habit, of homes, dress, manners, and conversation. That simplicity would be accounted eccentricity in the University cloisters of England, if it were not considered actual homespun rusticity. A prominent and still youthful professor makes an evening call. He is one who writes articles for American and European journals, that set the intellects of both countries agog. His mind is both massive and subtle, his speech trenchant, his dress and manner beyond reproach, and he sits all the evening with the package of eggs on his knees that he is taking home for to-morrow's breakfast! *We* make an evening call upon the wife of a professor and savant, of many tongues. We approach the house with reverence, humbled with consciousness that our tongues are so few, our own knowledge so shivering and mean a thing. Nevertheless, we are not in the least surprised when the wise professor himself answers the bell.

The baby-perambulator is a feature of American rural, even of University towns. Whether the young American father is fonder of his offspring than other men are, I am not fully prepared to say, although I have my "bias of opinion." Certainly he devotes himself more to its service than any man of equal social position in the world. The Frenchman adores his children, and appears continually with them in public, yet nowhere but in America would the college professor trundle his baby-cart through the streets with all the pride of a Roman emperor in triumphal procession. No slave is there to whisper, "Remember thou art mortal," and he evidently does not remember it, as he chirrups and "goo-goo's" to the drooling tyrant he fancies he governs—but don't.

When I arrived on that September day, we went directly to a restaurant, that I might eat of green

corn, of egg-plant, summer squash, and monstrous water-melon, before the waning of their season.

It was not an aristocratic restaurant by any means; merely one of the *bourgeois* order, where food and cooking are strictly indigenous to the country, and French cooking and viands despised as "kickshaws" and "stuff." The patrons were well-to-do business men of the neighbourhood, mingled with clerks, book-keepers, and a preponderance of ladies from out of town on shopping excursions. Scarcely had we entered than I had a feeling that this is indeed a republic, where there is no servile class, and where even the restaurant *garçons* carry themselves jauntily, as if consciously in possession of a vote.

A little child with us knew no English, and chattered to us in her native French. The *garçon* who served us looked at her with smiling interest. Presently, he deliberately laid down his napkin, and with deliberation chucked her under the chin.

"That's a funny way to talk," he said; "better learn the American language; it's lots easier!"

"The land of the Free!" I murmured.

One day I was reading in a public library. Near me sat a young woman, neatly, even elegantly dressed, and attentively reading a file of periodicals devoted to housekeeping. I wished to see one of them, and asked her for it. She gave it to me with easy good manners, and we entered into conversation. She told me, with a pretty foreign accent, how she cooked certain things, of which things her family were most fond, and of her intention, some time, to send some of her own recipes to this housekeeping journal. We parted with mutual politeness, and I did not see her again for some time. One week discrepancies arose between our linen list and articles returned from the laundress. I insisted to the youth who brought them that the laundress should come herself. She came. It was my friend of the public library.

We have an excellent table-girl, neat, light-handed, but not "light-fingered," and the colour of gingerbread. Serving breakfast and lunch, she waits upon us in a gay *foulard* over her woolly tresses, thus immensely adding to the picturesqueness of our somewhat foreign *ménage*. At dinner she appears in the *bonnet blanc* of a French *bonne*, and no persuasion can induce her to leave it off. As is the habit in America, our two servants eat exactly what we do, serving the kitchen table by de-serving the dining-room. One day our matron was about to send away the fried oysters. "You may have 'em all," said our black-and-tan Phyllis, replacing the dish; "we jest dispise 'em in the kitchen."

DELIVERANCE DINGLE.

TRIUMPHS OF TRADE.—II.

THE OLD TRADING COMPANIES.

ASSOCIATIONS of masterfulness still cling about the picture of the Doge of Venice wedding the Adriatic by casting his ring into its pale green waters. But the English monarchs of the seventeenth century arrogated to themselves a greater puissance when, by means of patents and charters, they handed over the unknown world to their adventurers, or claimed it for themselves. "I will find you a cluster of new islands," said a tawny navigator, grown hoarse with bawling to mariners in wind-smitten waters. "I will plant you a new colony," whispered a courtier, on bended knee, when a pause in lute or lyric gave a chance for diplomacy. "I will singe your enemy's beard!" exclaimed a confident warrior, to relax a curved lip or a wrinkled brow. The same answer came from the sovereign in each case. A pointed finger and a piece of parchment added islands and miles of new country to Britain, and much cruelty and privateering to its history. Neither Spain nor Holland nor Carthage wielded such a sceptre of sovereignty.

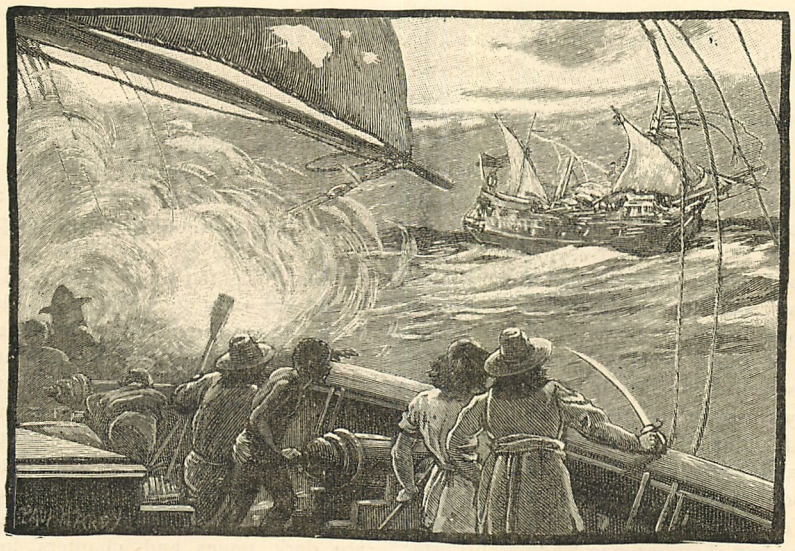
The sly courtiers, clever traders, and wrinkled sea-dogs who formed the staple of the old companies, always gauged an English monarch's weakness. Glory and power were, in nearly every case, promised the sovereign, with the occasional addition of a percentage. John Cabot's patent of 1496 empowered him and his colleagues to go "to all parts, countries, and seas of the east, of the west, and of the north," and to set up the royal banner "in every village, town, castle, isle, or mainland, by them newly found." This was a pretty extensive commission, qualified by one-fifth of the trading profit to the monarch who claimed so much beforehand. Sir John Hawkins, when he obtained Elizabeth's permission "to lade negroes in Genoya and sell them in the West Indies," bringing home gold, pearls, and emeralds, was effusive enough to describe such a work as tending "to the contentation of her Highness, and the benefit of the whole realme." The East India Company was declared to have been founded "for the honour and profit of the nation." In granting a charter to Prince Rupert and others to form the Hudson Bay Company, in 1669, Charles II. set forth that prior discoveries, bearing on "a new passage into the South Sea"—one of the principal reasons for granting the patent—encouraged the hope that "by means thereof there may probably arise great advantage to us, and to our

kingdom." The monarch's egotism ran parallel with the merchant's cunning. Even William of Orange was constrained to admit, in 1698, the force of a rather startling assertion. The Royal African Company had to defend its charter, and its petition set forth an argument involving the maintenance of our American and West Indian Colonies, inasmuch as the main business of the concern was, "furnishing the plantations with sufficient supplies of negroes *at moderate prices*."

Mr. Cunningham has pointed out that the Civil War marks "an epoch in English ambition." Prior to that period trade was invariably to be encouraged "for the royal honour and benefit;" after it "there was a more generally diffused national ambition. The mercantile classes had made their power felt during the war, and their interest coincided with the national ambition of outdoing the Dutch, who did not acknowledge our sovereignty on the sea, and of thus attaining a mercantile supremacy throughout the world." We imitated the Dutch in several ways. Lord Bacon quaintly says that trading in companies was "most agreeable to the English nature, which wanted that same general vein of a republic which runneth in the Dutch, and serveth them instead of a company." But the Dutch had their companies also, and our Turkey companies and Muscovy companies were formed upon much the same lines, whilst the Dutch had preceded us in the West and East Indies. Private trading, however, and showers of pamphlets and broad-sheets against the monopolist companies, marked the latter half of the seventeenth and the early years of the eighteenth century.

The East India Company lived down to our own time, a magnificent representative of the old trading, fighting, and fort-building companies. It was driven into territorial expansion by the pressure of external conditions. Other companies would have had a similar history had they been pushing against a settled empire. North American Indians could be exterminated, and West African negroes could be sold to the planters, when the Mahometan conquerors of India had to be beaten into respectful amiability as subjects or allies. If the Dutch had not raised the price of pepper from 3s. to 6s. and 8s. a pound we might not have had an Indian Empire! But the popular impression that the East India Company was always a fighting, aggressive, and conquering power is a mistake. It was averse to fort-building, and when Charles II. licensed Courten's adventurers the excuse was that the Company had neglected "to establish fortified factories or seats of trade, to which the king's subjects could safely resort." Sir Thomas Roe had advised them that the Portuguese "never made advantage of the Indies since they defended them," and that the Dutch, who had won plantations by the sword, had found that "their dead pays consumed all their gain."

The early records of the East India Company give many pictures of difficulty and heroism. Captains of ships and governors of the three settlements of Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta, reported strange adventures. "Distrustless naked men" had been seized and murdered by "bloodthirsty Turks." In one case the Portuguese had to be chastised by "taking one of their bragging frigates." The Flemings were buying up goods. British merchandise would not "vent," it was said, amongst "the Gentiles." So much bullion was shipped from England, our traders cried out patriotically, that the country was being drained of its wealth. The officials of the three trading centres all did business on their own account, making large profits under the half-



"'TAKING ONE OF THEIR BRAGGING FRIGATES.'"

KING CHARLES II. GRANTING A CHARTER TO THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY.

closed eyes of their masters. The captains of merchantmen were large traders, and thought little of netting £6,000 a voyage. Plundering the Company became quite a business. Sir J. W. Kaye says, "Just at the close of the first James's reign that dissolute 'Steenie,' the Duke of Buckingham, in his capacity of Lord High Admiral, extorted £10,000 from the Company as a douceur to obtain his sanction to the despatch of a fleet. Some years afterwards, Charles, in one of those pecuniary straits which always drove all sense of justice out of him, bought up all the Company's pepper on credit, sold it for cash, and never paid for it at all." City men, ironmongers, and clothiers, and pepperers, had formed the Company, but as soon as it began to overcome its early difficulties, "West End people" intrigued through a gentleman of the bed-chamber, one Endymion Porter, to form a new association, and the king received his share of the venture. Early in the present century private traders, acting against the Company's monopoly, did the largest share of business.

In 1809 the Company excused its inactivity by declaring that "commerce between them [the Indians] and us cannot proceed far upon the principle of supplying mutual wants." Hardly any of our "staple commodities," it was added, in the term of the time, found "a vent" among the Indians. Trade flourished as the Company's early monopoly declined, until the time arrived, as Sir G. O. Trevelyan duly recounts, when the retired Indian nabobs of this country raised the price of mutton and rotten boroughs!

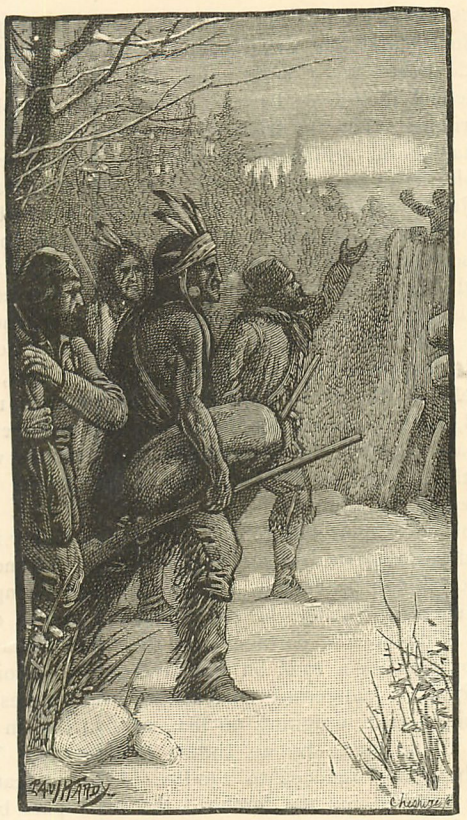
The grandeur of Indian officials, in their gorgeous palanquins, did not always impress the people outside of the "Low Country," as it was called, when they went amongst the hills to promote and protect trade. It is recorded in one case that the palanquin was pronounced by the Khonds to be senseless, extravagant, and involving too much labour. If the "one man" would but walk, they said, he might purchase "good meat and marrow-bones of buffaloes for himself, and if all was so consumed by him it would give vast strength to his limbs, be palatable to his mouth, and fill his stomach for a long time to his heart's content." It never occurred to them and to others that Englishmen were struggling in a climate not their own, building up an empire by courage, tenacity, and flexibility. Yet such was the case, and though there are dark pages and chapters in the story it is brightened by much heroism, devotion, and zeal for the welfare of the Indian race. Imperial grandeur is not happiness, as the subjects of the Mogul potentates discovered, but prosaic trade may lay the basis of a large popular administration, and of humane and magnanimous laws. Our Indian Empire, in fact, stands out like a giant monolith on a flat plain—a monument to trade! Modern history shows no other example equalling it in extent, or splendour, or potentiality.

The northern and north-western portions of North America owe their development, primarily, to the eastward fever of the old traders. The Hudson Bay Company was chartered, amongst other things, to

discover the South Sea Passage, but it made no attempts in that direction. It found a trade, and with that it was content. Still, its occupation of so much territory, followed by the British possession of Canada, completed the west-going tendency by forcing the march of American civilisation towards the line of the setting sun. Policy had its effect also. The Hudson Bay Company's servants hunted the American border to exhaustion, to deprive adventurers of temptation.

The Company's original grant gave it territory, or led to its appropriation, extending 2,600 miles in length, and 1,400 miles in breadth. The vastness of the lands still held has been described by Colonel Butler as follows: "From Pembina on the Red River, to Fort Anderson on the Mackenzie, is as great a distance as from London to Mecca; from the King's Posts to Pelly Banks is farther than from Paris to Samarcand, and yet to-day throughout that immense region the Company is king. And what a king! No monarch rules his subjects with half the power of this Fur Company. It clothes, feeds, and utterly maintains nine-tenths of its subjects." It takes two years for English goods to reach some parts of it, and there are remote stations that only receive news from the civilised world twice a year, and then it is "borne by men and dogs through 2,000 miles of snow." Here, indeed, are pertinent illustrations of the power and invincibility of trade!

The region is truly called the "Lone Land." It is said that the traveller "may wander 500 miles in a direct line without seeing a human being, or an animal larger than a wolf." The desolation of some spots is indescribable. The most trifling events become intensely interesting. A change of weather is as welcome as a new novel in a busy city. The arrival of a stranger excites as much emotion as the return of an explorer to London from Central Africa. The "fearful interest and excitement" of a hunting expedition requires, M'Lean tells us, a previous period of "short commons" to make it understood. Until the death-like stillness of a fort or station during the absence of hunters and traders has been experienced, the romance of an arriving trade-party, the tinkling of horse-bells, the music of a dog's howl at night, the



ARRIVAL OF A TRADING COMPANY.

picturesqueness of long-haired Indians, with their bundles of peltry, will never be fully appreciated. One must have eaten pemmican for many months to indulge in the visions of "pancakes and hot rolls" that followed the arrival of corn and hand-mills at a solitary station. To love a garden properly it must be a brief delight of a brief summer in a land of snow and frost, even if it grow nothing better than turnips, coleworts, and salad-stuffs. The hunters who return to the stations "for a fortnight to keep Christmas," will have felicities unknown to traders in our big cities; and when we read that away at Fort Pitt men receive ten pounds of meat daily, women five pounds, and children in arms three pounds, we can forgive Colonel Butler his suggestion that the old Orkney men must have seen in such a ration the realisation of the poet's lines—

> "O Caledonia, stern and wild!
> *Meat* nurse for a poetic child."

The difficulties of the fur trade were as enormous as its profits. The traders bade adieu to civilisation and its comforts. They had often to hunt and to sleep in an atmosphere below zero. They had to induce Indians to make long trips in their canoes, hunting for food by day and journeying by night, to exchange furs and

"THEY HAD TO INDUCE INDIANS TO MAKE LONG TRIPS."

skins for guns, powder, hatchets, and "some paint for luxury," as one writer puts it. They had to learn to do business by signs, and frequently they had to defend their lives by war. Starvation and plenty alternated. The fur trade often meant fighting with Indians, and outmanœuvring rivals. Here, for example, is an account M'Lean gives of the defeat of St. Julien, a petty trader, who tried to blackmail the Company. St. Julien "hired one end of an Indian house, which he fitted up as a trader's shop: Fisher hired the other end. St. Julien then removed to another house: Fisher occupied the other end of that also. St. Julien next rented an entire house. Fisher purchased a house, placed it upon rollers, and wheeled it directly in front of that of his rival, rearward, scarcely leaving sufficient room for one person to pass between the premises." The Indians were greatly amused, and in six weeks St. Julien was beaten off the ground.

The early sport was good. In one year eighty men killed 90,000 partridges and 25,000 hares. An Indian would kill 600 beavers in a season, though owing to difficulties of carriage he could only dispose of one-sixth of them. The portages were the chief hindrance. A portage was a road on the river-side to avoid a waterfall or dangerous currents. Seven pieces or packages, each weighing 90 lbs., or 630 lbs. in all, used to be borne by an Indian in one trip. The weight is now reduced to 230 lbs. A broad leather strap is put round the forehead, the ends pass back over the shoulders, and the pieces attached to it are thus carried along the spine from the small of the back to the crown of the head. The carrier stands with his body bent forward, and steadies the pieces with one of his hands. A clever man trots along the wet rocks with moccasined feet at a very good pace.

The profits were large. It was no unusual thing to venture a thousand pounds and make fifteen or twenty thousand. The natives, according to Dobbs, who wrote in 1744, often paid "2,000 per cent.," and "for that reason sell their most valuable furs to the French, though the carriage to Canada be near 200 leagues further than to our factories." A current account of the standard of barter shows that 1½ lbs. of gunpowder, or five pounds of shot, or twelve dozen buttons, or two red feathers, or twenty fishhooks, or a pair of shoes, or a check and white shirt, could be had for one beaver. Blackfeet Indians would sell a woman for one gun, but a horse fetched ten guns. "Exchange by weight, not by beaver," said an acute Indian once, but he soon had reason to change the method. When sold for money to Europeans, beaver-skins fetched 6s. 2d. per lb.; wolves, 15s.; bears, 16s.; deers, 2s. 2d. Away from civilisation altogether, trade runs its course by barter still, and the Englishman can realise something of its triumph. As Colonel Butler remarks, "the gun that brings down the moose and the musk-ox has been forged in a London smithy; the blanket that covers the wild Indian in his cold camp has been woven in a Witney loom; that knife is from Sheffield; that string of beads from Birmingham." The feathers that nod upon his head have probably "been to court" in the headgear of a beauty of the present Victorian era! Herein is reciprocity, for the wild man has hunted the "furs" that are so highly prized by the Victorian lady.

EDWIN GOADBY.

THE WISHING-WELL OF ERDSTONE.

(THE CHRONICLES OF CARDEWE MANOR.)

BY LUCY FARMER.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE WARNINGS!

TO-MORROW will be the day for the picnic, Charley, and Mrs. Martyn-Henry has not sent up to us yet!"

"And why should she?" replied Charley. "Do you suppose Mrs. Henry will invite you and me, Lucy?"

"Well, I'll wait," said I. "If she does ask me to go and be useful, I hope it won't be a boating party. Oh dear, when I think of those children! Ah! if it hadn't been for Miss Eggström and her gentleman we might have been drowned, Charley. Ugh! For my part," I says, "when my time comes I *should* like to die *dry!*"

"I'm likely to *live* dry," remarked my husband; "because you sit chatterin' and won't pour out the tea. I'm very thirsty—so look sharp!"

I had quite forgotten Charley and his tea; but I poured it out, being particular with the milk and sugar, sweetening myself to my own *similitude* also, and to his satisfaction. Just as I was putting in the milk I saw one of the helpers coming in, and gave Charley a dash too much of it.

"Whatever are you jumpin' about, Lucy?" he said.

"I couldn't help it, Charley; Bob's outside."

"Well, you needn't bob *inside*," said he, crossly again. "Sit down; I'll see what he wants.—Come in, Bob."

Bob Tarritt came in and handed me a note from Mrs. Martyn-Henry. "Picnic," thinks I, as I opened it.

"Oh, Charley, Mrs. Henry wants you and me to attend the picnic to-morrow. You are to drive the waggonette with me and the servants."

"Can't Thomson drive?" said Charley, turning to Bob.

"Mr. Thomson's laid up with skyattics in the top room, Mr. Farmer, and he can't move; so the under-coachman will drive the landau, and George the break. Two of the gentlemen will ride, and some walk or go in the carriages. Mrs. Farmer will be useful there," he added. "She's always in it. Twelve's the time for startin'."

"Have a cup of tea," said I. Bob is a very well-behaved lad, and he took it politely, drinking it from the saucer nicely, but with too much noise. "I will go, Charley," I said.

"Very well," said he. "Bob, that will be all right. We will be up at eleven o'clock. Where are they going to?"

"To the Wishing-Well, I understand, and a lonely spot it is, ain't it?"

"It's rather a queer place, I'm told," said Charley. "There's times when the water plays all kinds o' pranks, and if there's a kelpie there—as the people say—it will drown you."

"Kelpie, indeed!" said I; "why, *it's* made of sea-weed, Charley. You said so yourself—so there! And as to the Wishing-Well, it's beautiful, I'm told, and so *romantic*, with lovely damp ferns."

"*Rheumatic*, you mean," said Charley, winking at Bob. "Well, we'll go for certain, o' course. Eleven sharp. Good evening!"

Next morning we were up early, and at half-past ten we started for the Manor. It was rather late in the season, but the sun was warm, the air was mild and dry, and the leaves were all changing into lovely brown shades, which are so becoming on some ladies. I do love a brown costume well made, and trimmed with lace—a hat to match—it's so quiet, like the woods in the autumn time.

There was quite a large party at the Manor that time, and many ladies and gentlemen came up and inquired for the children (bless them!) and asked about our adventure on the sea. Miss Eggström was the heroine, and Mr. Maurice—the hero; but of all people in the world, who should we meet but Mr. Hemphill!

We remembered him well, and how he had at one time been so fond of Miss Gladys Anderson—now Mrs. Martyn-Henry—and of his adventure in the burning wood that day. He was there, and a number of others as well. The home party was arranged in the order below, and we went in the small waggonette. In the landau were Mrs. Martyn-Henry and the major; Captain and Mrs. Armstrong completed the quartett; Mrs. Cardewe could not go, but the squire did, with Miss Eggström, in the "cart." Mr. Barnes, the curate, was there, and some other gentlemen from the depôt, with a couple of soldiers to "wait."

While we were driving across to the Wishing-Well, I made inquiry about it, and was told of the curious properties of the water and the wishes that people said had come true.

"Charley," said I, calling to him, "I will wish, and we'll see whether we can't have the new furniture."

They all laughed at me; but I can't see why one wish shouldn't come as true as another. If your wish to marry a young lady comes true at the Wishing-Well, why shouldn't the chairs and tables for your sitting-room come too?

I must say that when we reached the place it was beautiful. I would not attempt to describe it, only for the extraordinary events that came to pass that evening, and we had warnings too. The Wishing-Well is situated in the middle of a mossy, fern-clad, and wooded dell, and from the spring—if it may be called one—there was then the track of a watercourse, overgrown with grass and mosses. The wood is extremely pretty. There are pine-trees, and larch and oaks, and such lovely shades of green, and leaf patterns, like open-work magnified, when the sun shone through the branches.

It was a sweet spot, and just the very place for a picnic in the warm autumn days, with the browns and russets and green intermingled with moss-grown trunks of trees, and the bright dresses and trimmings, the merry laughter of the girls.

While we were laying the cloth the ladies and gentlemen moved about; and after a while came back to wish at the Well. The spring bubbles up between two stones, and falls into a rock-basin, from which it trickles through a very green riband of grass, and loses itself in the rocky watercourse which I have already mentioned.

There was a Miss Lambton present; and she, with her cavalier, the Reverend Cuthbert Slater, a nice-looking curate of a neighbouring parish, came to wish at the Well. He was a pleasant young clergyman, bright and cheerful, and not one to throw religion at you every minute because he practised and preached it. He came up to the Well, where the woman who sells the wishing-cup full for a penny was seated.

"Good morning," he said to Mother Gassett; "I have come to wish."

"Ye've come to the right place, sir, you and the bonnie lady beside you. There's plenty of water to-day—and maybe there will be more before night!" she added, shaking her head.

I could hear all this, for Mrs. Jones and I had intended to have a wish, and were actually paying our pennies when the lady and gentleman came up.

"Why do you think there will be so much more water to-night, Mrs. Gassett?" asked the young lady.

"Because of the warnin', miss; I heard it; and when you hear the warnin', you may depend on it the spring will rise."

"Well, suppose it does?" asked Miss Lambton. "It can't do much damage, can it?"

"No damage, miss! D'ye see yonder walls?"

"The ruin, do you mean, beyond the trees?"

"Yes, miss. Forty year ago, when I was a young woman, and my mother was here as I might be, a lady and a gentleman came here alone, and as they

was engaged to be married, they had a cup of water and wished. That very morning, miss, at the full of the moon, sir, as it might be to-day, my mother had heard the warnin' and the rumblin' in the springs. She told the gentleman the rhyme which I will tell you presently.

"There was a party stoppin' at the little inn yonder where the wall is now; and they went back, after wishin' each other the best of good luck. The gentleman he didn't remain, for he had to go off at evening, but two ladies and their husbands and the young lady remained in the inn. You see, the gable is still standing. It was a pretty house, cottage-like, and covered with climbing plants and roses, close to the cliff where it dips down by the ravine to the beach."

We all looked, and I wondered why Miss Lambton seemed so interested. Her eyes were fixed on Mother Gassett, and seemed ready to pierce her through.

"Go on, please," she said. "Your story is very curious, and will be extraordinary *if* it end as I suspect it will end."

Mother Gassett looked at her steadily, but said nothing in answer. She went on with her story.

"Well, the young lady strolled out that night, after tea, by the moonlight. She went out for half an hour, to think of her lover, perhaps; and she was never seen alive again!"

"Murdered!" gasped Mr. Slater. "Horrible!"

"No, sir; it was just the warnin' fulfilled. The water rose up sudden and rushed down the slope like the burstin' of a reservoir. The people in the inn *had* a little warnin', and managed to clear out in time—but only just in time. The young lady, it was supposed, was caught sudden by the flood, for, two days after, her body, bruised and covered with mud and stones, was found high and dry on the beach yonder, where the tide had lodged it against the rocks. Ah! dear, dear! it was a terrible sight! and she engaged to the gentleman as would be lord of this manor—and may be now, for all I know! Dear, dear!"

"And his name was Lambton," said the young lady, rather solemn-like. Indeed, we were all rather solemn, and the sun didn't seem quite so bright, nor the grass so green, as it had been.

"Lambton it was, miss—you're right. The inn was destroyed, and the ruins is there still. No one will rebuild the place, which suits me," laughed the old woman, "because my baskets get emptied and my pockets full. But," she continued, in a graver tone, and somewhat anxious-like, "how did you know the gentleman's name was Lambton, miss?"

"Because he is my father, and has repeated the tale; but I never knew he was engaged to the young lady. She was a Lambton too, I think—a distant relative."

"I can't say, miss," replied the old woman, more respectfully. "But you know the rhyme—

> "'When Lambtons shall to Erdstone go,
> You'll see the Wishes overflow!'

and in truth we did see an overflow—that we *did!*"

"And may see another," remarked Mrs. Jones, in such a melancholy tone that it fell on us like a flat-iron, and we looked at each other anxiously.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Slater. "The Well won't rise simply because Miss Lambton is here. Let us drink of it," he whispered; and then she blushed, and he smiled fondly at her, and she looked up at him shy-like, as I used to look at Charley, and then looked down. Just like me!

"It's a case," I whispered to Mrs. Jones, "so let us go, ma'am. They'll make it up to-day. Picnics is a real blessin' to mothers, Mrs. Jones!"

"And no family should be without one," she replied, absent-like: a remark which so confused me that I left her and ran to consult with Charley, who was chewing grass under a tree.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

A CATASTROPHE.

"CHARLEY," I said, "there is something brewing!"

He sniffed the air, and then replied, with a funny twinkle in his eye, "I don't smell it, Lucy. There is no brewery here that I know of."

It is these remarks of Charley's which make me cross. *He* thinks them witty, I suppose! I had to retaliate at him, and said most polite—

"You should write for a comic paper, Charley Farmer. 'Your remarks are too funny for anything,' as the American lady said. But there *is* something going to happen; don't you see how clouded the sky is getting? and the sea is olive-green out there. Besides all this, the spring has given warning. There!"

"In that case, I think the sooner we have our dinner the better for all concerned," said he.

"Why, do *you* think there will be an accident?"

"I don't know. Most likely not—but still the Well is treacherous, as we all know."

"Here are the company, Charley. Dinner is ready, I expect."

It was. We went down after the ladies and gentlemen to the green glade, on the side of which the cloth had been laid. The company sat round the cloth, which was covered with eatables and things. A very fine picnic—if I am any judge of such things.

The squire teased Mr. Slater and Miss Lambton, and told the legend of the Well, which in past years overflowed the castle of a wicked baron who had drowned a beautiful young lady in the pool from which the Well, now walled in, springs. Every time the pool overflows it is supposed to be the vengeance of the young lady against the baron's land and house.

"Very pretty, no doubt," said the major, "but rather improbable—not to say quite impossible. There is some ground for the legend, perhaps. Let us trust that the young lady will not be cruel to us."

"Mother Gassett says the spring will overflow soon," said Miss Lambton seriously.

"What can she know about it? It's all a pack of nonsense. Come, let us enjoy ourselves while we can, and have a pleasant evening."

But the evening did not promise to be very pleasant. The clouds came up, and a still hush was hanging

over us. The meal was over, the gentlemen had lighted their cigars, and the whole party was divided into knots and pairs. Charley and I and the attendants had had our dinner, too, and some were preparing tea, when I strolled with Charley and Dobbins, one of the maids, up to a little elevated hill of ground. We could see some of the party—Mr. Hemphill, and Captain and Mrs. Armstrong together; Mr. Slater and Miss Lambton; the major and some of the other officers; and again a party of ladies playing at some game on the opposite hill to ours. The servants were in the ravine setting out tea, when I heard a shout, and saw poor old Mother Gassett running down the path like a mad woman!

We couldn't hear what she was saying, but she was in mortal terror. And we soon found the reason. Behind her, at a little distance, we could see the grass waving and bending, and then disappearing under water! Ferns, roots, stems of small trees, and then trunks of large trees, were surrounded and submerged in places. To add to our horror, we perceived Miss Lambton, Mr. Slater, and another pair of "turtles," as Charley says—though turtles, to my mind, are stupid things—right in the very track of the water. It seemed impossible to save them!

We screamed and shouted. The water got deeper and deeper; our cloth and tea-service was soon swept away by the muddy water, and hurried with a quantity of clay and gravel over the cliff-side. Oh, such a destruction! Plates went swimming for a moment, and then were dashed to pieces, with bread, butter, cakes, teapots, and milk-jugs, all helter-skelter, chasing and breaking each other till the gully was a roaring torrent.

Unfortunately, the gravel and stones torn up by the torrent of water were blocking up the exit to the beach, and the spring was rising all around us, for a dark brown mass of water came pouring out from the Well basin, which throbbed as if a great pump were underneath. It came up in spurts, and as the water flowed along it gained some assistance from the ground, apparently. It ran quietly round grasses and wild flowers, surrounded stones and kept them under, then the side channels disappeared and came up again in unexpected places.

"I knew something was going to happen," I said to Charley. "Here we are, all surrounded by water, like the Highlands of Scotland, and can't move. See, Mr. Slater is wading across with Miss Lambton. Can't you carry us, Charley?"

"I'm afraid not, but I'll try," he said. "If we can reach the opposite hill where the ladies are, we may escape a wetting. Come, let me carry you."

"Take Dobbins first," said I. "She is lighter."

"No; you'll come first, please," said Charley. "So put your arms around my neck and sit as light as you can."

I did as he said; but when we came to the water I had to shut my eyes, for it was rushing quickly in a thick-looking, pea-soup kind of current. But though Charley staggered two or three times—and once I made sure we would fall—we reached the higher ground, when he put me down and started back for Dobbins.

She was screaming and hallooing as if she were being tortured by fire. None of *us* said a word of complaint; and though I did not like Charley going back, he went in spite of me. I don't think Dobbins—a slip of a girl—was in much danger. However, Charley went, and we watched him.

He got over safe enough, and was carrying her right enough, when some one shouted, "Look out, Farmer! Look to your left!"

We turned; and there was a big piece of a tree, which was floating, with branches on it. If this hit Charley he would be knocked over.

It was a very anxious time, and Mr. Hemphill said something to Mr. Slater, and the curate nodded. Then the two gentlemen rolled up their trousers to their knees, and walked into the water hand in hand, to help Charley.

But the stream current was too quick for them, and poor Charley could hardly stand. The log came along, hit him by his knees, and knocked him off his feet in a second. I know I screamed, and rushed towards the water to catch him, but I was pulled back, and all I could do was to watch the two bodies carried away like corks, fighting and battling, down the gulley and over the little dam of stones and gravel, which gave way soon after. Then they plunged over the cliff, and I fainted.

* * * * *

"I am afraid he is dead," were the first words I heard before I opened my eyes. "It was a brave deed and a gallant rescue—but——"

The pause was expressive. Dead! Charley dead! Oh, the awfulness of the idea! My poor dear Charley dead! I couldn't, I *wouldn't* believe it. It was too cruel. Why should he be killed and the girl live? I think I was mad for a while. At any rate, I have only a very confused recollection of what was said after that. I was dazed, dumb, helpless! Charley dead! What was to become of me and the children?

I didn't think of inquiring where I was. I knew I was alive, and that was all. I didn't care then whether I died or lived. I lay in the bed—for I saw that—I lay in the bed dumb, listless, careless; tears rolled down my cheeks, and then my eyes grew dry and hot, my mouth became parched, I wouldn't and couldn't speak. Then I was in a fever—brain fever.

I heard from my attendants after I became better that in my delirium I called for and spoke continually to, and of, Charley, Dobbins, and the children. "The water," also, was a frequent phrase; and when I struggled back to life again I was as weak as a child. Yet I never asked for the children then. I never mentioned my husband's name, and I even felt doubtful of my own existence, as it were.

Several times, I remember, did my old attendant hint that perhaps I would like to hear particulars of the "case," as she termed it, and begged me to see the children and friends. But I didn't answer her. I was dumb, till one day I burst out crying and sobbing.

Then I called for Charley, and I remember the woman saying, "Deary, he can't come!"

I knew it all the while! They had buried him while I was ill with fever, and had sent the children away. Mrs. Martyn-Henry came with Mrs. Ellerton (Miss Gwendolen Grey that was, about whose family diamonds there was all that bobbery), and people made inquiries. Miss Lambton, too, called, and Mr. Slater. But I wouldn't say a word—not even to Mrs. Cardewe; I couldn't!

"Her reason is unhinged," they whispered. "We dare not tell her the truth. The shock might be too much. What is to be done, Dr. Joliffe?"

"I think we must risk it," he replied. I could hear every word. Mrs. Martyn-Henry seemed very anxious that day, and perhaps a little hurt because I wouldn't speak. I felt that I *couldn't*, and that if I opened my mouth I would—I *must* scream out in my agony.

"Shall *I* tell her?" suggested Mrs. Ellerton.

"If you please; you will break the intelligence gently, though," said the old doctor. "How careful you must be I need not insist."

How well I remember it all! The words sank into my heart. Oh, Charley, Charley, my darling husband, come back, come back to me! Husband, husband!

This was all my thought. Charley dead! My inward cry was for him, and I knew he was gone from me.

"Lucy," said Mrs. Ellerton, very kindly, "we have been keeping something from you, but you must hear it. Now, please, please be quiet. The doctor says any sudden excitement will be injurious. Can you hear?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said. I could not resist her soft tones.

"Well, then, prepare yourself. Your husband——"

"I know he's dead! Let me die, too. Please go away. I can't bear it!"

"Dead! Who told you he was dead?" she asked, in a most pitiful voice.

"I heard them talking. They said he was dead. Let me be, please."

"But, Mrs. Farmer, there's some terrible mistake. Your husband is not dead!"

"Not dead!" Then came a scream, I can tell you. "Is that true? are you not trying to deceive me?"

"No, no, no! Mr. Farmer is alive and nearly well. He is most anxious to see you, but the doctor has been afraid of any sudden shock, as you have been dumb so long."

"And who was it was killed, ma'am?" I gasped.

"Mr. Hemphill. Now, be quiet. There, there, Lucy, gently, my good friend! Quiet, pray, *pray* be quiet!"

Mr. Hemphill dead! I cried bitterly; and when I remembered his hard youth and firm courage, his love-affair with Miss Anderson—now Mrs. Martyn-Henry—and his self-banishment, I cried loudly, and for a long time. But when I had become more composed, a hand touched mine, a face bent down to mine, a pair of lips touched my cheek, a tear fell on my hand, and a voice I well knew whispered "Lucy!"

Charley! Charley alive and well! Thank Heaven! I need say no more now.

FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS.

OCTOBER—AUTUMN BERRIES.

FLOWERS crown the Summer; Autumn wears
Gems on her humblest robe and least:—
Yet, look you nearer! 'tis a feast
Spread for her feathered pensioners.

WHAT TO WEAR IN OCTOBER.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

IT is not often that cheapness and fashion go hand in hand. We have to congratulate ourselves that this is the case now. Wool is very inexpensive, and there is no material so universally worn. Moreover, the patterns are good, the colours becoming and pretty, and the cloths well woven.

Cashmeres and loose-made soft fabrics are yielding the palm to ladies' habit cloth, amazone, and materials of a like kind, that promise to stand much wear and tear.

It is possible to obtain an all-wool material, double width, much under two shillings a yard. I have just seen some Cheviots, and English serge, brought out under these favourable circumstances in a long range of white, red, reseda, blue, and myrtle tones, as well as in navy, which, if the prophets prophesy truly, is to be the most worn of all colours this winter. Another good inexpensive stuff is foulé serge, a staple article, with perhaps a wider range of colours.

Amazone, which is a less expensive plain cloth than that called ladies' habit cloth, is what manufacturers have chiefly bestowed their attention upon. It has been brought out in beavers, reds, blues, terras, reseda, and electrics. Chuddah is a new introduction after the same order, and wears better, being less liable to spot; but all such cloths should be damped, not by the amateur, but by the manufacturer. Burmah is another novelty, with the herring-bone weaving more distinctly visible; it closely resembles Vigogne, which is always worn, and drapes well.

Ladies' cloth, in the best quality, is a fabric which is likely to last for years, and the tones this year are particularly tempting. There is a rich and beautiful chestnut, which might be made up plain or embroidered, and nothing shows off silver, gold, or black embroidery better than this particular tone. The red, of the exact tint of soldiers' coats, is employed for pipings and vests; there are prunes, greys, browns, greens; and an enormous quantity of this cloth has been sold all over the country to the wholesale houses early in the autumn, and promises to be universally worn.

There are, however, some fancy varieties in the amazone as well as in the ladies' cloths. Zigzag points in self tones have been introduced in the weaving, and the same with horizontal stripes above and below the points, and there is the plain striped fabric to combine with it; indeed, some of the dresses are composed of plain and striped cloth, with a little of the more fanciful stuffs by way of panels. Amazone cloths are also sold in colours blended with white or black, resembling what we are pleased to call "pepper-and-salt" mixtures; light blue and dark, red and grey, blue and red, electric and gold, and these are most serviceable in good qualities.

Plaids in green, red, blue, and yellow, and all kinds of mixtures, are quite new; they are invariably fancy plaids, and not those appertaining to the clans, and are very varied; checks run through them sometimes, and knickerbocker effects, as well as shaded stripes.

Indian has long upstanding hairs on its surface, and has an interwoven line like lightning running through it; while some striped stuffs, such as the Bismarck, have a mixed ground, the stripes each edged with three cords. The favourite colours are blue and brown, red and blue, green and red, and the material is made up without combination. Indeed, all the simple stuffs constitute the entire dress.

It has never been more puzzling to select a winter or autumn dress, the choice is so great. Damassé Boru is one of the most effective novelties—the material very soft and in mixed colours; the stripes shaded; the brocade of a dark tone showing a crêpé effect. Another damassé has a thick, solid tapestry pattern, which looks like braiding; and Biarritz cloth has shaded stripes in two colours—green and red, blue and brown, green and brown. Sonora, again, has stripes with an edge like a ribbon laid on. This was introduced into silks this summer, but in wool it is quite new.

Borders are very fashionable. Some of them are in solid colours, like wide tape, but the blanket borders are newer; they are shaded, fluffy, have the knickerbocker effect, and are combined with white and black. Other broad striped borders have an edge like ribbon.

The names given to the new stuffs are fanciful, and convey little idea of their nature. There are striped Cheviots, with a black brocade thrown on the broadest and lightest stripe.

Carreaux Flames is remarkable for its singularity. On the plain thick cloth are white devices, if I may so describe them, that form irregular angles.

The black detached brocaded motifs in stripes and plain cloths make up most effectively. This reminds me of a material which all my readers should know of—taffetas, it is called—firm, durable, and wiry, intended only for the foundation of skirts; a yard wide, cheap, and made to match all shades; some of it is to be had in mixed colours, to go with tweeds; it is

as light as alpaca and stronger, and as warm as Russian cord, but lighter.

Our first illustration shows some of the simplest and, at the same time, most stylish forms of making up the materials I have been describing. The standing figure wears a gown composed of only one fabric and colour, trimmed with an open-work galon to match, which is carried in a triple row down the front of the skirt, that is apparently cut all in one, for a side drapery comes from the right shoulder, crosses the bodice, and forms the front breadth of the skirt; it falls in soft, easy folds, and is confined at the waist by a ribbon belt tied on the left side. To all appearance the bodice would be quite complete without this outer drapery, for a full-gathered vest is introduced into the front with some seven rows of runnings at either end. The neck-band is made very high. The over-drapery of the skirt is carried round to the back, where it drapes in soft, easy folds, and there are single pleats at the side. The sleeves are put in high at the shoulder, and are trimmed with horizontal rows of galon.

The seated figure has a mixture of material, the petticoat striped, the skirt drapery plain, very bright and pretty-looking for country wear. It is trimmed with either wool or jetted galon, which is carried in a double row both down the skirt and jacket. The sleeve shows the latest novelty, having a short over one trimmed in a square form. The vest is arranged diagonally, and disappears beneath a full sash of soft silk. The mode of draping is very easily gleaned from the picture.

TALKING IT OVER.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Some new and charming materials have been brought out this autumn, which are as costly as silk, although they are merely silk stripes on wool, but short lengths of three or four yards are used in a dress, forming the panels, cuffs—indeed, sleeves sometimes—and vests. The groundwork is a plain solid colour of diagonally woven wool, having broad silk stripes like ribbon, with a firm thick edge. One handsome stripe on many-coloured grounds is a combination of grey and stone; while another in stone and black has a black brocaded design upon it, which resembles a cloud of smoke from a passing engine, obscuring the stripes at intervals. Sometimes these silk stripes have a check design upon them, others show varied brocades, but the silk gives them richness and solidity, and it is astonishing how much effect is produced by the use of a few yards. The shaded stripes are most effective. Occasionally a frisé pattern is introduced, like Baden towelling; sometimes Paisley patterns, with pines and other devices, such as are seen in Cashmere shawls, form the stripes, gold and reds being the prevailing tones; and one very handsome fabric of this nature had a varied edge like lappeting.

Some particularly stylish dresses in a soft make of green, blue, brown, or cardinal serge, are worked in black silk to the depth of a yard, with what appears to be a cross-stitch pattern; it shows up well in the solid colour. The stuff thus treated is draped so that no foundation shows, and there are corresponding bands of trimming for the bodice.

The Directoire still gives the inspirations as to style. Our second illustration shows a modified coat of the fashionable cut, which would be a good manner of making up the new stripes of silk on wool, with plain material. The former might appear on the front, the panel, the stripe on the arm, and the vest; the rest might be plain stuff, except the outer folds to the bodice, which replace revers, and disappear in the wide belt. This could be made of velvet to match the cuff; or, should the dress be intended for demi-toilette, of

muslin. If you examine the cut of the coat closely, you will see that it is in fact a Directoire jacket, which here and there has lengthened basques, forming panels; and on one side, loops of ribbon for sash ends. The introduction of the striped material on the outside of the arm is new and pretty.

The hat worn by this figure is of a shape much worn in Paris; the material, black lace drawn outside and pleated on the brim, which widens over the face; there is a double row of roses inside this upturned brim, and feathers and flowers outside the hat.

The accompanying figure wears a simpler coat, well suited to the plain and striped woollens. It has revers in the front, which turn back to show a short striped vest just draped in loose folds. The front of the skirt has very narrow pleats, the back wider ones, of the organ form. The bodice is pointed, and fastens invisibly. The sleeve at the top is after the old leg of mutton shape to the elbow, an effect produced by long slashings, through which appear pleats of the material. This style is calculated to diminish the apparent size of the waist. This costume is made with silver-grey cloth, stripes of silver being laid on the vest; beige-colour with gold is also suited to this new make, and the new flame-brown, in which case the vest is made of striped silk, red and brown.

The new colours have all much warmth in them. Women of fashion appear to care for bright tones, and to relieve the more sombre greys and browns with touches of some brilliant hue becoming to the complexion.

A REST BY THE WAY.

Short jackets are always useful at this season, and several new stuffs have been brought out for them. There is Zibeline, a sort of woollen-velvet cloth with thick lining, very wide, and sold principally in stones, greens, and several other tones. Moscovies is the name given to a new material like beaver cloth.

For the long coats and cloaks woollen brocades are in vogue; these are a combination of two shades of the same colour, or of some tone mixed with white or black, and the patterns are large and well covering. Sometimes plain beaver cloths are used for the same purpose, as well as an infinite variety of materials in Cashmere designs and colours, like a Cashmere shawl.

Matelassé has been brought out again, and has met with a great success. The patterns resemble quilting, and are of most intricate design.

At the opening of this chapter there is a sketch of a very good form of jacket. It is short, and has a velvet collar elongated into vanishing points. It has no fastenings, but lies upon a soft silk scarf, which crosses over a beaded waistcoat of a rich guipure design. The sleeves have the crescent-shaped cuffs, which are new. The bonnet has its very wide brim covered with velvet, a bow at the side, and a panache of feathers above.

Alpaca is a material which the French *élégantes* have favoured much this autumn, wearing it as long polonaises crossing over in front and looped up with black moire bows. Black lace insertion often appears in diagonal lines on the bodices and ending in the waist-band. There are two distinct styles: in one, the band comes well round the throat, high; in the other, there is a wide turn-down collar, which suits French women better than English. From under this collar there comes a fichu, which disappears in the waist-band. Navy blue with a dash of red in the trimmings and a white unhemmed muslin fichu are a good combination often seen.

The hats would seem to grow in size, and to increase the display of flowers, which rest on a flat crown.

OPEN TO ALL READERS.

SUGGESTIONS as to the extension of our University have poured in upon us during the last few weeks; and, as we go to press with this number, they are still coming in. We beg most heartily to thank those of our Undergraduates who have co-operated with us so readily in this work; and we are giving our best consideration to every one of the numerous suggestions. The result will be, we hope, that as the new term goes on, the University may grow in numbers, in popularity, and in usefulness.

Before we go on to speak of the work of the new term, we would repeat the notice we issued last month: that all Undergraduates who claim certificates of graduation under the rules published in our December number must send in to the Editor, as early as possible, the dates of the awards on which they base their claims. The certificates will then be made out, and the list of Graduates published as soon as possible. Each application must be accompanied by a fully-addressed label and two penny stamps to pay the cost of postage and roller.

The Literary Course took the first place in the last term of our University, and as, even now, all the awards are not complete in the Domestic Course, it is fitting that the Literary Course should once more inaugurate the term's work, and we therefore offer in the

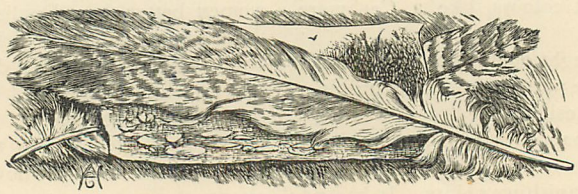
LITERARY COURSE

A Prize of Three Guineas for the best short, complete Story of domestic interest, of not less than 3,000 or more than 4,000 words in length. Each story may be divided into two or more chapters, or not, at the option of the competitor; and each MS. must have securely attached to it a short abstract (not exceeding 300 words in length) of the plot of the story. Every MS. must be accompanied by a declaration that the work is original and entirely the sender's own, in accordance with General Rule No. 3 published in our December issue, and must reach the Editor not later than the first post on November 10th, 1888. In the

DOMESTIC COURSE

We offer a Prize of One Guinea for a Recipe of the most original Dish, whether Sweets or Savouries. Each recipe must have attached to it a declaration that it is original and entirely the sender's own, in accordance with No. 3 of the General Rules published in December last, and must reach the Editor not later than the first post on October 15th, 1888.

Next month we hope to publish the award in the Patchwork Competition of the Domestic Course of last term, and, if possible, the first list of Graduates in our University.

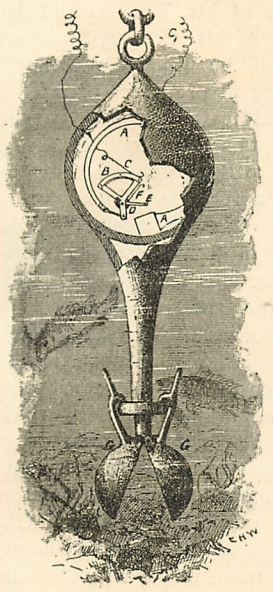


THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

An Electric Sounder.



A sounding apparatus which indicates on board ship the depth in fathoms to which the lead has descended, was recently tried in the seas of the West Highlands, and found to give results agreeing with the depths marked on the charts. It will be understood from our illustration, where there is a circular chamber in the upper part of the lead containing a Bourdon pressure tube, A, which tends to straighten itself under the pressure of the sea-water. The motion of the tube by a simple mechanical device, D, E, F, turns a quadrant, B, which interrupts an electric circuit, C C; the number of interruptions being proportional to the depth. The circuit runs to an electro-magnetic indicator on board the ship, and works a needle which indicates the depth on a graduated scale. The bottom of the lead is fitted with tongs, or grippers, G G, which, on striking the bottom, close on the mud and secure a specimen.

Storing Life.

At the anniversary meeting of the Sanitary Institution of Great Britain, held recently, Dr. B. W. Richardson delivered an address on "The Storage of Life," or, rather, the conservation of life, since it was directed to the best means of living long. The conditions favourable to long life he gave as hereditary qualification, continence, maintenance of the balance of the bodily functions, perfect temperance, and purity from implanted or acquired diseases. He showed that whatever stimulated the heart's action beyond its natural force and speed was a stimulant reducing the "storage" of life.

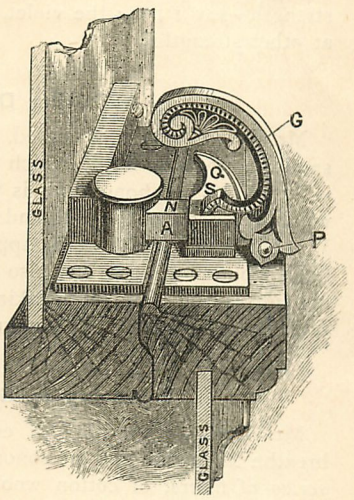
A New Radiophone.

MM. Chaperon and Mercadier, at a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, described a voltaic battery which is sensitive to light, and, when connected in circuit with a telephone, will cause the latter to sound if an intermittent ray is allowed to fall on the cell. The latter consists of a plate of silver coated with a thin layer of sulphide of silver by the electrolysis of sulphide of sodium. Another plate of clean silver forms the element. These plates are plunged into a glass tube filled with water mixed with sulphuric acid. Caustic potash may also be used for the liquid, but not the alkaline sulphides. When exposed to light the current from this battery changes, and results are obtained similar to those from the well-known selenium radiophone.

A Poison Stopper.

An ingenious stopper has lately been patented for use in bottles containing poisons. The stopper is made of india-rubber, and is surmounted by a perforated ball of india-rubber brightly coloured so as to render it distinctive in the light, and containing a bell which rattles when the bottle is moved, thus drawing attention to the character of the contents even though it be impossible to see the label. Such a warning stopper would have rendered impossible many of the accidents which have from time to time taken place, notably one a few months ago, when a distinguished surgeon lost his life owing to a mistake as to a bottle containing poisonous medicine.

A New Sash Fastener.



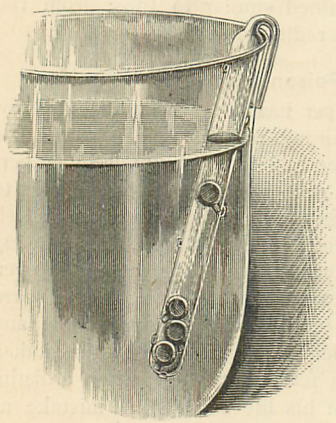
An ingenious and serviceable fastener for sashes is shown in our figure. It answers the double purpose of locking the sashes, so that they cannot be opened by inserting a blade from without and undoing the fastener; and also of preventing blinds from catching on the handle of the fastener while being lowered. It consists of a stout spring bar fastener, A, which crosses the sashes in the ordinary way, and slips under a quadrant holder, Q. But the curved handle, or cant, G, hinged at P, has a bevelled projection, S, upon it, which drops into a niche, N, on the quadrant and locks the bar. The cant, G, is also formed so as to "shunt" or deflect the blind as it is lowered, and prevent its being caught

A Paper Test for Gas.

It is stated that two German chemists, Dr. Bunte and Herr Schauffers, have devised a paper test for gas leakage. It is made by steeping filter paper in alcohol containing one part of chloride of gold to every three parts of chloride of palladium. A drawback to the use of the paper is that tobacco smoke, chimney smoke, fusil oil, and the odour of onions, sulphuretted hydrogen, or the vapour of mercury, also discolour it, and may mislead the observer.

A New Hydrometer.

Mr. J. Hicks has brought out a convenient glass bead hydrometer, which is useful for testing the strength of solutions, especially those in accumulator cells, for which the apparatus has been specially adapted. It consists of a glass tube shaped as shown in the woodcut, and containing four coloured glass beads—red, blue, violet, and green. There are holes in the tube to admit the solution into which it is plunged; and a hook at the top to hang the instrument on the side of the jar. The green bead rises when the liquid has a certain strength—say 1·150; the violet, blue, and red beads at other strengths.



A Talking Doll.

Mr. Edison has, it is stated, devised a doll with a small phonograph inside, which talks when the handle is turned. The phonograph is placed in a receptacle within the chest of the doll, and the handle protrudes. When it is turned the words appear to issue from the doll's mouth. Edison has also devised a clock which announces the time by speaking; the talking apparatus being, of course, a phonograph.

Breathing in Smoke.

Mr. Loeb's respirator for enabling a person to breathe in smoke and poisonous fumes consists of a series of filters, of cotton wool, wet sponge, cotton wool damped with glycerine, and animal charcoal. The respirator has an india-rubber mouthpiece, which is fastened to the head. It is comparatively easy to inhale from it; and the exhalations are discharged to the atmosphere by means of valves. The eyes are also protected by spectacles having elastic rims, which close upon the face. Recent experiments show that the respirator will enable a fireman to enter a dense smoke, and remain in it for half an hour or more, thus enabling him to direct the water on the seat of the fire. The appliance has been adopted in the German navy.

Drugs from Damaged Tea.

Enormous quantities of damaged tea are annually left in the London Custom House, and hitherto it has been given to German chemists for little or nothing to extract theine or caffeine therefrom. Now, however, through the exertions of Mr. Thomas Christy, F.L.S., with the assistance of Mr. Prowse, Secretary to the Customs, this tea will be utilised by English chemists, and thus a source of profit be retained in the country. The damaged tea, after being treated with assafœtida, to prevent its sale as food at a loss to the revenue, will be sold to British chemists for the manufacture of caffeine, a process which is not affected by the assafœtida. Caffeine, it is stated, has proved a valuable remedy in certain dropsical conditions associated with affections of the heart. Medical men, both in England and in Germany, are carefully studying the properties of this drug, which has already given evidences of great utility. It is to be hoped that the Chamber of Commerce will also be able to carry another important reform by which English chemists will be able to manufacture drugs for export. At present this trade goes to Germany, where the drugs are compounded with an inferior potato spirit, and sent to our colonies direct. Obviously these drugs should be manufactured at home, so that a useful branch of trade may be kept in the country, and the colonists provided with better drugs.

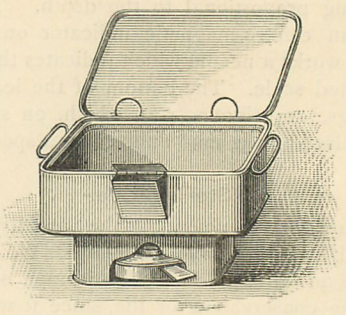


FIG. 1.

New Hot-Water Bottles.

Hot-water and ice bottles of tin and copper, shaped to the body, have recently been introduced. A pan or box for heating poultices by means of hot water, and another for warming plaisters, are also made by the same firm. Fig. 1 represents a poultice heater. It is filled with hot water to the lip, and kept warm by the spirit-lamp shown beneath. Fig. 2 shows an ice or hot-water tin for the knee.

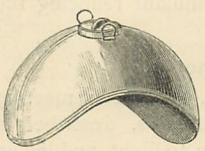


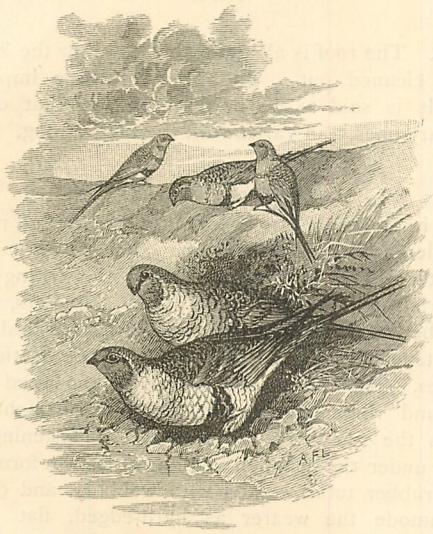
FIG. 2.

Pigeons in the Navy.

The French military authorities are making experiments with carrier-pigeon posts in the navy. At St. Louis a large dovecote painted in brilliant colours has been fitted up to enable the birds to distinguish it afar off. The birds are taken on board war vessels and inured to the fire of guns, and are then liberated at sea to return to their home. Pigeons played an important part in the siege of Paris; but whether they will be equally successful on sea-voyages remains to be seen. If so, their use in the mercantile marine will probably be attempted to some extent, though the fact that one liberated in the Irish Sea last autumn was picked up, exhausted, by a passing ship in the English Channel, shows that their usefulness is likely to be limited.

The Sand-Grouse.

The Sand-grouse of Tartary, or "Partridge of the Steppes," was discovered by Pallas, west of the Caspian, in 1773, and sometimes bears his name. Occa-



sionally they migrate to the west of Europe, and have appeared there this summer, not only in Germany, Austria, and Hungary, but in Great Britain. The Duke of Argyll has caught specimens in the west of Scotland. It is hoped to acclimatise the bird, which, although not very excellent eating, is extremely pretty, as may be gathered from our illustration. It is in strictness a partridge, and its scientific name is *Syrrhaptes paradoxus*. Its colour is a sandy-yellow and bay. The head, throat, and region of the eye are orange, the breast grey, and the belly black. The wings are brown, striped with black, and the legs are furred with hair-like feathers. It has only three toes. Why it should come so far away from its native regions is something of a mystery. But it is swift on the wing, and the migratory impulse may therefore carry it far.

A Hydraulic Coal-Getter.

The accompanying figure illustrates a hydraulic machine for getting coal. It consists of a steel bar having cavities containing small rams, which are forced out by water pressure. The water is conveyed to the machine by a copper pipe from a force-pump. A bore-hole is first made on the upper part of the working face of the seam, and the machine inserted in it. The under part of the face is then cut away, and the pump started. The pressure of the rams then brings the coal down. The coal is not broken in the process, and fourteen to twenty-four tons can, it is stated, be displaced at each operation.

The Uses of Woodite.

This invention of Mrs. Wood, which is a preparation of india-rubber, has come into considerable use. It can be made either solid or cellular, rigid or flexible, and is employed for certain parts of engines and machinery, such as valves, packing, and sheeting. It can also be employed for protecting vessels from the intrusion of sea-water when damaged. In fact, as Sir Edward Reed, M.P., recently pointed out, it is a most useful material for a variety of purposes, including the construction of lifeboats.

A Natural Compass.

We all know how easy it is to lose one's way in a dense fog or a blinding snowstorm. And yet, during the daytime, the right direction may readily be ascertained by a very simple means of finding the position of the sun. All that is required is to place the point of a knife-blade, or of a sharp lead pencil, on the thumb-nail, when a shadow will be cast directly from the sun, however dense may be the fog or snow.

A HYDRAULIC COAL-GETTER.

A Portable Time Detector.

A small time detector for watchmen, which is carried by the latter while upon their rounds, has been introduced into England. It is a small metal box, four inches in diameter, and one inch and three-quarters deep, and contains a fifty-four-hour clock moving a paper dial marked with radial lines corresponding to the division of time. At each station of the watchman is chained a key, which inserted into the detector makes a record on the paper dial. The keys are all different, so that the watchman is compelled to visit each station. The clock cannot be arrested, and the impressions on the dial show at a glance the time and order in which the stations have been visited.

Exotic Flax.

Consul Williams, of Rouen, reports that M. J. de Turck, of Lille, a manager of spinning mills, has brought to light a textile plant of Chinese origin which he has called "exotic flax." It is only about half the price of ordinary flax, and the finest lace or the strongest cord can be made from it, as well as a great variety of intermediate fabrics—such as table-cloths, napkins, and so forth. The material can be spun without combing, and worked by the ordinary flax machinery. The refuse fibre resembles cotton, and can be worked in the same manner. The exotic flax plant is the "dolichos catgang" of Cochin China, called "dâu" in Tonquin, and bears the *dolique* or Tonquin bean. It is cultivated on lands near the rivers or the sea.

Inducing Sleep.

A gentleman has written to the newspapers making public a plan of his discovery for inducing sleep. It is simply to try and recollect the last dream one had. The plan, he says, is very successful in his case; and others have also found it effective. This effort at recollection seems favourable to the inducement of sleep.

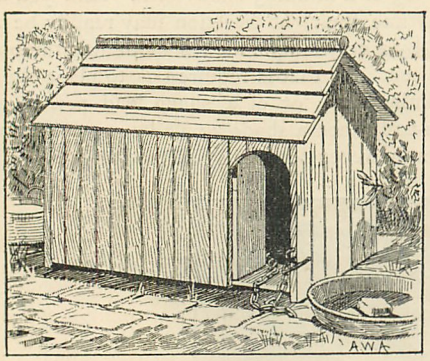


FIG. 1.

A New Dog-Kennel.

Figs. 1 and 2 illustrate a combined dog-kennel and bench, which possesses several advantages over the ordinary watch-dog kennel. The entrance is at the side, not by the gable, and a wind-guard, seen in Fig. 1, keeps the interior warm and dry. Moreover, one side of the kennel is hinged to fold down and make a dry bench for the dog to lie on, as shown in

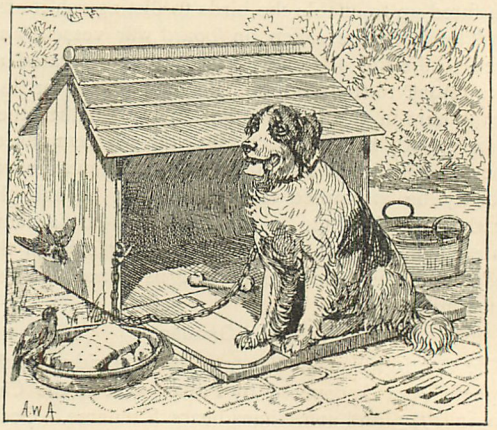


FIG. 2.

Fig. 2. The roof is also movable, to allow the kennel to be cleaned out. The price of these improved kennels is said to be no higher than that of the ordinary ones, and varies with the kind of dog.

Hygienic Braces.

An improvement in braces for the use of round-shouldered or weak persons has recently been patented. The novelty consists in the arrangement of the strap across the back of the shoulders, which may be shortened or lengthened as desired, and is fastened by means of studs instead of the old buckles. The braces are put on in the usual manner, and when they are in position the tightening across the shoulders is secured by fastening the loops under the armpits. These loops are formed of india-rubber tubes coated with webbing, and do not incommode the wearer as hard-edged, flat straps would. Where a medical man advises artificial support of this kind, we should think these new braces admirably adapted to afford it.

Lighting by Water or Wind Power.

In one of the extensive hotels of Florida there is an artesian well which delivers over 10,000,000 gallons of water a day. The bore-hole is 12 inches in diameter and 1,400 feet deep. The water as it rises is made to drive a turbine which works the dynamos supplying electricity to light the hotel and grounds. Such wells have been used for heating purposes ere now, the temperature of the water as it is discharged being high—in this case 86° Fahr. At Grenoble an artesian well warms a hospital, and in Wurtemberg large manufactories are heated in the same way. It is proposed to sink other wells in Florida in the hope of reaching the same water-bearing strata. An interesting application of wind-power to supply electricity has recently been published by Professor Blyth, of Glasgow, who erected a small windmill in the garden of a cottage

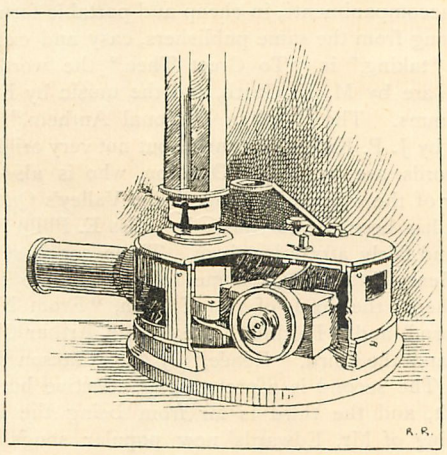
he was staying in at Marykirk. The mill was of the old English type, and had four sails, 13 feet long, raised 33 feet on a tower. A dynamo was driven by the mill, and the current stored in twelve accumulator cells. By this means ten eight-candle power incandescent lamps were fed with current and lighted the cottage. A "cut-out" was put in the charging circuit so as to cut out the accumulators when the speed of the dynamo fell too low; and thus the mill could be kept joined up to the dynamo and accumulators so as to work day and night. The experiment was successful, and, as Professor Blyth points out, wind-power is free to all and costs nothing. We may mention here, *à propos* of electric lighting, that it is proposed to establish an electrical section of the London Chamber of Commerce.

A Flameless Explosive.

"Flameless securite" is an explosive which is considered likely to be much used in fiery mines, as it is incapable of exploding inflammable gas. It is the invention of Herr Schoeneweg, and consists of a nitrated hydrocarbon combined with certain oxidising agents, and a proportion of organic salt. The securite emits a spark on explosion, but not of an energy sufficient to explode coal-gas or inflammable gas. Moreover, the slight spark is damped down by the action of the organic salt. Securite is a finely-grained yellow powder, non-hygroscopic, and cheaper than dynamite. Recent tests of the material, by Mr. Percy F. Nursey, C.E., and Mr. Rhodes, have shown that it forms a good and safe blasting powder.

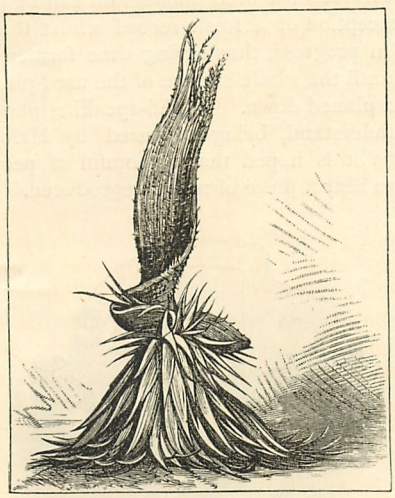
The Omni-telemeter.

The figure illustrates the Omni-telemeter, a remarkably complete instrument for measuring distances without triangulation. It gives vertical heights and horizontal distances and the length of ranges without measuring a base-line. In a recent GATHERER we noticed a range-finder of the same inventor, Mr. William Dredge, and the omni-telemeter is an improvement on it. Mr. Coles, of the Royal Geographical Society, is stated to have very thoroughly tested the apparatus, of which he speaks in high terms. For military and colonial work, for surveyors and travellers, the omni-telemeter is likely to be very useful.



A Vegetable Curio.

Our illustration represents a curious case of fasciation in a plant of the *Fourcroya Cubensis* at Caraccas. The branching flower-stem of the plant has become bound, and curved, as shown in the figure. The sides of the deformed stem are covered with bracts or small leaves, while the top of the growth bears the flowers. Mr. Ernst, who reports the curiosity, states that he has never seen a case in the Agave, though another case of fasciation in Fourcroya was observed at Caraccas in 1854. He attributes the malformation to an injury done to the young and growing flower-stem.



The Perfected Phonograph.

The new or "perfected" phonograph of Mr. Edison is now in England, and we have had an opportunity of seeing and hearing it. We have, therefore, no hesitation in saying that Mr. Edison has now produced a practical instrument which realises the anticipations he had formed of this his favourite invention. It is possible to correspond by it instead of by letter, and the characteristics of the speaker's voice, his hesitations, coughs, laughter, and expression are all reproduced with surprising fidelity. Pieces of music are also rendered in a remarkable manner; and it seems probable that music-sellers will adopt the instrument to enable customers to sample a new piece of music without having to play it over, especially as this can be done in a private manner without disturbing the other business of the shop. We had the pleasure of hearing a dialogue spoken in America between Colonel G. E. Gouraud (Mr. Edison's English representative) and the inventor himself, and also the crying of an American baby, which was remarkably like that of most babies; painfully so, in fact. Cornet solos, and pieces played upon the cornet, violin,

and pianoforte in concert, were also faithfully rendered; and we were permitted to "hear ourselves speak" for once—it being understood that we do not exactly hear our own voices as clearly as others do, owing to the vibrations of the head. Since we gave an account of the new instrument, Mr. Edison has still further improved it; but we are not at liberty to describe these additions. We may say, however, that the electric motor which drives the phonogram of wax that receives the imprint of the sound is now more silent in its action; the phonogram can take down more words for a given surface of wax; and the indented surface of a used phonogram can be prepared for the reception of a fresh record whilst that record is itself in progress, thus saving time formerly lost in waiting until the whole surface of the used phonogram had been planed down. A loud-speaking phonograph is, we understand, being prepared by Mr. Edison. With this it is hoped that a roomful of people will be able to hear a piece of music reproduced.

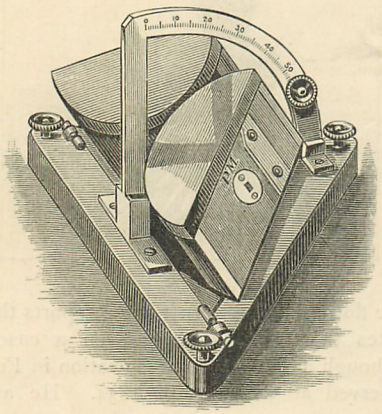


FIG. 1.

A Photographic Sunshine Recorder.

Fig. 1 is a general view, and Fig. 2 a plan, of the new Sunshine Recorder of Mr. Jordan. It consists of two semi-cylindrical dark chambers or boxes, A A (Fig. 2), into which the solar rays enter by the apertures B B, at different hours of the day. E I F is a triangular plate on which the cylinders are fitted, and which is pivoted on the centres G G. A divided arc for adjusting the

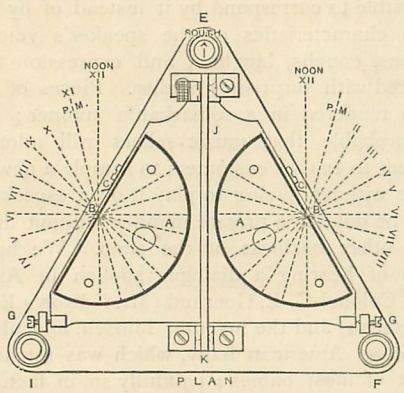


FIG. 2

recorder is shown at J K. The instrument is set facing the south, so that one cylinder gets the morning rays,

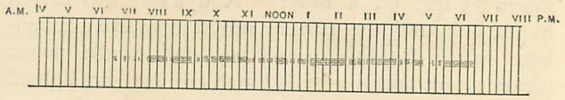


FIG. 3.

the other the evening; and the intensity is marked on ribbons of photographic paper within the chambers. The paper is graduated as shown in Fig. 3, which is a copy of a record, or chart, from half-past six in the morning to half-past six in the evening.

Copying Print.

It is stated that printed matter can be copied on any paper of an absorbent nature by dampening the surface with a weak solution of acetate of iron and pressing in an ordinary copying-press. Old writing may also be copied on unsized paper, if wet with a weak solution of sulphate of iron mixed with a simple solution of sugar syrup.

"The Black Arrow."

Mr. Stevenson's new story, "The Black Arrow" (Cassell & Co.), is a tale of the Wars of the Roses, and is a stirring picture of the recklessness and dash and withal carelessness of life which characterised that terrible epoch. Boys will like this story, for its hero, Richard Shelton, is, throughout the tale, hardly more than a boy, with not a little of boyish bravado and self-confidence. There is a touch of true pathos, showing the seamy side of war, in the description of the chance encounter of Richard, after the battle, with the old seaman, Arblast, whom he has, from want of thought, ruined by taking his ship in one of his exploits. There is life at its fullest in every page of this book, and the love element plays a more important part than is usual in Mr. Stevenson's stories.

Something to Play and Sing.

In their "Academic" series, Messrs. Weekes & Co. send us two books of vocal duets and trios, with pianoforte accompaniments, in cheap and portable form. A part-song from the same publishers, easy and exceedingly "taking," is "To Greet Thee," the words of which are by M. E. Garth, and the music by Frank H. Simms. The "Indian National Anthem," with music by J. P. Knight, is tuneful but not very original; the words are by F. B. Doveton, who is also the author of the words of a song, "The Valley's Queen," which has been set to music by Miss E. Philp in an easy and fairly attractive form. Three songs set by Mr. Henry J. Edwards come to us from the same publishers; the words of two of them, "From Night to Morn" and "Faithful," are by Mr. Arthur Chapman, and the third, "Rénée," by Mr. Claxson Bellamy. The second is a pretty song, effective but not difficult, and the third is far from being the least charming of Mr. Edwards' now popular songs. A setting of Lord Tennyson's song, "In Love," by Helen Coryn, with a violin obligato by Millie Coryn, is more ambitious than successful.

FOR THE GOOD OF THE FAMILY.

By KATE EYRE, Author of "A Step in the Dark," "A Fool's Harvest," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

MR. SLADE EXPLAINS MATTERS TO MRS. SAUNDERS.

MR. DARTON flatly refused to accept Mrs. Saunders as a tenant. After the bitter complaint he had made about the length of time Willow Cottage had stood empty, he had the audacity to deny he was desirous of letting it. It was this barefaced change of front which induced Mr. Slade to declare the owner of Meadowlands to be going out of his mind. To have made an effort to do a man a good turn, and then to be taken to task for one's well-meant activity: yes, such treatment is indeed hard to bear. Certainly, it must be admitted that Mr. Slade had said one word for Mr. Darton and two for himself when he had mentioned Willow Cottage as a desirable residence for Mrs. Saunders; but in thinking of his son-in-law's base ingratitude, Mr. Slade laid much stress on the one word which had been spoken for Mr. Darton, while he entirely lost sight of the two uttered for himself.

"I will give you Mrs. Saunders' address, and I trust you will communicate your decision to her with as little delay as possible. I should be much annoyed if I thought she had been put to any inconvenience by your change of plan," Mr. Slade had said with offended dignity, in reply to his son-in-law's statement that he no longer desired to let Willow Cottage.

"And why the goodness should I communicate my decision, as you call it, to this Mrs. What's-her-name, I should like to know?" Mr. Darton had replied with much irritability.

"Do you mean to say, then, you do not intend to inform Mrs. Saunders that you no longer wish to let Willow Cottage?"

"The woman can go to Jericho for all I care! Look here, Slade, when I want you to meddle with my business I'll make a point of telling you so; and, until I do, perhaps it would be as well if you'd content yourself with attending to your own affairs."

"Then I am to understand you not only decline to accept Mrs. Saunders as a tenant, but that you also refuse to inform her of your decision?"

"You can understand what you please."

"Well, I am forced to observe that I think your conduct so extraordinary, so altogether unaccountable, as to call for very general remark."

"What's there extraordinary in my conduct, I should like to know? I suppose a landlord needn't let his house to a woman who comes from no one knows where, and is about as likely to pay her rent as the man in the moon?"

"Mrs. Saunders is a lady of means, the widow of a well-to-do ostrich-farmer in Grahamstown. I made a point of ascertaining this before I took any steps in the matter. Your rent, I assure you, my dear Darton, would be perfectly safe. You may take my word for it," Mr. Slade had replied with a return to his usually persuasive tone. "You moneyed men are so over-cautious," he had added, knowing that Mr. Darton liked to be thus spoken of.

"Well, and *I* don't think it would be safe. There's the difference, you see. It's a matter of opinion, I suppose? But that's neither here nor there, because, as I tell you, I've made other arrangements about the place."

"You have, I presume, given up all idea of arranging for Janet and myself to reside there?" There had been an assumption of carelessness in Mr. Slade's tone as he put this question, to which the eagerness in his eyes gave an emphatic denial.

"Bless my stars! so that's why the old boy's been stirring up his stumps so, is it?" Mr. Darton had exclaimed, surprise having forced him into giving expression to a frank but uncomplimentary criticism on Mr. Slade's unwonted energy in apparently endeavouring to further his son-in-law's interests. "Look here, just you tell this precious widow she can't have Willow Cottage, and see that she keeps quiet about it; and then you can make your mind easy about staying on at Surrey Lodge. D'ye understand?"

Much mollified by the assurance concerning Surrey Lodge, Mr. Slade had made a gracious reply to the effect that his son-in-law's meaning was perfectly clear to him; and then the two gentlemen had parted on apparently amicable terms.

Nevertheless, Mr. Slade felt that he had been treated discourteously, and he would fain have resented such treatment had he not been dependent on Mr. Darton. As it was, he had to content himself with declaring to Janet that he feared her sister's husband was going out of his mind. And then Mr. Slade bided his time. Men who fancy themselves to be in secure positions are sometimes indifferent to the feelings of resentment they kindle in those whom they believe to be unable to retaliate, but they would do well to remember that every such feeling, although in itself it may be powerless to work them ill, goes to form an opposing force which may some day gather sufficient strength to hurl them ruthlessly from their pinnacles. Does not history teem with the names of statesmen—ay, and of monarchs too—whose fall can be traced to their scornful bearing towards those

whom they imagine to be too weak to resent such treatment? No man's position is so impregnable that he can afford to be indifferent to the verdict passed on him by humbler men.

In compliance with his promise to William Darton, Mr. Slade informed Mrs. Saunders that he had been mistaken in supposing Willow Cottage was to let. But Mrs. Saunders was not at all disposed to accept this explanation without questioning it.

"Not to let, did you say? Why, my niece and I went to look at the place this very morning, and the caretaker, who showed us over, said nothing about its being let. And, now I come to think of it, the board was up as large as life."

"Doubtless Mr. Darton will give orders to have the board taken down before the day is over. I am really most tremendously vexed to think I should have mentioned the place to you at all, my dear madam. Pray accept my humblest apologies, although I do assure you the mistake arose through no oversight on my part."

"Where's the need for you to apologise, Mr. Slade? If you hadn't been told the house was to let, of course you couldn't know it."

"Again allow me to assure you, my dear Mrs. Saunders, that I was never more surprised in my life than when Mr. Darton informed me he no longer wished to find a tenant for Willow Cottage." In making this statement, Mr. Slade was complying more with the letter than the spirit of his son-in-law's request, inasmuch as it was not exceptionally calculated to soothe Mrs. Saunders, the keeping of that worthy woman quiet having been one of the conditions under which Mr. Slade and Janet were to be allowed to remain at Surrey Lodge. But then Mr. Slade was still smarting under a sense of unmerited rebuke, and was, therefore, in no humour to make excuses for William Darton.

"Well, it's no use crying over spilt milk, is it?" replied the widow, who had, nevertheless, made up her mind to take further steps to ascertain if the milk in this case really was spilt. "I think I understood you to say that this Mr. Darton had recently returned from the Cape?" and as Mrs. Saunders put this question, she looked very intently at Mr. Slade with those shrewd bold eyes of hers.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Slade had never told Mrs. Saunders where his son-in-law came from; but then, in common with all great talkers, he seldom remembered what he had said or what he had left unsaid.

"He returned between two and three years ago," replied the unconscious Mr. Slade.

"Of course, like all the colonists, he tried his luck at the Diamond Fields?"

"Yes, yes—I believe he did."

"And made a pile for himself, I suppose, and has come home to spend it? The luck some men meet with at the fields is astonishing; and others are just as unfortunate. It's all a lottery."

"Exactly what I should have imagined. But my son-in-law's fortune was not made at the Cape at all; he inherited it from his father, a very wealthy man."

"Did he indeed, though?" replied Mrs. Saunders, with the manner of a woman who wishes to appear politely interested in the affairs of the person to whom she is talking. But there was a gleam in her eye that no forced politeness could have produced. "Let me see," she continued musingly; "didn't you say your son-in-law was living at Grahamstown before he went to the fields?"

"No, my dear madam, I don't think I could have told you so, because I really don't believe I know myself what part of the colony he was in. I dare say I may have heard, you know, but, if I have, it has quite escaped my memory. Mr. Darton does not often allude to his residence at the Cape, or, in fact, to his past life in any way; and perhaps this is not unnatural in one who has been called upon to fill so prominent a position." Mr. Slade might feel secretly annoyed with his son-in-law, but none the less would he uphold the dignity of the owner of Meadowlands for the sake of the family honour.

"Oh, then I must have been mistaken. My head's always running on Grahamstown, just because I happen to have lived there myself, I suppose. That's the way with the best of us; we're always thinking that that with which we ourselves are acquainted is of paramount importance to all the rest of the world." And then Mrs. Saunders adroitly turned the subject.

"And how's your other daughter—Miss Slade, I mean?" asked Mrs. Saunders, as Mr. Slade rose to take his leave. "I hope you look after her well, and see that she takes plenty of rump-steaks and mutton-chops. She looks just as if a puff of wind would blow her away."

"My dear madam, she is an enthusiast; she works herself to a shadow; the 'cause of the people,' and all that sort of thing, you know. I assure you her ardour is an occasion of hourly anxiety to me; she strains every effort, until my one fear is that the tension will give way. I am always telling her to be careful with herself, both for her own sake and for mine—in fact, for all our sakes. Dear girl! I cannot find it in my heart to chide her for her goodness."

"Well, I should certainly feel very uneasy about her if she were a daughter of mine," replied Mrs. Saunders, with much energy, thereby exhibiting a heartless disregard for the feelings of the anxious father.

The step which Mrs. Saunders had made up her mind to take in order to ascertain whether the milk really had been spilt, was to call herself at Meadowlands; but she did not say anything to Mr. Slade as to her intention. He, therefore, left her thinking that if he had not carried out Mr. Darton's request quite in a right spirit, the result, as far as Mr. Darton was concerned, would be equally satisfactory.

The next day Mrs. Saunders knocked boldly at the door of Meadowlands, and asked for Mr. Darton. On being told that he was not at home, she feigned to consider a moment, and then said Mrs. Darton would do equally well; we say "feigned," because she had ascertained beforehand that Mr. Darton was out.

She was shown into the drawing-room, which now

bore many signs of Adelaide's artistic taste, and in a few moments Mrs. Darton entered.

The ladies were not altogether strangers to each other, as they had been introduced at the factory on the night of the treat. They had, however, only exchanged a word or two on that occasion.

"You must excuse me for having asked for your husband first, but I've not come to make a polite call; I've come on business," commenced Mrs. Saunders, in her usual matter-of-fact way. "In fact, I've come to speak about Willow Cottage, because I couldn't make out from what Mr. Slade said whether or no it was already let." This was certainly unfair to Mr. Slade, because he had informed Mrs. Saunders that it *was* let in the plainest possible terms.

"Indeed," said Adelaide, looking rather perplexed; "I have not heard anything about it. Mr. Darton never likes to trouble me with business details."

In speaking to Adelaide of Mr. Darton, Mrs. Saunders had said "your husband," but in reply the young wife had alluded to her husband by name. In doing so Adelaide had not had the slightest intention of offending the ostrich-farmer's widow. But Mrs. Saunders, shrewd, sensible woman as she was, had her weak points like other people, and not the least ridiculous of them was a rather morbid tendency to imagine that she was not treated as an equal by those whose position she did not recognise as superior to her own. In Grahamstown the farmers' wives, when they were together, never spoke of their respective husbands by name; and Mrs. Saunders, therefore, when Adelaide did so, thought that the young wife meant to be "stand-offish"—stand-offishness being in the widow's eyes an unpardonable offence. Now, Mrs. Saunders had come to Meadowlands principally with a view to improving her acquaintance with, or perhaps rather knowledge of, Adelaide. If Adelaide could only have known how much of her future happiness might very possibly depend on the impression she made on the ostrich-farmer's widow, how careful she would have been to have exercised all her arts of fascination on that worthy woman! As it was, she felt somewhat annoyed at being consulted about an arrangement that had evidently made some little stir, but about which she herself was in absolute ignorance. With a view, however, of keeping to her original resolution of making the best of her husband, she did her utmost not to appear annoyed, while she was careful to ascribe her ignorance to Mr. Darton's consideration for her in not troubling her with business matters.

To nine women out of ten who are feeling secretly annoyed, but who are very desirous of not allowing that annoyance to appear on the surface, comes a slight additional dignity of manner wherewith to hide their inner feelings, which may easily be mistaken for hauteur. Such was the case with William Darton's wife. When, therefore, Adelaide having promised to speak to Mr. Darton about Willow Cottage, Mrs. Saunders took her leave, that sharp-spoken, but naturally kindly, woman had made up her mind that if ever her interests and Adelaide Darton's should chance to clash, no mere sentimental consideration for Adelaide should induce her to sacrifice her own advancement.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

MR. DARTON LOSES HIS TEMPER.

WHILE Mrs. Saunders, under the guise of a business call, was weighing Adelaide and finding her wanting, Mr. Darton returned home.

"Where is Mrs. Darton?" were his first words on entering the house.

"In the drawing-room, sir."

"Is she alone?"

"No, sir; a lady is with her.

"A lady? What lady?"

"'Mrs. Saunders' was the name on the card, sir."

"Mrs. *Who?*" thundered Mr. Darton.

"'Saunders,' sir."

A terrible change came over Mr. Darton's face, a change which distorted every feature, while rage and fear seemed each to be striving to gain the mastery.

"You idiot! If ever you let that woman in again, I'll send you about your business there and then."

The footman's expression of surprise and resentment recalled William Darton to a sense of the extraordinary nature of his own conduct. The servants at Meadowlands did not altogether dislike their master, brutal and overbearing as his manner to them could on occasions be. Underlying his coarseness was, however, a certain good-nature, which was not unappreciated by those who served him. Strange as it may appear, he was, perhaps, more popular than was Adelaide, with all her refinement of manner and appearance; it being the general opinion in the kitchen that Mr. Darton would have made a more tender husband if he had married a less selfish wife. If you wish to judge of a man's true nature, ascertain the estimation in which he is held both by his servants and his dogs, and you will have a safe basis on which to work.

"Look here, this Mrs. Saunders, or whatever her name is, has come to beg for some of her gimcrack charities and rubbish, and I won't have Mrs. Darton bothered with her; d'ye understand now? Mrs. Darton's not well enough to be pestered with such people."

"Very good, sir."

William Darton waited in the library until he heard Mrs. Saunders depart, and then he went up to his wife in the drawing-room.

"What's that woman been here about?" he asked angrily.

Adelaide was already annoyed with her husband, and, although she saw that he, too, was very much put out, she was more eager to resent what she considered his want of confidence in her than anxious to disarm his anger. It is doubtful if, when Adelaide first declared that she meant to make the best of her husband, she even then hoped to do so in their private relations towards each other, as well as before the eyes of the world; but certainly if her expressed intention ever

did include this second clause, the time soon came when she no longer attempted to put it into effect. And a woman who has, like Adelaide, studied making herself agreeable as an art, whose agreeableness, that is to say, is assumed, instead of being the natural expression of a lovable disposition, will also have learned how to render herself peculiarly unpleasant at will. Your truly amiable woman, who occasionally gets put out, will relieve her feelings by freely expressing her annoyance—there will be a thunderstorm followed by the brightest sunshine; but she is absolutely incapable of practising the delicate art of intentionally irritating and wounding others. A hot-tempered, right-minded woman would have upbraided William Darton at once with his want of confidence, and William Darton would have felt such upbraiding to be very unpleasant, but still not unendurable. Adelaide, however, knew better how to wreak her vengeance than by giving way to temper. She saw that her husband was in a red-hot passion, so she received him smilingly, knowing that by keeping perfectly cool herself, she could the more effectually provoke him. If in choosing their wives men could only be prevailed upon to carefully avoid *studiedly* amiable women, what misery they would escape! The *occasional* utterance of a hasty word before marriage is as reliable a guarantee as a man can have of soundness at the core.

"She came about Willow Cottage, I believe," and as Adelaide replied to her husband's question, she opened an album of photographs. "Do you think this is a good likeness of Janet?" she asked, purposely affecting to pass over Mrs. Saunders' visit as too unimportant to call for further remark. She thought her husband was angry that she should have been told about Willow Cottage, although she was at a loss to understand why he should be so.

"Shut up that album, will you? Look here, Adelaide, you're not to have that woman here again; d'ye understand?"

"Of whom are you speaking?" asked Adelaide, cleverly feigning a slightly puzzled expression.

"You know who I mean well enough. Just drop that confounded humbug."

"Are you not feeling well to-day, William? You are looking so very flushed. Let me get you something," and Adelaide looked up at her husband as she spoke. Up to this point she had stood by the table, still turning over the leaves of the album, and pausing now and again to examine a photograph more minutely.

Mr. Darton came up close to where she stood.

"It's no use your giving yourself all these confounded airs, and pretending you don't understand what I mean. I tell you point-blank that if that woman comes into this house again, you shall be turned out of it; no matter what your father or anybody else may say," and Mr. Darton enforced his words by taking roughly hold of his wife's arm.

Still she remained outwardly calm, although she turned a shade paler.

"You coward!" she said; "let me go!"

"Yes, I'll let you go, and I wish you'd go altogether," and he flung her roughly from him. "If you are not ready to start with me by——"

But the sentence was never finished. It was arrested by a frightened cry from Adelaide, who had fallen to the ground.

He had not meant to do it. He would not even have been intentionally harsh to her, half-maddened as he was by secret dread, had she not irritated him past all endurance. He had only intended to push her away when she had called him a coward and asked him to let her go. But her foot had caught in her flowing drapery, and now she lay on the ground before him.

That night a daughter was born to William Darton, but it lived only a few hours.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

"I LOVED YOU BETTER THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN LIFE."

FOR weeks Adelaide lay in a critical state, and William Darton wandered restlessly from room to room, trying to allay his anxiety.

Janet had come to help nurse her sister—poor Janet, who had of late grown so pale and thin until she was only a shadow of her former self.

William Darton was very eager that his wife should have every comfort. Two and three times a day he would send for Janet, and then impress upon her that she was to spare no expense where Adelaide was concerned.

The man had loved Adelaide after his own coarse fashion when he had asked her to be his wife, and his confidence in the power of money had been so unbounded that he had fancied it could buy her affection. But two years of married life had taught him his mistake; he had been slow to learn the lesson, but its bitterness had come home to him at last.

Janet's quick sympathy soon detected this; and she was just enough to admit to herself that the man—coarse, middle-aged, and uneducated as he was—had a right to expect that the woman who had given herself to him should love him. And then Janet pitied William Darton with a great pity, even though she could not bring herself to like him.

"Does she ever ask for me?" he would inquire almost daily.

And Janet, not having the heart to say "No," would reply, "I think she is too ill to express a wish to see any one."

Then he would turn away disappointed, for he longed to see his wife; he wanted to tell her he had not meant to treat her roughly on that fatal day—that it was all an accident. And now, for the first time in his life, he was conscious of his own awkwardness, and he felt he could not go to Adelaide with his apology until she had expressed a wish to see him.

And then the restless uneasiness which Janet had always observed in him seemed to have increased so of late. He would start at the slightest sound; and as Janet sat opposite to him at dinner of a day, she

noticed how his hand shook when he raised a glass to his lips. Once Janet hinted she thought he was not looking well, and suggested he should have advice. But he did not take the suggestion in good part, assuring her he was perfectly well, and that she must be growing fanciful.

The next day, however, he announced his intention of selling Meadowlands, saying he had never liked the place, and that as soon as Adelaide was well enough to accompany him he should go abroad again.

"JANET HAD AN OPPORTUNITY OF WATCHING LAWRENCE AND ROMA TOGETHER" (*p.* 710).

At length, when Adelaide was pronounced out of danger, Janet returned to Surrey Lodge. She would have stayed longer at Meadowlands, only her own health was now so impaired that she no longer dared to disregard it.

She was much surprised to hear that during her absence Mr. Slade had arranged for Mrs. Saunders and Roma Burnside to come on a visit to Surrey Lodge as soon as she returned.

To bear out his statement about the house being already let when Mrs. Saunders was desirous of taking it, Mr. Darton had put a tenant into Willow Cottage. But Mr. Slade had reason to believe that the new tenant was living almost rent-free, and this deepened the feeling of resentment which he already entertained towards his son-in-law. When, therefore, Mrs. Saunders suggested that Surrey Lodge was too large for himself and Janet, and hinted that she was prepared to pay very liberally for the accommodation if he would consent to receive her and her niece ostensibly on a visit, he had readily agreed to the proposal.

Janet, who had no reason to suppose that the arrangement would be disagreeable to her sister's husband, was rather pleased than otherwise. She was attached both to Mrs. Saunders and to Roma; moreover, her health was now so bad that she was relieved to think she would have two such kindly women near her. And when Mrs. Saunders announced her intention of going to the factory of a day

in Janet's stead, while Roma insisted on undertaking the duties of companion and nurse to her, tears of gratitude shone in Janet's eyes as she tried to thank them both.

Mr. Slade more than suspected that in receiving Mrs. Saunders and her niece as inmates of his house, he was acting in direct opposition to his son-in-law's wishes, although he was at a loss to understand why William Darton appeared to entertain so strong a prejudice against the widow. He had, however, well weighed the matter, and had come to the conclusion that however strong Mr. Darton's objection might be, he could have no excuse for putting it into words. Had it been otherwise, Mr. Slade would not have extended his hospitality to Mrs. Saunders, for he could not afford to quarrel openly with his son-in-law.

The mere annoyance with which Mr. Slade had imagined Mr. Darton would hear of Mrs. Saunders' proximity was entirely swallowed up in more momentous considerations. Mr. Slade had, however, been in the right when he thought that his son-in-law would not express disapprobation of the arrangement. If taken unawares, Mr. Darton was apt to make terrible blunders; but when he had time to think before he acted, he was more discreet. So he passed by his father-in-law's conduct in silence, knowing he was powerless to stay the course of events. Nevertheless, he was terribly uneasy—so uneasy that sometimes he almost wished the ruin he so dreaded might overtake him, and so put an end to his suspense. If only he could have been quite certain whether or no there was cause for alarm, he would have known better how to avert the possible danger. After all, he thought, there had been nothing in Mrs. Saunders' conduct to call for remark. He had seen her in the church porch on the day of his marriage, but she had been looking at his bride and had hardly glanced at him ; nearly two years after, he had discovered she was living within easy distance of Meadowlands, but he had ascertained her reasons for settling in Walworth, so that that circumstance need carry no weight ; she had been anxious to take Willow Cottage, but then it had been recommended to her ; and she had come on a visit to the Slades, but her liking for Janet accounted for her doing so. Yes, he had been too easily frightened ; he had scented danger where no danger existed. But he would turn over a new leaf now, and act as if he had no cause to feel alarmed. He would adhere to his original plan of going abroad again as soon as Adelaide was well enough to accompany him ; meanwhile he would avoid the widow as far as possible, but on no account would he *appear* to do so. After all, if the woman had meant to ruin him, surely she would have taken some decisive step ere this.

And so Mrs. Saunders and Roma stayed on at Surrey Lodge, while Adelaide was slowly regaining her strength at Meadowlands.

Each day Janet was more thankful that Providence had sent her so sweet a nurse as Roma Burnside. For Janet was very, very ill. She still continued to come downstairs, and she even tried to carry on her business correspondence ; but each day she had to leave more undone, until at length Roma insisted upon taking it all away from her.

It was the relinquishment of her work that first gave rise to serious alarm on her account. It was so unlike Janet to sit hour after hour with her hands folded, gazing abstractedly into the fire. Then, when Mrs. Saunders interrogated the doctor he looked very grave, but with professional caution said he *hoped* she might rally, for a time at least ; but still they did not realise that they were about to lose her.

Mr. Slade was a pattern father during Janet's illness. He looked up some old books containing a series of articles on "Cooking for the Sick-room," and even went so far as to superintend the carrying out of some of the recipes, pronouncing the delicacies when made "tremendously delicious." And then he would read to his daughter by the hour together. He was sometimes half inclined to be offended if she fell asleep while he was steadily going through the Parliamentary news ; but he always forgave her sufficiently to resume his self-imposed task on the following day.

Lawrence, too, came almost daily to inquire after Janet, and he and Roma were thus thrown much together. Not that he was particularly alarmed on Janet's account. He thought she had overtaxed her strength when nursing her sister, and that she would be all right again when she had got over her fatigue.

And so Janet had an opportunity of watching Lawrence and Roma together. She had no doubt now that that which she had long expected would soon come to pass ; for Roma's eyes would brighten at Lawrence's approach, while Lawrence seemed almost painfully conscious of Roma's presence.

It seems strange, on the surface of things, that two such very opposite women should have loved, and been loved by, the same man ; but it must be remembered that into all dual love two elements enter—the spontaneous and the responsive. Lawrence had once loved Janet because he then believed that she loved him ; Janet's love, therefore, contained the spontaneous element, and Lawrence's the responsive. But with Roma and Lawrence the order was reversed, for it was the woman who responded to the love which her beauty had kindled.

But, whatever hopes her friends may have entertained as to her recovery, Janet herself fully realised that when the time should come for Lawrence to claim his bride, she, his first love, would be to him but a memory of the past. And she did not regret that it was so. She had worked while it was day, and she would not repine that the night had overtaken her so very quickly. She had voluntarily relinquished the man she loved, with a love far deeper than most women are capable of feeling, and she was thankful that she was to be spared the anguish of feeling herself slowly passing out of his life. She was glad, too, that fate had brought her into such close contact with his future wife ; glad she had enjoyed the privilege of drawing Roma towards her in the closest bonds of

friendship; glad to think that when those two dear ones—the man so much the dearer, but the woman sufficiently dear—should begin their dual existence, they would be one in their kindly recollection of her, as she trusted they might be one in all things else.

And then there came over Janet an intense longing to say one word to Lawrence about the new love that had entered into his life. She wanted to wish him joy, because she knew that when others came to offer their congratulations, she would have "crossed the cold, dark river that men call Death."

"Lawrence, you will take great care of Roma, and be very good to her, won't you? She is such a dear girl that I know she will mak' you happy," she said simply; she was too weak to preface what she had to say with a long explanation.

Lawrence started, blushed, and stammered some incoherent reply.

Janet smiled a little at his confusion with something of her old playfulness. "You mustn't mind my speaking to you about it, Lawrence; I did so want to wish you joy, and to say 'God bless you both.'"

"But, Janet, why are you saying it *now?*" and Lawrence was suddenly conscious of an indescribable pang, a wild feeling of regret that took no definite form.

"When there is anything we want to say very much, it is sometimes better to say it at once."

But Lawrence had caught the meaning of her words, and was not to be put off with an evasive reply.

"Janet—Janet, you are not going away from us?"

"Yes, Lawrence, I think so."

"What a shame it is! Why did they let you kill yourself nursing Adelaide, when they might have known you were not strong enough to bear it?"

"That may have hastened it a little, but I knew what was coming before then."

It was such a strange contrast—the calmness of the woman, who knew she was shortly to fathom that greatest of all great mysteries, and the excitement of the man, who had already wilfully let her, his first love, pass out of his life.

He had sprung to her side and had clasped both her hands as if he would hold her back, lest even at that moment the Dread Messenger should come.

The veil was torn from his eyes at last. He knew now that this woman had loved him as he would never again be loved.

"Janet, it was false that you did not love me?"

His burning eyes were fixed on hers, forcing the truth from her lips.

"I loved you better than anything else in life, I think."

"Why do you speak as if your love were only a thing of the past?"

He could not bear to realise that this great love which had once been his was his no longer, even although in his own heart there was now no room for Janet to creep in.

"It seems, now that the end is so near, Lawrence, as if all the ties that have bound me to earth are being loosened, so that even the feelings which were strongest are only like dreams."

"My darling, I too loved *you*," he said very softly; and then he pressed his lips to hers. It was the first time he had kissed her since the days when they had played together as children.

But she did not ask him why he, also, spoke of his love for her as if it were of the past.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

MRS. SAUNDERS PREPARES FOR ACTION.

IT came so suddenly at last that it took them all by surprise. She had rallied wonderfully, and they thought she would at least survive the winter.

She always came down each day; and at night they would take her up to bed, Mrs. Saunders supporting her on one side, and her father on the other, while Roma followed, laden with pillows and cushions.

But one evening, when the little procession was half-way up the stairs, she slipped her foot. She only appeared to stumble a little, and Mr. Slade thought nothing of it; but Mrs. Saunders' more practised eye took alarm, and without saying a word she just lifted her up in her arms—she was hardly any weight—and carrying her into her room, she laid her on the bed.

She never spoke again. She had broken a blood-vessel: so said the doctor, who had been sent for at once. But he was too late, for she had been dead several minutes when he arrived.

At Mrs. Saunders' suggestion, all the factory-girls attended the funeral. And as they stood round the grave, the unusual quietness of their demeanour, as well as the occasional sobs which some of them were unable to suppress, testified to the affectionate remembrance in which the brave woman was held by those to whose service she had devoted her life.

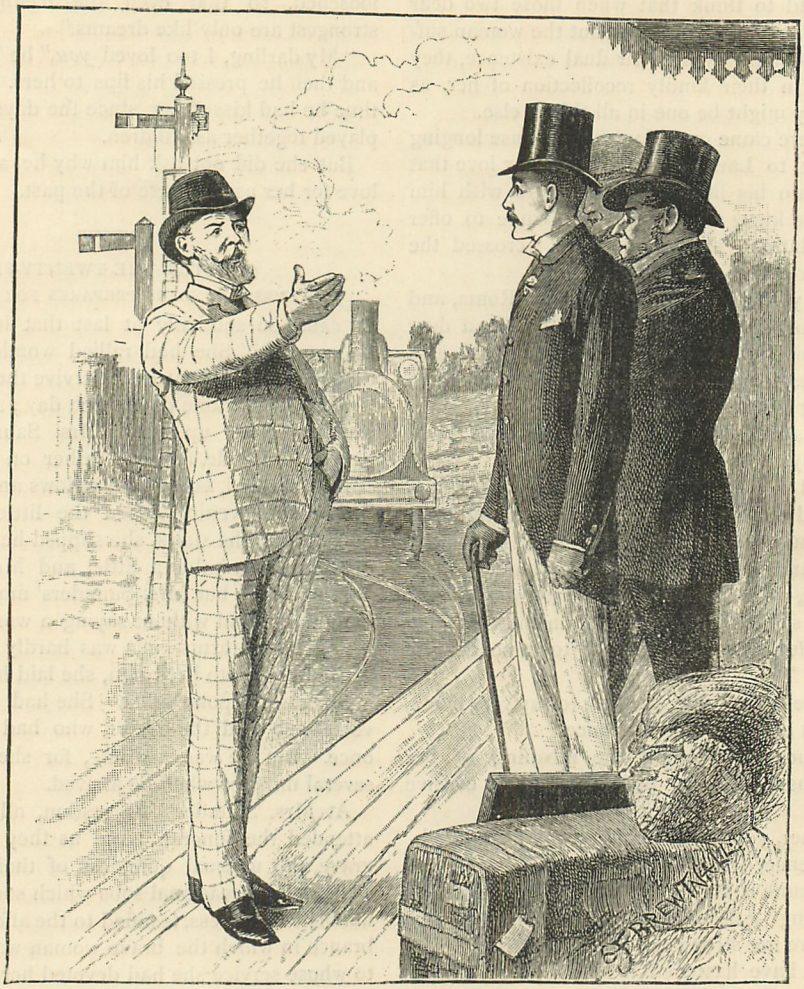
Mrs. Saunders, Roma, Mr. Slade, Mr. Darton, and Lawrence were also among the mourners.

Mr. Darton looked very subdued. During his wife's illness he had seen much of Janet, and to some exent he had learned to appreciate her.

But he would not return to Surrey Lodge with the other mourners. He had been obliged of late to meet Mrs. Saunders now and again, but still he never felt at ease in her presence.

And yet he did not believe he had anything to fear from her. If she had meant to harm him, she would long since have found an opportunity for doing so, he thought. It did not occur to him that her silence had hitherto been due to the near presence of death—that she had abstained from bringing sorrow and disgrace on Adelaide while Janet was dying.

But now Janet could not be harassed by anything which Mrs. Saunders might reveal, that worthy woman was of opinion it no longer behoved her to keep silence. She did not like Adelaide, having mentally summed her up as a young woman who "kept all her best wares in the front window;" and she thought that to allow Adelaide to enjoy those good things which she believed to be legally her own would be mere Quixotism.



"HE SEEMED TO BE IN AN UNUSUALLY BOISTEROUS HUMOUR" (*p.* 713).

Thus, while William Darton was persuading himself he was out of danger, Mrs. Saunders was preparing for action.

But she was sorely puzzled how to proceed. She was herself perfectly sure of her facts, but she had very little proof to bring forward in support of them; and she knew that if she were to attempt to demand her rights, her own conviction would go but a very little way towards establishing her claim.

So, after much weighing of the matter, she determined to try frightening William Darton into criminating himself. Having once decided on this course of action, she was not long in putting it into effect.

She made an excuse to call at Meadowlands one evening, and was shown up into the drawing-room, where William Darton and his wife were sitting together.

She soon settled the little business about which she had pretended to call, and then she prepared herself for action.

Adelaide was seated near the fire, and was holding a screen before her face; Mr. Darton was a little behind his wife, so that she could not see him without turning round, while Mrs. Saunders was facing them both.

"And now that that's settled, I want to ask your advice about quite a different matter—about my own affairs, in fact," began Mrs. Saunders.

Mr. Darton shaded his face with his hand. Perhaps he divined what was coming.

"To cut a long story short," continued Mrs. Saunders, "I want to ask your advice about some property that ought to have come to me. I shall have to explain matters a bit, but I'll be as brief as I can. When I married my second husband, I believed his name to be William Saunders; but I know now that Saunders was only an assumed name. I have since heard his past life was not all it ought to have been, and that's why he changed his name. But still, that's got nothing to do with what I'm going to tell you. The man was penniless, and I was a rare fool to marry him, although it's no use talking about it

now. Well, we hadn't been married long when an old chum of my husband's came to the farm asking for work, and we took him on. He must have known my husband's real name, but he kept it dark. Then my husband got the diamond fever, and off he went to Kimberley, to the New Rush there, taking this old chum of his with him. At first he wrote pretty regularly; then his letters ceased. Well, I waited and waited, until at last I made inquiries, which led to the discovery that my husband had been murdered, and his chum had disappeared. Do you follow me so far, Mr. Darton? I'm afraid it's rather a complicated story."

He did not answer for a moment; but Mrs. Saunders fancied that the hand with which he was shading his face trembled. Presently his reply came in a laboured, hoarse voice—

"If you've anything more to say, you'd best out with it and have done."

"Well, now I'm coming to the strangest part of the story. My husband used to talk big about his father in England having a pot of money, but I thought he was only 'blowing,' so I didn't pay any attention to him. But it seems his father did leave a fine property—let's say in Yorkshire, or somewhere near there—and that that chum of my husband's, *the man who was obliged to leave Kimberley so suddenly*, is now calling himself by my husband's real name, and is making a fine show with the property that ought to have descended to his murdered friend—my late husband."

Adelaide had taken up a book when first Mrs. Saunders had begun to address herself exclusively to Mr. Darton, and she had since been careful to pay no attention to what was passing. She reciprocated to the full Mrs. Saunders' dislike, and she knew that nothing annoyed the ostrich-farmer's widow so much as to be ignored.

"Now, what I want to know, Mr. Darton, is whether you think it would be any use to make a personal appeal to this man, who has claimed the property in—Yorkshire, with a view to forcing him to confess his guilt?" added Mrs. Saunders, when she had brought her story to a close.

Mr. Darton removed his hand from his face, and, leaning a little forward, gave one hurried glance at his wife. Then he turned his gaze full on Mrs. Saunders. So terribly haggard did he look that, although the widow had been prepared for a change in him, she gave quite a start.

"Do you mean that you believe this man, your husband's chum as you call him, murdered your husband?" He spoke very slowly, moving his lips now and again as though his mouth and throat were parched.

"I don't say that, Mr. Darton," replied Mrs. Saunders, with characteristic sharpness. "All I say is that my second husband was murdered, and that his death benefited the man of whom we are speaking."

"Do you think that a man could be convicted on such testimony as that?"

"No, I don't; but I think if the matter were well looked into, more proof might be forthcoming."

"And you intend to have the matter well looked into?"

Notwithstanding Mrs. Saunders' sharp tongue, she was a very soft-hearted woman. Now, when she saw the agony on Mr. Darton's face, pity completely overcame her, and she exclaimed hastily, as she rose to go—

"Look here, Mr. Darton, I won't bother you about this wretched affair any more to-night. If the man I've been speaking about—the man in Yorkshire, I mean—likes to make himself scarce, I don't know that I should bother myself to go after him. He may be married, and goodness knows what else by this time. And if he did have a hand in my poor husband's death, his own conscience won't let him rest much, I'm thinking; and if he didn't, well, then I sha'n't have accused an innocent man. And God forgive me if I'm shielding the guilty."

Then Mrs. Saunders turned to Adelaide and held out her hand.

"I've been making your husband's hair stand on end telling him a horrible story," she said.

"Indeed? I thought you were talking about business matters," replied Adelaide, with an assumed listlessness that always greatly irritated Mrs. Saunders.

"And a nice business it would be for you if I persevered in it, you lackadaisical piece of affectation!" thought Mrs. Saunders.

And then Mrs. Saunders said good night to William Darton, but she did not offer to shake hands with him.

That night Mr. Darton remained in the library far into the small hours, sometimes pacing the room, sometimes sitting with his face buried in his hands.

The man had sinned, and sinned grievously; but the prize for which he had sacrificed his conscience had brought him no joy. He had never known a light-hearted moment since he ceased to be an honest man. The ever-present dread of detection, together with occasional twinges of conscience, had made happiness impossible to him. And now he was suspected of a far, far greater crime than that of which he had been guilty. As Mrs. Saunders had surmised, he was not William Darton at all. He was Bob Myers, the publican's son, whose sister Polly had been William Darton's first wife. But he was not guilty of the murder of William Darton, *alias* William Saunders. Mrs. Saunders' second husband had in truth been murdered, but by a Kaffir whom he had employed on his claim in the New Rush or Kimberley Mine, who had committed the dastardly deed with a view to possessing himself of his master's diamonds. William Darton had been dead only a few hours when the letter arrived summoning him to England to take possession of the property which had descended to him. It was when this letter fell into Bob Myers' hands that the temptation to impersonate his brother-in-law assailed him. And now Mrs. Saunders suspected him of having murdered her second husband;

and although the man was a felon, he was terribly shocked when he realised that he had placed himself in so false a position that as a natural sequence this treacherous crime would be imputed to him. And then he felt how impossible it would be for him to clear himself of the greater crime, even if he were prepared to make a full confession of the lesser. If only he could cancel the past! But that is what neither he nor any man can do.

In the morning he breakfasted alone as usual. He intended to run up to town immediately after to make some final arrangements before going abroad. But before he started he went up to his wife's boudoir to wish her good-bye—an unusual mark of attention on his part.

"You'll soon be quite yourself again, won't you, my girl? I say, you know it was an accident *that* day, don't you? I wouldn't have done it on purpose, you know." And he kissed her.

"Rather late in the day to talk about that, is it not?" she replied, with cold indifference.

He was bitterly disappointed. He had thought so much of this apology, and now that it was made she had not deigned to accept it.

"Good-bye, Adelaide," he said as he went out.

"Good-bye," she replied; but she had already taken up a book, and she did not look up as she spoke.

He paused a moment at the door, came back a step or two, but finally left the room without saying another word. "She's an uncommon pretty woman," he murmured to himself, "and I suppose it's no use expecting to get heart and breed both. Well, my going won't trouble her much, that's one thing; and I guess I ought to be thankful to think she's not likely to take on about it. I should have felt pretty bad, though, if it had been her instead of me."

Then he went to the stables, and after having given an order or two, he stood for a few seconds patting his favourite horse. A visit from the master was generally a most unwelcome event to the groom; but on this particular morning William Darton did not say one sharp word to the man.

From the stables he went straight out; and as he passed a pillar-box he dropped in a letter. It was to make an appointment for the following day.

He arrived at the station some minutes before the City train was due. But there were several of his neighbours on the platform with whom he was on sufficiently friendly terms to enter into conversation. He stood, making one of a group composed of some half a dozen men. He seemed to be in an unusually boisterous humour, his loud voice and coarse laugh being frequently heard.

He was standing very near the edge of the platform, with his back to the rails, while the other men were facing him. Then, as an express train was about to pass through the station, he made a jocular remark. Laughing loudly, he threw his head back, after his wont, the better to give expression to his mirth, and before those who were with him could stretch out a helping hand, he overbalanced himself, falling backwards on the rails just as the express came rushing in.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

CONCLUSION.

WILLIAM DARTON'S tragic death made a great commotion at Pelham Common. The local bi-weekly gave a graphic account of the lamentable accident, and then dealt at great length on the virtues of the deceased gentleman—the nobleness of character he had displayed in his early youth by relinquishing home and fortune for the sake of the woman he loved, and the far-reaching benevolence of which in his maturer years he gave such ample proof, by the charitable uses to which he put the greater part of that immense wealth which Providence had destined him to inherit in opposition to the wishes of a harsh and unnatural parent; this and much more was said in praise of the dead man, and then the article wound up with a feeling allusion to the overwhelming grief of the beautiful young widow.

Attempts at condolence poured in from all sides; and the manner in which Adelaide received all expressions of sympathy showed that she had thoroughly mastered the rules of etiquette. But of her own grief—if grief she felt—she said nothing. Nor did she express regret even when she was informed that as her husband had died intestate, only half of the personal estate would come to her, the whole of the real estate, together with the other moiety of the personal estate, going to Mrs. Fergusson.

After much deep and anxious thought on the subject, Mrs. Saunders at length decided not to divulge the dead man's secret. Were she to do so, much misery and confusion must necessarily follow. And then again, she had so little proof to bring forward in the likely event of Adelaide's contesting her claim. If she were to take any steps in the matter, she would probably make herself a party to a long and ruinously expensive lawsuit, which might very possibly be decided against her. And then there was nothing to fight for but that moiety of the personal estate which Adelaide had taken, for the real, and half the personal, estate would still go to Mrs. Fergusson, whoever should come off victorious in the suit. The marriage, too, which Mrs. Saunders had long foreseen would in all probability take place between Lawrence Fergusson and Roma, constituted another, and a very strong, argument in favour of silence; for Mrs. Saunders felt that she could the better afford to waive her own claim in consideration of the advantages which were about to accrue to her very dear niece. And so Mrs. Saunders kept her own counsel, and Adelaide was saved the mortification of knowing she had married Bob Myers, the publican's son.

As soon as she succeeded in finding a charming bijou residence likely to suit her in West Kensington, Adelaide vacated Meadowlands in favour of Mrs. Fergusson, although that lady begged her to remain longer. Adelaide was, however, anxious to leave all the associations of her past life behind her, and to start afresh in a new neighbourhood as a young, charming, and wealthy widow. She arranged for Mr. Slade to accompany her, feeling that if her father did not live with her, decorum would force her to engage

the services of an elderly lady as companion, an alternative which did not commend itself to her. When the recognised term of mourning had expired, Adelaide soon succeeded in becoming the centre of attraction in her own little world, the *entrée* to the widow's house being deemed a great privilege by many. Perhaps no one availed himself of this privilege more frequently than did Fred Sinclair. And as Adelaide had not condemned him in the past for his prudence, it is probable that when he craves for forgiveness, as he contemplates doing at a not very distant date, it will not be withheld.

In consideration of the fortune to which his mother had so unexpectedly succeeded, Lawrence resigned his Government appointment. Perhaps no task ever gave him so much satisfaction as did the composition of his form of resignation. He tried hard not to look too radiant when he carried the precious half-sheet of foolscap to his chief. The great man uttered a few words of congratulation when the circumstances which had induced Lawrence to tender his resignation were explained to him—he had, of course, heard it all before, for it was common talk throughout the office, but until the head of a department is informed of an event *officially*, he knows nothing about it—and then he went on to hint that had Lawrence remained at his post a year or two longer, the excellence of his work would doubtless have received the usual recognition of promotion to a higher rank. Lawrence did not believe this, and it is open to question if the great man expected him to believe it; but still it had the desired effect of making things generally pleasant.

Lawrence and Roma were not married until after the first anniversary of Janet's death had come and gone. Roma knew now that Lawrence had once asked Janet to be his wife; she also knew that Janet had loved Lawrence to the last. This knowledge had a great effect on her; it made her more thoughtful, while it gave a touch of solemnity to her love for her future husband; for she felt how unworthy she was of the honour of having been chosen by a man whom so noble a woman as Janet had loved.

Lawrence was very proud and very happy when he claimed his sweet young bride. He thought he had never seen a woman look so beautiful as did Roma in her bridal array. But proud and happy as he was, still he felt dimly conscious of having once relinquished a higher prize, a prize which in his heart of hearts he knew he had never been high-souled enough to appreciate. And even in the midst of his happiness, he found himself repeating the words which Tennyson has put into the mouth of broken-hearted Guinevere—

> "What might I not have made of thy fair world,
> Had I but loved thy highest creature here?
> It was my duty to have loved the highest:
> It surely was my profit had I known:
> It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
> We needs must love the highest when we see it,
> Not Lancelot, nor another."

THE END.

DIVERS WAYS OF COOKING APPLES.

"FAMILIARITY," it has been said, "breeds contempt." More often than not, such contempt is unjust, arising, not from the worthlessness of the object with which we fancy ourselves familiar, but from our ignorance of its latent qualities and characteristics. It is unlikely that a fruit so useful to us as the apple will ever be altogether despised, yet I doubt whether every housekeeper appreciates it as much as it deserves, or is aware of the variety of forms in which it may be presented.

The apple has been known among us since the time of the Romans' invasion of our island, and was justly esteemed by them on account of its wholesome qualities. That is probably why it was amongst the fruits offered to the goddess of medicine. Claudius Albinus is said to have eaten a bushel of apples at each meal! If this was meant as an act of piety, I think his faith in the goddess must have been gigantic, and cannot help feeling that the consequences must have been disastrous, both morally and physically; yet, although I do not recommend such a wholesale consumption of the fruit to my readers, I believe that apples, in one or other of the many forms in which it is possible to present them, would be a desirable and wholesome addition to our daily meals, especially at a time of year when fruit is scarce. Acting upon this conviction, I have gathered the following recipes from various reliable sources.

Apple Trifle.—Take a dozen large and good cooking apples. Pare and core them. Stew the cores and parings in half a pint of water, keeping as many of the pips as possible in the cores. Add to the liquor thus produced the grated rind and juice of two lemons, and a tea-cupful of brown sugar; now add the apples and stew in this syrup, taking care that it does not burn. Cut into three slices of equal thickness, a sixpenny Madeira cake, place a slice in a deep glass dish, pour over it a wine-glassful of brandy; spread thickly over it a layer of the pulped apples; repeat the process till the two remaining slices of cake are used, leaving the top slice without a layer of apple. Arrange the rest of the apple around the base of the cake. Now beat thoroughly the yolks of two eggs, to which add half a pint of milk and half a pint of cream; sweeten with white sugar; put it over the fire, stirring it until it is just upon the boil; now pour it over the apples; chop two ounces of sweet blanched almonds, strew over the custard, and lay upon the whole a fine whip of cream, made some hours previously; arrange spoonfuls of red-currant jelly round the base of the trifle; dye

with cochineal a little crushed white sugar, strew over the top, and serve.

Pippin Tarts.—Take three large Seville oranges, peel them very thinly, boil the peel until it becomes soft, then chop it small; then pare and core four dozen small golden pippins, boil with only enough water to cover them; when nearly done, add a pound and a half of brown sugar, the chopped peel and juice of the oranges; boil all together till smooth, and allow it to cool; line your patty-pans with thin paste, fill up each with the fruit, bake for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour in a brisk oven. These tarts are equally good cold or hot.

Marmalade de Pommes.—Peel some golden pippins, core them and cut them into very thin slices, put them into an earthenware or stone jar; place the jar in a saucepan of boiling water; to every pound of apples add three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar, and a small half-tea-spoonful of powdered cinnamon; put the saucepan over a moderate fire; frequently shake the contents of the jar, but on no account stir with a spoon; when the marmalade looks smooth and clear put it into preserving-pots, and allow it to cool before tying down tightly.

Pommes Glacées.—Pare the apples; boil them in water; drain well; put in a wide-mouthed jar or deep dish; get ready a syrup of boiling sugar, pour it over, and let them remain in it a day and a night. Remove the syrup, boil it up; again throw it over the apples; repeat this process four times in four days. Now take out the apples, and dip them into a fresh syrup, boiled until it snaps; lay them upon sheets of paper in a dry place. This makes a very nice dessert-dish.

Apple Pudding à la Mode.—Take half a dozen large apples, peel, core, and cut them into quarters; steam or bake in a covered dish until they are quite soft; mash them to a pulp; add the grated rind and juice of a lemon; beat up the yolks of four and the whites of two eggs; add a quarter of a pound of butter just melted over the fire; mix the whole smoothly together; line a dish with a light puff paste, bake twenty minutes, and serve.

Apple Chocolate.—In a quart of new milk boil a pound of scraped French chocolate, and six ounces of white sugar; allow it to cool; beat the yolks of six eggs and the whites of two, add gradually to the warm but not boiling chocolate, stirring well all the time; have ready a deep dish in which you have placed a couple of pounds of pulped apple, sweetened to taste and flavoured with cinnamon; pour the chocolate gently over it, and place the dish over a saucepan of boiling water. When the cream is firmly set, sift over it some finely-powdered sugar, and glaze with a salamander or red-hot shovel. This preparation is not only delicious, but also very wholesome, as the apple acts as a corrective to the richness of the chocolate.

Pommes à la Duchesse.—Take a dozen small apples, peel, core, and steam them until quite soft. Pulp them, mix smoothly with two well-beaten eggs, a gill of cream, some powdered white sugar, and bread-crumbs enough to form them into small cakes; lay them in a pan of boiling butter, and when nicely browned take them up. As soon as they are cold, squeeze some lemon-juice over them, lay on each a spoonful of thick cream, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve.

Pudding à la Rachel.—Take a pound of bread-crumbs, a pound of finely-chopped apples, half a pound of finely-chopped mutton suet, a pound of grocer's currants, a flat tea-spoonful of powdered cinnamon or nutmeg, but not both, the rind of one lemon grated, the juice of two, and four eggs well beaten. Mix all together, put it into a well-buttered pudding-mould, place some well-buttered cooking-paper on the top, and boil four hours. Care must be taken that the water does not come within three inches of the top of the mould, and that the saucepan be kept well covered. Serve the pudding with wine sauce.

Pommes à la Frangipane.—Take some Ribstone pippins, pare, and bake them till they are thoroughly tender, then pulp them into a deep dish. Now mix with four well-beaten eggs, four small table-spoonfuls of flour, dilute with a quart of sufficiently sweetened new milk, add six macaroons, powdered finely, and a gill of orange-flower water. Place this mixture upon the fire, and as it thickens stir it well; pour it over the apples. Bake in a moderately heated oven for half an hour, dust over with white sugar, and serve.

Besides several other sweets prepared with apples, they can be used in the preparation of seasoning for game, salads, and savoury dishes.

LOVE.

WHO can resist thee, O thou mighty king?
The proudest spirits quail before thy breath;
In every conflict victory plumes thy wing,
For thou art strong as death.

Who can resist thy smile, when on thy face
Its radiant, tender, thrilling beauty glows?
The lonely heart, the solitary place
Doth blossom as the rose.

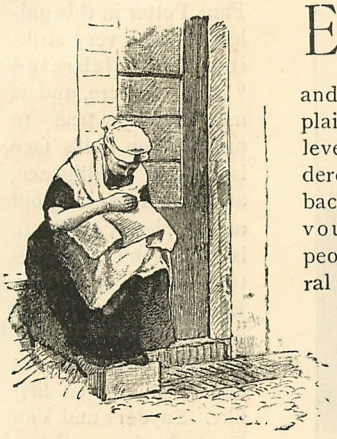
Brighter than stars that o'er us nightly roll,
Sweeter than dew-washed buds at early morn,
Love breathes upon th' unconscious slumbering soul,
And straightway heaven is born.

Free as the wind, what power can bind thy wing?
Restless as waves upon the moaning sea:
Tender as new-born blossoms of the spring:
Sublime infinity!

O fair! O terrible! O heaven! O death!
Spirit of beauty, angel, demon, dove!
Ah, breathe not on our souls with angry breath—
Give us thy smile, O Love!

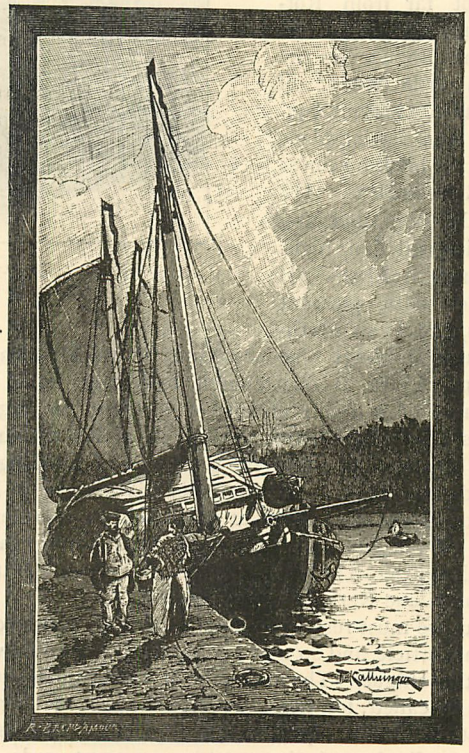
A TRIP TO DUTCHMAN'S LAND.

THE TEERTUINEN, AMSTERDAM.



EASTWARD HO! To the land of quaint costumes and waterways, of flat plains beneath the sea-level, and marvellous ponderous dykes that hold back the sea from devouring country and people. There are several ways of reaching Holland; but for our short trip perhaps the best is to go down to St. Katherine's Wharf, and board one of the steamers running direct to Rotterdam. The run down the Thames is pleasant, and to those who dread the choppy grey waves of the North Sea, there is this comforting thought, that by this route we get but little more of the sea than by the Harwich route, and the change from rail to steamer is saved.

The contrast of life from England to Rotterdam is perhaps more striking than from England to Havre or any of the French coast towns. And yet as one strolls along beneath the rows of trees that line the quays, or "boomjes," as they are called, the busy sea-life reminds one of our own sea-girt island. It is pleasant in Rotterdam to take a stroll up along these quays by the side of the noble river Meuse, or Maas, as it is here called, and so on into the pleasant park, where the hum of the distant town, the noise of the ship-building, and the whistles of the in and out-going ocean steamers, and other like sounds of busy life, are mixed with the wind's rustle in the foliage of pleasant trees, that shelter artistic statues, or hide from view a good band that is playing choice music. From this park any of the wide streets may be taken that strike into the town; and in this stroll, at one *coup*, with a little foreknowledge from a plan of the city, a good idea of the whole of Rotterdam may be gleaned. A little steamer runs from the park to the boomjes; and this means of transit perhaps gives a better opportunity of seeing the picturesque barges, painted in bright colours, that lie alongside the quay, well laden with hay or straw or other produce, forming foregrounds that all artists love for outline and colour; especially when the "Captain" has brought up unconsciously before a background of green trees,

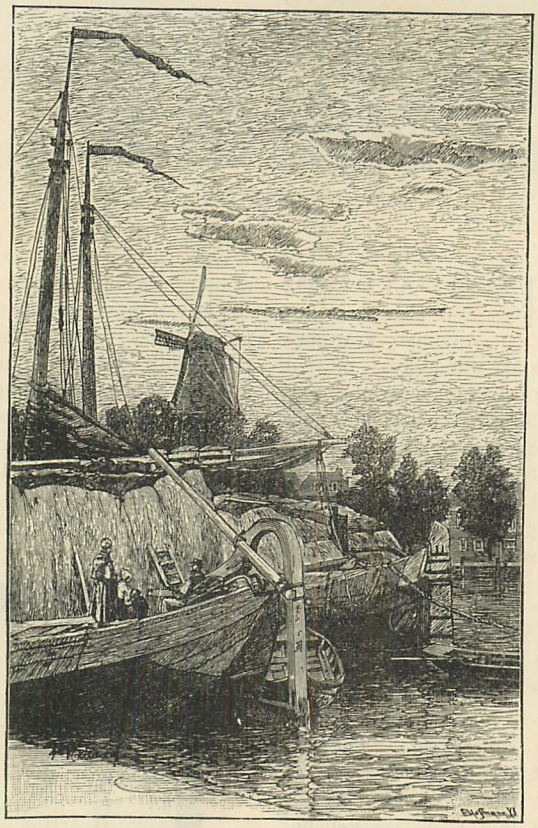


DUTCH CANAL BARGE.

and a quaint windmill, with restful arms, in the distance.

The principal sight for strangers in Rotterdam, after the town and its waterways, is the museum, or picture gallery. Holland is famous for its pictures; and no one can claim at all to know the work of the great Dutch masters, who has not seen the works in the galleries of Rotterdam and the Hague and Amsterdam, all of which we shall meet in this easy trip.

The museum of Rotterdam contains some striking pictures. The sketch of Van Dyck for the family group of Charles I. will interest as a bit of our own history. Then we shall notice some of the works of Cuyp—as his "Eating Mussels," and "River Scene by Evening Light." The light and shade and effect of the clear-obscure in those pictures is very remarkable. The paintings of Rysdale, or Ruisdale, too, are very charming, his "Corn-field" being especially noteworthy. It is well to see this gallery at Rotterdam before the other Dutch galleries.



HAY-LOADED BARGES.

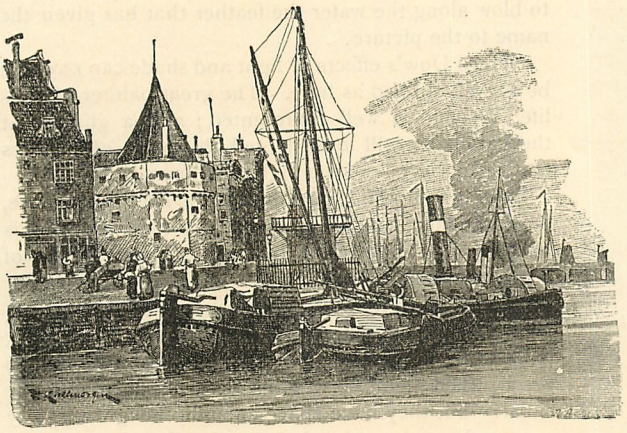
Not far from Rotterdam, and on the rail to the Hague, lies the calm little village of Delft—a pleasant contrast and resting-place after the brisk noisiness of Rotterdam. Its canals form charming studies, with their high-arched bridges all shaded with pleasant trees, and its sixteenth-century buildings also sheltered by thickly-foliaged trees. There is one church here that holds the remains of a noble enemy of England in bygone years: he who hoisted the broom at his masthead as a sign he had swept the sea clean of the English—Admiral Tromp. A monument is erected to him in the Oude Kerk here at Delft, with a representation of his last and, to himself, fatal battle against the English. The monument to William of Orange, in the Nieue Kerk, is also of interest.

But we must reserve a goodly space for Amsterdam in this article, and so now again take the train onward for the Hague. The quietude of this capital—as it may be called, for here was once the seat of Government—is almost equal to that of Delft. The visitor may stroll about in its great square court-yards, surrounded by palatial Jacobean buildings, with but few sounds to disturb him. Here again the great attraction is the famous picture-gallery, and it is one to which a good deal of time should be allotted. The marvellous "School of Anatomy" of Rembrandt alone far more than repays one for the whole journey to Holland, so wondrously life-like is it. We note the anxiety, and curiosity, and study depicted on the faces of those listening to the anatomist who is lecturing—the dead, livid body lying before him with all the sad horror of death—he, the doctor, looking intelligently satisfied in his knowledge. This is one of those pictures which seem to sweep away all new-fangled notions of art, and tell the student what power may be shown by him who paints things as they are. The work of Paul Potter in this gallery is also very striking; his celebrated "Bull" is here, and is marvellously true to nature; the bull's face is full of intelligence, and seems standing out of the picture. There is also some very extraordinary work by Hondekoeter, the powerful "plumage" painter, whose birds and fowls are so life-like. Snyders and Van Dyck, Jordans and Gerard Dow, and a number of other masters of the Dutch schools, are seen here at their best.

An interesting evening may be spent near the Hague at the curious fishing-village of Scheveningen, where sea-side life, with bathing, and music, and all the gaieties of a fashionable sea-side resort, are to be found alongside of the quaint fisher-folk in the quaintest of costumes, who await the return, or watch the sailing forth, of their stiffly-built, broad-beamed fishing-craft.

En route from the Hague to Amsterdam, a break of at least an hour or two should be made at Haarlem, if but to see the statue, in the market-place, to Coster, who, it is said, was the first inventor of printing, thus dethroning Guttenberg. The costumes here also are good, the head-dresses being very brilliant, of gold and silver.

By spending some little time thus at Haarlem, probably Amsterdam is not reached till the evening,



SCHRIERSECK GATE IN AMSTERDAM.

and this is best; for the entry into the capital by night is by far the most agreeable way to obtain a pleasant first impression of the town. Leaving the railway station, in doubt as to how far away your hotel may be, the cab rattles on over steep bridges, with many lights reflected in the still sheen of the dark water, or perhaps rows of houses of very varied types, that seem in the dim light of night to stand *in* the water, and, in spite of the strong contrast of architecture, draw one's mind far south to the canals of Venice.

The cab moves on, boxing the compass, sometimes going due north, and then tacking over some little bridge and going due south; bridge succeeds bridge, and canal succeeds canal, until all idea of direction is entirely lost, and one gives up attempting to trace where one is being driven; until a little open space is reached, a wider bridge is passed, and to the sound of a pleasant carrillon, that rings musically out in the sharp night air, we tumble out at length at our hotel.

Thus entering Amsterdam an exalted idea of its quaintness and its peculiarity is gained, that still clings to the mind even when some of it is dispelled by a clear day-view of the town.

At night one imagines, what a town to explore! how easily we shall get lost amidst these facsimile canals. But in the daytime it is soon apparent that Amsterdam is a remarkably easy town to—may we say?—"work," from a tourist point of view.

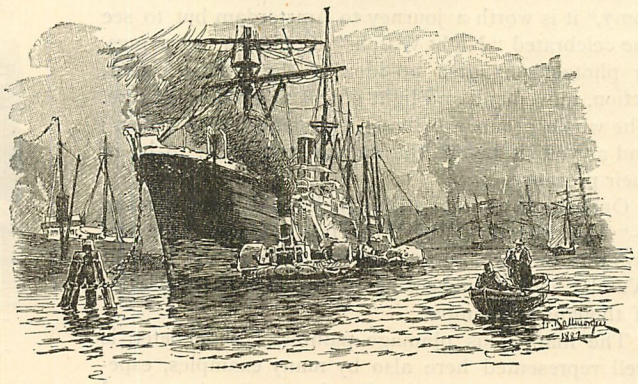
To most tourists two days would be ample time in which to see and know Amsterdam. If one of these days should be Sunday, the villagers from surrounding districts would be seen coming into the town, attired in their holiday costume, which is often extremely picturesque, especially the head-dresses. The back hair is held up by silver or gold plates and brought round to the front; over the ears are twisted gold wires, which project in pyramidal form beyond the face (preventing sidelong glances), and from which hang, swinging backwards and forwards, little trinkets of varied shapes.

The dress of some of the charities is very singular: in our illustrations one of the girls is seated sewing; and in one institution the lads wear coats all black on the right side of the body, and all red on the left, the girls being dressed in red and black dresses, with white caps, and red stripes on their shawls.

Perhaps the principal thing to be seen at Amsterdam is — Amsterdam; not special parts of the town or buildings within it, but the city as a whole. Pleasant it is to wander about its innumerable alleys and over its countless bridges, or along under the lines of the trees that border the greater canals, and so to study the people whose forefathers built up this wonderful city upon a foundation of sand and water. If one is tired of the close streets of the town, a tram or a short walk leads to the banks of the Y, from whence run numerous little steamers to sundry pleasant and curious little trips, and where the fresh salt air blows in from the rolling "Zuider Zee." Here also are the great docks with shipping, flying the flags of all nations, forming a pretty and bright foreground to the old town beyond, with its church towers overtopping the quaint houses that line the docks, scarcely two of which are of the same shape, and very few of which are upright—some leaning most extravagantly, as though about to lie quietly down.

After the town itself, here also, in point of interest come the picture galleries, especially that of the Trippenhuis, and the Van Hoop collection. The latter collection is only a small one, but has some charming examples; and it is best to take this or any of the private collections before the Trippenhuis. The eye becomes dainty and refuses to enjoy anything after the masterpieces in that collection.

In the Van Hoop collection, after the gallery has been seen, a door is shown in the wall, hid by pictures; and in this inner room are but five or six paintings, but on the left-hand side is an awful picture



IN AMSTERDAM HARBOUR.

CANAL SCENE IN AMSTERDAM.

by Rembrandt: it is the half-figure of a corpse, from which the doctor, who is standing at the side, has lifted the skull-cap and laid bare the brain, and with a beautifully calm and expressive face is explaining the anatomy to an unseen audience. The picture is too realistic and horrible to be seen by every one, and hence its position in this inner room.

The Trippenhuis is but just across the canal in the same street, and here a wonderful collection of the finest works of the great masters in the Dutch School may be studied. As we said of the "School of Anatomy," it is worth a journey to Amsterdam but to see the celebrated "Night Watch." Copies, or engravings, or photographs give no idea of the intense vigour, action, movement, and light of this marvellous picture. The whole group are living, energetic, earnest men; and as you sit before the canvas, you seem to be in their presence.

Opposite is another strikingly life-like portrait group —"The Shooters," by Van Helste, almost as extraordinary for expression and soulful life as the "Night Watch," each face bearing its owner's idiosyncracies of thought and temper.

The marvellous plumage painter, Hondekoeter, is well represented here also by many examples, especially the noted "Floating Feather." One is tempted to blow along the water the feather that has given the name to the picture.

Gerard Dow's effects of light and shade can nowhere be so well studied as here. The great painter of still-life, Weenix, is well represented; and a glimpse at the catalogue will quickly tell the lover of pictures that the gallery is of the highest interest.

Passing from the Trippenhuis to the Dam and Palace, the Exchange can be reached. At the back of this building is a little scene thoroughly characteristic of all Amsterdam. A rather wide canal flows, or rather stagnates, up to its walls, and just beyond is a bridge. Near this the inhabitants of an adjoining house have longed for a garden; but the question was how to get it, when their very walls descend deep into the canal?—but they have space enough, though a watery one, and so they get their garden by driving piles into the canal, building a stage upon them, filling this stage with mould, and planting their trees and flowers and bulbs. Beneath the stage, amidst the slimy piles, floats refuse of every description, but their little garden looks bright from their windows, and rewards them with stray whiffs of sweet perfume for their ingenuity and care. The Palace is worthy of a visit, if only for the fine bits of sculpture that it contains, but as an historical building it is almost sans interest. For obtaining a good idea of the peculiarities of Amsterdam, the view from the tower repays one for the climb. Separated from the Palace by "Moses and Aaron Street," stands the Nieue Kerk, the principal church in the city; but the churches here are not treasuries of art, and scarcely of history, for they have been spoiled of all that makes the great churches of France and Germany so interesting.

The strange and, to English eyes, irreverential practice of keeping the hats on during service prevails here.

"We do as we like," remarked one Dutchman, when asked if it was the usual custom.

THE VILLAGE OF DELFT.

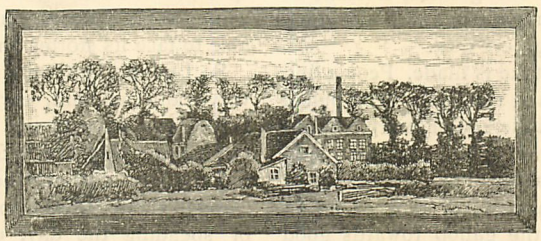
From this centre of the Dam trams run to the pleasant Vondels Park; but to those who would study the town, the better way is to strike in the direction on foot, and forego all riding.

The Vondels Park is a charming resort, well laid out, where the tired sight-seer may rest the eye with flowers and trees, and pleasant sheets of water, and refresh the body with a little dinner at the restaurant that overlooks the park, whilst his ear is pleased with some good music from the band stationed near.

From the Vondels Park a good stroll may be had across the Amstel River, and round to the Zoological Gardens, and so on again to the docks, or by one of the straight lines of streets back again to the Dam. By this route, the whole round of Amsterdam has been encircled; and by taking some of the smaller alleys instead of the main streets or canals, perhaps some picturesque touches of Dutch life may be met with.

Owing to the currency, this Dutch easy trip can scarcely be done so reasonably as our French runs; but by cutting the time short (and all we have described could be well seen in ten days), the amounts given in the Breton trip need not be exceeded. To those who would know and be interested in the strange and sad history of the Dutch nation, we would only mention the works of Motley upon the subject, books which also are of value for Belgian tours.

JAMES BAKER.



PREPARING TO FACE THE WINTER.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

HAVE I ever done or said anything in these papers, I wonder, to merit the title of iconoclast? I trust not. And yet, being a writer for the "general public," I have never hesitated to cry down any popular custom that militated against the welfare of my readers. I have had many a "cut," for instance, against self-doctoring and an overweening faith in physic, and many a quiet "dig" at quackery; but rest and recreation I have always upheld as tending to length of life, to health, and to happiness.

Rest and recreation? Yes; and it is to enjoy these blessings that so many of us went to the sea-side, to the cool, quiet, green country, or "away, away to the mountain brow," during the holiday season which has lately passed away, to come again another year. But do we always get recreation when we go in search of it? Do we all seek for it in the practical way? The answer to both these questions is "NO!"

Mind, however, that holiday folks are not all equally unwise. Many—a large percentage, indeed, of those who have gone away—come back thoroughly recreated, refreshed, and strong, with a fund of strength to enable them to stand the wear and tear of the coming winter. In my present paper I am not addressing those sons and daughters of wisdom. "The whole have no need of a physician."

Robert Minton—let me call him—went to the sea-side (Scarborough) last summer. He visited me to say good-bye before he went, and I noticed that he did not look well, but he had only just risen from desk drudgery, so I made every allowance.

"I'm going to enjoy myself thoroughly," he said.

"Well," I replied, "live quietly, at all events, or you will come back worse than you are now."

"I'm as right as a trivet," he said; "only a bit cut up with the spring work. The sea air will work wonders for me. *Au revoir.*"

I gave my shoulders a little shrug as the gate closed behind him, and said to myself, "We'll see."

To be sure the air of Scarborough would have done quite a deal to pull him together, had he gone in for a proper course of exercise—lounging, light reading, early rising, bathing, and plain food, with no physic. But he did not, and I knew he would not. He went in for gaiety, all thoughts of which he really ought to have left at home. He did *not* retire early; he did *not* live on plain diet; and, instead of rest, he chose excitement, so the glorious ozone-laden breezes could not keep pace with Minton. When he returned to town, after six weeks of this style of career, he was a wreck, and I had to use means, dietetic and therapeutic, to prop him up.

There are many different kinds of Mintons. One of the most thoughtless is the Continental travelling

Minton, who goes abroad to "do" churches, cathedrals, galleries, lakes, hills, and ruins, only to return home all but a ruin himself.

At some future time I may be enabled to describe how the holiday should be spent for dear health's sake. Meanwhile, I have simply to deal with the fact that there are those who have been away from home, and who have not returned so well as they could have wished, and fear, therefore, that the winter may bear hard upon them.

But even these, if there be nothing seriously the matter constitutionally, need not fear the coming winter and cold spring, if they be guided by the hints I shall now give them.

You will perceive that it is a matter of debility, and probably anæmia, after all, and I will give this warning to commence with: it is the greatest mistake in the world to attempt to hurry a cure, and one which has ended fatally often enough ere now.

I will tell you how the mistake is made. People find that, from some cause or other, they have been pulled down somewhat; they are thinner, paler, more nervous and excitable, and do not sleep so well. So they jump at the extraordinary conclusion that if they pour tonics into their systems, and worry down food in abundance, they can go at the gallop towards good health, and reach the goal in a very short time; but their very debility bars progression, for a weakly stomach and system cannot do with an extra allowance of food, however much it may be required by the system, therefore biliousness, brain excitement, and a kind of general fever, are the results; things become worse instead of mending, and the nervousness also becomes worse.

It is a truism that, in the matter of regaining lost health, we must creep before we can walk.

I wish you to remember that tonics are often required, but that the greatest possible care ought to be taken in selecting them; so very many of them are apt to bind up the system. Now, if the secretions do not flow easily and well, it is evident enough that to throw tonics into the blood at random can only result in fevering it. We get, therefore, headaches to follow, from congestion of the brain; engorgement of the liver and spleen, and dyspepsia. Instead of nourishing the body, we are positively reducing it and shortening life.

But tonics, some readers will be ready enough to tell me, are actually needed to pull one together after the gaieties of a summer holiday.

True, they are, *but* I would have you choose the very mildest, and see first that every secretion is flowing freely. How can you tell? In several ways; first, while taking tonics the system must be fairly open. If it be not so, doses—suited to the strength—of some gentle laxative, such as the liquid extract of *Cascara Sagrada*, or even the compound rhubarb and ipecacuanha pills, or, in plethoric subjects, cream of tartar and sulphur (invaluable), will do much good. But during a course of mild tonics, the tongue should be clean, the eye should be clear, the mucous membrane inside the nose should never be dry, there should be no heat of eyes or drowsiness, no tired feeling, no imperfection of sleep at night nor wearying dreams, no irritability of temper, and no extra dryness of skin. If then the tonics you are taking bring on a few of the above symptoms, the dose is too great, or the tonic is not of a suitable kind.

Iron is often wanted in the pale and bloodless, and the phosphates in the nervous; but let the doses be small. Do not, as you value your health, attempt to hurry Nature. Give her time. To go slowly is to go safely. It is a pleasure to a physician to watch the gradual return to health of a patient after long illness. It is like the dawning of a summer's morn, calm, quiet, imperceptible, but altogether beautiful.

The return to health of muscle, mind, and nerve, after a summer holiday that has not been judiciously spent, must also be gradual, if one would not find the winter rapidly approaching, and feel himself but ill able to face its storms and changeableness.

So I advise that, on a return to work, you—at some very calm moment, early in the morning, perhaps, before you have turned out of bed—quietly think of the labours that are before you in the coming busy months, and consider how you may most easily get through them. Make some plan, adopt some system of spending the day, especially the leisure hours thereof. Do not be in the least degree excited about your state or condition, although you may not feel as strong as you could wish. Health is sure to come if you keep calm. On the other hand, if you worry over matters, depend upon it that you will only make matters worse.

When a man is in the water and imagines he is drowning, he strikes out with frantic rapidity, fatigues himself, and sinks. If he has confidence, a few measured slow strokes serve to keep him afloat. My friend and patient Mr. Minton, whom I mention above, wanted to hurry me and hurry himself to get well. He was nervous and his blood was all on fire. He marvelled much that I did not pour tonics into him, strong soups, rich foods, and so forth. I did nothing for nearly a week; merely prescribing a rhubarb pill, and commanding him to keep quiet and be calm. Then I began some gentle tonic—it was, I think, quassia and cinchona, with an acid and a little of a non-constipating preparation of iron. I was cautious even with this, and gave orders that his diet should rather be restricted at first, for strong foods would create liver and stomach troubles. And, dear reader, it is really wonderful how little food a grown-up person can thrive upon. The following formula should be borne in mind by all who regard health and easy nerves as the greatest blessings on earth:—

I. Full, rich diet = Heat of blood, nervousness, and mental worry.

II. Restricted, but nutritious diet = Coolness of system, calm nerves, and happiness.

Ergo I. = Ill-health and all its consequences. II. = Health, with its thousand blesssings.

Minton was wise; he did as I told him, and *I* was as happy as ever a physician could be. For there

came quiet to his eye, red blood to his veins, and in two months he was jogging along at his work as steadily as if he had never been ill. The winter (1887—88) was a hard one, but my patient bore it well. He is away somewhere this year, but not at a gay, noisy place.

Well, then, lay your plans to get well; but do not think too much. Live by rule for a time. Do not commence even the simplest tonics until you have acquired perfect steadiness of mind and nerve, and have a free, well-regulated system. For a month or two, if you *can* take it, try cod-liver oil with malt extract. If the oil should not suit, do not press it. A week's trial will prove if it can be assimilated; if it cannot, the malt alone with every meal will do good.

The unction of cod-liver oil at night all over the breast and stomach does good. A warm wash all over, followed by the cold or tepid sponge bath, will be needed next morning, and if you do this you will never feel cold and never take cold.

Take plenty of *recreative* exercise in the open air. I wish you to be in the open air as much as possible, so as to harden off, as gardeners call it, for the winter.

Do not err in clothing; *all wool* but *all light* is the rule for health. Exercise and a very well ventilated bed-room will give refreshing sleep, and this latter will speedily restore even the most debilitated system. But, remember, it must be natural sleep *versus* that produced by narcotics.

THE LOVE-AFFAIRS OF SOME FAMOUS MEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY, THOUGH MARRIED."

THIRD PAPER.

NEVER was poet now or ot yore who was not tremulous with love-lore." The Ettrick Shepherd says that he "always liked women better than men," and his sweetest songs echo his own experience. He gave a happy and playful turn to this admiration when he wrote:—

"Could this ill world ha'e been contrived
To stand without mischievous woman,
How peacefu' bodies might ha'e lived,
Released frae a' the arts sae common!
But since it is the woefu' case
That man maun ha'e this teasing crony,
Why sic a sweet bewitching face?
Oh, had she no' been made sae bonny!"

He himself was fortunate in drawing a prize in the matrimonial lottery, his wife being a handsome and estimable woman, much above his original rank in life, and he showed his appreciation of a happy fireside by being a faithful and devoted husband. If it was his ambition to rival Burns as a bard, he had fewer of the greater poet's failings to reproach himself with.

One Sunday, young Walter Scott offered his umbrella to a young lady of much beauty, who was coming out of church during a shower. The umbrella was graciously accepted, and Scott fell in love with the borrower, who turned out to be Margaret, daughter of Sir John Belches. His attentions to the lady continued for about six years, when she married a banker, who proved to be one of Scott's most generous friends when his time of troubles came. The story of this, his first and only deep passion, is recorded in the diary that Scott kept in 1827, from which it would seem that there may have been some misunderstanding between the young people. Probably it was pride which led him to engage himself, within a year, to Mademoiselle Charpentier, or Miss Carpenter, as she was usually called, the daughter of a French royalist who had died early in the Revolution. She made, on the whole, a very good wife, only one to be protected by Scott from every care, and not one to share his deeper anxieties, or to participate in his dreams. Yet Mrs. Scott was not devoid of spirit and self-control. For instance, when Jeffrey, having reviewed "Marmion" in the *Edinburgh* in that depreciating and omniscient tone which was then considered the evidence of critical acumen, dined with Scott on the very day on which the review had appeared, Lady, then Mrs. Scott, behaved to him through the whole evening with the greatest politeness, but fired this parting shot in her broken English as he took his leave:—"Well, good night, Mr. Jeffrey—dey tell me you have abused Scott in de *Review*, and I hope Mr. Constable has paid you very well for writing it."

Though Lady Scott's character was not a very deep one, she had a kind and true heart. Ten days before her death, Scott entered in his diary:—"Still welcoming me with a smile, and asserting she is better." In her last illness she would always reproach her husband and children for their melancholy faces, even when that melancholy was, as she well knew, due to the approaching shadow of her own death.

A detailed account of the love-affairs of some of the poets, such as Goethe, Shelley, and Byron, would not be exactly suitable to our pages or profitable to our readers, so we shall pass them by to speak of Longfellow's marriage in 1831, in his twenty-fourth year, to a beautiful girl named Mary Storer Potter. Two years before,

"YOUNG WALTER SCOTT OFFERED HIS UMBRELLA" (*p.* 723).

after an extended sojourn in Europe, Bowdoin College had, on his return to America, appointed him Professor of Modern Languages, and now he was to enjoy four perfect years—years of scholarly labour in a congenial position, carried forward in a happy home, with a refined and affectionate wife always watching beside him. In 1834 the authorities of Harvard University offered him the position of Smith Professor of Modern Languages, as successor to Mr. Ticknor, suggesting that he might take a year in Europe to make himself still more intimately acquainted with German thought and books. Longfellow gratefully accepted this chance and set out immediately, with his wife, on his travels. A delightful six months was spent, and then, in Rotterdam, Mrs. Longfellow fell ill and died there, peacefully, but after much suffering. This bereavement was one of the two great shocks which made ravages in the poet's inner happiness, and the extent of which he concealed, even from his most intimate friends, by a resolute reticence. We all know, however, how he endeared the memory of Mary, his wife, to all the world, in "Footsteps of Angels."

> "Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
> All my fears are laid aside,
> If I but remember only,
> Such as these have lived and died."

After enduring the loneliness of nine years of widowerhood, the poet married Miss Appleton, who is supposed to have been the original of his sketch of Mary Ashburton, in the prose romance "Hyperion."

"Her face had a wonderful fascination in it. It was such a calm, quiet face, with the light of the rising soul shining so peacefully through it. And what a soul! A temple dedicated to heaven, and, like the Pantheon at Rome, lighted only from above." Mr. Nathan Appleton did not allow his lovely daughter to pass from him undowered, and from this time Longfellow had no more cares about money.

Seventeen years of the greatest domestic happiness followed. The wine of life was tremblingly full in the cup of the poet in and before his fifty-fourth year, when his wife was burnt to death before his eyes. To amuse her younger children, Mrs. Longfellow had been making seals: a lighted drop of wax fell into her lap, and her skirts of gauze at once enveloped her in flames. Hearing his wife scream, the poet rushed from his study in time to snatch a rug and throw it round her, ere she fell mortally injured. She was buried July 12th, 1861; and she never looked fairer than on that day—the anniversary of her marriage. Terribly as the fire had burnt her, it had spared one side of her beautiful head.

"In the days when Miles Standish first strode about New England, the graves of the English dead were hid from the Indians by being covered with waving corn. The grave that held his beloved in his heart, Longfellow hid from his friends. Hardly once was he heard to allude to his wife after the first shock was over. His diary remained for long after that terrible day a complete blank: it was noticed that from that same day he aged rapidly; his heart was full of his secret—full, but silent as the grave always is; and above this grave the strong man sowed his thoughts, and they ripened like the corn in autumn."

It has been said that "of all the great literary figures who have loomed upon the latter part of the nineteenth century, Lord Tennyson has been the most fortunate in his married life." In 1850 he married Miss Emily Sellwood, the daughter of a solicitor. The young couple lived for the first two years at Twickenham. Their first baby died; but in 1853 there was another a year old, "crazy with laughter and babble, and earth's new wine."

"If music be the food of love," it need not surprise us that few, if any other, of our great musical composers were like Handel, who throughout life was so wedded to his art, that he cared nothing for the delights of woman's love.

Haydn married a hair-dresser's daughter, who had a dismal, mischievous, sullen nature, a venomous tongue, and a savage temper. So intolerable did she at last become, that he had to separate from her.

Almost equally unfortunate was Weber. He was wont to say—"To be a true artist, you must be a true man." But the beautiful singer, Gretchen, with whom he fell in love at Stuttgart, however she may have consoled his somewhat arid life, was not a beneficial influence, for she led him into many sad extravagances, and an unwholesome taste for playing the cavalier,

The Countess Caroline, an enthusiastic girl of great beauty, became the object of Schubert's romantic passion. His exterior was anything but that of an ideal lover. Rude, unshapely features, thick nose, coarse, protruding mouth, and a shambling, awkward figure, were redeemed only by eyes of uncommon splendour and depth. The inexperienced maiden, belonging to a haughty family, hardly understood the devotion of the humbly-born genius. Only once he was on the verge of a full revelation. She asked him why he had dedicated nothing to her. With abrupt, passionate, intensity of tone, Schubert answered—"What's the use of that? Everything belongs to you." This brink of confession seems to have frightened him from any further intercourse with the family, yet he never forgot his beautiful dream, or loved another woman.

More fortunate was Mozart. In his twenty-fifth year he proposed to a beautiful young singer, Aloysia Weber; but she saw nothing attractive in the thin, pale young man, with his long nose, great eyes, and little head; for he was anything but prepossessing. Her younger sister, Constance, however, secretly loved

"SHE SCOLDED HIM IN THE TOWER" (*p.* 726).

him, and he soon transferred his repelled affections to her. Her family objected, on the ground that his reputation was not then sufficiently established. Upon this he composed an opera, which he always considered as his highest effort, and which immediately silenced the objections of Constance's friends, who now gladly gave her to him. He worked very hard, pouring out symphonies, operas, and sonatas, with astonishing rapidity. He made more money than most musicians, yet was always pursued by the spectre of want. This was not owing to personal indulgence, extravagance, or riotous living, but because he was lavishly generous to those who, in many instances, needed help less than himself. Like many other men of genius and sensibility, he could not say "No" to even the pretence of distress and suffering. He was a good husband, and his wife well deserved his love. His playful tenderness was displayed in many quaint ways. He would, for example, rise long before her to take his horseback exercise, and always kiss her sleeping face, and leave a little note, like the following, resting on her forehead—"Good morning, dear little wife! I hope you have had a good sleep, and pleasant dreams. I shall be back in two hours. Behave yourself like a good little girl, and don't run away from your husband." Speaking of an infant child, our composer would say merrily—"That boy will be a true Mozart, for he always cries in the very key in which I am playing."

Beethoven used to speak in passionate utterances of a certain countess, Giulietta Guicciardi, calling her his "immortal beloved," "his angel," "his all," "his life." It was to her that he dedicated his song "Adelaida," which, as an expression of lofty passion, is world-famous. The charming countess, however, preferred rank, wealth, and unruffled ease, to being linked even with a great genius—if, indeed, the affair ever looked in the direction of marriage. She married another, and Beethoven does not seem to have been seriously disturbed. It may be that, like Goethe, he valued the love of woman not for itself or its direct results, but as an art-stimulus which should enrich and fructify his own intellectual life.

Wives have been eyes, hands, mind, and everything to their husbands. The great authority on "Bees"—Huber, a Geneva naturalist—was blind from his seventeenth year, and yet he found means to master a branch of natural history demanding the closest observation and the keenest eyesight. It was through the eyes of his wife that his mind worked as if they had been his own. She encouraged her husband's studies as a means of alleviating his privation, which, at length, he came to forget. We have all read in the biography of the late Professor Fawcett how his wife was eyes to him also. After twenty-eight years' experience, Faraday spoke of his marriage as "an event which more than any other had contributed to his earthly happiness and healthy state of mind." For forty-six years the union continued unbroken, the love of the old man remaining as fresh, as earnest, and as heart-whole as in the days of his youth. Another man of science, James Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam-hammer, had a similar happy experience. "Forty-two years of married life," he said, "finds us the same devoted 'cronies' that we were at the beginning."

Perhaps authors, more than any other class of famous men, have been indebted to their wives. Tom Hood had such confidence in his wife's judgment that he read, and re-read, and corrected, with her, all he wrote. Many of his articles were first dictated to her, and her ready memory supplied him with references and quotations. Anthony Trollope said that no person but his wife had ever read a line of his manuscript, "to my very great advantage in matters of taste."

The French writer, Alphonse Daudet, had determined to remain a bachelor, because he was afraid that if he made a wrong step in marriage he might dull his imagination; but, on being introduced to Mademoiselle Julie Allard, who loved literature, and was a charming writer and critic herself, his fear was removed. The union proved a very happy one, and the picture of the two at work is an attractive bit of biography. "She has been," says his brother, "the light of his hearth, the regulator of his work, and the discreet counsellor of his inspiration. There is not a page that she has not revised, re-touched, and enlivened; and her husband has borne witness to her devotion and indefatigable collaboration in the dedication of 'Nabob;' but she would not allow this dedication to appear." Once, it is related, he had a sentimental and dramatic scene with his wife, concerning which he remarked—"This seems, my dear, like a chapter that has slipped out of a novel." "It is more likely, Alphonse," was the reply, "to form a chapter that will slip into one."

Wives, like Mrs. Carlyle, have assisted their husbands' work by keeping house so well that their indigestions and tempers were not unnecessarily disturbed. Hawthorne acknowledged that the inspiration which produced his imperishable contributions to American classics depended for its undisturbed flow on a serene and happy domestic environment, which his wife alone could supply.

There is much truth in the saying that a man cannot be greater than his wife will allow him to be. The second wife of Sir Thomas More did all in her power to lower her husband to her own level. When More seemed slow to make the most of himself to the world, the ambitious wife used to exclaim—"Tillie vallie! Tillie vallie! will you sit and make goslings in the ashes? My mother hath often said unto me, it is better to rule than be ruled." To which familiar expostulation, More's usual reply, muttered in the mildest of humorous voices, was—"Now, in truth, that is truly said, good wife; for I never found you yet willing to be ruled." More could never make her accept, or even comprehend, the principles that were to him the first elements of social morality. Instead of encouraging her husband to pursue the martyr's path and win the martyr's crown, she scolded him in the Tower after this fashion:—"I marvel that you, who have hitherto been always taken for a wise man, will now so play the fool as to lie here in this close, filthy prison . . . when you might be abroad at

your liberty, with the favour and goodwill both of the king and his council, if you would but do as the bishops and best-learned of this realm have done; and, seeing you have at Chelsea a right fair house . . . where you might, in company with me, your wife, your children, and household, be merry, I muse what, in God's name, you mean here thus fondly to tarry."

It is pleasanter, however, to end this paper with the case of a husband who was shown the pathway to heaven, and made great in the sense of being good by his wife's practice of piety. "My mercy," says Bunyan, "was to light upon a wife whose father and mother were accounted godly. This woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be (not having so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon betwixt us both), yet she had, for her part, 'The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven,' and 'The Practice of Piety,' which her father had left her when he died." By reading these and other good books, helped by the kindly influence of his wife, Bunyan was gradually reclaimed from his evil ways, and led gently into the paths of righteousness.

HOW TO KNIT A STOCKING.

BY PHYLLIS BROWNE.

ECONOMY in wear is by no means the only advantage stocking knitters gain. Knitting is very calming work; it quietens the nerves, and helps people to take a philosophical view of life. It is easy to get rid of worry, ruffled temper, and discontent, when we can knit these disagreeable companions into a pair of stockings.

Many people can knit a little, and can even manage to knit with three needles, who yet have never learnt to knit stockings. For the benefit of such people the following directions are given for knitting a pair of women's stockings of ordinary size.

Procure half a pound of fine soft fingering, and also four steel needles. A loose knitter should have fine needles; a tight knitter, thick needles. In order to find out how many stitches ought to be cast on, measure the full width of the doubled-up fist. Usually this will be the length of the foot. The length of the foot will be two-thirds of the measure of the leg above the knee. Measure the fist, therefore; make this length half as long again as it is, and there is the measure for the top of a stocking that is to come quite above the knee. Knit a small piece of knitting with the materials to be used, and count how many stitches go to the inch. See how many inches there are in the measure for the top of the stocking; multiply the number of inches by the number of stitches to the inch, and you will have the number of stitches to be cast on.

If a novice in knitting stockings finds the calculation of measurement rather puzzling, let her cast on 112 stitches: this will be about right for an ordinary-sized woman's stocking. As, however, some women are short, some tall, some stout, and some thin, also as loose knitting stretches more than tight knitting, it is safer to measure.

Cast all the stitches on one needle, and divide them afterwards—thirty-seven on two needles, thirty-eight on the third. The odd stitch on the third needle is intended for the seam stitch, which is to run down the middle of the back of the leg. Knit two plain rounds, and then make the welt by knitting two purl, two plain, for one inch. Now begin to knit plain all round, and seam the middle stitch of the needle which has thirty-eight on it. This stitch must be seamed from now to the end of the heel, no matter what changes are made elsewhere.

Knit plain all round to the depth of five inches; then increase three times, with four rows between each, in order to provide for the rise in the calf of the leg. Both increases and decreases are made on each side the seam stitch, leaving a plain stitch between. Increases are made by making two stitches out of one. Decreasings are made by knitting two together on both sides of the seam stitch, leaving one plain stitch between.

Having increased four times with four rows between each, knit half a dozen plain rounds, then begin to decrease. Make three decreasings on each side of the seam, with eight rounds between each; three with seven rounds between each; three with six rounds between; and three with five rounds between. If, when the decreasings are finished, the ankle is too wide for the size of the leg, decrease again twice or thrice. It must be remembered, however, that unless the ankle is fairly wide, the heel will not slip over the foot easily. After this, knit three inches plain for the ankle.

For an ordinary heel, divide the stitches into two halves, with the seam stitch in the centre of one half, and the other half on two needles. Leave the stitches on the two needles for awhile, and knit the stitches on the one needle which contains the seam stitch backwards and forwards to make the heel, and in every instance slip the first stitch—do not knit it.

If strong linen thread be put with the fingering when knitting the heel and the toe, the stocking will last twice as long.

There are a good many ways of turning a heel. The following is pretty, and rather uncommon. In dividing the stitches for the heel, take four more stitches than half for the back. Knit thirty-two rows, and preserve the seam stitch in each row. In the thirty-third row, knit to within three of the seam. Knit two together; knit one; purl one; knit one;

knit two together: knit five; turn; slip one; purl six; knit one; purl six; turn. Repeat until there are fifteen stitches on the needle. Then take up.

Taking up the heel is a puzzling business at first. Put the stitches which have been all this time on the two needles in front on one needle. Divide the stitches on the heel needle into halves, and put them on two needles. With the left-hand side heel needle take up the stitches which were slipped in knitting the heel. When taking each one up, pass the wool over it and so knit it. When all are lifted on the left side, knit and put with them six stitches from the front needle. Now knit off the stitches on this needle, and after they are knitted move the six at the end to the empty needle. With this same needle pick up and knit the stitches on the right side of the heel. Upon this same needle take the unknitted half of the heel stitches.

The foot is now begun. Knit three rounds plain, and after this decrease. The decreasings should be made at two points only—that is, before and after the six stitches which were taken for the side needles from the front. Decrease in each of these places three times, with two rounds between each time, and then decrease every alternate round till the foot is of the same width as the ankle.

When the decreasings are finished, five and a half inches of foot may be knitted plain; then the decreasings for the toe begin, when the black linen thread is to be again introduced. Divide the stitches into three equal parts, and at each of the divisions keep four stitches, which are to be knitted plain. Decrease before and after these four; that is, six times in a round. Knit three rounds between each decrease till an inch is knitted; then two rounds between each decrease for half an inch, and one round between each decrease for another half an inch; then decrease every round. When twelve stitches only remain, put them on two needles, making the sole lie flat, and cast off from both needles at once rather loosely. Fasten off the ends, and the stocking is finished.

CLOUD-SHIPS.

ACROSS the calm of the celestial seas
Some fleecy cloud-ships slowly, slowly sail
(Their canvas spread to catch the gentle gale),
With swan-like motion, gliding on with ease.
From the warm south they come like reveries
That from the fertile realms of fancy hail,
And sail the seas of mind. So fairy-frail
Are these full-freighted little argosies,
That when contending currents stir the deep,
And the brisk breeze of reason decks with white
The wavelets newly born, like frightened sheep
The tossing ships are scattered left and right,
With tattered sails and battered hulls, till sleep
The wind and waves, as sleeps the world at night.

A GHOST INCIDENT.

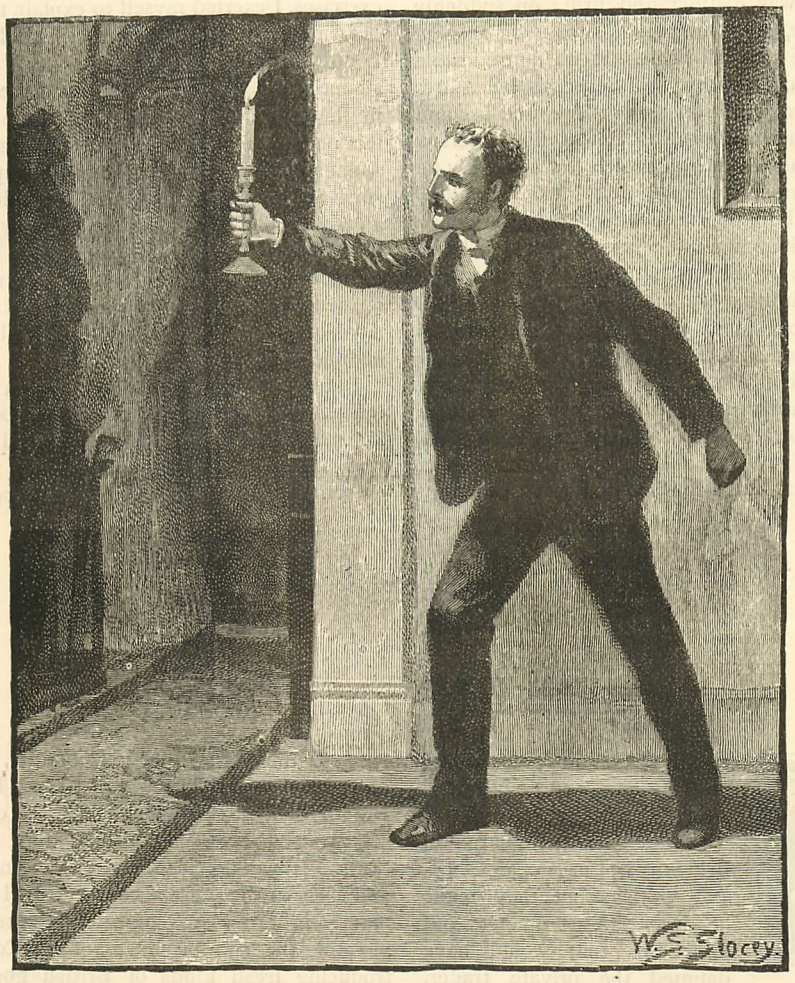
A TRUE STORY.

OF late years ghosts have had rather hard times of it. They have been knocked about in all directions, worried till they have been well-nigh at their wits' end, interfered with in their legitimate perambulations, challenged to give an account of themselves, and say are they ghosts or are they not. Flesh and blood could not bear all which they suffer, but being ghosts, and having neither flesh nor blood, they endure, and do not commit suicide, as flesh-and-blood humanity would, under such trials, assuredly do. They suffer, too, from false pretenders, or pseudo-ghosts, who bring them into great discredit till the make-believes are found out. And yet they deserve better treatment and more respect, for they are a very ancient class, and quite pre-historic. "Ghosts," observes a modern writer, "are almost the first guess of the savage, almost the last infirmity of the civilised imagination."

Leaving this question to be settled as best it may be, I shall now proceed to give a true case of a ghost-hunt and its result. I say a *true* case, as I have it from the pen of a very eminent and experienced surgeon, who has spent a long life in extensive practice—a man of education, intelligence, and reflection; moreover, one of great physical and moral courage, and the last man in the world to let his imagination run away with his sobriety of judgment. For obvious reasons I do not give his name, but I am at liberty to say that he has been in communication with one of our highest authorities on an interesting psychological subject. I now give the narrative in his own written statement, which, indeed, he had previously communicated to me in conversation:—

"Some winters ago I was sitting alone, reading at the fire in my drawing-room; there was a sharp frost at the time, but not any snow; the hour at or about 'the noon of night.' My family were all absent at the time; the domestics were all in bed, probably an hour or two. Having been much interested in my book, I paid no attention to anything around me. Suddenly, however, I awoke to the fact that a footstep had been passing through my house, and that I had been hearing it listlessly for some time, without feeling

surprise. When, however, my intellect became alive to the fact, as well as my ear, I at once became aware of its importance. At that moment the footsteps were becoming faint from distance, as if the perambulator had reached the farthest extremity of the house at the rear, which terminated in my man-servant's sleeping-room. I may here premise that the distance from the door of the room I was sitting in, to await the return of my midnight visitor. No footstep heralded his approach, nor did he appear: the sound of his steps quite ceased. I provided myself with a candle, and went through my house. I found all the doors carefully shut, the man-servant sound asleep in his bed; and, on going upstairs, assured myself that the



"I ACKNOWLEDGE MY AMAZEMENT" (*p.* 730).

the front to the back of the house measures within the walls about 80 feet. The first hall is about 20 feet square, the remainder being back halls, passages, kitchens, &c., terminating in the man's sleeping-apartment, as above mentioned, and divided throughout by five doors. The dining and drawing-rooms open from the front hall, opposite each other, and the public road is divided from the house by an area: this depresses the floor of the apartments about 6 feet from the level of the road, which runs past the house on the dining-room side, and the farthest from the drawing-room; the passages are on the side farthest from this room, by the full breadth of the hall. I got up and opened women-kind were in their own rooms. On my return to the drawing-room I took special care to close all the doors on my having passed through them. I resumed my seat at the drawing-room fire. In a few moments the firm, decided step was heard, and, having entered the large glass window, passed along the hall, into the back hall, and so on until it seemed to pass through the man's room and out of the house. I awaited its return: it came on, and the moment it seemed to be on the other side of the drawing-room door, the handle of which I held in my hand, I suddenly opened the door; the effect produced was to silence completely the sound of footsteps, and to

show me the hall empty and quite as usual. I acknowledge my amazement. I might confess to a feeling almost akin to horror. I again resumed my chair, leaving the room-door open. No sound of any kind was then heard. After some three minutes or so I again closed the door, and in a few seconds my invisible friend resumed his exercise as before. This investigation I repeated three or four times, always with the same result. Whilst I was shut up in the room the pace was distinct and firm; on suddenly opening the door, when the person should be seen in a certain part of the hall, there was no figure visible nor any sound of footsteps whatever to be heard. The sensation produced was that of awe, and I could not avoid thinking how fortunate it was that a person of weak nerve was not in my place; for assuredly an epileptic or convulsive seizure would have resulted. Whilst I sat thinking on this strange matter, a pencil I had been marking my book with, and which I was now twiddling in my fingers, dropped from my hand amongst the fireirons. On my stooping down to find it within the apron of the fender, I became aware of the taint of tobacco-smoke. I at once said, 'I think I have found the ghost;' and hastening from the room, and out at the hall-door, I made for the gate which opens on the road. I there saw a sergeant of militia marching up the road. I waited until he returned in my direction again, and well pleased I was at hearing the well-known steady tramp I had so lately been speculating on. The sergeant was enjoying his turn-in pipe. We exchanged a few civil sentences; and thus my supernatural visitor made his exit *in fumo*, as he was characteristically bound to do.

"And now for the explanation of this strange affair, which caused me great amazement, though I felt no fear, during the visits of the invisible intruder. However, not believing in the Hamlet Senior's midnight exercises, I exerted myself to explain the phenomenon, but I failed completely, and was sorely puzzled. Had I not dropped my pencil so very fortunately, and stooped to look for it, I should have been a believer in ghosts to my dying day, the deception was so perfect on each repetition, and at the same time seemed so inexplicable. But it was not inexplicable, and the smell of the tobacco offered the solution, and made all plain. The drawing-room chimney was the medium down which the sounds came while the door of the room in which I sat was shut: when this door was opened, the sounds were not heard through the chimney—or at all; when the door was shut, they became audible as before."

I have but one remark to make on my friend's narrative. Many a ghost-story has no better foundation, and might find its solution if subjected to the examination of a man of strong nerve, clear head, and good reasoning faculty such as my friend possessed.

SOME ROMANCES OF TRADE.

THE old Companies were useful in their day, and they had a special work to do. They were open to the charge of being aggressive, despotic, and selfish, but they made headway against dangers and difficulties that would have daunted the private trader. They could fight, lose men and vessels, and be little the worse for it. In the first twenty years of its existence the East India Company had eleven of its ships seized by the Dutch, and nine had been lost at sea to the thirty-six that had safely returned. The Companies could obtain Government protection on the strength of their charters. Behind them there followed the merchant adventurers, who formed Companies of their own, and were battled against in turn as monopolists, or absorbed by the original Company they combated.

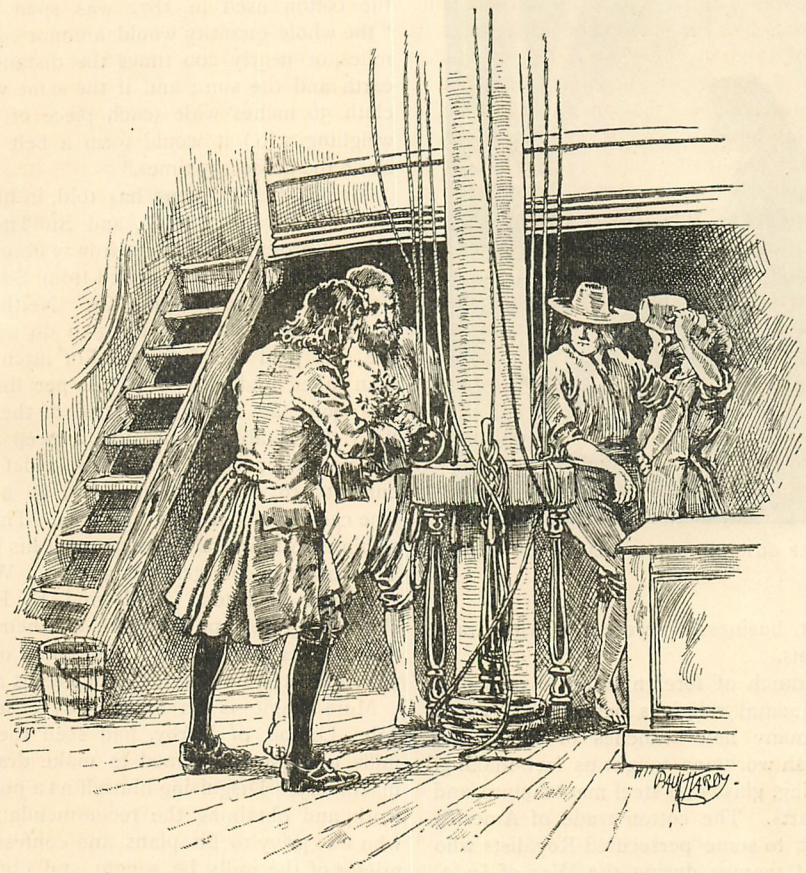
Along the shores of Winnipeg and Saskatchewan the older maps of North-Western America mark such places as "Henry's House," "Finlay's House," and "Mackay's House." These were the trading-posts of private English traders who combined to form the North-West Fur Company of Montreal, long the rival of the Hudson Bay Company, and finally absorbed in 1821. The "North-West Fathers," as the Indians called them, explored the country, opened regular trade-routes, and more than doubled British trade. It was so elsewhere. Late in the eighteenth and early in the present century our Indian trade was mainly in the hands of private persons, who were violating the legal privileges of the Company, and introducing fresh kinds of British goods, whilst the Company was lamenting that our products could not "find a vent amongst the Indians." In Africa it was much the same. The "ten per cent. men," who got licences from the Royal African Company, did very well indeed in traffic with our Colonies, and there is some reason for believing that they laid the basis of the mercantile greatness of Liverpool.

The "interlopers," as they were styled, were always satirising the avarice of the monopolists, who even went so far, on the Red River Settlement, as to prevent the annual journeys of the settlers to Minnesota, to seize and confiscate their goods, and to treat them as felons. A broad-sheet, issued last century, however, makes a contrary charge against the African "interlopers" of injuring trade by making negroes "dear." "The hardship lies upon the Planters," it

continues, "and is a great discouragement to the Plantation Trade, and is the occasion of sugars coming so dear to England as to encourage our neighbours to import them in greater quantities from the East Indies, which may in time prove fatal to all the British sugar Colonies." Monopolists usually tell the same kind of story.

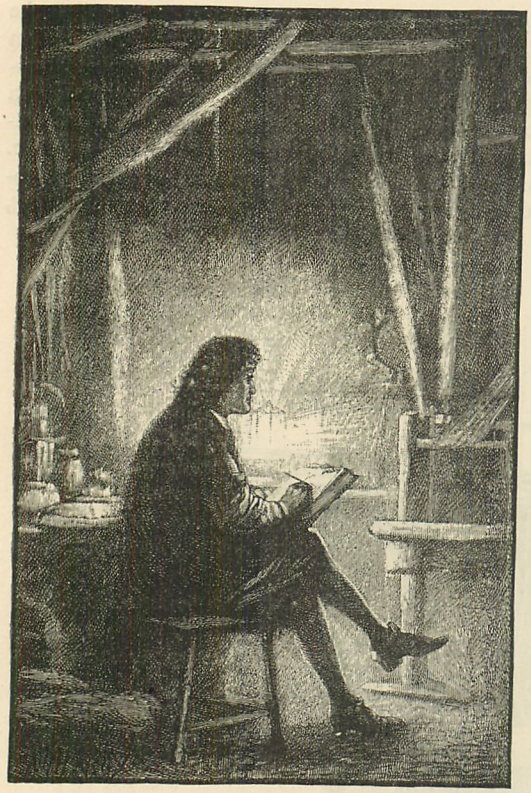
The Liverpool slave trade was, at one time, very extensive. Samuel Derrick wrote:—"The principal exports of Liverpool are all kinds of woollen and worsted goods, with other manufactures of Manchester, Sheffield, and Birmingham wares. These they barter on the coast of Guinea for slaves, gold dust, and elephant's teeth. The slaves they dispose of at Jamaica and the other West Indian Islands for rum and sugar, for which they are sure of a ready and quick sale at home." Between 1795 and 1804 the Liverpool merchants shipped 323,770 slaves from Africa to the West Indies and America. London merchants shipped 46,405, and amongst the shippers, says Mr. Fox Bourne, was "Bryan Blundell, the philanthropic founder of the Blue Coat School, who found in his philanthropy no argument against joining in the slave trade."

It was usually found desirable to have a special trader in charge of a ship's goods. He was called the "supercargo." Early last century a Glasgow firm made an innovation, by appointing the captain supercargo. He knew nothing of accounts, being only a bluff seaman. On his return he was required to present to his employers his statement of the adventure. He could give them none. "But here are its proceeds," he said, producing a large hoggar, or stocking, stuffed to the top with coins. It was thought advisable to send a supercargo next time. But the official is now very seldom heard of, a good captain being usually a man of accounts, and local agents relieving him of many duties formerly left to the supercargo.



"THE COFFEE PLANT WAS NOT NEGLECTED" (*p.* 733).

The monopolists died hard, and the interlopers had to profit by every change in public taste and every individual discovery. A long and brilliant series of inventions came to aid the men who sought to liberate trade, and to turn it into new channels. But the inventor was regarded as an interloper of another kind; he was thought to be a madman or a harmless imbecile—a description applied to the men who proposed to bridge the Thames at Putney, as well as to the projector of the first steamboat. There was, indeed, about him at times something of the rage of the man possessed. Familiar examples will occur to



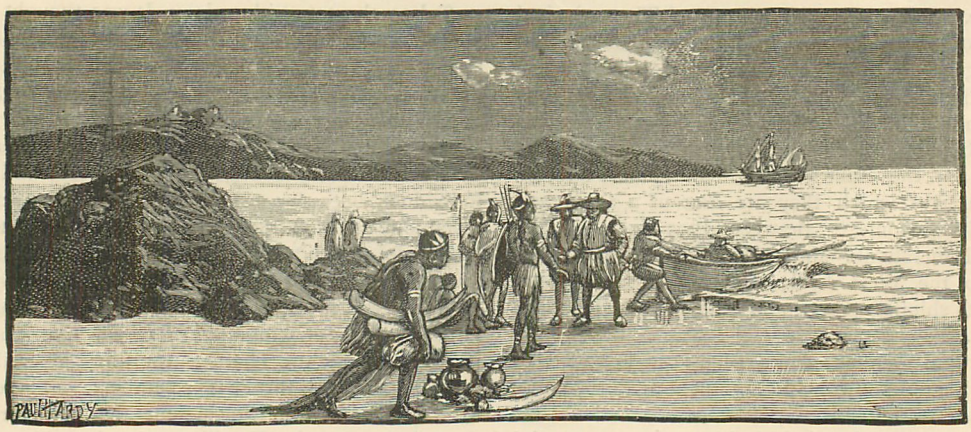
"HE USED TO CREEP OUT AND MAKE DRAWINGS" (*p.* 733).

the reader. Our business, however, is with trade ideas in other forms.

Nearly every branch of foreign trade has its own romances. Continental religious persecutions drove to this country many new branches of trade, and French and Flemish workmen taught us lace-making, hat-making, weaving, glass and steel manufacture, and numerous other arts. The cotton trade of America owes its beginning to some persecuted Royalists who sheltered in the Bahamas during the War of Independence, and took with them some cotton seeds and plants to Georgia. As recently as 1861 the man was living who assisted in packing the first bag of cotton sent from America to Liverpool—Mr. Samuel Maverick, of Pendleton, South Carolina. "The consignee of this lone bag of cotton informed the shippers that he could not sell it, that it was valueless, and he advised them to send no more." Nearly three million bales of American cotton now come annually to this country. Mr. P. L. Simmonds has calculated that if the cotton used in 1872 was spun into 36's yarns "the whole quantity would amount to 19,002,489,425 miles, or nearly 200 times the distance between the earth and the sun; and if the same were woven into cloth 36 inches wide (each piece of 37½ yards, and weighing 7 lb.) it would form a belt that would encircle the globe 135 times."

Mr. Charles Dickens has told, in his own way, the story of the alpaca trade, and Sir Titus Salt's enterprise. Certain bags of some frowzy fibrous material had been lying about, consigned from South America to C. W. and F. Foozle and Co. Neither brokers nor dealers would have anything to do with them; only the rats paid them any kind of attention. A young man called and offered 1s. 6d. per lb. for them. It was quite an event to get rid of these dirty sacks. "All the establishment stole a peep at the buyer of the South American stuff. The chief clerk had the curiosity to speak to him, and to hear him reply. The cashier touched his coat-tails. The book-keeper, a thin man in spectacles, examined his hat and gloves. The porter openly grinned at him. When the quiet purchaser departed, C. W. and F. Foozle and Co. shut themselves up, and gave all their clerks a holiday." This was in 1835. The town of Saltaire now attests the triumph of one man's effort and idea.

More tragic is an early story of our silk trade. John Lombe, of Derby, had seen the Leghorn silk mills, and he determined to make drawings of their machinery. Disguising himself as a poor youth out of work, and obtaining the recommendation of a priest who was privy to his plans and confessor to the proprietor of the mills, he sought and obtained employment in the works. He was soon afterwards placed



"THEY BARTER ON THE COAST OF GUINEA" (*p.* 731).

in charge of a spinning machine called a "filatoe." At that time mill-workers slept in the Italian works, as is even now frequently the case, and he had a hole under the stairs for his bed. Here he carefully secreted a lantern, tinder-box, and mathematical instruments. When all was still at night, he used to creep out and make drawings of the machinery. If he had been caught at the work, he would have been killed without doubt. His anxieties must have been terrible. The priest occasionally called to see him, out of apparent benevolence, received the drawings in sections, and passed them on to an agent of Messrs. Lombe, who packed them in the interior of the silk bales they sent home. Much time was taken in the work, and when all was done, Lombe arranged his flight, took ship and was chased by a brig, but reached England in safety. He died at twenty-nine, and there is a tragical story of his death which is likely enough to be true. It is said that the Italians, when they heard of the whole affair, sent over a female to England to poison him. "Lombe had brought over with him two Italians who were accustomed to the machinery he had risked so much for. The woman succeeded through the means of one of them in administering a deadly poison." In less than twenty years English silk was higher in price than Italian silk, and the Messrs. Lombe had a miraculous machine, containing 26,586 wheels, making 97,746 different movements!

A pleasant little picture, too, is that of the conveyance of the coffee plant to the West Indies. The true home of the berry is Arabia. But, in 1690, the Dutch took some seeds to Amsterdam. They were cultivated in the Botanic Garden there. In 1717, M. Déclieux obtained a plant from these seeds and carried it to Martinique. Water grew scarce on the voyage, but the coffee plant was not neglected, and it survived. All the coffee grown in the West Indies and Brazil has been derived from this precious mother plant, watered at the cost of great privation to hardy seamen. A new trade has followed this interesting private effort.

A touching incident is connected with the Glasgow trade. William Flakefield had been a weaver, and wanted to see "life." He enlisted in the Cameronians, served with the Scots Guards on the Continent, and in Germany met with a blue and white handkerchief he determined to copy when he got home. Arrived in Glasgow, he gathered some spindles of old ill-bleached yarn, and made a web of blue and white handkerchiefs. When one half of the two dozen were ready, he took them to the market, where they sold well. The colours were novel, the texture of the cloth delicate, and the production a success. Others were made and sold, weavers came from the neighbourhood to profit by his skill, and a new industry arose. Fortunes were made out of Flakefield's idea, but he himself died "poor and forgotten, as a town drummer." He deserved a better fate.

The lucifer match is another personal triumph. Mr. Isaac Holden was an early riser, in order to pursue his chemical studies, and he lost time in getting a light by the old tinder and steel. In his evidence before the Patent Committee he said :—"Of course I knew, as other chemists did, the explosive material that was necessary to produce instant light; but it was very difficult to obtain a light upon wood by that explosive material, and the idea occurred to put

"THROVE UPON THEIR ILL-GOTTEN GAINS" (*p.* 733).

under that explosive material sulphur. I did that, and published it in my next lecture and showed it. There was a young man in the room whose father was a chemist in London, and shortly afterwards lucifer matches were introduced to the world."

The bonding warehouse is a distinct benefit to trade, but it was not established by law until 1803. Sir Robert Walpole had proposed the creation of such an establishment in 1733, but the merchants would not have it, and mobbed its author. It was an innovation, Governments could not be trusted, lesser men would benefit, trade would be ruined. The plan was to pay the full tobacco and wine dues on the arrival of the ship in port, or to find securities for the amount. As the goods remained in the ship, the plundering that went on was enormous. Gangs of men, variously known as "scuffle hunters," "mudlarks," and "rat-catchers," hung about the ships, in league with their crews, and throve upon their ill-gotten gains.

The individual ship that ploughs its way upon the sea is, in fine, an illustration of the change two centuries have wrought in nearly all branches of our trade. The triumphs of trade, indeed, comprise a good deal more than what may be called the manhood of individual enterprise. They are still incomplete. and they will continue as long as the human race endures.

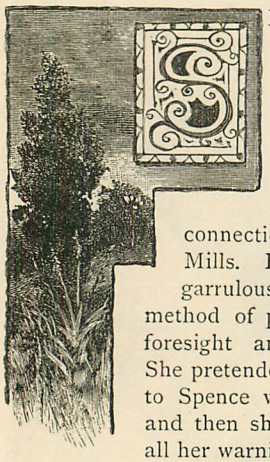
EDWIN GOADBY.

COMRADES ONCE.

By THOMAS KEYWORTH, Author of "Mistress June," "A Treacherous Calm," &c.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH

AFTER THE STORM.



SPENCE occupied the same rooms at Milltown which he used when a student, and he had to listen while Mrs. Winnyton poured forth her torrent of opinions about the events which had happened in connection with the bank and the Mills. He soon discovered that the garrulous lady had a convenient method of proving her own wonderful foresight and powers of prediction. She pretended that she had said things to Spence which she never had said, and then she showed how marvellously all her warnings had been fulfilled.

Mrs. Winnyton had a great dislike to people who had made money; and Spence could not help thinking that her antipathy arose chiefly from the fact that she had not been able to make it herself. But he endured her talk as best he could, and did not take the trouble to remind her that he could not remember her predictions.

Against the Prids she was specially bitter, and chiefly, as it seemed to him, because she had known them very well. "The Prids are utterly done up,' she said, "and I am very sorry, for they were friends of mine. But I always knew it. These were my very words, 'The Prids will suck sorrow, as sure as we are here;' and they are sucking it. From what I hear, they have not a penny in the world. Their fine son, who must go to College, of course, though he never had sense enough to know whether a book was upside-down or not, he will have to work for his living; and a good thing, too. But what can he do? Oh, those jump-ups, they will have something to answer for!"

Spence feared sometimes that he would become as silent as his father. It was a painful effort for him to speak, and in Mrs. Winnyton's company he simply gazed at vacancy and listened. Fortunately, he had his work to do, and it was not mechanical, like his father's; but he was compelled to pull himself together and exercise his mind. He had not seen much of Prid since returning to Milltown, and he resolved to find him; as, according to Mrs. Winnyton, he had fallen upon evil times.

"Where are the Prids living now?" Spence asked.

"I have heard a variety of places," was the reply, "and each of them was poorer than the others; but which is the right one I should not like to say."

Spence told her that he would inquire at their former residence. This was intended to be a hint that he did not wish to pursue the subject any further—but Mrs. Winnyton was proof against all kinds of hints. She went over all the old ground again, and finished with her customary expression, "I hope their reverses will do them good. If it does, they have cause to thank the trouble which was a blessing in disguise."

Spence was astonished to find his old acquaintances still in the same house where he had visited them before, and, as far as he could see, there were no signs of poverty or trouble.

Prid was at home, and expressed his pleasure at seeing Spence.

"Dad and mam are out," he exclaimed, in his free-and-easy style; "but their son and heir welcomes the Fourth Estate."

"I am glad to find you well," replied Spence. "I was afraid that wretched bank had pulled you down in its fall. I came to ask where I should be likely to discover you. I heard you were somewhere in the neighbourhood of the workhouse."

Prid put his hands in his pockets, and looked as knowing as possible. Then he said, in a very deliberate manner—

"Norland, if you have any faith in me, believe me now. Prid, senior, was not born yesterday. The same might be said of Prid, junior, but that does not happen to be the subject at present under discussion. Prid, senior, is the oldest bird I know. That he lost something with the bank to which you refer is more than I care to deny; but Prid, senior, never did and never will put himself in the power of his neighbours."

At the College it had been said that Prid was always harmless, and often entertaining. Spence thought of that description as he watched the young fellow's gestures, and heard his talk; he wanted to ask him how his love-affairs were progressing, but scarcely knew how to introduce the subject.

"Luton has not been as fortunate as your father," he said.

Prid frowned, and walked several times across the room. Then he faced Spence, and became quite communicative.

"Norland," he exclaimed, "you know something of my affairs, and you have heard me refer to my strength of will. 'Neither bend nor break' is my motto. I told you that before, I think. But perhaps not, because though the general idea has long been in my mind, yet I have only lately found words which exactly suit it. There has been trouble in this family since that bank went to smash. Luton was in very deeply; the dad says deeper than he knew, deeper than anybody knew except Griffin and Claxton—a pair of precious rogues those two. Honester men have been hanged, and deserved hanging, mind you. I am no sentimentalist, and never was. Miss Luton, as you

are aware, is the one person in the world whom I—— well, you know what. All that you may take for granted. I am no sentimentalist; but in this particular case you may pile it on, in your own mind, to your heart's content. Caster Claxton was nowhere when I set myself to work in earnest. I came, I saw——you know the rest. Then the bank broke; and Luton was a director, and nobody knows what besides. Prid, senior, said to me that it was a good job it happened before we were married—that is, myself and Miss Luton. I said it was a bad job it ever happened at all. Quick as I am, I did not catch at the moment what dad was driving at. But it was just this, Norland: Madge was to be thrown over."

That was the climax, and it was evident that Prid expected Spence to be amazed, or indignant, or something very demonstrative. Spence shook his head, as if his feelings were too deep for words.

"There was trouble," Prid resumed. "Let it never be said in the future that I have denied it. Be just if the heavens——you know the rest. I always did prefer my Latin in English. But I took my stand, and that is all I really need to say on that score. I took my stand; so did the mam; and then Prid, senior, had to come round. But here comes the moral. Virtue is its own reward, as they say, and in this case it looks like truth. Luton had piled no end of property on his wife. He has his humorous ways, and one of his sayings is that money is so slippery it takes four hands to hold it. Not a bad idea that, for a self-made man; and Luton will tell you how he made his first shilling. And now behold, Prid, senior, sings quite small. Miss Luton would be a catch if she had not a penny; but what Miss Luton will have some day this deponent sayeth not."

"I shall begin to think the bank did not injure anybody very much," replied Spence.

"I wouldn't think that, if I were you," said Prid, in a patronising tone. "I wouldn't, indeed. It's not—it's not—moral, as one might say. Everybody was not born so early in the morning as Prid, senior, or even as Luton, to say nothing about your humble servant. Some have suffered; there can be no doubt about it. The widow and fatherless, to speak practically. The Claxtons are clean done; and if Coalville has much left, I am mistaken. He was dexterous, as I believe you have heard. He did not settle money on his wife; oh, dear, no! When he was there, everybody was there; just so. Luton and Prid, senior, and Coalville talked matters over, but Coalville told them he had seen into everything and it was right. At last he began to quake and fear, and it was as much as they could do to keep him quiet. As things turned out, it was a pity they did keep him quiet. But perhaps it did not matter; the dad thinks things had gone too far before Coalville suspected that they were wrong. The great point is not only to know things, but to know them at the right time. That's in Latin somewhere, but the English is quite good enough."

"And this wedding, Prid, when is it to take place?" Spence asked, as he rose to go.

Prid frowned again, and replied—

"Miss Luton is not a flirt, and I should pity the man who said she was. I believe it is her modesty, but she will not fix the time. I shall prevail, however, I know I shall, because I always do."

Spence almost envied Prid's complacency when he thought about his own long, silent wooing; but he could not help smiling when he remembered what part Arthur Claxton had played in connection with Madge's acceptance of Prid instead of Caster.

Spence told Mrs. Winnyton how he had found the Prids, and what he had heard about the Lutons. She said she was glad; but it was wonderful how she managed to conceal her joy. If she had been disappointed with the news of their good fortune, she would have shown it in the same manner. But she was not easily beaten, and she said—

"I always had a feeling that the Prids and Lutons had as many lives as a cat, and you remember I said to you I should not be surprised if they had managed to look well after themselves, whoever might suffer. It is the way with those jump-ups."

Spence did not remember, but he said nothing.

"I should not be a bit surprised," she continued, "if the Claxtons have also taken care to be on the right side."

Spence doubted that very much, but the mentioning of their name carried his thoughts back again for the thousandth time to Hilda. He had heard, since he visited the Knoll on that memorable evening when he was refused admittance, that he was suspected of having written the article which brought all the trouble on Mordene, and on the Claxtons especially. He also knew who had written the article. Amongst newspaper men in Milltown it was no secret, and the writer himself openly avowed it, and boasted of what he had accomplished.

Spence decided that he was wrong in permitting public opinion to condemn him unjustly about the matter, and he was wrong to allow Hilda and her mother to suppose that he had framed the missile which wrought ruin and confusion in many homes.

Claxton had been a name to conjure with in Mordene, but the old charm had passed away with the wealth and position of those who owned it.

"There are but three generations between clogs and clogs," was a remark often made in that part of Yorkshire where Mordene is situated; and the Mordeners began to use the proverb with an assumption of sagacity when the results of Arthur Claxton's speculation were fairly seen. Holmwood Hall stood empty. Mrs. Arthur went to Milltown with her children; some property was settled on her, but the descent from the luxury and extravagance of the Hall to the small house which she took, and the bare necessities of life which she could afford, was painful and humiliating. Her father said nothing about dexterity; he had used that word without cessation whenever he and Arthur met, but Arthur all the time had been hoodwinking him, and Griffin had been assisting in the process. The reflections of the Coal King were dreadful. He was not ruined, but his resources were crippled.

In Mordene itself there was sufficient evidence to satisfy those people who desired proof that there are only three generations between clogs and clogs.

"Abel Claxton's father wore clogs," they said, "and Caster Claxton's son will wear clogs, if ever he has a son. So there's Abel and Arthur and Caster between clogs and clogs; just three generations. Mrs. Travis and Miss Hilda are back at Grew Corner. Everybody knows they haven't much to live on. As likely as not Miss Hilda will marry a working chap, if she doesn't marry her cousin, then her children may wear clogs; and so th' proverb would come true in that way. As for marrying her cousin, if she does that she'll rue it as long as she lives, for he's a regular good-for-nowt."

Hilda and her mother went to live at Grew Corner, as the gossips said. Dodd Claxton was drinking himself to death. Ned was still engaged at the Mills. The two sisters, Emma and Jane, were both living with Ned. Jane remained with Dodd as long as she could, but at last she was compelled to leave him. Ned declared that he had not a shilling in the world; but Emma knew better than that. "He did not leave all his money in the business as the rest of us did," she said to Jane; "he has a decent sum in a hole under the cellar floor. He will grumble, and plead poverty, and all that; but take no notice of him, he will be able to keep us."

When Mrs. Travis and her daughter were settled at Grew Corner, Spence made another effort to renew his acquaintance with them. Mrs. Travis opened the door; Hilda was out, and they had no servant.

"I have a question to ask you, Spence," was Christine's greeting before Spence had time to speak. "Did you write that article in the paper which caused the run on the bank?"

"I did not," Spence replied. "I knew nothing about it till I saw it in print."

Then Christine burst into tears. They were the first tears she shed in connection with her trouble and impoverishment.

Spence entered the cottage and closed the door behind him.

"I know that many people think I wrote that article," resumed Spence, "but I hoped you would think better of me."

"Well, now you say you did not write it, I must say it looks different," Christine answered. "Hilda never did think you wrote it, in the same way that I did. Of course, she could not know. Who did write it, I wonder?"

"It is no secret in Milltown."

"Who was it?"

"Maddox Tatterway."

"Where did he get his information from?"

"That is what puzzles me," said Spence.

And then he told Christine what his object was in calling upon her. He had been thinking about the Norland Scholarship, and he could not help feeling that he owed to the Claxton family as much as it amounted to.

"That is my conviction," said Spence. "I am not a rich man, but I am far richer than you are. I am making a regular income, and can spare part of it. You must allow me to pay you all I received for my College expenses. I will pay it monthly, as I can manage it."

"Not a penny," replied Christine, still weeping—"not a penny, unless I really need it for bread, and then I will tell you. God forgive me! I ought not to have doubted you. The Norlands never failed anybody at a pinch."

The door opened, and Hilda came in. She was amazed, and took Spence's proffered hand with embarrassment.

"Caster is outside, mother," she said in a low voice. "I met him in the village. He wants—he wants you."

"I shall see you very soon," said Spence, preparing to take his departure. "We must be good friends again." He felt that Caster was still between him and happiness.

As he crossed the lane to his own door, he saw Caster standing in the shadow; but he felt no inclination to speak to him, knowing as he did the kind of company which Arthur Claxton's son kept in Milltown.

"Why is Hilda so infatuated?" Spence could not help asking himself.

Caster entered the cottage as soon as Spence was out of sight. He was very shabby, and altogether disreputable in his appearance, and he sat beside the fire in a sullen manner.

"I suppose that fellow is to have my chance," he said, without looking at either his aunt or cousin.

Hilda blushed, and Christine looked steadily at her nephew. She could see that he had been drinking, and she remembered having often heard that "a Claxton with drink in him is best left alone."

"I want to borrow a trifle," Caster said, after a pause. "I am cleared out, and I cannot live on the air.

Christine gave him a sovereign, which he looked at contemptuously; then he put it in his pocket, remarking that it was better than nothing.

"I shall be back again when it's done," he said. "Hilda did as good as promise to marry me when I was well off, and if I am to be got rid of now, I mean to be paid for it."

Then he left the two women to their sorrowful thoughts.

But they were not altogether sorrowful, for Christine told Hilda what Spence had said, and what he had offered to do.

"I am very glad of that," Hilda exclaimed; "but, of course, we cannot take the money."

"Not unless we need it for bread," was the reply; "then I would rather be beholden to a Norland than to anybody else in the world."

Caster was almost forgotten, while Hilda thought about her childhood, when with her grandfather she spent many hours in the cottage over the way; and she felt as if she could say again, as she said then, "Spence is good."

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

WHEN ROGUES FALL OUT.

ONE of Thew Norland's sayings, which required more thinking about than most Mordeners were prepared to give, was to the effect that in modern times of Moloch in the manner signified by Thew Norland. Money and money's worth, position and what would gain position, success and what constituted success, had been the topics to which he had listened since the dawn of his intelligence. Under no circumstances

"THE DOOR OPENED, AND HILDA CAME IN" (*p.* 736).

Mammon and Moloch are the same; and many parents manage to serve Mammon and pass their children through the fires of Moloch by a single process.

Remarks like that gave rise to the opinion that "Thew Norland said a pack o' things which seemed to have a lot o' sense in 'em, if a body could understand 'em."

Caster Claxton had been passed through the fires was he likely to develop a very noble nature, for there seemed always to be a strain of vulgar selfishness in him; but with more favourable surroundings he might have escaped the moral and social degradation which befell him. Few, if any, of the Mordeners would have dreamt that Spence Norland's training in life was infinitely preferable, with its toil and hardship, to that of Caster Claxton, with the prestige conferred by the Mills and Holmwood Hall. But such was the

case, though hundreds envied Caster, and nobody went beyond esteeming Spence.

Caster had been spoiled by his mother; and when calamity came upon the family, and he discovered that she either could not or would not supply him with money, he turned against her and reviled her in cruel and insulting terms.

Mrs. Arthur Claxton was quite as proud as she was represented to be by the people whom she had offended in her days of prosperity. The one thing which she found it difficult to endure was poverty. Good name and fair fame were doubtless precious to her after a fashion, but they did not rank in her estimation with the abundant means which she had hitherto enjoyed. Towards her husband she felt bitterly and scornfully. His one redeeming quality in her eyes had been his prosperity. Coarse and vulgar she knew him to be, and she had never given him credit for nice scruples on any point; but he had permitted her to be extravagant, and that permission with a woman of her disposition went far towards atoning for great and palpable defects. She had made her choice of a sheet-anchor, never dreaming for a moment that by any accident it could fail, whatever stress of weather happened. Great people might slight her, and common people might express their dislike in silent looks, but what cared she so long as she was able to indulge her money-squandering propensities? Her husband had never breathed a word about the difficulties which were gathering round him. She remained ignorant of danger until the full force of the calamity came down like an avalanche. Then she discovered that Griffin, her brother-in-law, whom she had always liked for his polished manners and agreeable disposition, was involved in the same ruin as her husband; and that her father, who was to her the representative of all that was solid and eminently respectable, had also fallen a victim to the strange and unaccountable distresses which seemed to envelop the whole world. She knew of nothing and cared for nothing which did not personally concern herself, and therefore when she was plunged in grief all creation appeared to mourn.

If it were possible for any greater trouble than poverty to affect her it was the cruelty of her son, Caster, whose utmost depravity came to the surface when his mother turned to him in her frenzy, as if she expected to find some consolation or assistance there. How much or how little money was left to her she did not know. Business affairs had never received her attention. Griffin was ruined, her father was said to be ruined, perhaps she, too, was utterly ruined and penniless.

Any son with a healthy spot left in his nature would have spoken tenderly at that time, but Caster Claxton was thinking about himself. He knew that something would be saved from the wreck for his mother, because he was aware of certain settlements which had been made on her at the time of her marriage, and his chief anxiety was to procure ready money, that he might be able to pursue his old course, and keep away the misery which was endeavouring to consume him.

"Don't drive a fellow to desperation," he said, when his mother began to speak about her position. "I have heard all I want to hear about this beastly business. I shall go out of my mind soon. I cannot stand it any longer. Just give me something to be going on with."

Then there was a painful scene between mother and son. Many things were said which ought not to have been said, and Caster went away, full of hatred, not only for his mother, but for others who were sharing the bitter experiences which the run on the bank had produced. He cursed Luton's Madge, and he hoped that the worst of fates might befall Hilda and her mother.

He had never cared much for Hilda, and it would have been wonderful if anything like love for her had found a place in his heart; but he knew how determined his father was, and remembering also the advantages which were connected with a union between himself and his cousin, he had at last begun to seek her affection, or what would do just as well—herself.

Whatever best side there was about Caster, Hilda had seen it; and she had not heard a tithe of the stories which circulated in Mordene about his "carryings on," as the people designated them. Of his proceedings in Milltown and Longdale she knew nothing. But it was only when Spence told her that he had loved her from childhood, she understood how utterly impossible it was that she could ever unite herself with her cousin. Not much disenchantment was necessary, but she had never thought it possible that any man could sink so low as she saw he had sunk when he appeared before her as a tipsy extortioner.

Caster directed his steps to the "Tyke's Rest," when he left Grew Corner, after that painful and degrading interview.

"While they have anything, I mean to share it," he said; "and if there is enough to make it worth while, I mean to marry Hilda. It is funny, I cared so little about her when I might have had her for asking, and then when she fought shy of me, I wanted her ever so much. But Madge had chucked me over then." He ground his teeth when he thought about Madge.

He entered the back parlour of the "Tyke's Rest" and found a number of men there, attentively listening to a speaker, who said—

"Put your contributions together until the sum of one shilling is subscribed, and then I will ask you 'How d'you do?' in most of the languages of modern Europe."

Before the pence could be collected, Maddox Tatterway, for he was the speaker, noticed Caster Claxton, and he said, with great indignation—

"Gentlemen, I have told you many times and oft that education has been my bane; but there is something worse than education. I refer to treachery. You see before you the vilest turn-coat and sneak this world has ever produced."

Maddox pointed with his finger to Caster, and the eyes of the company were turned in that direction.

"Hear me," continued Maddox, "and then judge.

That thing in the form of a man once saw me in Milltown, when I was impecunious, as I have often been, and I was imitating handwriting for the amusement of the company. It was in a public-house, and the gentlemen present could appreciate talent. Afterwards, that thing in the form of a man sought me out, and told me that he had made a bet that the banks at Milltown and Longdale would cash cheques on which his father's name was forged. He depended upon me to help him with his scheme. It was all right, he said; when the money was drawn he would pay it back to his father, and I should be remunerated for my trouble. I did not like the idea, but I was poor, and I consented to do as he asked me, if he would give me a note to free me from responsibility. The note was given, and I filled several blank cheques for him. I even presented one of them at each branch, and he paid me for my trouble. I accidentally kept back one of the cheques, which in some unaccountable way got into my pocket-book. That wretch said to me, when I had done his dirty work, that I must say nothing about it, or I should get into trouble, for I had been guilty of forgery. I reminded him that I had his note, and he laughed, saying that if I could forge one name I could forge two. Then he must have betrayed me; for, when I was last in this house, his father came, and, in another room, he took my pocket-book from me by violence, and discovered the cheque I have mentioned. I showed him the note, and he never suggested that it was a forgery. He knew that, in what I had done, his own son was my helper. But Arthur Claxton abused me, and compelled me to leave the place. Then I swore to be revenged; and I have been revenged. I told Arthur Claxton that there were men in Milltown who said he was trying to carry more than he could manage. I saw by his looks that I had touched a sore place. And then I wrote that article for *Don Quixote*. Most of it was guess-work, but I guessed near the mark. It set people talking, and it brought Claxton and Claxton's belongings down to the dust. If that thing in the form of a man had not betrayed me, it would never have happened."

"I never betrayed you," said Caster.

A wrangle was beginning; but Sam Sneeseby rose and, addressing the company, said—

"It seems to me, chaps—and I dare say Joe Culpan will agree with me, I hope t'others will too—but, it seems to me, we have a couple of precious rogues here, and our best plan is to clear 'em out of Mordene. If five or six of you will come with me, we will see Maddox Tatterway a bit on the road to Longdale; and if five or six will go with Joe Culpan, they could see Caster Claxton on the way to Milltown. We could also decide, if it is agreeable to you, chaps, that if either of 'em shows his face in Mordene again, he'll be thrown in th' brook."

The proposition did not require seconding. In spite of the protestations of the victims, they were hurried along, according to Sam Sneeseby's suggestion.

The men who had thus formed themselves into a vigilance committee met at the "Tyke's Rest" after their task was finished, and they expressed the opinion that neither Caster nor Maddox would return to Mordene in a hurry; and in this supposition they were perfectly correct.

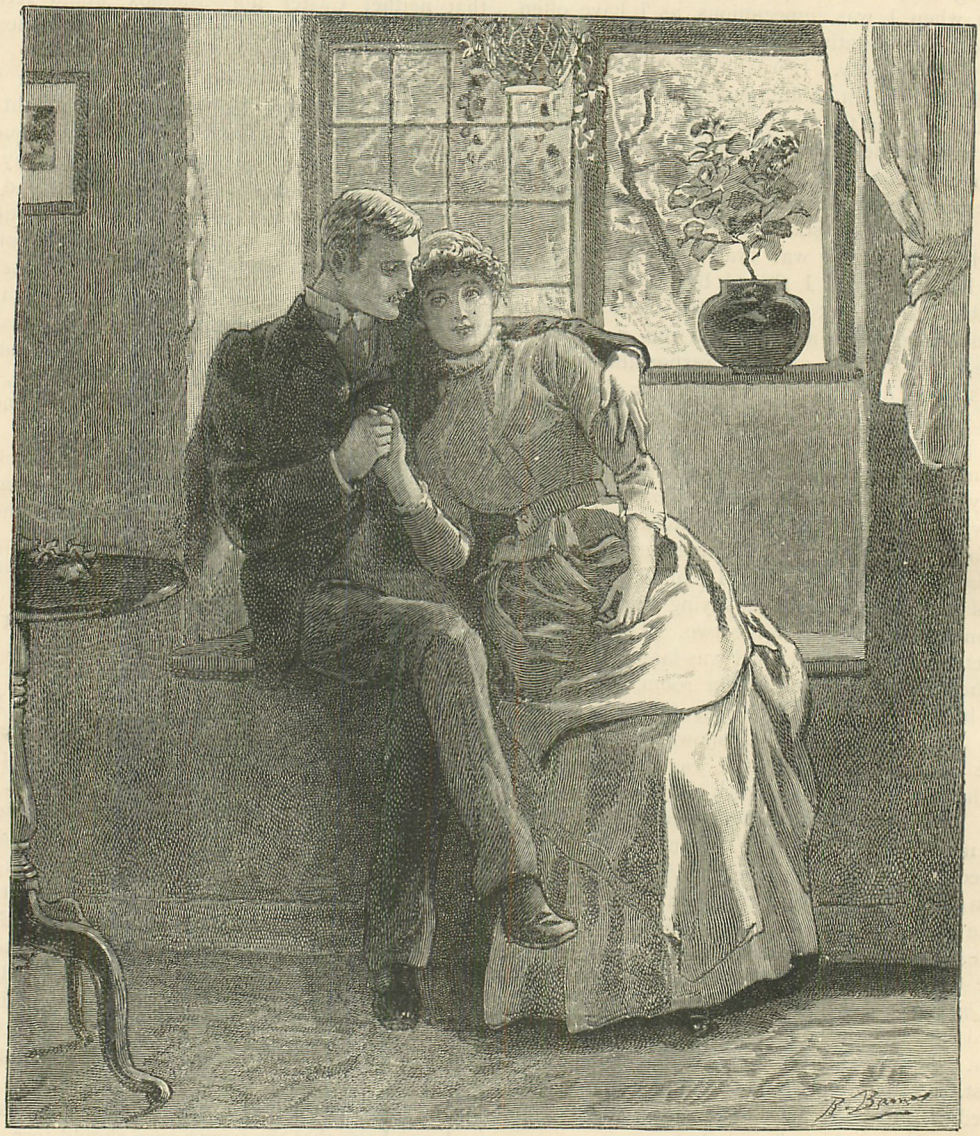
Spence heard about the dispute between Caster Claxton and Maddox Tatterway, and the light which was unconsciously thrown by them upon questions which had puzzled not only him but many other persons. That Caster was the man who had stolen the cheques he never suspected for a moment, or that Tatterway had anything to do with the forgeries. But, as Arthur Claxton had disappeared, Sneeseby and Culpan did not feel under any further obligation to preserve silence about the part they had played when Maddox was standing treat to the company some time previously. They told what they had done, and it was evident that Caster's guilt had been known to his father.

Nobody knew what had become of Arthur Claxton and Griffin, his brother-in-law. They were both "wanted;" and it was freely stated that if they were caught they would be prosecuted for fraud, and, as the case was clear enough, they would be sentenced to penal servitude.

There was a notion in some quarters that Arthur had destroyed himself, because it was thought that he would not care to survive the loss of his fortune. But Spence never shared that opinion. He preferred to think that some provision had been made for the worst coming to the worst, and that the brothers-in-law were in hiding somewhere. Then came a letter from Philip Gledwin which threw some light on this perplexing subject. Philip had written frequently since the appearance of that paragraph in the *Weekly Courier* which first gave publicity to the trouble which had gathered about Spence Norland, and Philip's letters were always hopeful. Soon after the appearance of the paragraph, there had been a kind of quarrel between Jim Buttershaw and Annice, much to the grief of Philip. But the difficulty was overcome, as Philip related in his letter, which said:—

"I need not tell you, Spence, how anxious I have always been that the young ones should turn out well. I have known for a long time that Jim Buttershaw was very fond of Annice, and I thought that Annice was fond of him, but she never would say so. Jim wanted her to marry him, but she put him off. Jim has been away, and Annice missed him, as I have too. He is back again now, and, from what I can hear, we shall have a wedding soon. The years have passed away, Spence, since you saw her, and she is a woman now.

"Jim was very much annoyed because Annice did not seem to know her own mind, but it was only her way. He had a chance of going to France, in connection with his trade, and he was to see whether he liked it or not before he decided to stay there altogether. He told Annice that if she would marry him he would stay at home; but she would not promise, and Jim went away offended. That was why he did not know everything which was going off at Mordene.



"THEY WERE SEATED TOGETHER, ONE NIGHT, AT THE KNOLL" (*p.* 745).

Beforetimes, he read the paper here regularly, and took as much interest in things as we did. He was away a month altogether, and he never wrote a line to me or Annice. It was a bit hard, but I am not sure that it was not the best thing he could do. Annice missed him more than I thought she would, but I said nothing, and she did not; we had Mordene news to talk over, and that seemed to keep us fully occupied.

"Then Jim came back, and he said he liked France very well, and he had made up his mind to settle there, because the situation offered him was a very good one, and he did not care for London a bit. That was how he talked; and then, only the next day, I heard from Annice that Jim did not intend to go to France, because he liked London better than any place. I was a bit puzzled among it all, but I said nothing until Jim told me that Annice had promised to marry him, and he intended to remain where he was.

"We had a good deal to talk about, Jim and I. He stared more than a bit when I told him what had been going on at Mordene while he was away. Then he said he had seen Mr. Arthur Claxton at Havre, for Jim had been there among other places. I was surprised, I can tell you. Jim has written an account of it himself, and Annice thinks my best plan would be to send you Jim's own statement. That I will do, so that you may have the facts in his own words."

With Philip's letter another one was enclosed, and

that was written by Jim Buttershaw. It referred to what had taken place in Havre. It said :—

"DEAR SPENCE,—Pardon the liberty in an old friend. I have not wrote before, but they think I ought to. It was at Havre where I saw Mr. Arthur Claxton. Another was with him, and I did not know him. But both of them were dressed like working men. I knew Mr. Arthur in a moment, and he saw I did, but he could not remember me. He walked on fast, and then he comes back again, and took me into a snug corner, where I tells him who I was. Then he remembered. He said he was in great trouble, but through no fault of his own. He begged me to promise that I would not tell nobody for a month at least that I had seen him. As I could see no reason why I should not, I promised him. I told him I had seen the bit in the *Courier* about you, as I suppose it was, though no names were mentioned. He was savage against you, because he thought you had wrote something which led to the bank being smashed. He said if it was not you it was Maddox Tatterway—I remember him—and he said if Maddox had done it Mr. Coalville was to blame, because Maddox had been caught with some forgeries or something which Mr. Caster and him had been up to, and Maddox had laid all the blame on Mr. Caster. There was a row, and Maddox says, 'Mind you are not climbing up a tree till you get among the weak branches, or you may come down faster than you went up.' Mr. Arthur made Maddox say what he meant, and then he told that he had heard Mr. Coalville at Milltown saying to somebody called Luton that if things went on much longer there would be a smash, and then it would be bad for both the Mills and the bank. Mr. Arthur seemed to think it might be Maddox that wrote the article, and he says to me, 'If I had that villain here, and old Coalville too, I would knock their heads together.' And he was sore about Mr. Caster. He did not say where he was going to. Philip and Annice would not be surprised if that other was Mr. Griffin. The month is up, and I tell you.

"Your obedient servant,

"JAMES BUTTERSHAW.

"P.S.—Mrs. B. as is to be,
Says remember she to thee.—J. B."

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

THE DAWNING OF A BRIGHTER DAY.

COURTSHIP by reminiscence is not one of the acknowledged methods of making love. But in the case of Spence Norland, the plan pursued was one which seemed to deserve that description. He had to tell Mrs. Travis and Hilda about the letter from Jim Buttershaw, and there were many conjectures about Arthur Claxton's destination.

"Havre is a busy port now," Spence said. "He and Griffin—if Griffin was the companion—would be able to reach any part of the world from there."

"May they be wiser and better men!" replied Mrs. Travis. "Arthur would not have acted so badly if he had not married the wife he did. If the sisters were much alike, Griffin was to be pitied also."

Spence said nothing about that, but he could not help thinking that Arthur Claxton was quite capable of acting wrongly without the help of his wife.

It was like courtship by reminiscence, because Spence and Hilda seemed drawn together by recollections of the past. There was a good deal to be said about their grandfathers, and especially about Thew Norland's kindly ways and gentle wisdom. The monument still stood in the churchyard, in spite of all the bitter remarks which had been directed to it. The Mordeners became quite reconciled to it again, and referred to it as a wonderful proof of Abel Claxton's foresight.

Spence Norland could never remember when his real wooing of Hilda began. It was not like falling in love with her, he said, because he had been in love with her all his life. Each week-end he returned to Mordene, and he had long chats with her; sometimes they took walks together, and they talked about the exhaustive labours of a journalist.

"It is hard work," said Spence, "but I am happier than ever I was—a great deal happier, Hilda."

Hilda looked down and blushed, she did not speak.

"Of course, I am sorry for the many misfortunes of my friends," he quickly added, "but I cannot deny that I am happy. There is only one thing which I need to make my happiness perfect."

Still Hilda neither looked at him nor spoke.

"If I did not think you knew what I meant, I should not find heart to tell you," he said. "Ever since I was a child, you have been my star of hope. I have wished and wondered, and sometimes I have despaired; but if you will tell me now that you love me, I shall know that I have not waited and worked in vain, but I am rewarded beyond my deserving."

"Do not speak like that," Hilda said imploringly. "I am not worthy of it. My life and my love look so mean by the side of yours."

Her life and love! That was all Spence needed to hear. Her life and love! His heart had hungered for words like these, and he was filled with a great joy.

What so natural or appropriate as that their steps should tend instinctively towards the monument which had been erected in memory of their grandfathers?

"'Comrades Once,'" Hilda read.

"And comrades once again," Spence replied—"Claxtons and Norlands suit each other well."

Hilda was silent. She remembered that it was there she discovered her love for Spence. It was a discovery, and not a creation; of that she was certain. She believed that she had loved him a long time, but had not known it; and she felt thankful that she learnt the secret before distress and poverty came upon her. These were thoughts only; in maiden shyness she hid them in her heart. But she was happy and contented.

Spence told his grandmother of his great joy, and she was thankful that he seemed to have no regrets.

It had always been her fancy that Spence and Annice Gledwin were suited to each other, but that difficulties had arisen which she could not understand.

"All the young people will be married soon," she said. "Annice is married, and now you." She watched him while she mentioned Annice, but Spence showed no signs of embarrassment.

"Nay, grandmother, I am not married yet," he replied with a laugh, "and I am puzzled to know when I shall be. I think my wisest plan would be to come back to Grew Corner, and end my days at the loom."

Judith could not agree to that. She had not a word to say against the loom, but it appeared to her that her grandson had been marked out for something else.

Henry did not speak when the news was communicated to him, as it was by his mother. Judith could say to him what she had not cared to say to Spence—

"I hope it is all for the best, Henry," she said, "but I never thought of Hilda Travis in connection with our Spence, except as playfellows when they were children. I did not think any of the Claxtons and Norlands would wed."

Judith could not rest, and she returned to her silent son again; the engagement between Spence and Hilda still troubled her.

"Henry, it has always been said that the Norlands love only once," Judith remarked, with trouble on her countenance. "But I always thought Spence cared for Annice Gledwin. When I heard that Annice was wed, I thought Spence would be crushed and hopeless for ever. I cannot understand it all, for there is no sign of disappointment about him."

"I think you are wrong, mother," said Henry, in a husky voice. "Spence never cared for Annice, and he has always cared for Hilda. I saw it. Oh, I saw it years ago, and it grieved me because the girl did not understand him. I wanted to warn my boy, but how could I?"

Then Henry relapsed into silence, and went on with his work. Judith had not heard him speak as much at a time for more than twenty years, and she was amazed at his words. That Henry was right she did not doubt for a moment; but how was it that Henry had seen what she had not seen? She began to feel that she was growing old, and the new ways of the world were strange to her.

Another topic soon claimed everybody's attention, and that was thrust into the background. A complete change was to take place in reference to the Mills, and the unsatisfactory condition which had existed since Arthur Claxton's flight was to be changed into something which would bring back to Mordene all its former prosperity. Arrangements had been made for turning them into a Limited Liability Company; thus Arthur Claxton's earnest wish was to be fulfilled, but under new circumstances, and the name of Claxton was to be entirely blotted out. Mordene Mills Company, Limited, was to be the new desig nation.

The *Longdale Weekly Courier* took great interest in the new scheme, and informed its readers from week to week of the progress which was being made. Thew Norland never cared for the *Courier*. One of his remarks often quoted in later times was that a paper like the *Courier* had neither memory nor conscience; and it was only because its readers had neither memory nor judgment that it was able to go on week after week, turning its coat, and eating its words, without either shame or compunction. Throughout the troubles which had befallen the Claxtons, this newspaper had acted as might have been anticipated, inasmuch as its motto appeared to be, "Cheer with those who cheer, and groan with those who groan."

Full particulars about the formation of the new company were given. "If Mordene Mills are rightly worked," it said, "much will be done to recoup those who otherwise must continue to be heavy losers by the maladroitness of the former owners. The Mills are splendid property, and one of the finest business concerns in the county stands waiting for wisdom and prudence to use an easy opportunity of reaping golden harvests."

Then, in the following number, there was another passage referring to the Mills, and it produced more sensation in Mordene than any of the previous articles, which, as Sam Sneeseby said, were too full of preaching, and told nothing people wanted to know. This paragraph said—

"It is an open secret that the directors of the Mordene Mills Company, Limited, have fixed upon a gentleman to whom they have offered the responsible office of general manager. This step proves them to be the right men in the right place, for they have selected the one person who by capacity and training is suited for the position. We believe he has accepted the responsible post, and we desire to congratulate him and the directors and the shareholders on this auspicious event."

There was a great deal of discussion in the "Tyke's Rest" about this important announcement, and the general opinion was that the sooner the *Courier* began to give names the better, because it was a waste of time to be all the while guessing, when it would have been perfectly easy to say who was meant. The discussion was continued on the Saturday night, and again on Monday it was resumed with new zest, because in the meantime steps had been taken to settle a point which had been debated with considerable warmth. There was nobody to whom the description in the *Courier* applied except Spence Norland, unless it meant a total stranger. Hugh Lister stuck to it Spence was not the person referred to; Sep Loom did not know why it should not be Spence.

Between Saturday night and Monday night careful inquiries were made at Grew Corner, and the result was that Sep Loom was called a noodle by his companions, and Hugh Lister was complimented on his insight. Spence Norland knew nothing about the appointment; that information was obtained from his

grandmother and from Mrs. Travis, either of whom could be trusted to give a correct account.

"If Spence Norland knows nowt about it," said Hugh Lister, "it's not him; because it sounds to sense that whoever has been appointed knows all that is to be known."

That was conclusive; and there was nothing for it, as far as Sep was concerned, but to give Hugh a piece of his mind on some other subject, which he at once proceeded to do.

The *Courier* was wrong in one particular. It had been decided to offer the appointment to the person chosen, but that person had not been communicated with, and knew nothing about it.

In the next Saturday's issue, all uncertainty was removed by the following paragraph:—

"We are glad to be able to confirm what we stated last week. Spence Norland, Esq., has accepted the appointment as general manager of Mordene Mills. We venture to repeat what we said before: the right man is in the right place."

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

RING, MERRY BELLS.

THERE had been no deception on Spence's part. Until the offer was made to him, he had no thought of ever becoming the general manager of the Mills; and when first he heard that somebody had been appointed, he wondered who it was, for he knew the task to be performed was not an easy one, and great care and skill would be required. When the directors communicated with him about their decision, Spence felt inclined to refuse the offer without further consideration. Then he took time to think and to consult his friends. He was astonished to find that everybody thought he was just suited to the position; and, influenced by their opinion, he began to consider the question in a more favourable manner. He knew what the work meant, because considerable responsibility had rested upon him during his engagement at the Mills, and he did not really doubt his ability to perform the duties connected with the office; but the old Norland shrinking seemed to hold him back.

Mrs. Travis and Hilda were both puzzled what to recommend. Spence's grandmother seemed filled with the spirit of her late husband, for she spoke words which Thew himself might have spoken.

"Walking is safer than riding," she said, "but riding may be safe enough if you are careful. Then there is Hilda to think about."

Yes, there was Hilda to think about, and that helped Spence to his decision: he accepted the position.

When he told Mrs. Winnyton that he was going back to Mordene and would not require his rooms much longer, she informed him that she had heard something already about his promotion, and she solemnly warned him against the manifold dangers of becoming a jump-up.

"Keep Caster Claxton before your eyes," she said. "He is the pest of Milltown. They say that young Mrs. Prid—Luton's Madge that was—intends to prosecute him for annoying her in the street and demanding money from her; think of that! And yet at one time he seemed likely to become one of our great men. And there is that old fellow who is often in his company—the begging-letter writer."

"Maddox Tatterway?" Spence remarked.

"Yes, Maddox Tatterway. He says that he once had half the world of commerce at his feet, and he longed to subdue the other half, and thus ambition slew him. I have seen those very words in a letter which he wrote."

Spence laughed when reference was made to Maddox Tatterway, and he promised Mrs. Winnyton that he would carefully keep himself from the errors into which the two men she mentioned had fallen.

The Knoll stood empty, and had stood empty ever since Christine and Hilda left it. That was to be the house of the manager. Spence asked Hilda when she would be ready to go back to her former home. It was useless for her to urge on him that they would be wiser to wait; he declared that he had been waiting all his life, and there was no need to wait any longer.

This difference of opinion was arranged by means of a compromise. The early day suggested by Spence was not adopted; neither was the time of indefinite remoteness which Hilda first hinted at.

One thought had taken possession of Spence's mind, and that was in reference to Philip Gledwin.

"Philip must come over, and be my best man at the wedding," said he to Hilda.

Hilda blushed, as she was in duty bound to do, and then she entered upon a consideration of the idea which Spence proposed. Philip she scarcely remembered, but Spence had often spoken about him as the truest, safest brother and friend who ever laid himself out to do his duty in a difficult position. She thought it was very appropriate that Philip should come.

When the letter arrived at Stepney, inviting Philip to the wedding, and informing him what position he was to occupy, there was considerable excitement in the household. Letters were common property there, and unless they contained something which specially needed to be kept private, they were read aloud and discussed freely.

Jim Buttershaw and Annice lived next door to Philip and his two brothers, who had both become workers.

Jim watched his wife rather anxiously when the letter was read, but he saw nothing to make him uneasy. The members of the family were all present, for it was dinner-time; and the motherly woman who had kept Philip's house since Annice married Jim Buttershaw was there, and she looked with eyes of approval at Philip when she understood the nature of the communication.

"Take a holiday, Philip," the letter said. "It is nearly five years since you left Mordene, and you ought to see the old place again. I want you for two purposes. First and foremost, you must be the groomsman at my wedding. That is absolutely necessary. There is no if or but about it. Come, is

the word of command. Another matter about which I want to see you is of a business kind. I need a man like you very much at the Mills; but more of that when you come."

"He wants you to leave us," said Annice, with tears in her eyes. "If you go back to Mordene, Jim and I will go too."

There Philip sat, and his homely features expressed a variety of sentiments. He was puzzled what to think about things; and Spence's reference to the wedding was not the least of the perplexities.

"I shall never leave the young ones," he said to Jim; and as he spoke he indicated with his hand Annice and the two brothers, who were both well-grown youths.

But it was decided, after long consultation, that Philip must attend the wedding, and other matters could be decided on their merits, as they presented themselves. Preparations began at once, because it was felt on every hand that the occasion was too important to be treated with levity or carelessness.

When Philip reached Mordene, Spence was there to meet him, and the two old companions shook hands with a fervour which proved that the affection of neither had abated.

"I am glad to see you," said Spence; "how glad, I cannot tell you. There have been many changes since you were here last."

Philip went several days before the wedding, that he might have time to see his old friends. He was even asked why he left Mordene so suddenly. Sarah Lister asked him, and so did Lavinia Loom. He was equal to the occasion, and informed them both that he would tell them at the right time.

"When will that be?" they asked.

"When you ought to know," he replied.

At Grew Corner, where he was staying during his visit, he found Henry Norland as silent as ever; and Judith did not look a day older. She had many questions to ask about Annice, and was pleased to hear that Jim Buttershaw was a good husband. Mrs. Travis and Hilda lived only across the way, and, of course, Philip went to see them.

"I am at Grew Corner," Mrs. Travis said, "and at Grew Corner I mean to stay. Hilda and Spence have tried to make me promise that I will go and live with them at the Knoll, but I shall do nothing of the kind. I shall live here. Henry Norland and his mother will want somebody to give an eye to them, and that is what I mean to do. Looking at things all round, I am half inclined to think Grew Corner is a lucky sort of a place."

Spence and Philip had long conversations at night, and Spence made clear a proposal which he had hinted at in his letter: he wanted Philip to come and be the foreman of a department.

"I could not leave the young ones," replied Philip, in a firm tone. "At least, I could not leave them until they are properly settled, if then."

"Let them come too," said Spence. "They are spinners, I think you said. Jim Buttershaw, too."

That made a great difference, and Philip felt a weight removed from his heart; for he loved Mordene, and he had been like an exile among strangers in London.

Then Spence asked the question which others had asked—"How was it, Philip, that you went away so suddenly? I never rightly understood your reason."

Philip looked troubled.

"Pardon my rudeness in mentioning the subject," Spence exclaimed. "Let us say no more about it."

"No," said Philip slowly; "when I came here this time I made up my mind to tell you, and I will. Annice is married to Jim Buttershaw now, and she is as good a wife as ever lived, so it does not matter. The women have been asking me the same question, but I put them off. I have promised to tell them when the right time comes, and tnat will be when they ought to know."

Philip did not smile when he made this statement, but Spence was very much amused with it.

"You know," said Philip, "I was always a bit anxious about the young ones, though I did not say much, especially when folk were telling me to be careful. They might as well have told me not to put sand in my eyes. I was careful, as much as I could be; but the bother is, a fellow does not always know whether he is careful in the right way or not. Three young ones take a deal of thinking about. Well, one night, instead of coming straight home from the Mills, I went round by South Croft, and I saw Caster Claxton walking along, with his hand on Annice's shoulder. My first intention was to go straight at him, for I had heard a good deal about his carryings on with one and another. But I knew it would make talk about Annice, so I kept out of sight. When Caster left her he kissed her, and I felt as if I could thrash him. That night, at home, I asked Annice all about it. She told me he said he would marry her, and I don't know what besides. I made up my mind there and then to go clean away. Annice cried, but she did not refuse to do what I told her. For a long time, I think, she expected Caster to come and fulfil his promise; but when he fell into disgrace, she put him away from her altogether. Nobody could help liking Jim Buttershaw, and now they are married."

* * * * * *

Both Hilda and Spence wanted a quiet wedding, but the Mordeners would not allow that. The day was kept as a public holiday. Judith Norland went to the church, and people said she looked younger than her own son, Henry, who seemed to notice nobody. Sarah Lister and Lavinia Loom were the best of friends that day; so were Hugh and Sep, their husbands. The monument in the churchyard was covered with flowers, and there was a triumphal arch near the church gate, with this motto on it, which could be seen by all:—

"COMRADES ONCE.
INSTEAD OF THE FATHERS, THE CHILDREN."

* * * * * *

There were many people who believed that Arthur Claxton and Griffin had appropriated all the money

"DOUBTING, ALWAYS LOVING STILL."

"*THEIR FORTUNE*" (*p.* 745).

which had been lost in the "Golconda" speculations; but others, who were better acquainted with the facts, knew that the losses had been immense, and that not more than a few fragments could by any means have been saved by the two delinquents from the wreck of fortune.

About twelve months after the marriage of Spence and Hilda, and when they were seated together, one night, at the Knoll, chatting about the stormy period through which they had passed, they heard a ring at the bell.

"Who is that, I wonder?" Spence asked, with a slight frown, for Hilda was not well, and he hoped they were about to spend a quiet evening together.

The visitor was very soon announced as Philip Gledwin.

"Show him in," said Spence, recovering his cheerful looks at once.

Philip and the young ones, as he still called them, had returned to Mordene, and, of course, Jim Buttershaw with them. Philip now occupied a responsible position at the Mills, and was looked upon as Spence's right-hand man.

"Nothing wrong, I hope," said Spence.

"Not that I know of," replied Philip, after paying his respects to Hilda. "But your grandmother is a bit uneasy, and she would like you to walk down as far as Grew Corner."

Spence and Hilda both looked troubled.

"It is nothing particular," continued Philip; "but your father got a letter this morning from foreign parts, and he has gone to Milltown."

That was news. Spence had never known his father to go as far as Milltown before. He promised Hilda that he would not be long absent, and then he went with Philip down to the village.

"Do you know anything about the letter?" he asked.

"Nothing whatever," replied Philip.

Judith Norland was in a state of mild excitement when Spence arrived, for Henry had not yet returned, and she was conjecturing all kinds of misadventures which might have happened to him at Milltown. She soon told all she knew about the letter.

"It was from America," she said, "and there was nothing in it but a slip of paper and two other letters. The slip of paper had very little writing on it; just this: 'Somebody who trusts you, hopes you will deliver these letters into the hands of the persons whose names they bear.'"

"To whom were they addressed?" Spence asked.

Judith whispered in his ear the names of Mrs. Arthur Claxton and Mrs. Griffin.

Just then the door was opened, and Henry Norland entered the cottage, looking very weary.

"I am glad you have come, Henry; this has been a trying day to me. Did you find them?" Judith exclaimed.

"Yes, mother," was all the reply he made, and then he sat in his customary place by the fire.

Judith looked at him fondly, and then she said to Spence—

"Sit down, dear; your father wants to hear you talk about Hilda. He is never so happy as when I talk about her. How is she?"

Spence complied with the request, and then he hurried back to the Knoll.

Not long afterwards it was known that Mrs. Arthur Claxton had left Milltown, and that Mrs. Griffin had gone too. Nobody knew their destination, and nobody appeared to care. If anybody manifested interest enough in the subject to ask Bryan Coalville, he said they had not consulted him about the matter, and he was only sorry they had not taken Caster with them.

At about the same time, a son was born to Spence, and for once public opinion was agreed that the name which the boy received was the best which it was possible to find, though, as somebody remarked, it was "quite monumental." He was called Abel Claxton Thew Norland.

THE END.

THEIR FORTUNE.

HE is but a fisherman,
She an oyster-seller;
I—well, I'll be, if I can,
Their true fortune-teller.

He has lost his heart to her—
Love has thrilled his being;
And for him her pulses stir;
That is easy seeing.

He is jealous as the South,
Bound with Love's stern fetter;
She—well, watch her rose-bud mouth—
She is little better.

So they'll quarrel many a time,
Quarrel till the morrow;
Then, like their own sunny clime,
Joy will follow sorrow.

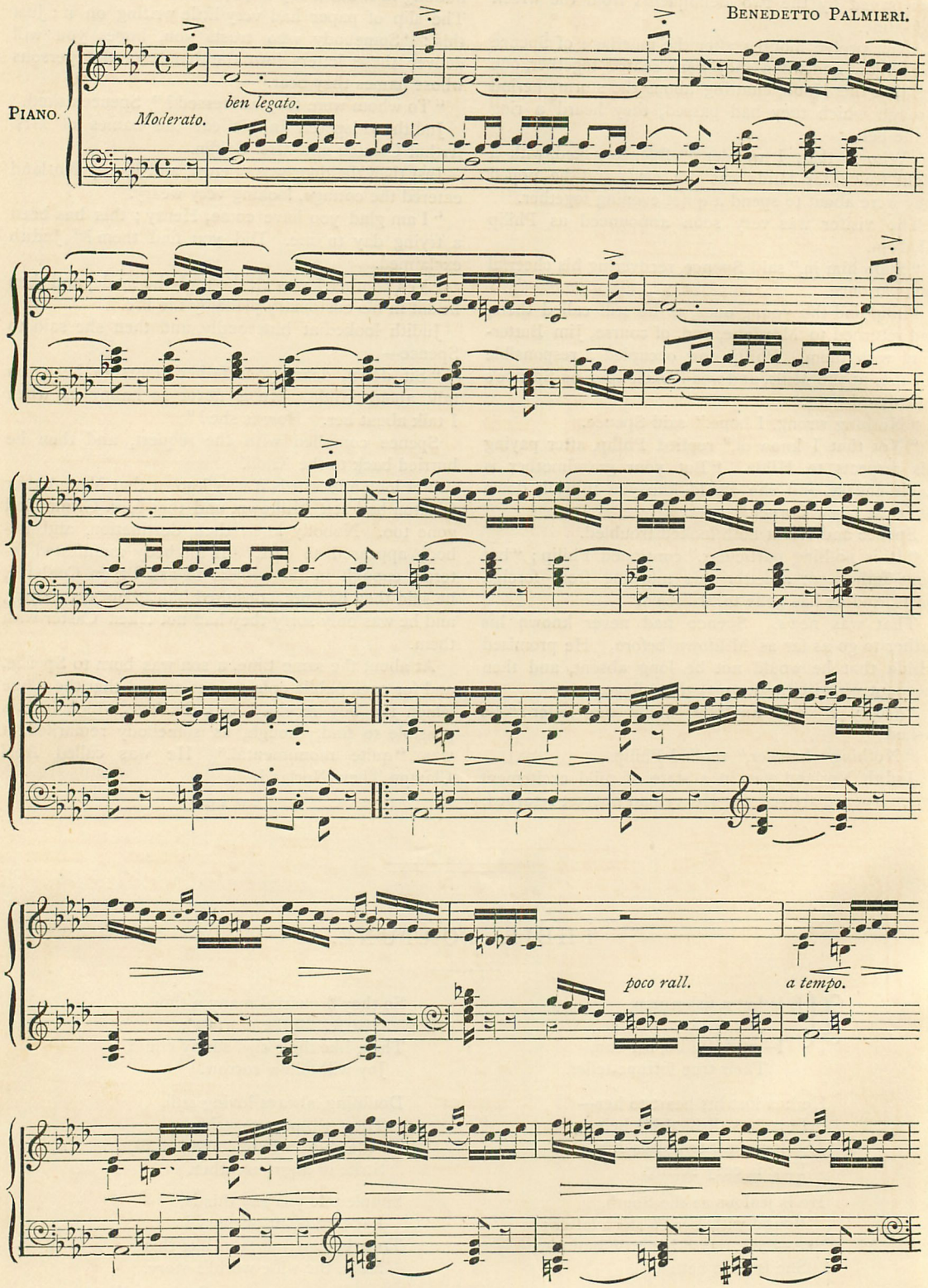
Doubting, always loving still,
They will pass together
To the shore where comes no ill,
Strife or angry weather.

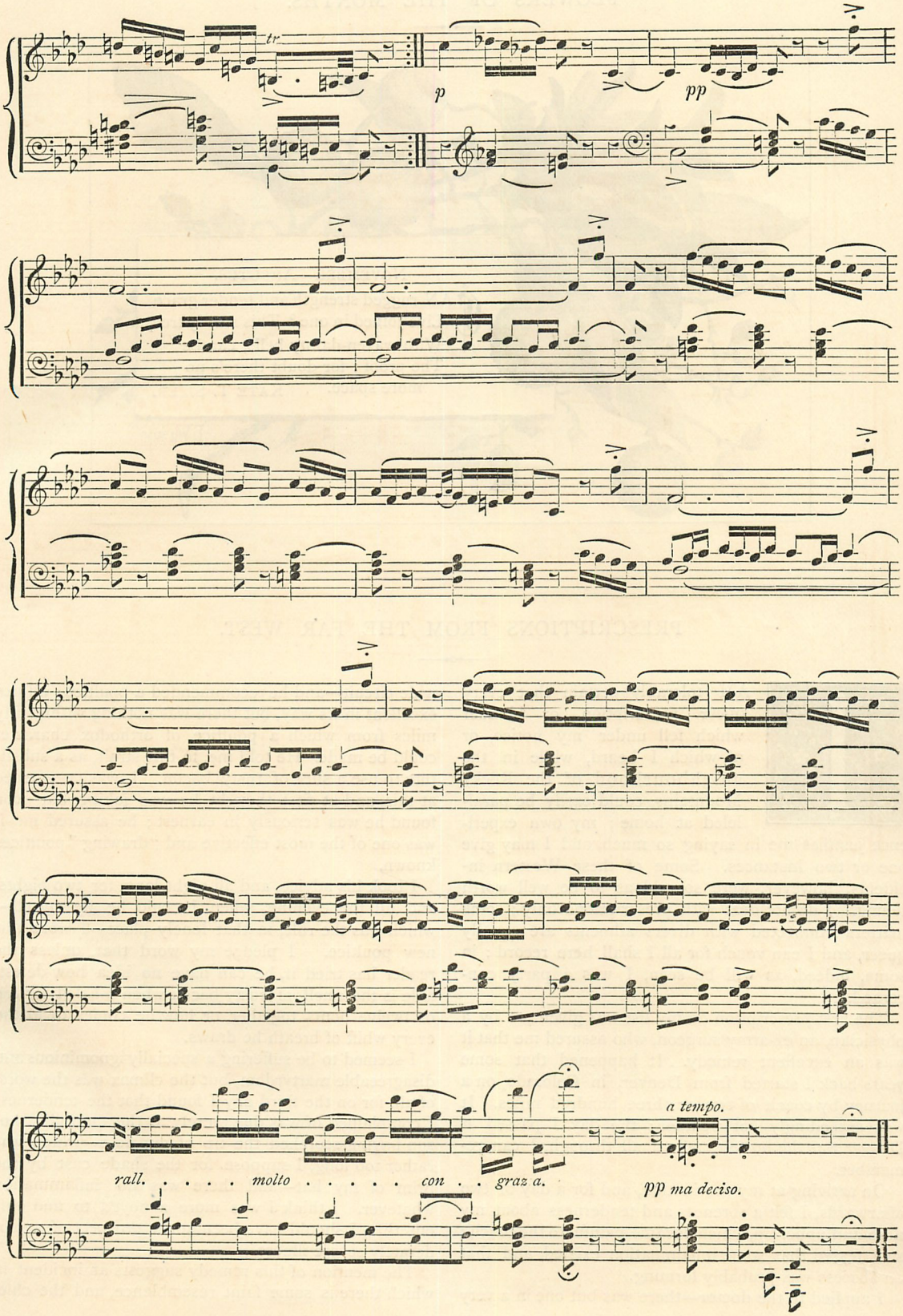
Simple tale you say this is,
Lacking point or glory?
True, but myriad tales like this
Make the wide world's story.

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

Petite Gavotte.

Benedetto Palmieri.

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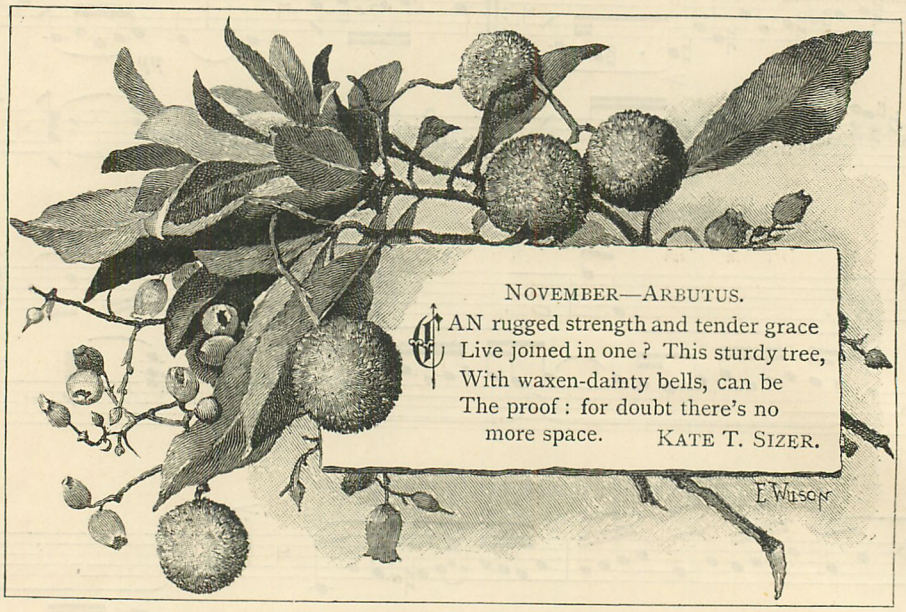
FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS.



NOVEMBER—ARBUTUS.

CAN rugged strength and tender grace
Live joined in one? This sturdy tree,
With waxen-dainty bells, can be
The proof: for doubt there's no
more space. KATE T. SIZER.

PRESCRIPTIONS FROM THE FAR WEST.

I AM tolerably certain that every queer prescription or blunder which fell under my notice, or of which I heard, while in the neighbourhood of the Rocky Mountains, could easily be paralleled at home; my own experience justifies me in saying so much, and I may give one or two instances. Some of these Western incidents, however, were so odd as to be well worth telling. I do not deal with prescriptions only; some matters connected with divers ailments are equally queer, and I can vouch for all I shall here record: in some, indeed, as will be seen, I was a party concerned.

The first prescription on my list was given me by a physician, an ex-army surgeon, who assured me that it was an excellent remedy. It happened that some years back I started from Denver, in Colorado, on a journey by coach of two or three hundred miles. It was exceedingly hot weather; the day I passed at Denver was the hottest, take it all through, I can remember.

On arriving at my destination, and for a day or two afterwards, I felt a soreness and tenderness about my nose and upper lip, which became painful to the touch; so I feared that some inflammation existed, and that an abscess was probably forming.

I applied to the doctor—there was but one in a very wide circuit—and he recommended a poultice: advice excellent in its way, but there was nothing within fifty miles from which a poultice of orthodox character could be made. He told me, in this strait, as a substitute to use a slice of rusty bacon. I was astonished at this, and at first thought he was joking, but soon found he was seriously in earnest; he assured me it was one of the most effective and "drawing" poultices known.

I took his advice, and all night long, for two nights, and all the evening, when I could be by myself—which was the rule, in that lonely place—I wore this new poultice. I pledge my word that, unless the reader has tried it, he can have no idea how detestable is the smell of rusty bacon when inhaled for ten or twelve hours together, or how he comes to loathe every whiff of breath he draws.

I seemed to be suffering a specially ignominious and disagreeable martyrdom, but the climax was the worst of all, for on the third day I found that the tenderness I complained of was due merely to the unusually hot sun having scorched the tip of my nose—which was rather too long, I suppose, for the shade cast by the brim of my hat—and there was no inflammation whatever. I think I was more annoyed to find this out than I should have been at the prospect of a moderately severe illness.

The mention of this remedy suggests an incident in which there is some faint resemblance, and the chief

actress in it will perhaps read these lines in a far-distant country. A lady, the then *prima donna* of a small but well-known troupe, was announced as one of the attractions at a concert to be given in a particularly rough town on the western coast of the United States, and a large audience assembled on the occasion. It was a paying as well as a large audience, too, for the prices were high, while nearly all those who attended were men of the wildest and most unruly class, not likely to put up with what they might consider a slight.

Now, on the road to this town an unsightly and painful boil suddenly developed itself by the side of the lady's nose, so that she was obliged to keep that feature swathed in a cabbage-leaf, and being thus, in her judgment, utterly unpresentable at any concert, she went to bed.

But she had reckoned without her host; the assembled miners decided that "they wouldn't have no fooling around," and Miss Zampa having been announced to appear, why, Miss Zampa must appear, and should appear. In vain did the proprietor of the troupe explain the position, in vain was the return of the money offered. "Nary cent" did they want, or would they take back, but they would have Miss Zampa, and they *did* have her.

To prevent an otherwise inevitable tumult, she was fetched from the hotel, cabbage-leaf and all, and—cabbage-leaf and all—she sang through the evening. Her duties were so onerous that she could rarely leave the platform, and never had she met so appreciative an audience. In spite of her nose being invisible, and her face half masked by cabbage-leaf, the miners applauded her to the echo. They were not unmindful of the sacrifice she had made to please them; being, for all their roughness, a good-hearted, generous lot, they strove to reward her.

My first instance is not the only one in my experience in which a queer poultice figures. In the same Western country a kind of whitlow is common, and is there called a "felon"—being terribly tender and painful, as whitlows are here. Seeing that the attendant at the house where I usually dined was evidently unwell, and was nursing his left hand as much as possible, I asked what was the matter with him. I was informed that "Pedro had a bad 'felon,' which had kept him awake all night." I inquired a little further, and ended by strongly recommending a linseed poultice—the merits of which valuable application had not become known in this distant region. Pedro and his mistress each thanked me, and promised to use it.

Next day I asked how the "felon" was; no better, it appeared, and indeed I could see that Pedro was in great pain. I then naturally asked if the linseed poultice had been tried. "Yes," replied the mistress; "in fact, he has it on now—but it has done him no good." I looked at Pedro's hand; the poor fellow certainly had a poultice on, and of linseed, *but the seeds were whole!* They had never heard of crushed linseed, and the unlucky Mexican might just as well have worn a poultice of glass beads, for any benefit he was likely to derive from such an application.

If Pedro were eventually cured of his "felon," I have no doubt it was by the "exhibition" of whisky and paraffin. This may seem an odd conjunction, but they are the universal remedies "out West;" and let the reader think what he pleases about them, I can assure him they are invaluable. I do not deny that in one case there is great danger of an overdose, but with these at hand, no Western man would think his medicine-chest poorly furnished. Whisky is used for a variety of ailments, and is known to be the nearest approach to a specific for reptile-bites, even the bite of the rattlesnake. Patients suffering from the worst and most obstinate forms of rheumatism—a disease terribly prevalent on the frontier—are sometimes wrapped in sheets saturated with paraffin, at other times they sleep in drawers or shirts soaked in like manner. This is said to be generally effectual; in minor cases I can vouch that paraffin is of value.

Good nurses and good nursing are scarce on the frontier, where there are few doctors and no hospitals—yet the roughest men are careful and tender with their sick friends: an assertion at which no one will be surprised. I remember one poor fellow who was very ill there—hopelessly ill, indeed, so that he died a few days after the incident I am about to relate.

He one day asked his then attendant—for several men took it in turn to nurse him—to give him some beef-tea. He was unable to rise from his bed, but described where it was—in a bottle on a shelf—and how it was, after being duly salted and peppered, to be just warmed over the stove. His friend did as directed, and was glad to see him drink the whole, asking, with kindly interest, if he liked it. "Not much," returned the poor invalid feebly; "it does not taste quite right, but I guess I should not like anything now, fix it how you might."

It probably did not "taste quite right," for on the time arriving at which the patient was to take a dose of medicine, it was found that his zealous nurse had mistaken the bottles, and had given him a basin half filled with the draught—duly peppered and salted, as aforesaid—a sixth of which he was to take every four hours. It is a wonder the man did not recover, after such energetic treatment!

I think, however, this last case is thrown into the shade by a fact which came under the notice of a personal friend. A small farmer had hurt his back, so the doctor ordered half a dozen leeches to be applied, and sent them to his patient. The leeches were applied, but not, I fancy, in the manner intended by the prescriber. The wife never dreamt that anything alive should be put on her good man, so she *fried* the unfortunate leeches, and made them into a sort of poultice!

A young fellow whom I knew very well was once ordered a dose of Epsom salts: the best known medicine, I should have said, in existence. The salts were sent, and he took them. I must own I should prefer some other way of taking my salts, for he sat and munched them up—*dry!* How long he was occupied in the task I do not know, but he said it was the most disagreeable medicine he had ever taken,

and was astonished when I told him how they should have been treated. However, his method did just as well.

The last anecdote I shall mention does not refer to Western life—neither, by the way, did that of the Epsom salts—but I may give it, as it is a very recent case, and helps to prove that Britishers can hold their own in making mistakes.

A neighbour of my own was advised to take a Seidlitz powder; he did so, but complained that it made him very qualmish. He poured the powder in the blue paper into water, and so took it; then in like manner he made a draught of, and took, the powder in the white packet.

My readers are recommended not to deal with their Seidlitz powders after this fashion.

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"OH, Gerty, do you think we might take a walk together? It looks so nice out of doors!"

The question was put in a subdued whisper, as the two sisters stood apart in a distant window.

"I don't know, Chriss. I don't know if it would be quite polite. I wish I knew what people did in grand houses like this."

"So do I. I feel like a fish out of water. I don't think visiting is as nice as I expected. We have both looked forward to it so, and now I wish I were at home—almost."

"Hush!" whispered Gertrude warningly, and the next moment their hostess had come smilingly up.

"Well, my dears, and how are you going to amuse yourselves to-day? You know I told your mother that, with a whole houseful of guests on my hands, I should have to leave you to entertain yourselves a good deal. When I was young I used to like being left to my own devices, and I dare say you do too. A walk?—Why, to be sure! The whole world is before you. Go where you please, and do what you please; only be in for lunch at two o'clock. Mr. Chesterton is rather particular about punctuality and regularity at meals."

Gertrude and Christabel started off in the autumn sunshine, with a sense of joyous exhilaration and freedom from constraint. They were on a first visit from home, and the change from the quiet country rectory to a grand house—more like a castle than a house—with its parks and gardens and retinue of liveried servants, was a little oppressive. Moreover, their hostess, though an old friend of their mother's, was quite a stranger to them, and all the other guests in the house were considerably older than these two girls of eighteen and twenty. The Chestertons were childless people, who liked, in default of sons and daughters, to fill their house with visitors. Gertrude and Christabel had been invited to the Chase before, but their mother had not then thought them old enough to visit at a grand house, and they had only arrived there upon the previous evening.

"It's all very nice, and rather like a fairy tale. I mean a sort of fairy palace, where everything is made of silver and crystal, and things are done for you, you don't know how," said Christabel, as they pursued their way; "only it makes one just a little afraid of the sound of one's own voice, and I don't feel quite as if I knew what to say or do. It's just a little bit like a bad dream sometimes, when one can't breathe freely, you know, and then I wish I were at home with father and mother; but it's amusing to hear people talk, and it will be great fun telling them all about it when we do get back. But a fortnight is a long time—at least it seems so now."

"Time will go more quickly when we get used to things," answered Gertrude wisely. "I know just what you mean, Chriss; but I'm sure Mrs. Chesterton is very kind, and, if we may take walks together and amuse ourselves as we like, we shall quite enjoy it after a little bit. But we must take care of our dresses and things, for you know we have not got very many, and mother would not like us to go about looking dirty or draggled. We can't be grand or fine, and it would not be suitable to try; but we can be neat and clean and fresh—so please be careful to keep so."

This bit of advice was not altogether superfluous, for Miss Chrissie was fond of rollicking about in a fashion that left speedy traces on her attire. At home this did not much matter, as she would take her rambles in an old frock that wanted no saving; but it certainly would not do to submit the pretty, dainty morning-dresses they had had made for "visiting" to any such rough treatment, and Chrissie recognised this herself with a little sigh.

"Visiting is certainly a doubtful joy," she remarked, and Gertrude laughed at her sorrowful look.

Nevertheless, the sisters enjoyed their morning ramble very much; indeed they enjoyed it so much that they rather overlooked the time, and, being used to an eight o'clock breakfast, forgot what a difference it made to the length of the morning when that meal was not concluded till half-past ten. All at once

Gertrude looked at her watch, to find that it was just one, and they were, they knew, a long way from the house. The thought of being late for lunch after what Mrs. Chesterton had said was dreadful.

"We must find a nearer way back," said Chrissie. with decision. "If we go through the wood we shall cut off a long piece. The road has made two sides of a triangle. Come along, I will take you. You know I never lose my bearings. It is all Mr. Chesterton's property—we shall not be trespassing. They said we might go anywhere we liked."

Thus urged, Gertrude gave way, though a little against her better judgment; for she was afraid the woods might be wet and brambly, and she had a suspicion that "short cuts" sometimes proved treacherous. However, Chrissie had a capital "bump of locality," and the wood was very pretty and pleasant that bright September day, and certainly they got over the ground very fast.

"I'm sure we are nearly back at the lodge!—we shall be in time after all!" cried Chrissie eagerly—when a few minutes later they were brought up short by an obstacle they had never dreamed of. To be sure, it was only a narrow little stream, a stream that a good wide jump would clear. Chrissie could have taken it herself a year or two back, when she was in the happy stage of "short petticoats;" but she knew it was beyond her present powers, and, besides, the ground beyond was soft and boggy with the recent heavy rains. A jump across would be fatal to the pretty dresses of which such care must be taken, the stream looked too deep to wade, and to turn back would make them hopelessly late and give them a bad character with Mr. Chesterton, of whom they stood in wholesome awe. What was to be done? It was a regular dilemma.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Chrissie. "What is to become of us now?"

"Anything the matter, ladies?" asked a pleasant voice behind. They turned quickly, to see a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, in a grey knickerbocker suit, standing a few paces behind them, with a friendly smile in his frank grey eyes.

"Oh, ah! you want to get across. Let me see, I think we ought to manage that;" he looked quickly about him here and there, and then took a flying leap, and recommenced his search on the opposite side of the stream.

"Ah, here we are!" he said at last, and appeared the next moment lugging with him a long deal plank, which he dexterously ran across from bank to bank.

"You see, it's always across the brook in winter; but in any ordinary summer there's no water here, and so it gets kicked on one side. These ridiculous summer rains we've had have filled the stream; but no one seems to have had the sense to put the plank across. It's quite steady. I'll keep my foot on it. One at a time. There! that is all right. Here we are, safe and sound!"

"I am sure we are very much obliged to you," said Gertrude. "We were in a great difficulty, for time is pressing."

"We have to be back for lunch, and I'm afraid we shall be late now," added Chrissie, as they hastened along. "You seem to know this part of the country. Can you please tell us if it is far from here to the Chase, I think they call it—Mr. Chesterton's house?"

"Are you for the Chase? That's jolly! So am I! If you'll come with me, I'll show you a short cut that will take us there in no time. Mrs. Chesterton is my aunt. I often run across and see her when I have an odd week to spare. I'm quite the son of the house, you'll find"—he laughed in his pleasant, frank fashion—"but I don't remember seeing you there before though."

"No, this is our first visit. We only arrived last night. That is why we are so horribly afraid of being late!" answered Chrissie with equal frankness.

He laughed as he led the way onwards with rapid steps.

"Oh, there's nothing to be afraid of. The old boy's bark is worse than his bite, and my aunt never scolds. Besides, we shall be in lots of time. I'll take care it's all right."

"Oh, I don't care a bit now we have a companion in distress," cried Chrissie. "They will be much too busy greeting you to think of our misdeeds."

Somehow, the appearance on the scene of some young creature of their own generation made a vast difference in the feelings of the two girls; it was reassuring and cheering, and being used to the society of big brothers, they felt at home with this stranger from the first.

It was plain that he was a great favourite at the Chase. His arrival there was hailed with the warmest welcomes, and the hosts and guests alike combined to make much of "Donald."

There was nothing oppressive in the atmosphere now, as the girls quickly discovered. Donald got up a "four," and they played tennis all the afternoon, and when tea was over he took them out on the lake in the punt to see the moon rise.

After dinner he instituted games and music, and was the life and soul of the party; but naturally he and the two sisters, being the only young people of the company, drew together by mutual affinity—and not only that night, but during the following days. He attended them frequently on their walks, taught them the mysteries of all sorts of indoor games on wet afternoons, and got up tennis matches on fine ones, making their visit to the "grand house" altogether a different thing. A fortnight did not seem at all a long time to look forward to now. Indeed, Chrissie sometimes expressed a doubt as to whether she should feel ready to return home when the appointed day came.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

ONE of the pleasures provided by kind Mrs. Chesterton for her two guests was the use of a little village-cart, and a steady pony to draw it. Both girls could drive, and it was very pleasant, when nothing more attractive offered, to go out in the cart and explore the country for themselves.

"THE STREAM LOOKED TOO DEEP TO WADE" (*p.* 751).

Donald had been requested to go out with his gun and try to exterminate from a certain piece of land the rabbits, who were suffering from fluke owing to the wet season, and were in danger of infecting the sheep; and so his mornings were not always his own, and when he went out shooting, the girls generally took a drive.

They were walking the pony along a narrow, rough lane one day, when the sudden sound of a gun startled them, or, to speak the truth, it was not the report that startled them, but the sudden exclamation that followed it. The sisters looked at each other, and Chrissie turned white.

"It was Mr. Ross-Lewin's voice. Oh! Gerty, can anything have happened?"

"Perhaps I had better go and see," said Gertrude quietly. "It may be nothing; but——"

"Oh, do go! I am sure something has happened. I will wait for you here."

Gertrude was far more useful on an emergency than her younger sister, for she never lost her self-control. She left the road, climbed the bank, and got through the hedge—it was no time to think of pretty frocks now—and hardly had she done so before she saw Donald Ross-Lewin leaning against a gate some twenty yards away, his face very pale, and blood streaming from his left hand, which he was trying to bind up. In a moment she was by his side.

"Can I help you?"

"Miss Denzil! Well, I am in luck! Only it's too

bad to ask you to do anything so disagreeable. Oh, thanks You understand this kind of thing better than I do. How clever you are!—an old hand at surgery, evidently. I'm awfully sorry to be such a nuisance."

"How did it happen? Are you much hurt?"

"Not more than I deserve, I dare say, for my carelessness. Gun went off as I got over the gate. I thought it was only on half-cock. There's a good bit of the charge lodged in there"—indicating his hand. "I suppose I'd best go off to some surgeon and have it looked to."

"We have got the pony-cart close by," said Gertrude. "We will drive you."

"Will you really? That *is* good of you. 'A friend in need,' you know."

"That is what you were to us when we met you first. 'One good turn deserves another.'"

The nearest doctor lived about two miles away, and luckily they found him at home, just about to start off on his rounds. He was a clever, but somewhat rough-and-ready kind of man, and, when he heard what was amiss, he at once demanded that one of the young man's "sisters" should come to the surgery too.

"I've no one on the place—my lad's out, and so is my wife. I shall want some help, and whichever of you two has the best nerve, come along with your brother."

"These ladies are not my sisters," said Donald hastily. "You must manage alone. They have kindly brought me to your door; but we must not detain them longer."

"Humph!" grunted the old man. "Seems to me they'll have to stay and drive you back. You don't suppose you'll be fit to walk, do you?"

Chrissie had cast a frightened, imploring look at Gertrude, who answered it by descending from the cart with a quietly resolute air.

"I will come with you," she said, "and my sister will wait with the pony. I understand enough of surgery, I think, to be of a little use."

"Sensible girl! sensible girl!" muttered the old doctor; and, disregarding Donald's remonstrances, Gertrude followed him to his surgery.

Chrissie was left a long time alone; but at last her companions returned, both of them looking very pale, though Donald tried to make light of the whole thing, and was only vexed that the girls should have been "let in" for anything so unpleasant.

Great consternation reigned at the Chase when it became known that Donald had met with a disabling accident; and great praise was bestowed upon the two girls who had shown so much sense and presence of mind. The doctor, who came on later in the day to see how his case was going, spoke plainly as to the danger there might have been if the injury had not been promptly looked to, and openly wished that all girls had the sense and calmness and gentleness of Gertrude Denzil.

Donald had no idea of playing the invalid, and appeared at the dinner-table with his arm in a sling. Gertrude sat next him, still almost as pale as himself, and much less disposed for food. He saw this, and presently said in a low voice—

"I'm so sorry about this morning! It has quite upset you."

"No, indeed. It is silly of me to keep thinking of it. But I never saw any one shot before; and it might have been so much worse."

"Would you have cared if it had been?"

"Of course I should have cared;" she glanced up at him as she spoke, and then suddenly dropped her eyes. A deep flush suffused her face, but she could hardly have told what brought it there.

"I never thanked you for all your kindness," said Donald, in a low voice. "I'm a dreadfully bad hand at that kind of thing; but, indeed, it made all the difference having you there."

When the gentlemen rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room, Donald gave one hasty look round, and then walked to the open window and stepped out on to the paved walk beneath the verandah.

"*Ought* he to go out?" said one kind old lady, with an anxious look at their hostess. "Young people are so rash. They never think of chills, and so on; but erysipelas so often follows gun-shot wounds if the cold gets at them. Do you not think he should come in?"

But Mrs. Chesterton leaned forward with a mysterious look on her face, and spoke in a whisper that expressed volumes of meaning—

"Ah, don't be cruel to the poor boy! Indeed, he will take no harm, for it is as warm as summer; and he is aching to have it out—one can see that at a glance."

"Oh!" breathed the old lady, nodding her head with a look of great wisdom. "So that is how the land lies, is it?"

* * * * * *

A week later Gertrude and Chrissie had returned to their pleasant country home. The tribe of brothers and sisters were enchanted to have them back, and, if Gertrude were a little more silent than was her wont, the younger sister made up for it by her endless flow of exuberant spirits. The number of stories she had to tell seemed exhaustless—the little ones were never tired of listening.

The story of the first walk and the last drive they had taken were always the favourites, and "Donald," as the children persisted in calling him, was quite a hero.

"Chrissie! Chrissie!" cried young Roland, in wild excitement, rushing up the long garden-path to the summer-house at the end. "There's a gentleman just come to see papa; and he's got a yellow moustache and grey eyes, and his hand in a sling—and oh, I *do* believe it's Donald!"

A laughing look crept over Chrissie's face as she bent over her work.

"Well, I really should not wonder if it were."

The children went back to their tasks, and Roland pranced up and down the path in restless excitement; but Flossie, the next sister below Chrissie, pressed up to her and said in a whisper—

"Do tell me why he's come; I'm sure you know."

"I don't, I only guess."

"Please tell me what you guess—just whisper."

Chrissie laughed, and leaned her head towards Flossie's.

"I guess he's come to ask papa for Gerty—for the loan of her for good and all."

Flossie's eyes were round with wonder.

"Does he want to *marry* her? Oh, Chrissie! —wouldn't that be *romantic?* What *will* papa say?"

"That remains to be proved, my dear; but I almost think he may say 'Yes.' You see, he and mamma are fond of saying that 'Mr. Ross-Lewin was very kind to their little girls,' and you know, 'one good turn deserves another!'"

ON GROWING CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

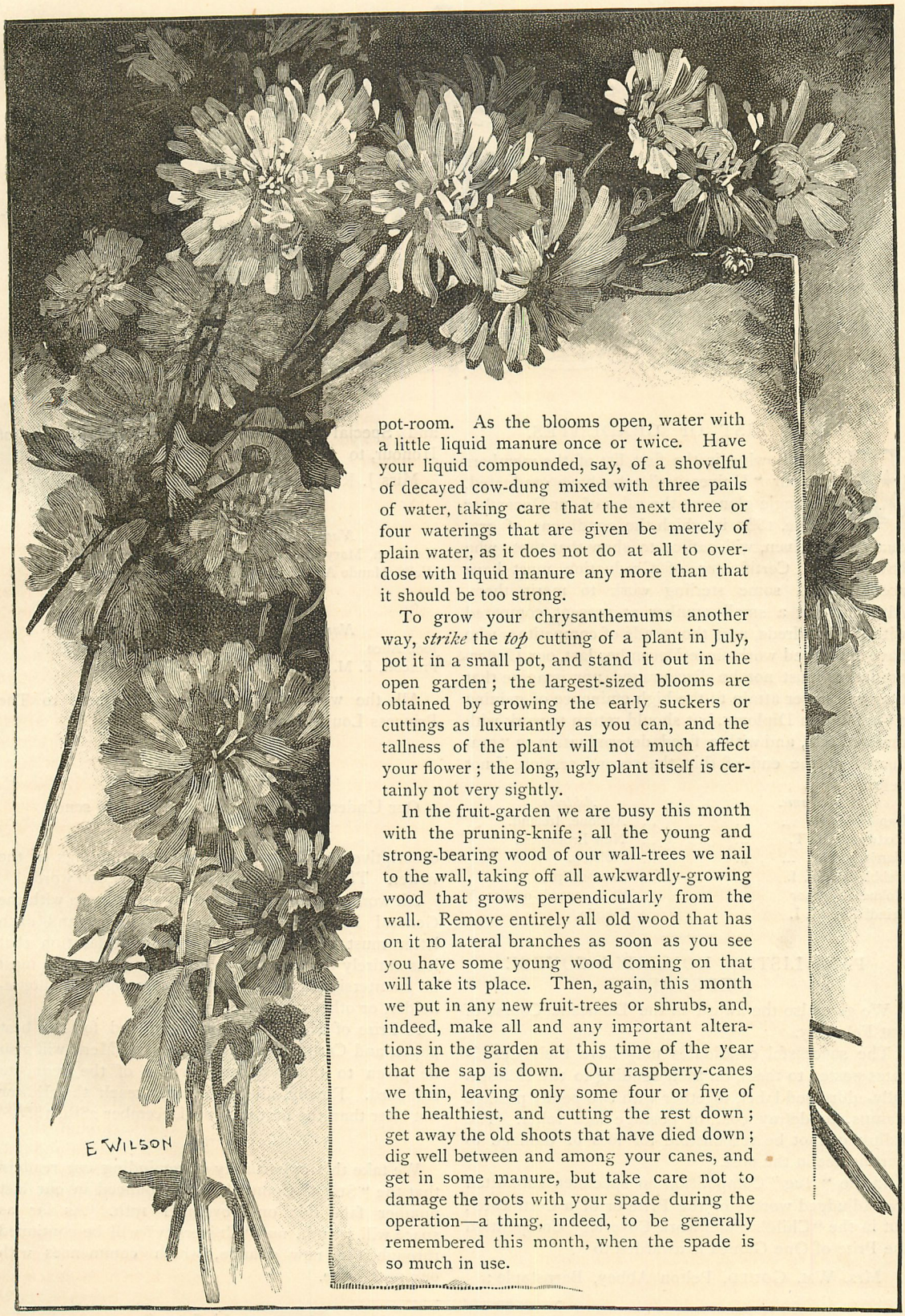
(THE GARDEN IN NOVEMBER.)

NOVEMBER gardening is suggestive, in the first place, of final precautions against the storms and rigours of a now rapidly approaching winter. And these are the more necessary in our fitful climate as we never know, or with often only a few hours' warning, what is in store for us. Early in June last we were calmly discussing, in the newspapers and magazines, the best methods of struggling with a season of drought; but within a few weeks of that time Lord's Cricket Ground was transformed into a metropolitan Windermere; while in this very month of November only a few years ago, while the foliage was green on most of our trees, during a mild and prolonged autumn, a sudden and unlooked-for snowstorm set in, the weight of the snow snapping off huge branches of our trees with greater ease than that with which we break a lucifer-match. Disasters, however, such as these it is very difficult to remedy except by seeing that the drainage of our garden is always in good working order—a matter too often disregarded, and one well worth attending to this month. As for the sudden and early snowfall just noticed, all we can do is to give an occasional shake to any handsome shrub or young tree during the course of the downfall, and thus lighten the burden of snow.

But there are cases where a little foresight will really prevent disaster. The writer well remembers one July seeing a very angry storm rapidly coming up, and working quickly with the gardener by protecting the greenhouse and frames, against the smashing hail-storm that followed, with matting, tarpaulin, or old carpet, thus saving the glass from risk of destruction. Similarly any tall-growing flower is protected by being carefully tied to a small stick or stake of a size proportionate to the plant: high wind and hail-storms simply destroy and break off unprotected hyacinths and tulips; while what would become of our out-of-door chrysanthemums this month, or even of those under glass, if they were not tied carefully to a small stake? And November being the month in which these handsome flowers afford us the farewell flower-show of the season, something had better be said more particularly here about them.

No one who has ever seen the annual London chrysanthemum show flourishing under all the disadvantages of wild weather and yellow fogs can doubt the hardy nature of the plant itself. Yet of the exhibition we are every year justly proud. Given, then, a few more favourable circumstances—such as those afforded by a purer atmosphere and better situation—we shall have still finer flowers, of a richer and a purer colour, to delight us in this the wane of the year. Now, to put it generally, we have, in growing chrysanthemums, a choice of three things before us: a bushy plant with several small blooms upon it; a small but tall plant with two or three large and fine blooms on it; and, lastly, a plant of middling size that shares in equal proportions the properties of the two first.

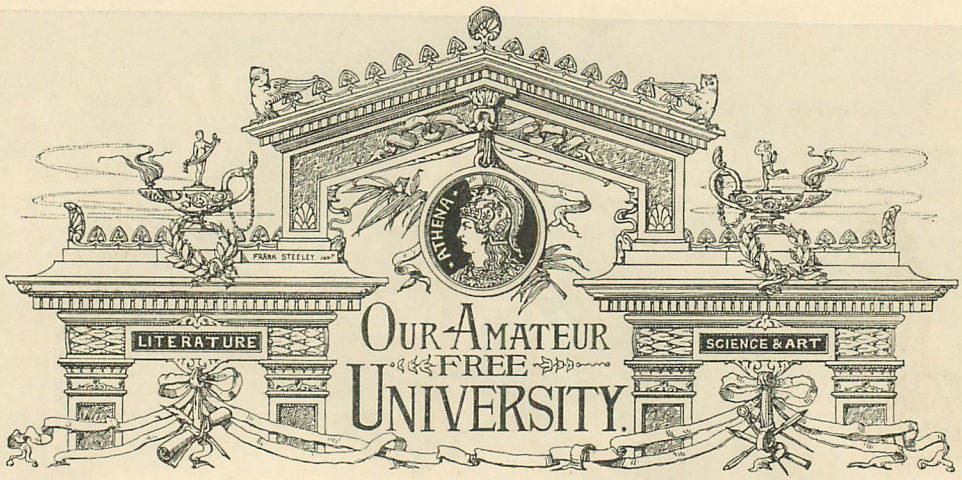
To grow a bushy specimen of the chrysanthemum, then, have your healthy cutting taken early in the spring of the year—say, in the first week of March. Take off the tip of this your struck-cutting within two or three eyes of the ground. For your soil, use a fairly light compost, and have plenty of silver sand on the top of it. Indeed, this silver sand is almost always needed for cuttings in general. Give the usual slight watering, and place your pots in a cold-frame and protected from the sun. Very soon your little plant will begin to push out, and if you notice that one shoot seems inclined to go ahead of the others, merely pinch off the top of it. About the beginning of May, stand your plants out of doors along a plank, so placing them that they will get only a little of the early or late sun, but carefully shaded from anything like the full blaze of the midday sun. For a time they will want a more careful watching and regular watering; and we recommend standing them on a plank or on slate or hard substance, as, were your pots placed upon the soil, there would be a danger of them striking their roots into it through the pot drainage, which would greatly weaken them and damage your scheme of growth. As the shoots keep on pushing, shorten them until your plant is as bushy as you think it ought to be, when you have merely to allow it to go on making its growth until September, when it must be taken to your frame towards the middle or close of the month, in accordance with the condition of the season. See, however, before your plants are housed, that they are not cramped for



pot-room. As the blooms open, water with a little liquid manure once or twice. Have your liquid compounded, say, of a shovelful of decayed cow-dung mixed with three pails of water, taking care that the next three or four waterings that are given be merely of plain water, as it does not do at all to overdose with liquid manure any more than that it should be too strong.

To grow your chrysanthemums another way, *strike* the *top* cutting of a plant in July, pot it in a small pot, and stand it out in the open garden; the largest-sized blooms are obtained by growing the early suckers or cuttings as luxuriantly as you can, and the tallness of the plant will not much affect your flower; the long, ugly plant itself is certainly not very sightly.

In the fruit-garden we are busy this month with the pruning-knife; all the young and strong-bearing wood of our wall-trees we nail to the wall, taking off all awkwardly-growing wood that grows perpendicularly from the wall. Remove entirely all old wood that has on it no lateral branches as soon as you see you have some young wood coming on that will take its place. Then, again, this month we put in any new fruit-trees or shrubs, and, indeed, make all and any important alterations in the garden at this time of the year that the sap is down. Our raspberry-canes we thin, leaving only some four or five of the healthiest, and cutting the rest down; get away the old shoots that have died down; dig well between and among your canes, and get in some manure, but take care not to damage the roots with your spade during the operation—a thing, indeed, to be generally remembered this month, when the spade is so much in use.



FIRST LIST OF GRADUATES.

THE following is the first list of the members in our "University" who have graduated. A single glance at the rules of our December issue, 1887, in which the conditions of graduation are given, will suffice to show that those who have gained Certificates of Graduation must have accomplished some sterling work to merit them. Although but a small number at present, compared with the hundreds, nay, thousands of competitors who have submitted work since December last, our Undergraduates must not be discouraged, nor imagine that they will never attain to the high eminence of gaining a Graduation Diploma, but should return to work with renewed zest, and with a fixed determination to "graduate" at the end of this, the second session, if not before.

Name.	*Address.*
Daniel, M. N.	Athlone, Ireland.
Eastwood, M. T.	New Brompton.
Harris, J. H.	Helston.
Hebblethwaite, I.	Boston Spa.
Holmes, Eleanor	St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Prindiville, M. I.	Dublin.

PASS LISTS. DOMESTIC COURSE (FEBRUARY).

We give also the award in the Domestic Course of last February.

The successful candidates may have their Certificates posted to them, on their sending to the Editor a fully-addressed label, together with two penny postage stamps, to defray cost of postage and roller. The Editor cannot be responsible for loss or damage to Certificates in the post.

In the "Rug" Competition no specimen submitted was adjudged worthy of the Prize or of a Certificate; but in the "Child's Patchwork Coverlet" Competition the Prize of One Guinea is awarded to

Mrs. WM. GOULD, Pelton Abbey, Barnstaple;

and Special Commendation, with Certificate of Honour, to

Miss J. R. Cooper, 15, Ravelston Park, Edinburgh.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR.

Name.	*Address.*
Hamilton, Mary C.	Killeshandra.
Wells, Maude A.	Wangford.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

Name.	*Address.*
Joel, Alice	Kennington, S.E.
Prescott, F. M.	Cottingham.

All the work submitted has been sent to The Princess Louise Home.

LITERARY COURSE.

Our Undergraduates are now invited to send

A LETTER,

descriptive of the daily life and surroundings of the writer. The length should not exceed 1,000 words.

All work must be submitted in accordance with the General Rules published last December, and each letter must be accompanied with a declaration that it is entirely the sender's own work, which again must be countersigned by a minister of religion, a householder, or other responsible person.

A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best paper, and Certificates of Honour and Merit will also be given to those whose work is of the requisite standard. Finally, all MSS. must reach the Editor not later than the first post on December 28th, 1888.

We take this opportunity of reminding our readers that the "Story" Competition announced in our last number falls due on November 10th. As far as space will permit, our "University" will be continued through the new volume, which commences with our next issue.

N.B.—We regret that it is quite impossible to reply to any inquiries respecting unsuccessful efforts.—ED.

WHAT TO WEAR IN NOVEMBER.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. FROM OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

OUR initial letter reminds me that children's fashions are not a point to be easily neglected. The autumn and winter modes for little folks are very unique, and so different in many respects from what was worn by them a year ago, that no child dressed in the height of the present fashions could have gone out then, thus apparelled, without attracting attention. In our illustration we have steered between the two prevailing styles—the one which people adopt who neglect fashion altogether, the other when they consider it too pronounced. This little dress can be made in any of the soft stuffs and plain cloths brought out this year. Our model is trimmed with a darker shade of ribbon, silk or velvet, but many cloths are sold with borders which could be utilised for trimming; edging the skirt, forming the collar and cuffs, supplemented by ribbon bows on the shoulders and at the waist. The absurd mania for Empire and Directoire styles has asserted itself conspicuously in little girls' frocks. It would be quite easy to adapt this dress in our picture to the Directoire period, by disconnecting the bodice and skirt on each side from the front to the seam under the arms, wearing a sash beneath, allowing the front to fly open, and adding a couple of buttons on each side.

One pretty and useful frock for every-day wear is made in blue serge, with a round red yoke to which the rest of the bodice is gathered; the sleeves are full to the elbow, the straight piece thence to the wrist being made in red. A cape, cut after the principle of a policeman's, in blue serge, is added for outdoor wear. The Polonaise shape is quite a leading one, but opening in front to show a waistcoat. Gimp and galons, made either of silk or wool, are a favourite trimming. Smocks forming the over-dress, to a petticoat of a contrasting shade or colour, are easy to make; they are now tucked horizontally in irregular groupings from the neck to the waist, the same on the sleeves, at the shoulder and wrist, and the waist very short, an idea borrowed from the Empire period. It is to this time that we owe the wonderful hats which children are wearing, like plates set at the back of the head, and elongated over the face. They are made in velvet and lined with a different colour. Grass-green velvet is one of the favourite tones, and I have just seen one lined with pink velvet, the brim being edged with a heavy ostrich ruche, also pink, with a large pink bow resting on the head. Felt is well worn both for children's hats and for bonnets.

The cloaks which young people are wearing are picturesque in the extreme, with triple capes, broad belts for the smaller maidens, and often with a double cloak in front for those of larger growth, the under one close-fitting, the outer loose and full, reaching to the edge of the dress.

Braiding is a great feature in the season's mode, and a good braider will be able to make handsome gowns and mantles at a very fair price. There is no reason why home braiding should not be a success, as the best tailors and dressmakers have all their work done by hand. One of the figures in our illustration shows how this class of adornment is adapted both to dresses and jackets. In the dress it is worked on a plain fabric, in such a way that it forms a side panel, arranged in a broad pleat to show to the best advantage, and borders the hem also. The braid is the ordinary fine Russian make, but it is also used intermingled with tinsel; and seams of skirts and bodices, the edge of basques and sleeves, are often bound with a fine coloured cord to match, encased in tinsel. Braiding is frequently worked so that it stands up on edge. Any pattern, of any size, can be bought, and with the tracing-cloth can be transferred to either light or dark materials.

The present draping of skirts is very simple, as may be gleaned from the two figures in our illustration; indeed, many skirts are made full and plain, with a wide sash at the back. The jacket and mantle here portrayed give two new styles. The jacket has a long basque and bell-sleeves, it fastens diagonally, and the collar is very high: all points to be noted. It is trimmed with fur. The mantle is made in the new wool brocade, which has a bold pattern in white or black, or a colour, or in a lighter shade than the colour of the gown. The front is silk, and the lace the new Velasquez, with the pattern outlined in cordonnet. The woollen brocade is not cheap, but it is less costly than velvet or matelassé, and is being quite as fashionably worn, and would be sufficiently dressy for almost any occasion. In grey and white it is trimmed either with grebe or chinchilla, both just now much in fashion. Black and brown, and black and grey brocade are trimmed with beaver, otter, skunk, marten, sable-tail, moufflon, minx, or fox. If these furs are too expensive, seal and otter furs, very cleverly imitated, may be bought at a low price, with dyed opossum and raccoon; the commoner kind of fox, too, has been dyed to resemble blue fox; and the sea-otter has been well counterfeited by unplucked beaver, at about a fourth of the price. Muffs for driving are huge in size, but ordinary kinds have not undergone any very radical change.

"QUITE CHILLY."

Long boas, even longer than last year's, are to render our throats tender, and, according to medical evidence, make us liable to colds. The fashionable capes are not so much shoulder-capes as wide turn-down collars, with upright bands encircling the neck and coming up unusually high; they are known by the name of "Raleigh." Most of these capes have one end crossing in front and tapering to the waist, being a double protection to the chest.

The richest makes of matelassé have been introduced again for mantles, which are not made merely in black, but are outlined with stitches in colour, which often blend with the pattern. Many of the best brocaded patterns have velvet and silk mixed together in elongated designs, which leave no ground visible; for example, in the lily of the valley the leaves would be of matelassé design, and the flowers velvet. Broché has really given place to embossed velvet, and the cloths and silks show brocaded designs. Fur, passementerie, and marabout are mostly used for trimming with braiding and embroidery, for every kind of embroidery is in vogue, and the linings are nearly all shot silk. As the season advances, very little will be worn but long mantles entirely covering the dress.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

We give in the picture on the opposite page two evening dresses of two distinct classes, one suitable for home wear, and one for full-dress occasions. The first is of the nature of a tea-gown, a dress which Frenchwomen greatly affect under different names. It can be made in plain faille, soft crêpe, or silk, or even in cashmere, and is trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and mousseline de soie; this particular lace being most in fashion now. For the sleeves, the silk muslin is covered with piece lace. The style of sleeve is one much used at present, being apparently tied over the under sleeve. The skirt is short; indeed, in Paris, short dresses for very nearly all occasions are what are most sold. The large turn-down collar is a new departure, as is also the belt coming from beneath the arm and diminishing the width in front.

The dinner-gown is elaborately braided with a conventional scroll in gold or blue; pleatings of piece lace are introduced at the side, and important bows of ribbon disposed about the dress. The distinctive point in this gown is the wide front panel, which is caught up in graceful fashion towards the waist; one end of which crosses the point of the bodice which opens with gold-coloured revers over a chemisette, made of the same lace as is used in the skirt and for the lower portion of the sleeve, which is cut after a new method with a short silk upper sleeve.

The styles of making gowns in Paris are not so distinctively new this winter as the combination of the colours, and the make of silks. Brocatelles are once more to the fore; and plain cloth coats are either made with brocaded silk petticoats, or panels of silk imitating the waistcoats and cuffs. The patterns cover the fabric entirely with conventionalised flowers; the dominant idea being a black ground with a coloured design, and when this is reversed the black pattern is outlined with white, like a white line, carried round the flowers. A very great deal of green is worn—but in good truth we are reproducing pretty faithfully the modes of fifty years back; only as all fashions return they are slightly modified. When flowers or leaves form the design unconventionalised, they are scattered and elongated, standing up just as newly-gathered blooms would do. There are two extremes: either a simple copying of nature or eccentric and geometric patterns. Instead of Cashmerienne and Indian designs, we have fallen back on Persian, which are less stiff, and the colourings fewer in number.

Chiné and shot effects have had their day. Many silks, and many new ribbons, instead, show three tones of the same colour. The fashionable colours are chartreux, pistache, coral, maize, steam, red, reséda.

écrevisse, primevère, printanier, peuplier, navy-blue, and tones of brown. Do you remember the old Barathea with its curious surface, which is neither basket-work nor net-work, and yet recalls both? This has found its way into silk, and is quite the newest thing we have. It asserts itself both in silks and ribbons, and is very durable, though it may wear greasy. Its new name is "Armure Royale."

For evening, a number of charming silks are worn with cream grounds, thickly woven with tiny flowers and lace like Guirlandes and other patterns worn in the days when Napoleon I. had assumed the emperor's crown; and Etruscan patterns have many patrons. Tinsel is employed in silk and ribbon, but chiefly as cord stripes, or to edge conventional flowers. Moire was such a universal fashion that it is wonderful it has taken a secondary position, and appears chiefly as stripes. This is to be regretted rather, for the difficulty of watering the silk without injuring it has now been surmounted.

In millinery, Parisian caterers have done well. The ribbons are of extra good quality; the favourite widths are two and a half, and three and a half inches, except for sashes, when they are nine inches often, and covered with the richest velvet brocade. Picot edges are replaced by straight ones, firmly woven, but showing very little. Satin ribbons are employed with faille and velvet reverse. Velvet and felt are the two materials of which hats and bonnets are principally made.

Moire has assumed a new form in ribbons—where it is used as stripes, and on the stripe a leaf is thrown in the watering, accentuated by satin stems. Diagonal stripes and angles in light colours attract the eye.

Feathers have been twisted into flowers, aigrettes, and ruches, and heavy ostrich ruches border the brims of hats and bonnets. The new aigrettes are formed either of two ovals in ostrich, or of loops of cock's plumes. Huge wings form the bonnets, with but little in addition, and bands of feathers are often the most important part. Still in the head the shapes are smaller and closer, and generally pointed over the face, but rendered high by the trimmings. Ribbon is knotted and looped immediately over the face, under and over the brim, and the French bonnets have strings which seem to issue from these trimmings, as though they were part of them. One of the new shapes is a copy of the Charlotte Corday cap, the pleated border velvet, with the high upstanding crown.

Beaver in tufts and flowers, and as a band round crown and brim, is a very ordinary adornment; and some of the flat Empire hats have boas of fur beneath the brim, the ends lying round the neck, while a miniature head of the animal appears at the side. A capital design, the Fedora, is made with a crown of any cloth to match the dress, with black passementerie appliqués, the front all black ribbon, striped and wide, forming a large rosette in the centre, and ending in strings.

Emerald-green at the moment is much worn by our best-dressed women, trimmed with jet. One of the most original I have seen had a beaver crown, and a bow of fur thrust through with quills.

Toques are now flat hats with stiff crowns bordered with jet, and a series of shaded ribbon bows round; to make them sit well on the head, an additional pad of hair is placed beneath them.

The newest veils are made of tulle, with the spots arranged in clusters of three. Boas of roses are often to be seen in the evening.

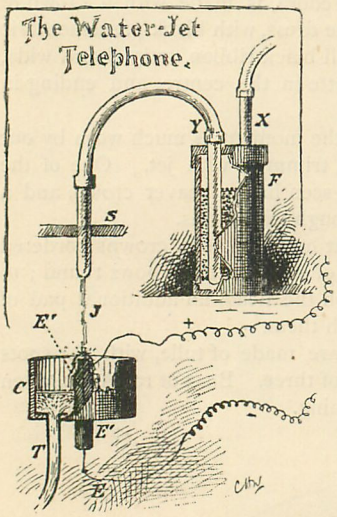
"WHAT CAN IT BE?"

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

The Water-Jet Telephone.



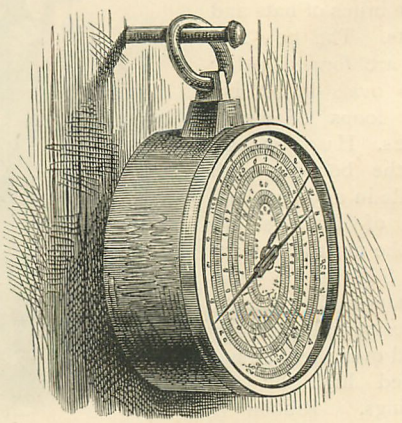
Electricians are in the habit of saying that "anything can be made to speak," meaning thereby that a telephone can be made out of anything nowadays. In the water-jet telephone of Mr. Chichester Bell, M.A., we have one formed from a jet of water. It is well known that a jet of liquid is sensitive to the vibrations of sound, and it is found that, if the jet fall on a membrane or plate so as to form a sheet of liquid on the latter, the dimensions of the sheet vary with the vibrations of sound communicated to the plate. If, therefore, an electric current be sent through the sheet crosswise, the electric resistance of the liquid also varies with the vibrations, and a Bell telephone included in the electric circuit is found to reproduce the sounds, owing to the current varying in strength according to the changes of electric resistance in the sheet produced by these sounds. This telephone has been brought to a practical shape recently, and the patent rights of it in the United States acquired by the American Telephone Company. The working of the apparatus will be understood from the figure, where J is the jet of falling water which forms a sheet or *nappe* in falling over the top of an ebonite plug E^1, through which runs a negative (−) electrode, E, of platinum. The current traverses the sheet of water between this electrode and a positive electrode (+) of platinum, seen above. A receiving telephone is connected in the circuit of the wires (+ −) which run to the distant station. An ebonite cup, C, contains the flowing water, which escapes by the waste-tube T. The pipe which delivers the jet, J, is attached to a diaphragm or plate, S, which is a sounding-board to catch the vibrations of the voice, and communicate them to the jet of water, thus altering the size of the sheet below, and varying the strength of the electric current flowing through it, in a manner which causes the current to reproduce the original sounds in the distant telephone. Water is supplied in a pure state, and especially free from lead, by the supply-pipe X, the filter F, and the exit-tube Y. A little sulphuric acid is mixed with the water to make it more conductive of the current, which is supplied by some twenty small Leclanché cells. The actual apparatus differs somewhat in detail from this arrangement for the sake of convenience; and the whole is enclosed in a teak box about three feet high, with an orifice for speaking into. It can be operated with a few Leclanché cells, and is useful on long lines. The speaking is said to be very good. Mr. De Tunzelmann, B.Sc., states that the arrangement shown in our figure has reproduced quite distinctly the voice of a person speaking in an ordinary tone at a distance of twenty feet from the instrument.

Distilled Water for Washing.

It has been clearly proved that those who suffer from a sensitive skin, subject to frequent irritation and roughness, should never use hard water for their ablutions. Boiled water will often prove beneficial for delicate complexions, but distilled water is the best to use in such cases.

A New Aneroid.

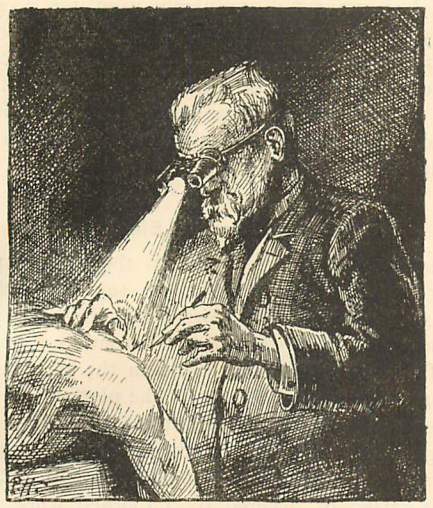
The aneroid we illustrate is the invention of Major Watkin, R.A., and is considered by some to be the "aneroid of the future." Its chief advantage over the older forms is that it has three circles of figures instead of one, thus giving a more open scale and a greater range of reading. An index shows which of the circles is to be read. The aneroid is also made in one or two other patterns, with or without an altitude scale.



A NEW ANEROID.

Electric-Lit Spectacles.

Our illustration shows a pair of spectacles for surgical examinations, lit by means of a small electric lamp, which sends a beam of cool light on the part to be examined. The rims of the spectacles are so formed as to exclude the outside light from the observer's eyes. The current is conveyed to the lamp by wires connected to the small terminals.



Ventilation of Rooms.

Mr. Thomas Fletcher, F.C.S., writes from Warrington :—"On p. 538 of your issue for August is an article on this subject which gives several methods for obtaining ventilation from ordinary sash windows .... The proper way to do this is to have a hinged board on the lower frame, the width of the window and about three inches deep, with a ledge cut in the board on which the lower sash closes. This board is watertight against a storm of rain, and as made admits of ventilation on its upper edge, and also between the joint of the two sashes. It is an old and well-known arrangement in this district, and one which we have had in use for many years. It requires no alteration of existing arrangements, is cheap, easily fixed, and can readily be removed from one house to another. The cost is trifling, and the result obtained is all that can be desired."

A Paper Test for Electricity.

A prepared paper or "Polereaugenzpapier" has been brought out, for telling the positive and negative poles of a dynamo or electric installation. In a recent GATHERER we gave an account of a fluid test of this nature ; but the paper may be preferable in some cases. It can be obtained from electrical novelty stores. The books sold contain slips of test-paper which, when moistened and placed on the bare wires conveying the current, change colour. The negative pole changes the colour of the paper to red.

A Storm Anchor.

A makeshift anchor for vessels in distress has recently been tried with success. It consists of two canvas bags four feet wide in the mouth, and five feet deep. In the experiments two were employed, one fastened to an iron hoop, the other to a wooden frame. They were thrown into the sea and made fast to the bow of the vessel by a stout rope. The object of the device is to bring a vessel head to sea when all other means fail, and she is in danger of foundering. A small vessel weathered a terrific gale in the Bay of Biscay some years ago by this means. The bags are eyeletted at the bottom to prevent the pressure of the water bursting them, and are suspended a few feet below the surface.

More Danger from Arsenic.

Once more a warning word is needed as to the presence of an old danger. Poisoning by arsenical wall-papers is in these days more or less generally guarded against, but we have now to be careful lest we are poisoned owing to the presence of arsenic in Indian muslins and curtains. At one of our colleges, recently, a strange epidemic has been prevalent, with all the symptoms characteristic of the action of an irritant poison. The presence of arsenic in the atmosphere was at once suspected, and, although the wall-papers proved to be harmless, it was found that the brilliantly-coloured cretonnes and Indian muslins with which the rooms had been decorated were highly arsenical. It should be added that it is not only the more gaudy hues which should be guarded against, many of the dark shades being equally dangerous.

Solidifying Petroleum.

Dr. Kauffmann, a chemist in charge of experiments made for the Russian Government to find a method of solidifying petroleum, has reported a successful plan. It consists in heating the oil, and then adding from 1 to 2 per cent. of soap. The soap dissolves in the hot oil, which, on cooling, solidifies to a kind of tallow. The tallow burns slowly without smoke, but develops a great deal of heat, and leaves about 2 per cent. of a hard black residue.

Wire Hooks.

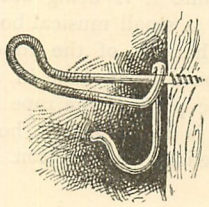


FIG. 1.

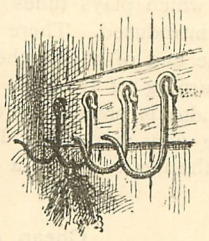


FIG. 2.

Figs. 1 and 2 illustrate two forms of wire hook now being introduced by an American manufacturing firm. The first is an ordinary hat-hook, the second a wardrobe-hook. They are made out of one piece of iron, and have a shape which insures great strength.

A New Magneto-Electric Bell.

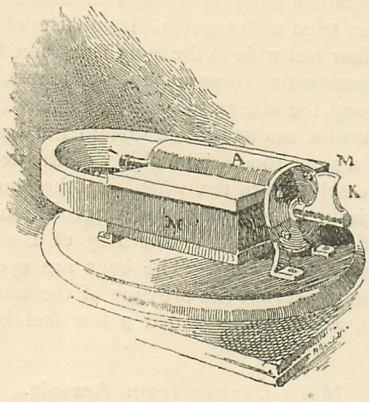


FIG. 1.

A domestic electric bell, requiring no battery, is shown in our engravings. Fig. 1 represents the bell-push, and Fig. 2 the ringer. The push arrangement is not a mere press-contact, as in the case of a battery bell. It is really a small magneto-electric generator, which produces a current by the act of ringing the bell. It consists of a horse-shoe permanent magnet, M M, having a bobbin of wire, A, mounted on a spindle between its poles. This is the armature of the generator, and it is turned to and fro between the poles of the magnet by moving the finger-key, K, on the end of the spindle. A pulsatory current is thus generated in the bobbin, which is connected by two wires to the bell itself (Fig. 2). This contains, under the gong, G, an electro-magnet with a polarised armature, so arranged as to vibrate when the pulsatory current from the generator traverses its coils. To the armature is attached a clapper which strikes the gong and rings the bell. The terminals for making the connections are shown at T. Such a bell will keep on ringing as long as the finger-key of the generator is worked, and, requiring no battery, it is little likely to get out of order.

A Musical Skipping-Rope.

A novelty for children, in the form of a skipping-rope which plays tunes while it is being used, has been introduced. There is a small musical box fixed at the end of one of the handles of the rope, and the turning of the rope puts it at once in action. The idea is pretty, and the price of the rope is said to be very moderate. It is to be hoped, however, that the box is not of a delicate constitution.

Cheap Aluminium.

A new chemical process for extracting aluminium has been put in operation near Birmingham, and the price of the metal is now considerably reduced. The method consists in forming a double chloride of aluminium, and reducing it by means of sodium and cryolite, which acts as a flux. To 80 lbs. of double chloride are added 25 lbs. of sodium, and 30 lbs. of cryolite. This charge is heated for two hours, at a temperature of 1,000 degrees, and about 8 lbs. of aluminium are obtained from it, the impurities being only about two per cent. The new company expect to put out 500 lbs. of aluminium a day, and the price, from 40s. to 45s. per pound, is brought down to 15s. by the Castner process. The metal is also prepared by the Cowle electric furnace, one of which has been erected at Stoke. The price of this very light metal has prevented its being used for a greater variety of apparatus, from "brass" instruments of various kinds to field telegraph wires. Its weight is only one-fourth that of silver and one-third that of iron, its specific gravity being 2·67. Moreover, its alloys with copper and other metals are very pretty and durable.

Training Guns by Electricity.

Electricity has been applied to the manœuvring of heavy guns. Under the platform supporting the gun are fixed two electric motors, one at the edge of the platform for moving the latter horizontally through an arc of a circle; the other beneath the gun itself for raising or lowering the latter. The platform is moved by means of a toothed wheel, driven by the first motor, and gearing with teeth on the side of a fixed rail forming an arc of a circle beneath the platform. The gun is raised or lowered by a toothed wheel on its axle, which is driven by a worm gearing from the second motor. The control is effected by moving the brushes of the motors, thus regulating their speed, or starting, stopping, and reversing them.

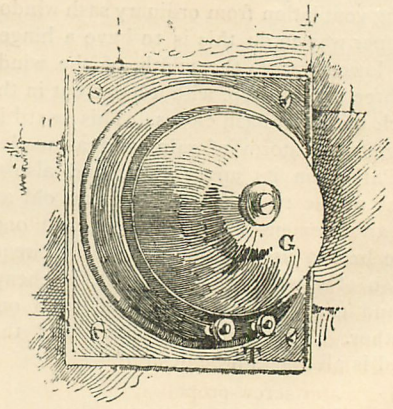


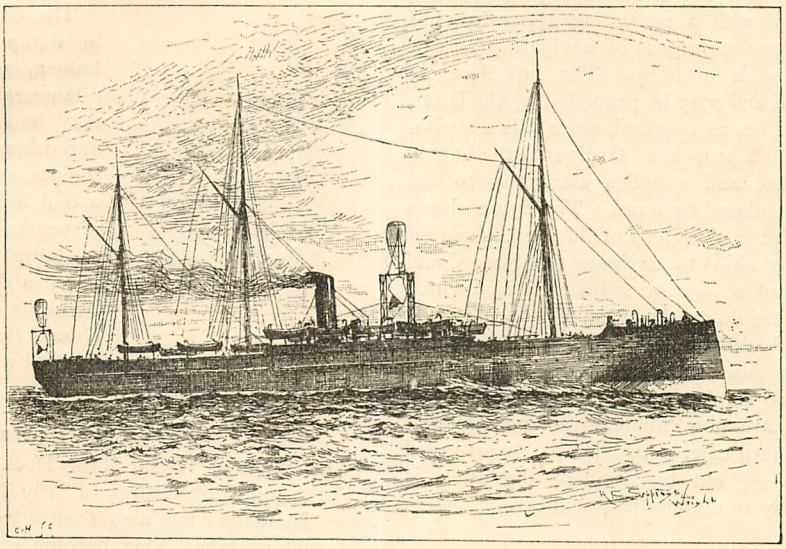
FIG. 2.

Large Rock Crystals.

Splendid specimens of rock crystal have recently been found in Ashe County, North Carolina. Among the most remarkable are one weighing 188 lbs., and another of 285 lbs. The latter is 29 inches long, 18 inches wide, and 13 inches thick. The pyramidal termination is perfect. There are many of 20 to 30 lbs. each; and it is proposed to utilise them for optical and ornamental purposes.

Lighting with Magnesium.

At Marbourg, in France, a lamp burning magnesium wire has been installed by M. Juss in a brewery. The lamp has an intensity of 450 candles, and is enclosed in a globe of unpolished glass. The light is white and steady, and capable of lighting a room fifty feet long by thirty-three feet wide. The brilliance is similar to that of electricity, and the cost of maintaining the lamp is stated to be one shilling per hour. The light of burning magnesium is proved by the spectrum to bear a close resemblance to solar light, and hence is well adapted for photography. We may mention that Messrs. Miethe and Gaedicke have taken a photograph of the eye in a perfectly dark room by means of a flash of magnesium. The pupil is fully dilated, as its contraction had not begun before the impression was taken. This kind of photography is likely to be useful in ophthalmology, as the eye has hitherto been a difficult subject for the camera.



AIR SCREW-PROPELLERS.

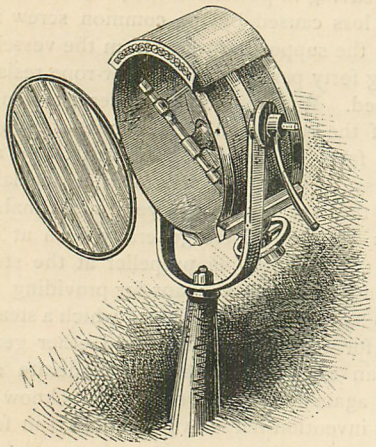
Air Screw-Propellers for Ships.

An improved method of propelling ships by means of air propellers has been invented and patented by a very intelligent Dane, Henric Christian Vogt, engineer, Copenhagen. On the deck of a ship is mounted a propeller having an outer appearance somewhat similar to a water screw-propeller, but made lighter and larger, and having two or more blades, wings, or sails. The angle and pitch of these can be changed according to the speed, and to the direction and power of the wind. Instead of one propeller, two or more may be employed—each, by preference, driven from a separate engine. In addition to these, near the stern of the vessel a smaller propeller is mounted, which, with its framing, can be swivelled laterally round a pivot for the purpose of increasing the manœuvring power of the vessel, or for assisting the steering. The blade or wing may be made in one piece, or of more than one piece united together and overlapping each other. Herr Vogt claims to effect a considerable saving in power and fuel, because doing away with the loss caused by the common screw in drawing away the supporting water from the vessel—a loss averaging forty per cent. of the tow-rope resistance at high speed. With an air propeller the length and weight of the vessel can be reduced, bringing it into the best form as regards water-resistance and seaworthiness. The invention is also of special advantage for the navigation of rivers and canals, where steamers heretofore have generally been at a disadvantage. The swivelling propeller at the stern is of especial advantage as a means for providing auxiliary power to sailing vessels on board which a steam-boiler is found for working the winch and other gear. The vessel can thus be driven at a moderate speed or assisted against a light breeze. We know not but that this invention may have great effect in furthering intercourse between countries. It may also lessen the pain of sea-sickness, as the vessels can be built with more breadth and a keel, so helping to check the incessant and system-stirring roll over the waters. The ocean liners are at present built without keels or flanges that might check the rolling, and this because it is supposed they make greater speed, though inflicting greater discomfort on passengers. For war purposes the invention would not be of any great advantage. It is evident that so much outwork would soon be shot away, leaving a vessel that had only this system of propelling to depend upon, at the mercy of an enemy.

Celluloid Sheathing.

The *Annales Industrielles* publishes an account of some successful experiments on the use of celluloid for sheathing vessels in place of copper. The plates were put on at the beginning of this year, and, after some months, were found free from marine vegetation. The plates were one millimètre thick.

An Electric-Light Raft.



A pontoon raft carrying a steam-engine, dynamo, and electric lamp, with a projecting apparatus, has been introduced for the purpose of navigating narrow or unknown channels at night. The raft floats in front of the vessel, and may be propelled by the latter, or by its own engine, as required, since it is a steam-raft, and fitted with a propeller. Ordinarily the engine drives the dynamo, and supplies electricity to the lamp, which is regulated by hand. The figure shows this projector with the glass lens or lid open. Another device for enabling ships to navigate the Suez Canal by night, consists of a cage or suspended can, which is lowered by tackle down the stem of the ship. It carries a powerful electric lamp and projector; the carbons being in this case also regulated by hand. We may add that ship's-side lanterns, for port and starboard lights, are now made with incandescent lamps. Each lantern carries two lamps, so arranged that should one go out by accident the other is instantly lighted by an automatic action.

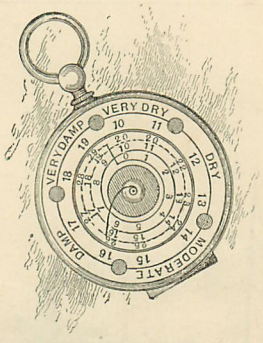
A Telephone Buoy.

At Largs Bay, near Port Adelaide, Australia, a plan has been adopted for enabling steamers to communicate by telephone with their offices in the town. A buoy is moored in the bay at the anchorage of the vessels, and telephone cables laid to it from shore. The ends of the cables are floated above water by the buoy, and when a ship comes to anchor, a boat is lowered with a conducting-wire connection from the ship and joined to the cable to be used for speaking. In this way, by a simple operation, the telephone on board is connected to that in the office at Port Adelaide for communication.

Some Recent Books.

The Bacon-Shakespeare question has by this time nearly burnt itself out for the next few years at least, but those who care to continue their acquaintance with the recent prolific literature on this subject may like to peruse Mr. Stope's little volume on the subject, entitled "The Bacon-Shakspere Question" (T. G. Johnson), in the course of which much pleasant reading may incidentally be met with. The same remarks apply to the Rev. Dr. Nicholson's ingenious little pamphlet, "No Cipher in Shakespeare" (Fisher Unwin). Turning to a more practical and profitable subject, let us welcome Cassell's "Shilling Cookery," edited by Mr. A. G. Payne, well known as an occasional contributor to this Magazine. This handy little book, if we may so designate a volume of more than 350 pages, contains hundreds of useful recipes, and is indeed a marvel of cheapness. Miss Irving's story, "Six Girls" (Fisher Unwin), is brightly written and pleasantly illustrated, but we cannot say we admire the paper on which it is printed. Vastly superior in this respect is the same publisher's edition of "Æsop's Fables for Little Readers," which is very tastefully got up, and contains some really clever little pictures from the pencil of Mr. Henry Ford.

A Damp-Detector.



The danger of sleeping in damp sheets is well known, and the little appliance which we illustrate may be useful for tourists and others. It is made for the pocket, and consists of a dial having an indicator of vegetable fibre sensitive to damp. Not only does it tell a damp bed, but the humidity of a room. Care should be taken to shield it from the solar rays and actual wet. The price is stated to be moderate.

Two New Stories.

The author of "Dead Man's Rock" has given us, in "The Astonishing History of Troy Town" (Cassell), a new "character" in Caleb Trotter, who will, unless we are much mistaken, soon become a popular favourite. The stories that he tells are as original as his manner of telling them, which is far from being commonplace. How Caleb sets up a notice-board warning off ladies from the grounds of his woman-hating master, how Admiral Buzza and his daughters attempt to land there and are repulsed by Caleb, and how the master's hate is changed to love by "Tamsin" Dearlove, whom he eventually marries, is humorously told by "Q." There are a couple of scheming dynamiters in the story, too, but as their plots have no worse result for the hero and heroine than bringing about their union, perhaps they are to be forgiven. The story is highly readable throughout, but Caleb is its best character. --Stories in some such form as Baron Tauchnitz has made familiar to Continental travellers have long been wanted by English travellers and readers. Mr. Fisher Unwin is endeavouring to supply this want by his "Novel Series," the first volume of which is Mr. T. Wemyss Reid's "Gladys Fane," a work which is already widely known, but in this handy and attractive form should be even more popular.